

Rise With The Sun

*A short spin off story related to On The Brink, Book 10 in the
Cloverleah Pack series*

**Written by Lisa Oliver for Stormy Glenn's "New
Beginnings" Manlove Fantasy Competition**

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From the Author

In my newest book, On the Brink (Cloverleaf Pack #10, out now on Amazon and Smashwords) we learn that one of the MCs, Nereus is the son of Poseidon and Abraxas who is one of the four Horses of the Sun. Even though their affair was back at the beginning of time, Abraxas still goes back to Poseidon's domain for one day, every five years, in the hopes of seeing his children. Poseidon's always willing to share his bed but there's no feelings involved. Abraxas is starting to think, now Nereus has found two mates, that maybe he deserves more than one night of intimacy every five years as well....

Part One

"You've been edgy for a while," Therbeeo came up and slapped Abraxas on the shoulder as he shook off the last rays from the carriage and shifted into his human form. "Isn't it about time for you to go visiting the slut of the deep?"

"Yeah, next month." Abraxas sighed. "But you know I don't go down there to sleep with Sei. That just happens. His bedroom should be fitted with a revolving door. I'm hoping Nereus will speak to me this time." Abraxas looked at his friend. "He's mated now, you know. Two mates, both wolf shifters. The fates have been kind to him. I must remember to send them a gift basket."

Therbeeo shook his head. "Nereus doesn't deserve you. All this time you've been keeping up with his life and he can barely bring himself to say your name."

"It freaking killed me to give him and Lasse up." Abraxas snorted. "But I'm not worrying about that today. You're right. I am edgy. I feel like my skin doesn't fit. I need to...I need to...I've got to do *something*."

"You need to get laid more than once every five years," Therbeeo laughed. "It's been so long people in the house are starting to think you're pining for Poseidon."

"That would be a stupid thing to do. Everyone knows he goes through men and women so fast he'd need a computer to keep track of the names. That's if he cared enough to learn them in the first place." *No, Abraxas thought, my days of pining after the beautiful bastard are well over. I suffered through having two kids with him and the best he can offer me now is a cup of wine before he orders me to strip. I damn well deserve better than that.*

Abraxas was pulled from his thoughts, realizing Therbeeo was still talking. "...nothing wrong with being with a mortal or shit, any paranormal for that matter. Take a leaf out of your son's book and get yourself out there more often. Who knows, there could be a mate out there for you. It's not likely someone's going

to come knocking at the House of the Sun door and say 'hi, just stopped in looking to see if I might find my mate here.'"

No. Therbeeo was right on that score. No one visited the House of the Sun without permission from Helios. "It's been a long time since I've walked on earth."

"But we watch life every time we pull the chariot; we sense the changes, the mortal lives through the rays of the sun. Besides, I'll be your guide," Therbeeo's arm was heavy around Abraxas's shoulder. "You've got three days off; why don't you enjoy them for a change instead of sitting around here moping after the slut of the sea."

"I don't mope and I told you I gave up on Sei a long freaking time ago," Abraxas's eyes flashed. He looked down at his normal outfit. Somehow, despite how times had changed on earth, he didn't think a golden loin cloth and sandals were suitable attire for socializing in an evening. He remembered a man he'd spied from the sky earlier that day. He'd barely noticed the man's features; it was his relaxed stance, the way his hair flowed back in the breeze as his motorbike raced at tremendous speeds along the open road which attracted his attention.

Abraxas scrunched his eyes, trying to remember every detail of what the man was wearing. A simple click of his fingers and he was completely clothed. "What do you think?" he asked Therbeeo who double blinked at the change. "Will I pass as normal?"

"As normal as any other six feet seven inch biker with sun-streaked hair and weird eyes. You might need sunglasses." Abraxas remembered the mirrored pair the biker had been wearing. "Perfect and in that outfit, I know exactly where we can go to attract the best attentions." Therbeeo changed into black pants that must have made it difficult to breathe, a tight bright green shirt and boots just like the ones Abraxas was wearing.

"All we need now is a bike, ID and some money," Therbeeo pulled a wallet out of thin air and then looked at Abraxas, his eyebrow raised. "When was the last time you walked among the

mortals? Only you'll need a driver's license, credit card and some of the folding stuff."

Abraxas clicked his fingers and his own wallet appeared. "I spend a lot of time watching television," he said. "Shall we get going? Only it will be just my luck Aethops will sprain an ankle or something and claim he can't work. Since he met Madeleine he doesn't want to get out of bed in the morning."

"More like sprain his cock, but then I'd be pulling a sickie too if Madeleine was in my bed. Last one down buys the drinks," Therbeeo yelled as he dived into a passing sunbeam. Shaking his head at Therbeeo's exuberance, Abraxas felt a shiver of excitement as he followed his friend. It'd been far too long since he'd left the sterility and golden glow of the House of the Sun. Visits to Poseidon's domain didn't count. There he only wanted a chance to catch up with his sons. But this...*It's a long shot, but maybe, just maybe I will meet someone just for me.*

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"You leave those two hotties alone on table five; I'll be serving them." Jordan felt a shove to his shoulder, and he almost fell. He looked over his shoulder at Harry who was glaring at him. The glare wasn't unusual, but Harry offering to serve people? Jordan was keen to see who'd encouraged Harry to actually do the work he was paid for.

"You're taking care of table five, got it." Jordan was curious and a bit miffed Harry was honing in on one of his tables, but he had a big crowd on table seven and celebrating businessmen on table four. They always tipped well. Besides, he still remembered the bruises he got the last time Harry got upset with him. He carried his tray up to the bar, got rid of the dirty glasses and placed his next order.

"Is Harry giving you some grief tonight?" Brad the bartender winked at him and Jordan felt his face heat up.

"No more than usual," he said, unwilling to gossip. "I think he knows the guys at one of my tables and wanted to serve them himself."

“Table five you mean? Those guys have never been in here before and they don’t look happy with the attention Harry’s giving them either.”

Jordan turned to look. His crowd on table seven were getting rowdier and he was glad it was near the end of his shift. There were two men at table five. *Oh my god.* Jordan almost swallowed his tongue. Dig It was a middle of the road club and served everyone from nerds to businessmen, jocks to bears and now it seemed.... “Bikers? I didn’t think they’d be Harry’s type?” He said, tearing his eyes off the gorgeous guy with the mirrored sunglasses and picking up his tray.

“They have money,” Brad said. “A huge wad of it. The only thing Harry is interested in is that, believe me. He’ll get on his knees for it if he has too.”

Jordan shrugged. He wasn’t looking for a hook up. The tips he made paid his rent and let him concentrate on his art. He kept his needs simple and that meant not responding to the numerous offers he got every night for his company. He didn’t need the distraction. He hefted his now heavier tray in his arms and smiled at Brad before making his way through the crowd.

Harry was still chatting to the men at table five. Hell, he was damn near sitting on the table. Jordan had enough time to register the men didn’t seem at all pleased with what Harry was saying, when the little shit kicked his leg out and Jordan copped a heel right beneath his balls. He buckled instinctively and the heavy tray he was carrying dumped its contents all over the man with the mirrored shades.

“Oops,” Harry said with a laugh. “Aren’t you a clumsy idiot, Jordan. Here, let me brush you off big guy.”

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Abraxas was seething. How could humans cope with the constant noise, the smells and their inane chatter? Didn’t anyone care about global warming or animal extinction? There was no respect for gods – any of them, or for each other it seemed, as evidenced by their annoying waiter’s stupid flirting and sexual innuendo

which wasn't helping his mood. Abraxas knew the little dark haired sod had deliberately tripped his fellow staff member. He just didn't know why, until the fallen waiter raised his face. Jealousy plain and simple.

It was like looking at the sun. Abraxas felt a flush run right through his body until it felt like his toes were burning the leather in his boots. He stood up, brushing Harry aside as though he was nothing more than annoying fly, kneeling before the vision of innocence.

"Are you all right," he said, knowing his voice had dropped two octaves. "Did you get hurt? Can I help you up?" He wished he could remove his glasses but he didn't want the little man freaking out. Poor Jordan's face was red enough, although Abraxas thought it looked quite fetching.

"I...er...I...thank you." Jordan held out his hand and Abraxas took it. The heat increased through his fingers and up his arm and Abraxas closed his eyes for a second as his horse reared in his head. *He is yours; claim him and bring him home*, Helios's voice boomed in his mind and Abraxas's grip on Jordan's hand tightened.

As Jordan got to his feet, Abraxas noticed he was at least a foot shorter than him; maybe more. His hair fell in soft golden curls around his face, which glowed with a light tan. Bright blue eyes, currently looking more than a little confused shone at him under beautifully shaped eyebrows. Damn. Abraxas couldn't have imagined anyone so perfect if he'd tried.

"Big guy, come on," Harry tugging at his jacket caused Abraxas to drop Jordan's hand and he felt the loss immediately. "We'll get you to the bathroom and I'll supervise your clean up personally. Jordan can clean up his mess and see to your friend."

"Actually," Abraxas said, "I would far rather help the man you deliberately tripped clean up the mess so I can take him to your doctors to make sure you didn't injure him." Ignoring Harry's startled gasp, Abraxas pulled his jacket free of the waiter's

clutches and kneeled again, carefully picking up the broken glass.

"You don't have to do this," Jordan said softly. "You are out having fun with your friend. I have this to clean up, new drinks to serve to my table over there and then I'm finished for the night. It doesn't matter if I'm held overtime ten minutes or so. But I'm sorry about your clothes. Can I?"

He held up a cloth and Abraxas stayed deathly still as Jordan carefully wiped the splash marks from his jacket. He could feel every touch; branding him through the leather. Their bodies were so close. He just had to lean forward and he could....

"There you go," Jordan sat back on his heels. "I can't do much about the jeans I'm afraid, but...oh." A confused look flashed across his lovely face. "They're already dry. Maybe I didn't get you as badly as I thought." He smiled, not much. Not a full wattage beaming smile Abraxas wanted to see, but he felt the warmth just the same and knew he didn't want to ever be without it.

"That's the last of the glass," he said throwing the final bits on Jordan's tray. "Did you say your shift finishes shortly?"

"Yeah, I'll just make sure everyone has drinks and then I can hang up my apron." Jordan stood and then bent over to pick up the tray. Abraxas bit his lip. Hot damn. He hurriedly sat back in his seat unsure if the jeans would contain his cock. *Just as well I changed out of that loin cloth or everyone would be seeing how happy that sexy man makes me.*

Jordan headed back to the bar and Therbeeo leaned over the small table. "What the fuck was all that about? You've turned down offers from models and celebrities for the last two days and you're getting hot and flustered over a waiter?"

"Didn't pick you for a snob." Abraxas raised his beer bottle and then saw it was empty, so he put it back down on the table. He studied his friend, wondering how much to tell him. In height and build they were roughly the same, but Therbeeo was a pure blond where Abraxas's hair was darker. His eyes could pass as

human, reflecting the blue of the summer sky; Abraxas's reflected the sun. They had been in the same herd when Helios summoned them to be part of the House of the Sun and they'd pulled the great sun chariot for longer than Abraxas could remember.

He leaned across the table and whispered, "Jordan's my mate. Helios told me to claim him and bring him home."

Therbeeo's eyes widened so far Abraxas thought they'd fall out. "He...him. Oh Hades, how are you going to..." Whatever he was going to say was cut off by the other waiter Harry, who'd returned with an older, suave looking man in a suit.

"It was these gentlemen here, Marcos," Harry said with a smug smile. "Gentlemen, I was just explaining to our manager how that klutz Jordan totally ruined your evening by throwing drinks over you."

"I am terribly sorry for the inconvenience," Marcos stepped forward, tugging at his cuff. "I'll see to it your tab is paid and you can be assured Jordan will be severely reprimanded. If anything needs dry cleaning or to be replaced, I will ensure it comes out of his wages. But please, have another drink on me."

"Your waiting staff will still appreciate a tip, of course," Harry said quickly, flipping a wink and licking his lips. "After all, good service deserves some token of appreciation."

Abraxas stood up, his shoulders flexing as he smoothed down his jacket. "Our drinks have already been paid for so if there's a tab at the bar, then maybe Marcos should be looking in your pockets seeing as you're the one who took the money. And I'm hardly going to tip a man who's sum total of work in the last hour has been to deliver two bottles of beer and then hang around us like a rent boy when your attentions weren't appreciated or needed. You're a fucking nuisance."

"And as for Jordan," Abraxas turned to Marcos who had developed a line between his eyebrows. "This little twit deliberately kicked him, sent him flying and then tried getting his hands down my pants leaving Jordan to clean up the mess."

My friend and I were both witness to the whole thing. He may not look it, but my friend's a lawyer. We are simply waiting for Jordan to finish his shift and then we will be talking to him about suing this idiot for assault, and this establishment for not ensuring any medical needs Jordan might have were met by the owners. In fact, there's a good chance that simpering slut you've got hanging on your arm will probably end up in jail before the night's over."

"I had absolutely no idea," The way Marcos shook his arm free of the clinging waiter spoke volumes for Harry's future. "I can assure you, no complaints need to be filed. If Jordan has any medical expenses I will pay for them personally and I'll arrange for him to have a week off, fully paid of course."

"He makes his money from the tips, you and I both know that," Abraxas was on a mission to ensure his little mate didn't suffer on any level. He glared at Marcos, his tight lips making the point seeing as he couldn't remove his glasses.

"I'll be sure to add something extra to his pay. Now if that is all gentlemen, I need to have a word with Harry. In private."

"Keep your pants zipped while you do it," Abraxas said crudely, "If I see that little shit in here the next time I come, I can promise you charges will be laid."

Marcos nodded and left, dragging a hapless Harry behind him.

"I'm going to the bar," Abraxas said. "I need to catch Jordan before he leaves."

"How are you going to tell him, you know?" Therbeeo said quietly as they shouldered their way through the crowds.

"Haven't got a freaking clue. But I know he'll be mine before the sun rises. I just have to find him first." And that could be a problem, because according to the helpful bartender, Jordan had already gone home, and no, the establishment didn't give out personal details.

Part Two

Jordan woke up, the sun beaming on his face. "Shit," he muttered, throwing back the covers, "must've forgot to close the curtains." He stumbled across the hall and into the bathroom. "Damn Harry and his heels." He winced as his hand hit the bruise left on the top of his leg. An inch higher and to the left and he'd have been in agony. As it was, his groin let him know that was going to be a sensitive area for a while. Still, at least he could pee and that was a blessing.

"Coffee. Coffee. Must have coffee." His eyes still half closed Jordan made his way to the kitchen and flicked the switch. Setting up the machine before he went to work was a solid rule of his. Within five minutes as he sat warming his hands on the mug, he appreciated it more than ever.

The sun was shining through his kitchen window; the net curtain making patterns with the light on the floor. For some reason, the light and shadows made Jordan think of the two men in the club the night before. "You're still half asleep dude," he mumbled. But as he sipped his coffee and felt his brain cells start firing, he couldn't stop thinking about the man who helped him up from the floor.

There was something powerful about him. Jordan wished he could have seen the stranger's eyes. Somehow, his natural distrust for someone who wore sunglasses at night didn't kick in. No. In fact, when the man took his hand it was almost as though they were connected somehow.

"You need more coffee. Mooning over a guy you'll never see again," he shook his head at his fanciful thoughts as he got up to make another cup. He'd get some drawing done, maybe a little painting and then he might take lunch outside in the garden. After all, it was beautiful day.

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"I can't see him anywhere," Abraxas yelled above the wind. "What if he doesn't come outside?"

"He will, my stead, don't panic about it." Helios held the reins of the chariot firmly, the horses – in this case Therbeeo and Aethops who did grumble about being pulled out of bed – following the invisible path in the sky trod for thousands of years.

Helios granted Abraxas a high honor; the right to ride in the chariot in human form. Abraxas had no tracking abilities at night, beyond a slightly elevated sense of smell when in his human form. But as a Horse of the Sun, even in his human guise, the moment Jordan stepped into the sunlight, Abraxas would sense his whereabouts. Or at least that's what Helios said when Abraxas was grumbling about damn club rules and regulations that morning.

For now, all Abraxas could do was wait...and wish for ear plugs. Why in so many years had no one told Helios he could not hold a tune and why did he have to be so loud?

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Jordan arched his neck and stretched his back as his stomach rumbled. "Shit, gone three already. No wonder I'm hungry." Popping his paintbrush in a handy jar of water, Jordan plodded to the kitchen and pulled out some left overs. The sun had moved around and the kitchen floor was cold on his bare toes.

Nuking a plate of lasagna from the previous night's dinner, he took the plate and a fork out the back door, scanning the sky. A few faint wisps of cloud were the only break in the bright blue. *I could have been at the beach*, Jordan thought as he made his way across the grass to his bench seat. The sun felt warm on his face as he sat down and he closed his eyes. *Hmm, really warm.*

A shout had his eyes springing open. He could have sworn the words were coming from the sky. But as he looked up he couldn't see anything except a long streak of what looked like the vapor from an airplane. Then he distinctly heard a booming voice saying something like, "Go get him, Abraxas," as the vapor trail headed straight for his garden. But there was no plane.

Jordan's eyes widened as the vapor trail got bigger and wider and then...it turned into a freaking beam of light so bright it hurt

his eyes. He covered his face with his hands, sure he was dreaming when he heard a deep voice say, "hello Jordan, I am so glad you came outside. It was the only way I could find you."

Slowly Jordan peeled his fingers from his face and then his mouth dropped open. It was the man from last night. Only this time, instead of wearing a biker jacket, jeans and boots, "My gods, who...what...what are you wearing?"

The glowing man; yes, he was glowing and Jordan was doing his level best not to get freaked out about it. Even when he dropped some E in college he'd never seen anyone glowing. But it wasn't just the tanned skin that was causing a lump in Jordan's sweats and his heart to pound out of his chest. The man was wearing a gold loin cloth and sandals. That was it. Nothing else, and damn, Jordan needed to close his mouth because he'd never seen anyone so built.

"Oh, er...yeah...sorry." The buffed hunk waved his hands and he was in jeans again. Jordan tightened his lips so he wouldn't pout. The man still looked amazing, but Jordan could gaze at that skin for a week and never get bored. "Is that better?"

Jordan managed a nod. He swallowed, cleared his throat and then said in a small voice, "why are you here, how did you end up in my back garden and perhaps more importantly, how did you know where I live?"

The man straightened and smiled, and by the gods, it was a smile Jordan could drown in forever. "My name is Abraxas. I am one of the Horses of the Sun. I came to you on a sunbeam because I will always know where you are from now on. You are my true mate, the one blessed for me by the Fates. We are destined to be together for all eternity and I have come to take you home."

Wait...what...how...the guy's a crackpot, was Jordan's last thought as he fainted.

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Abraxas frowned as he saw his little human slumped over a plate of lasagna. *That sauce is going to stain.* He hurried to pick Jordan up, which was easy enough, but he was unsure of what to do with him next. In his head, and from what Therbeeo said, he just needed to smile, tell the truth and Jordan would be safe in his arms gazing at him adoringly as they flew back to his home. No one mentioned anything about fainting. Or questions.

Looking around, Abraxas took in the small and tidy garden sitting beside a lovely white house that had purple trim around the windows. He strained his ears. It didn't sound like there was anyone else around. In theory, he could just beam them to his place but then how would his human mate react if he woke up in strange surroundings?

Feeling unsettled, Abraxas stepped carefully over the grass and stuck his head in an open door. His horse spirit let him know there was no one else in the house, and as Abraxas went in he got the idea Jordan lived alone. There were no other scents in the house. Making his way through the tidy kitchen, Abraxas found the living room and deposited his mate on the couch. As much as it was hard to let him go, Abraxas didn't want to upset Jordan any further.

Now what? Water, he thought, glad his brain had caught onto something useful. Didn't fainting victims always need water or a beverage of some kind when they woke up? Most of Abraxas's knowledge of modern day humans came from watching television. He didn't remember anyone getting upset with being offered water in the programs he watched.

Hurrying through to the kitchen again, his nose twitched. Cinnamon. Hazelnuts and a slight burnt tinge. The coffee pot. Abraxas knew how to work one of those. Helios declared the drink the "nectar of the gods," and bought them all a new machine a few years before. It didn't take him long to find the necessary items and get a fresh pot brewing.

A moan and a mumble had Abraxas heading back into the living room, two cups of coffee in his hands. Jordan quirked an eyebrow at him, but accepted the cup with eager hands.

"You're still here then," Jordan said after he'd taken a couple of sips of coffee. "So I am guessing your little spiel earlier is completely true; and I wasn't dreaming when I saw you land in my garden in a flare of light."

"It's all true." Abraxas perched himself on the arm of a single chair, taking a sip of his own brew.

Jordan pursed his lips and said, "If we're true mates, and I'm not saying we're not, but if we are, then why aren't you all over me like white on rice?"

It was Abraxas's turn to frown and scratch his head. "We eat brown rice. It's got more goodness in it than white." *Why are we talking about rice?* Jordan's laugh let him know he hadn't said anything wrong, but Abraxas was still confused.

"You really don't come from these parts, do you?" Jordan's smile was all Abraxas knew it would be. "It's just a saying; don't worry about it. But in the books I've read with true mates in them...."

"There are books on this?" Why didn't Helios tell him? Abraxas could have spent the night reading up on things instead of drinking himself stupid on Therbeoo's couch.

Jordan's cheeks flushed a lovely pink. "Fiction books. Stories. You know, romances. I've read a few."

"And these stories suggest I should be on you...." Abraxas trailed off as his brain connected the dots. "Oh," he said and this time it was his turn to blush. "Yes, well, I've only been having sex once every five years and that's been going on for as long...."

"Who with?" Jordan looked cross.

"Poseidon, God of the Sea, but there's nothing between us. It's more of a convenience thing really and well, I have to go there once every five years anyway to see my kids, because you know

beings of the sun don't belong underwater and I wouldn't go at all, except for the kids...."

"You have kids? How? Did you and this P person use a surrogate or something?"

Damn it. Therbeeo told me not to mention the kids until after we'd completed the mating.

"He and me, we're from the god strain of beings so I got pregnant. I have two kids; Nereus and Lasse, but you don't have to worry about having to look after them. They're centuries old."

"Centuries old. Right." Jordan curled his legs up and wrapped his arms around them. "You're not getting me pregnant. I mean, I love kids and all that but I never intended on giving birth to them. If that's a deal breaker for you, then I'm sorry, but it's not happening."

"You can't get pregnant. You're a human male. You'll become immortal like me when I claim you, but that's as far as any physical changes will go." What did they teach these humans in schools these days?

"Hold up on the claiming bit, buddy," Jordan said, putting his hand up. "I want to know more about this Sei person first. If I have to put up with you going to see him and playing the horizontal mumbo with him every five years, then you can think again. I can't stand cheaters."

Abraxas carefully put his cup down, worried he'd crush it. He desperately wanted to be closer to his mate, but he could see his little one had a strong backbone and an equally strong sense of right and wrong.

"Poseidon was a convenience," he said slowly. "When I was first called to the House of the Sun and I met him, was I attracted to him? Yes. I'd be blind not to be. Did I love him? No. I might have thought myself in love with him at one time, but that was back before human civilization existed. Neither one of us thought I'd get pregnant, but when I told him, he was as casual about that as he is with anything else. And yes, I went back and had

another child with him because when Lasse was born, I loved him and I didn't want him to grow up alone. And then, when I found out..." Abraxas bowed his head and bit his lip. Even after all this time, it still affected him.

But unlike other times when he coped with his pain alone, Jordan was there, kneeling in front of him, stroking his arm and the look of compassion on the young man's face took his breath away. "What happened?"

"They were both born as Mers...mermen you would call them. They couldn't live in the House of the Sun. I tried, fuck, I tried everything. Pleaded with the gods; threw myself on the mercy of Zeus himself. But there was nothing anybody could do. Lasse was getting sick and I knew it wouldn't be long before Nereus would too. Nereus was only five. They needed the sea." Abraxas's tears rolled down his face yet all he could do was stare into Jordan's eyes, praying his mate would understand.

"So you took them back to their other father and now you can only see them once every five years? Fuck, that must have been so hard on you." Slim arms wound their way around Abraxas's neck and he held onto Jordan like his life depended on it, tears streaming down his face. It was a long time before Abraxas could pull himself together, but Jordan never let go. In fact, somehow, they were sharing the chair, Jordan perched on his lap like he belonged there.

"I'm sorry," Abraxas wiped his face roughly with his hand. "Shit, what you must think of me. I come into your life prepared to sweep you off your feet and end up crying on your shoulder instead."

"Seems like you needed it," Jordan said with a small smile. "I only have one question. You said you could only go down to the sea once every five years. If I, once we, once you claim me, will I be able to see my parents sometimes? I don't see them often as it is. They're travelling; I think they are in Rome at the moment, but we do try and catch up a couple of times a year."

"Being under the sea isn't good for me, which is why I only go once every five years. But it's not harmful; it's just not natural for me. I'll take you with me next time as I know Sei will love to meet you."

"So long as he doesn't try anything," Jordan was lovely when he was fierce. "I'm not into threesomes either. In fact, I'm really old fashioned in that respect."

"Thank goodness, because I am exactly the same." Abraxas let out a long breath. "As for coming to earth; we can come back here anytime you like. You can tell them about me; not many people believe it anyway." Jordan blushed and Abraxas smiled. "But they will need to be told you won't age."

"As a child, I always knew one day I'd have to cope with my parent's death. It's the natural order of things. Mom might be upset about not having any grandchildren, but," Jordan's eyes gleamed. "I can always tell them about Nereus and Lasse."

"You can, they're your family. Who knows, with you around and Nereus mated to two wolf shifters, maybe he'll actually talk to me. He can hold a grudge for a really long time."

"Wolf shifters? They're real? I knew it," Jordan was bouncing with excitement and while Abraxas was emotionally tired, his cock went from half-hearted to fully hard in seconds.

"I've got lifetimes of things I can show you," he promised leaning forward, his eyes firmly riveted on Jordan's lips. Jordan met him halfway; his head tilted up, his lips slightly open and as they kissed for the very first time, Abraxas groaned. This was better than heaven.

Part Three

Jordan knew most people would consider him naïve; making out with a stranger on his couch like it was the most natural thing on earth. But Jordan didn't believe in making problems where there weren't any. Any man who still cried over kids he had to leave well before Jordan was a twinkle in his mother's eye had to be a good man, and Jordan wanted that in his life. He wanted permanence, he wanted acceptance and somehow his heart knew he could have that with Abraxas. Once he'd made up his mind, the rest was simple.

Abraxas kissed like a dream; if dreams were full of soft lips, questing tongues and muscles Jordan's fingers ached to explore. Jordan's heart was pounding, his cock was making a wet spot and he ached with the need to be filled.

"Bedroom?" Abraxas pulled back just as Jordan's lungs screamed for air. "I can magic us there and naked if you like."

I'll keep that in mind for next time, Jordan thought as he slipped off Abraxas's lap and tugged his sweats away from his hard-on. "Let's do this the old-fashioned way. I'd love to undress you."

Leading a man who looked like Thor with darker hair into his bedroom was a surreal experience for Jordan. No one in his experience was as big or as powerful as the man who held his hand and padded down the small hallway as though he belonged there. When they got inside his room, *damn I forgot to make the bed,* Jordan turned and swallowed, his eyes roving over the muscled chest barely hidden by the white tee shirt Abraxas was wearing.

"Do I pass muster?" Abraxas smiled.

"That other outfit of yours was pretty hot too, but then I think you'd look good in anything." Jordan ran his hand under Abraxas's shirt; his fingers finding warm flesh. He brushed a hardened nipple and Abraxas's breath faltered. "Let's get this off," he suggested, tugging the shirt up to expose more flesh. There was no way he was tall enough to get it over Abraxas's head, but the big man was happy to oblige.

Jordan's face was level with the dip between Abraxas's wide pectoral muscles. He had no chest hair; nothing but a tiny treasure trail that led from his belly button into his jeans. Closing his eyes, Jordan breathed in the heat of Abraxas's body; his mouth tracing across the skin until he found that nipple again. He licked at it lightly, increasing the strength of the touch as Abraxas started to tremble. "On the bed, I think," he said, his hands dropping to Abraxas's jeans. "But we'll take these off first."

He tugged at the button fastening, his eyes watching Abraxas's face for the slightest hint of discomfort. There was none. Abraxas's eyes; Jordan just noticed they were a deep yellow with flicks of orange in them; they were heated. No matter what the color, Jordan knew that look. Abraxas's nostrils were slightly flared and his chest rose and fell in a rapid rhythm. Finally getting the jeans undone, Jordan's fingers encountered flesh and his eyes dropped automatically. "Oh wow." Abraxas was in proportion. Jordan slowly crouched down, his fingers tickling the light fuzz Abraxas had on his legs, taking the jeans with him.

"You can top me if you prefer," Abraxas offered. "I...er...it's what I'm used to."

Jordan tugged the jeans off Abraxas's feet and led him to the bed. Naked, Abraxas was an artist's dream. He pushed the man lightly to encourage him to sit down and then pulled at his own tee shirt. The damn thing was covering his head when he felt strong fingers on his hips and his sweat pants gave way. That was fine. Jordan could handle naked, but when a moist heat encompassed his cock, Jordan embarrassed himself with the loudness of his moan. He barely managed to get his shirt off his head, tossing it to the floor, riveted by the sight of Abraxas swallowing him down.

Damn, the man knew his way around a dick. His tongue was stroking down his shaft one minute and teasing that little bit of skin...yes, right there. Jordan thrust. He didn't mean to, but Abraxas didn't seem to mind. If anything, the suction got harder, his tongue more persistent and when his throat massaged the

head of Jordan's dick the next time, Jordan lost it. He couldn't help it. Bending over Abraxas's head, all Jordan could do was pant as Abraxas suckled him through the aftershocks.

"I...er...my knees." Abraxas chuckled and Jordan found himself flat on his back in the middle of the bed. He stared up at the man who would apparently be his forever. "Are you sure you're real? Harry didn't slip something into my drink or something last night?"

He jumped when he felt a sharp pinch on his butt. "Did that feel real?" Jordan nodded, his eyes widening as Abraxas came closer.

"If it isn't, I don't care. Fuck me," he said as his lips were taken all over again.

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Abraxas's head was swimming. He never dreamed sex could be like this. Poseidon was an accomplished lover; Abraxas used to leave his realm with twinges over every part of his body. But being with Jordan was so much more. Abraxas couldn't put his finger on it, and honestly his brain was mush. There was no point in thinking. He wanted to feel.

And he felt everything. He moaned as he felt every trace of Jordan's fingers over his back and arms. He reveled in the softness of Jordan's mouth and how the sweet man opened to him so readily. His cock was hard enough to pound blocks and the thought of being able to penetrate his mate's body was enough to give him full-body trembles. But did Jordan really mean what he said?

It seemed his little mate was quite capable of taking things into his own hands. Jordan pulled back from their kiss and panted, "reach into that drawer." He pointed to the left. "There should be lube in there."

Yep, Abraxas found it. Holding the tube in his hand, he wondered what he was going to do with it. Oh, he knew what it was used for, not that gods needed it as a rule, but really...? Jordan made that decision too by pulling up his legs and holding his knees.

"Do you mind it this way, or did you want me to turn over?"

"Face to face," Abraxas said quickly. Poseidon never liked to look at him, and...yep. *Shut up brain. He's got no place in Jordan's bed.*

"Get on with it then." The smile on Jordan's face was real and Abraxas looked down, almost swallowing his tongue. That tiny hole, so sweet and edged with blush. No hair, just smooth skin and *oh my God*, Abraxas moaned and then muttered when he couldn't get the lube cap off. A warm leg slid past his thigh as Jordan got it sorted.

"Just do what comes naturally." Jordan kissed his chest and lay back.

Naturally. Right. Taking a deep breath, Abraxas coated his fingers with the lube. It had a silky-smooth texture; warmed to his touch. Abraxas hesitantly put his fingers over the tight little star winking at him. Jordan moaned as he rubbed around the edges; the moans got deeper as he carefully slipped a finger inside.

Fuck two fingers aren't going to cut it. Abraxas ignored Jordan's pleas, the slender cock bouncing on Jordan's abs. He kept his movements slow and careful and yet every time he pushed his fingers inside Jordan's tight body he wanted to scream in triumph. This wonderfully sweet and sexy man wanted him. It was evident in the hardness of his length, the long moans and even the trickle of sweat that meandered down the side of Jordan's flushed face.

Finally, when Abraxas's own cock was threatening to spill, he slowly moved his fingers out and got into position. Jordan smiled up at him; nothing but encouragement and lust written on his face. Abraxas pushed; Jordan's body giving way easily and for the first time in his entire existence, Abraxas's horse made itself known. It was so sudden; such an intense feeling Abraxas almost pulled out but Jordan moaned again and fuck that sound...Abraxas couldn't get enough of it. And besides; the way

his dick was held so snug and tight and warm. Yeah, he wasn't going anywhere.

He thrust gently a few times; his head thrown back, his eyes closed. He had nothing to compare it too. Every cell in his body tingled; his body heat rose – he normally only felt this hot when the chariot was near. But Helios was still making his downward descent in the sky, and Abraxas...he was thrusting into his mate's body, drowning in the sensation.

Jordan's arm on his bicep tugged him forward and he fell; his lower arms braced either side of his mate's face. "Kiss me," Jordan whispered, and as he did, Abraxas learned how the new position gave his mate so much pleasure. Jordan's kiss was hungry now; his body surging against Abraxas's own. Abraxas knew he was nearing the end too; his balls were tight enough to bounce and he got a tingly sensation deep in his abdomen.

Should I...how do I... Abraxas wanted to claim his mate but he wasn't sure how. But apparently, that's where his horse came in. Abraxas felt a push and then his teeth, *my god, my teeth*, were in Jordan's neck and he came with a rush that flew down his spine and straight out the end of his cock.

Jordan yelled, but nope, he wasn't in pain. The semen coating his stomach let Abraxas know his mate was yelling in ecstasy, or maybe it was relief. But all he knew was the orgasm kept on coming and coming. He felt a sharp quick pain over his heart and then Jordan was in his head and Abraxas groaned as he slumped on his arms, taking care not to rest too much of his body weight on his smaller mate.

Because that was what Jordan was. His mate. No matter what the future held for them, he and Jordan were intricately bound and not even Zeus or the Fates could part them. He finally had someone to cherish who would never leave him. Abraxas could've wept, he was so damn happy.

Epilogue

Three weeks later

"I can't believe you brought me here and you speak the language," Jordan hissed as they wandered through the Louvre hand in hand.

"You said you wanted to see some art," Abraxas smiled. "Besides, I thought you deserved a treat seeing as we're off to see Poseidon tomorrow."

"Yeah, the whole in bed one minute, walking around in Paris the next is taking some getting used to."

Jordan couldn't believe how much his life had changed since he tipped drinks over a man in mirrored sunglasses. He and Abraxas now shared a palatial suite in the House of the Sun. Helios turned out to have modern ideas and Jordan tended to forget he was talking to a God when the man was running around the house in fluffy slippers or curled up on the couch watching American soaps. The other house members all made him feel welcome. Too welcome at times. The Louvre would be a lot more enjoyable if he wasn't feeling the effects of a hangover. Therbeeo's homemade wine had a real kick to it.

"Come and have a drink," Abraxas suggested. "A glass of wine, or a coffee. You're choice."

"I think I'd better stick to coffee," Jordan said quickly. Abraxas led the way to a discreet little café and Jordan slumped into the nearest chair, listening to Abraxas order in fluent French.

"I can't get over how you can do that," he said when the waiter sashayed away.

"You've seen my other form; Helios took you for a ride in the chariot. You live in a house full of godly beings and you're surprised I speak French?"

Jordan shrugged and then he laughed, because yeah, it was rather silly of him. "I just think you're amazing and you surprise me every day."

"No more than you surprise me," Abraxas assured him. "Don't think I didn't hear how Helios went into raptures about your painting. Once Zeus catches wind of how good you are, and he will, you will be in hot demand."

"It used to be my first love," Jordan said and his lips quirked as he saw the flash of hope in Abraxas's eyes. "Now you're my first love, but art will always run a close second."

Abraxas's eyes widened so far, Jordan was worried his contacts would fall out. Apparently, the gods hadn't heard of such a thing until Jordan mentioned them and now Abraxas had a whole range of them for when they were on earth. "You mean...oh, fuck, we need to get home. I have so much planned for this moment. I love you so much, you have no idea, but Therbeoo said I should wait, and Helios said I had all the time in the world, but I wanted to tell you...and I'll shut up now." Abraxas snapped his mouth shut, his cheeks bright red.

The waiter came over with two large mugs of coffee and a plate of pastries. Jordan waited until the man finished his job before picking up his cup. "I love the idea that you wanted to make our declaration of love a special moment. But you've brought so much into my life already and I know there's so much more to come. He tapped his cup on Abraxas's and said quietly, "to new beginnings and a long time to enjoy them."

"To new beginnings, my love," and as Jordan smiled at his mate's handsome face, he could see the sun shining through his mate's eyes. Even with the contacts in.

The End

This was only ever meant to be a short story. You can read how Abraxas's meeting went with Nereus in *On the Brink* and Abraxas and Jordan will show up again in Poseidon's story which will be book two in the spin off from the Cloverleaf Pack series, *The God's Made Me Do It*. Book one in that series, *Get Over It*, featuring Madison and Sebastian will be out February 15th 2017.

Other Books By Lisa Oliver

Cloverleah Pack

Book 1 – The Reluctant Wolf – Kane and Shawn

Book 2 – The Runaway Cat – Griff and Diablo

Book 3 – When No Doesn't Cut It – Damien and Scott

Book 3.5 – Never Go Back – Scott and Damien's Trip and a free story about Malacai and Elijah

Book 4 – Calming the Enforcer – Troy and Anton

Book 5 – Getting Close to the Omega – Dean and Matthew

Book 6 – Fae for All – Jax, Aelfric and Fafnir (M/M/M)

Book 7 – Watching Out for Fangs – Josh and Vadim

Book 8 – Tangling with Bears – Tobias, Luke and Kurt (M/M/M)

Book 9 – Angel in Black Leather – Adair and Vassago

Book 9.5 – Scenes from Cloverleah – four short stories featuring the men we've come to love

Book 10 – On The Brink – Teilo, Raff and Nereus (M/M/M)

Book 11 – (as yet untitled) – Marius and (shush, it's a secret) (Coming April 2017)

The God's Made Me Do It (Cloverleah spin off series)

Get Over It – Madison and Sebastian's story (Coming February 2017)

Bound and Bonded Series

Book One – Don't Touch – Levi and Steel

Book Two – Topping the Dom – Pearson and Dante

Book Three – Total Submission – Kyle and Teric

Book Four – Fighting Fangs – Ace and Devin

Book Five – No Mate of Mine – Roger and Cam

Book Six – Undesirable Mate – Phillip and Kellen

Stockton Wolves Series

Book One – Get off My Case – Shane and Dimitri

Book Two – Copping a Lot of Sin – Ben, Sin and Gabriel (M/M/M)

Book Three – Mace’s Awakening – Mace and Roan

Book Four – Don’t Bite – Trent and Alexi

Book Five – (as yet untitled) – Captain Reynolds and Nico
(Coming March 2017)

Alpha and Omega Series

Book One – The Biker’s Omega – Marly and Trent

Book Two – Dance Around the Cop – Zander and Terry

Book 2.5 – Change of Plans - Q and Sully – short story, (Coming soon)

Book Three – The Artist and His Alpha – Caden and Sean

Book Four – Harder in Heels – Ronan and Asaph

The Portrain Pack and Coven

The Power of the Bite – Dax and Zane

The Fangs Between Us – Broz and Van – a Portrain Coven and Pack Prequel (coming soon).

Balance – Angels and Demons

The Viper's Heart – Raziel and Botis

Passion Punched King – Anael and Zagan – coming March 2017

Shifter's Uprising Series – in conjunction with Thomas J. Oliver

Book One – Uncaged – Carlin and Lucas

Book Two – Fly Free (Coming soon)

Short Stories under the name Lee Oliver

Ranger's End Game – Ranger and Aiden.

Cam's Promise – Cam and his mystery man (Coming March 2017)