

# My Mate

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Published on Lush Stories on 09 Jan 2012



*He would know that scent anywhere....*

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His eyes rolled back in his head. That smell...He'd know the scent of his mate anywhere. Opening his eyes again, he quickly scanned the crowd. There, near the back of the room, talking to his best friend, Derek, stood the most beautiful man he'd ever seen. Nodding and forcing a smile, Rhys made his way through the crowd, eager to get to the little man. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Rhys walked up beside Derek. "Hey, D. What's up?" Derek took one look at Rhys's eyes and grinned. They'd turned black as coal the moment the scent of his mate reached him. Derek looked around, wondering who...and then he saw where Rhys's eyes were focused. "Rhys, this is Matthew Barnes. Matt, this is Rhys Sheppard, tonight's star." Rhys held his hand out for the smaller man, hiding the eagerness to touch him behind a cool mask. He didn't want to scare the man away after just having found him. Matt took Rhys's hand, almost shyly, for he'd been watching Rhys since he walked in the door. Would it be too much to hope for that the man be gay like him? Judging by the lightning that had just raced up his arm, he just might get his wish. He felt his own eyes go lupine as he looked the bigger man over. My mate...It took everything Matt had to not jump him right there in front of everyone. The roaring in his ears softened and he realized Rhys was speaking to him. "How do you know Derek?" He wanted to know. "Oh, we used to live beside each other when we were kids. My family moved away, but I'm back. I ran into Derek the other day and he told me about your art show, so I thought I would come check it out." Rhys nodded, taking two glasses of champagne from a passing waitress, handing one to Matt. "I live beside Derek now. Maybe it's your old house. You are welcome to come by and see it. I've done some remodeling lately and you'd probably be surprised by the changes." Matt smiled, taking a drink of his champagne. "I'd really like that. Thank you for the offer. Is any particular day better for you? I wouldn't want to disturb you or anything." Derek looked between them, shook his head and politely excused himself. Rhys stepped a little closer to Matt, but not too close than was publicly decent. "Do you know who I am?" He growled. "Y-yes. You're my mate." Matt answered. Rhys nodded, almost shaking with the need to claim Matt. If he didn't leave with the smaller man soon, he was in serious danger of exposing them all. "I will be able to leave in an hour, I want you to come home with me." Rhys said through clenched teeth. "Yes." He tried breathing through his mouth but that didn't help. Now he could almost taste Matt on his tongue. The next hour would be hell and he knew it. Finally it was time to leave and Rhys and Matt walked

outside. "Where's your car, Matthew?" Matt just shook his head. "I didn't drive. I wasn't sure where I was going, so I just took a cab." Rhys smiled, and took Matt's hand, leading him towards his own car. As soon as they reached the car, Rhys looked around, then pressed Matt up against the car, chest to chest, hips to hips. Matt was stunned...and delighted. He'd been waiting for this moment. He was dying for the taste of his mate. Matt's hands clenched in the lapels of Rhys's coat as their mouths met, hungrily. Both moaned deep in their chests at the taste of the other. Their tongues dueled, their mouths attacking each other. Rhys pulled back, breathing like he'd just run a marathon. "You taste even better than I imagined. Come on, let's go home." Matt nodded, stunned and breathing hard. He was beyond speech. They climbed into Rhys's car and headed toward Matt's old neighborhood. Not much had changed, he noted, not really caring. The man sitting next to him consumed his thoughts. He could smell the other man's arousal, sure Rhys could smell his. Rhys kept looking over at Matt, keeping both hands on the steering wheel to keep from touching him. He knew if he touched Matt, they would be fucking on the side of the road in minutes. The smell of his mate's arousal was making his cock so hard, he was sure there were permanent zipper marks. In record time, they pulled up in front of Rhys's home and got out. Rhys grabbed Matt's hand and practically dragged him to the front door and through it. He never bothered locking the door, they were surrounded by pack and they all watched out for each other. And tonight he was damn grateful for the fact. He was on a short chain with his need and chances were the door would have come down before he could unlock it. As soon as they cleared the door, Rhys slammed it shut and pushed Matt against the wall. "I'm sorry, my mate, but I cannot wait." His mouth slammed across Matt's as his hands went to work relieving him of his clothes. Matt heard the ripping sounds, but at this moment didn't care. He was just as eager for Rhys's touch. His own hands went to work on Rhys's clothes, quickly removing them from his body. When both were nude, they pulled back from the battle at their mouths and stared at the other. "You are so beautiful," Rhys said. Matt blushed and looked Rhys over. "I've never seen anyone so sexy." He said. "I'm going to claim you now, Matthew. You're mine and I will not be without you." "Yes, please. Claim me, Rhys. Make my yours forever." Rhys's hands moved eagerly over Matt, demanding a response. He was feral in the need to touch his mate. Matt's hands gripped Rhys's shoulders tight, his knees weakening with every rough caress. His head was thrashing against the wall, whimpering his desire. Matt's feet left the ground and his eyes opened. He wrapped his legs around Rhys's hips, needing the contact. Rhys thanked the werewolf gods for the gland on the bottom of his cock that spilled lubricant. He knew he couldn't wait to find the lube in the bathroom before he took Matt. Lifting Matt a little higher, he slowly brought him down on his hard cock. He tried to go slowly. But once his cock breached the first ring of tight muscle in Matt's ass, he was lost. Matt cried out when Rhys fully impaled him, but the sound was not just of pain. His little mate was beyond aroused and liked a little pain too. Rhys thrust hard and fast into Matt, one hand gripping his hip the other roaming over his sleek chest. The pleasure of being inside his mate was unlike anything he'd ever imagined. He was fucking perfect and all his...Matt's arms wrapped around Rhys's shoulders as his mouth placed kisses and licks along his shoulder. Rhys felt his teeth elongate as the tingle started in his spine. Time to claim Matt. Rhys's teeth sank into the skin where shoulder met neck and Matt went crazy. He

screamed, thrashing as he came all over himself and Rhys. Rhys was awed by the pleasure on his mate's face and could hold back no longer. He filled Matt with his seed as he growled around Matt's skin still in the grip of his teeth. Rhys pumped his cock inside Matt a couple more times and finally stilled. He leaned heavily against Matt, pressing him into the wall. Both men were breathing hard. Matt's fingers combed through Rhys's hair as his mind whirled with the knowledge that he was no longer alone in the world. He now had someone to call his own that would love him forever. Rhys recovered enough to straighten, smiling into Matt's face. "You are amazing, Matthew." Matt smiled, leaning in to kiss Rhys softly. "I'm glad you think so, Rhys." Rhys pulled gently out of Matt's tight grip and let his feet settle on the floor. "Let's get you cleaned up, my mate. Then I think we have some talking to do."