



*Stolen  
Moments*

*A Mateo &  
Lance  
Short*

*Michael Mandrake*

*Stolen Moments*

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## **Stolen Moments**

**Michael Mandrake**

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*Dedication*

*For my family, especially husband Adam and my lovely kids,*

*My besties who've supported my work since day one.*

*And a special thanks to Giovanna Reaves*

*for creating Vale Valley.*

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Stolen Moments  
Lance and Mateo Look-in  
with Anna and Lance Junior  
Michael Mandrake

*Mateo*

*Eight months after birth...*

Parenting the twins hasn't been easy, but it's definitely rewarding. Lance has gotten over me working outside the home and taken firm hold on his position as head priest in the church. With Father Janna as his second in command the attendance at Holy Father skyrocketed. Lance had also done more outreach beyond Vale Valley which took him out of town.

*Mi Madre* enjoys keeping watch over Anna and Junior while me and/or Lance are out. Although she tries to convince me to have one more, I've told her its not happening now. I'm getting used to fatherhood. Wouldn't want to complicate things with another child.

Besides, I loved my new role at the shop. Despite not tattooing as much, I'd managed to keep a good amount of my clients. I'd taken Myra's advice with appointments starting at nine and ending by one. From there, I speed over to Momma's, pick up the kids, then on to church to meet up with Lance to help or for us to go home together. We'd bought a small car to make getting around town simpler, but honestly, I preferred walking in the nice weather.

Being more active gave me my sexy omega shape back, much to the chagrin of my jealous alpha. Once the twins were down for a nap, I calmed his fears easily, my way. Good thing we'd gotten our own place to give us privacy.

My cousin Darren made the transition from Momma's place to our own house a lot easier. He'd moved in with Momma during the summer, started working at Holy Father part time as a custodian and usher, while helping her around the house and babysitting. All this while gaining some experience at Knight's Auto Repair. He'd truly become a man in my eyes, seemingly overnight. I couldn't be more grateful for what he'd done.

Thankfully the end of the week arrived. Since Anna and Junior fell asleep in the car, they'd be ready to play. Momma and Darren promised to keep them busy. They'd skipped afternoon naps, something Junior does all the time, but now Anna joined the party. The twins bounced in the playpen and ran the length of the apartment in their walkers. To give them space, Darren moved around the furniture. Fortunately, we had the family room which looked more like a pop-up nursery.

While Lance sat on the floor with Junior, playing with his busy blocks, Anna stretched out on my lap, tussling my dreads. These days she tried putting them in her mouth, but I gave her the teething ring instead.

“Good job, Junior. High five.” Lance held out his hand.

Junior sat up and slapped it.

“Wow, you’re strong.” *Mi Padre* shook his hand as if he was hurt. He eyed me wincing. “The kid has heavy hands.”

“Like yours. Something tells me Junior is an alpha.”

“Yeah, I’m thinking that too. His teeth are growing in faster than Anna’s.”

“Da...doo...daaahhh dahhhh!” Lance Junior sang his song and rocked from side to side. His blue eyes gleamed as he watched his papa.

Lance laughed. “Are you saying we’re right? Are you an alpha?”

I looked down at Anna, who’d tried sitting up. I helped her and held her back while she nibbled on the red ring. “I think he knows it, Lance. Next time we take him to the pediatrician, they’ll confirm it.”

Lance shrugged and nodded. “I still don’t know why they couldn’t say it after their birth. They didn’t give us a reason either.”

“I think because of the movement to make omegas feel more important. Past history says being an omega or beta is disappointing, so they don’t tell the parents the child’s status.”

“You might be right. I wouldn’t have cared either way, but I see your point.”

“Neither do I, but I’m glad their taking those steps so the children will feel wanted regardless if they are alpha or omega.”

Lance agreed, then held out his arms towards Junior, who shook his head no. When he did, the drool flew from his mouth, making Lance shield himself with his arm. “Ugh. Gotta drool rag handy?”

“Wait a second. Anna had fully wet hers. Oh crap, I don’t have another one.”

“No worries.” Lance patted Junior’s mouth with his bib. “We might need to get reinforcements. They’ve saturated the others all the way through.”

“Yep. If we were paid for how much these two drooled, we’d be rich.”

Lance chuckled. “Rolling in the drool. Be right back hun. Why not sit on the floor with us so we can play?” He got up and winked at me.

Knowing the idea of playing with them until they conked out was on his mind, I did as asked. Anna fussed a little when I put her down, but when Lance scooted into her view, she immediately stopped.

“Wow. Yeah, you’re an alpha.” I giggled, waiting for Lance to come back with the rags. Getting them both to sleep might be a feat within itself, but highly worth it if we could gain daddy time in the process.



After about an hour of playing with their toys and having a rolling contest, we put them down for a nap. Not sure how long it would last, but at least we'd get to kiss and whisper sweet nothings into each other's ear.

"Are you hungry, baby?"

Hearing his voice, I looked up from a tattoo magazine at my hot priest.

Since Lance had become a much better cook, I'd barely lifted a finger when it came to fixing meals.

"Nah, I'm good, *mi Padre*. Myra bought everyone lunch."

"Oh, all right." Lance walked into the living room. "I'm still not used to being at home this early. Father Janna said he'd finish up things."

"Yes. And that's a chance for us to take advantage of the alone time." I put the magazine down and waved Lance over.

Lance's face said it all. Despite being excited, he flashed a cautious grin. The twins had been interrupting a lot of our Daddy/Papa moments, making both of us hesitant. I wouldn't give up trying though.

Lance strolled over to me and sat. He took my hand into his, kissing the back of it. "You think we have a least an hour? We only had fifteen minutes before Anna cried loud enough to break glass."

I laughed and nodded, leaning into him. "I know, lover. We'll just have to make those quickies even faster."

Lance grinned and snaked his arm around my body. "Can't, babe. Being inside you is too enjoyable to rush. Even more so living in our own house."

"I get it, Father. We'll have to make things shorter and more frequent. How about that?"

"I don't like it. I want frequent *and* longer." Lance pressed a kiss to my head. "I'm being a... uh... butthead, I know. And before you get worried, I'm not trying to impregnate you."

I cocked an eyebrow and lifted my head. "You sure? Because more often means us slipping up somewhere."

"It might, but you're on the pill."

"Yes, and I'm staying on it for at *least* for another year. I've changed never to maybe, but I still don't want it right away."

"I'm not forcing you because I don't want to see you suffer." Lance rubbed my shoulder. "Anyway, kids are the last thing on my mind when I'm penetrating you, Mateo. More like, making you scream my name and reminding you who you belong to." Lance's voice dropped an octave.

Hearing my sexy alpha made heat swirl around my head and creep up my neck. My skin tingled from the energy flowing through my veins. Didn't matter that we'd been married almost a year. Lance's power over me hadn't waned in the slightest.

Fully aroused, I crawled onto Lance's lap and lay on his shoulder close enough to nuzzle his neck. I trailed kisses along his jawline and collarbone, following it up with a lick.

Lance's breaths hitched and he moaned my name. He threw his head back to give me easier access. Clearly enjoying my affections, he wrapped both arms around my waist, yanking my body into his. "*Harder*, my omega. Claim me as I do you every night."

"Yes. Then, I want to enter you, *Padre*. We'll have to do it quickly, okay?" I rode his lap as if I were on horseback.

Lance agreed. When I clamped my teeth onto his skin, he shuddered and hissed, clawing my back with his fingers. While I tasted Lance, a rush of adrenaline ran through my body to every erogenous zone. Despite not being in heat, I was still turned on beyond belief.

The birth control pills didn't affect my heat. Though it had calmed some, I had moments when my senses and arousal were off the charts. We couldn't take advantage of every opportunity, but we tried to capitalize as much as we could.

Lance moved his head until it lined up with mine.

When Lance faced me, I pressed my lips on top of his, tangling tongues with him. I pulled away and placed both hands on his cheeks. "Need you now, my alpha. Drop your pants and turn around with your sweet ass up in the air."

Lance grinned and gave my rear end a firm slap.

I flinched from the sting and kissed him quickly. "Uh-uh. *My* turn to be in control. At least for now."

"I do love when you take charge, my omega. Will you let me do the same tonight?"

"Of course." I got up and massaged my erection through my jeans, while watching him yank his slacks from his waist.

Lance's cock bobbed against his stomach when he pulled his underwear down. He was already hard and leaking. If I didn't want to be inside him, I'd drop to my knees and suck him immediately.

"Turn for me." I said to him. I grasped his shoulder to speed the process along, then pushed him forward. I adored Lance for allowing me to switch roles from time to time. Seemingly those moments were just as hot as when he took charge.

Lance growled and leaned over the back of the couch with his legs spread wide.

I smacked both his ass cheeks to give his pale thighs some color.

"MMph. Hurry, Mateo. I can't hold on much longer." Lance spoke in a desperate tone through hampered breaths. He reached behind himself to reveal his tight opening.

“Neither can I.” With nothing around, I used my own saliva along with my precum as lube. I pushed my slick finger in to loosen him up, while rubbing his lower thigh with the tip of my dick.

“Ma...Mateo. Jesus...” Lance threw his head back and leaned on my shoulder. With one hand on his hip, Lance used the other to wrap his arm around my neck, hauling me in for a liplock.

As we kissed, I’d already gotten lost in the euphoria of being this close to him. Energy flowed through me, spurring me on to enter him with little prep, but I refused because I wanted to make sure he was ready.

“Mateo please...” Lance pleaded, moving in the same motion, while clasping the back of my head, bunching my braids in his palm.

When Lance lightly tugged on the strands, I groaned and crushed our lips together to share another embrace. I thrust my tongue inside his mouth at the same rate I fingered him. As I did, I got completely lost in what we were doing.

My alpha.

*Mine.*

With our roles switched it was as if I was taking on the persona. While I growled into his mouth, I dragged my freehand down to his hardened flesh to jerk him off. “Come for me, Lance. Come for me and I can use your juices to enter you.”

“Mateo, I want...I *need* you in me, *now*. I wanna come with you in me. Hopefully together. Now, Mateo. As your alpha, I *demand* you to.” Lance used his alpha voice.

*Shit.*

With that, I couldn’t say no, or really anything at all. I removed my finger, tasting them while I rubbed my cock over his hole. After shoving him forward to bend for me again, I entered Lance as both of us wanted, not stopping until I reached the end.

“Holy fuck!”

Usually Lance cursing would make me laugh, but I was too caught up in my own feelings to do anything other than make us orgasm. As I built a steady rhythm, I closed my eyes and caressed his back while pushing into him in methodical strokes. Despite the few times I’d topped Lance, he was still tight as the first time. I’d wondered if that was an alpha thing or something, but I had no one to ask.

With his skin tightly wrapped around my erection, my nipples hardened on my chest and slightly leaked. I hissed from the sensation and fought with myself to pinch the taut skin.

“God, Mateo, I wanna come. Are you almost there?” Lance asked, moving backwards on my dick.

“Yes. C’mon, Lance. I’m right there. Right behind you, baby.” I opened my eyes and leaned down, pressing a light kiss on his spine. I wrapped an arm around his stomach while stroking his shaft.

Only a couple of moments passed, and Lance grunted, spurting long, warm streams into my hand. It kept coming, motivating me to go harder, and climax with him.

“Mateo fill me up, baby. I wanna feel you come in me. Don’t hold back. We’re almost there.”

Although I was ready, I didn’t want this moment to end. I closed my eyes to prepare myself for the explosion, but still tightened my muscles to make more of an impact. Bright white lights burst behind my eyelids, changing into colorful fireworks. My body tensed, sparks zipping all over my flesh as I slowed my movements. With my legs weakened, I made two final pushes into him before I couldn’t hold on any longer. I gnashed my teeth, filling Lance with my cum, as he wished. Those different hues disappeared into darkness and I swear I just about blanked out.

As Lance stopped pushing back on me, he rubbed my back, to keep me close. “Mateo...”

“Hmm?” Still trying to catch my breath, I opened my eyes and rubbed my forehead on his back, before straightening up. All my energy had left and I dropped onto the couch, taking Lance with me.

Lance half chuckled and lay on me, sticky with sweat and cum. “Wow, that was amazing. I suppose we’ll have to do it like that from now on to finish in a hurry?”

“I...” I shook my head and held my chest to calm my heart. “I dunno if we can. I felt like you did, not wanting to pull out. It...it got too intense,” I managed.

“See?” Lance playfully slapped my chest. “Told you. Now you know how I feel when I’m in you, Mateo. When our bodies mesh together, and we connect, I don’t want to stop.”

I nodded and wrapped my arm around his neck. “Yeah. I felt it all, *mi Padre*. Don’t know if I can keep up that kind of pace.”

“How do you think I feel being the older one?”

I snickered. “I guess. Well, least we have a little while before they wake up, right? We can rest, shower, and —”

Before I could get the next word out, Junior’s wails broke through the speaker on the side table.

“Shit.”

Lance laughed. “I’ll go get him. I just need to clean up first.” He kissed my lips, got up, and ran to the washroom before I stop him.

In a way, I was grateful because I didn't have it in me to move as fast as he just did. While on the other hand, I figured, why *not* Lance? After all, I did all the work getting the little ones here in the first place.

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*Author's personal note*

*In June of 2011, my cousin Scottie Collins took his own life. After his death, my uncle informed me he did it because he was gay and felt he had no one to turn to. When I learned this, my writing took on a whole new meaning. It was no longer about writing hot, sexy stories or making lots of money. It was about letting people know they could be happy with who they are and be loved for it.*

*One thing I stress in **every** book is it's okay to be different and you're never alone. If no one understands or you feel you need some help, don't hesitate to ask. Reach out to your local GLBTQIA+ organizations to talk to someone about how you feel. Here is a short list of organizations that can help with your feelings as well as supporting you through life.*

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