



Finding Farro

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A Moon Pack story

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Chapter One

With the windows rolled down, Anthony sat in the back of the limo drinking one-hundred year old scotch. Holding back his tears he poured himself another shot, leaned his head against the leather upholstery and listened to the howl of the wolves. It was the only time of the month that he pulled out the hard liquor. It was times like these that he regretted mating with a wolf.

He tried to hide his misery from his lover, Silver, it would kill him if he thought Anthony was unhappy for even a moment. But the truth was, Anthony could never be a true alpha mate. As much as the others in the pack welcomed him, he could never run with the wolves or hunt with them. His biological differences separated him from the pack.

Any moment now Silver would return with his wide smile and wild eyes and they would fuck like bunnies. But there was a weight pressing down on Anthony's heart. An intuitive heaviness that said, "Silver will be better off without me." Unfortunately, werewolves only mated once. If Anthony left him, Silver wouldn't move on to find himself a nice wolfy companion.

The reality is that Silver would either kill himself or turn so feral that the pack would hunt him down and slaughter him. Anthony would do anything to prevent his lover from an untimely death, even if it meant dying a little inside every full moon hunt.

The divider between the driver and the passenger slid down and Farro's worried eyes regarded him in the rear view mirror.

Farro waved his hand, "How long are you going to do this?"

"As many times as he asks me to come."

"Does he know it kills you to hear the wolves? To never be part of our world?"

Anthony shrugged. It didn't matter. He would be there for his lover despite his inability to shift. Some problems didn't have fairy tale solutions.

“I support my mate.”

Farro shot him a look that bordered the fine line between pity and disgust. “You know if you weren’t true mates he would be better off without you. You cripple him before the other wolf packs.”

As he heard the truth in Farro’s words, pain sliced through Anthony, like a shearing knife. “But I *am* his true mate so he will just have to deal,” he took another swig of liquor, relishing the burn, “as will you.”

Farro rolled the divider back up.

Anthony wished he could hate Farro, but really, he was only telling the truth. Silver looked weaker to the other packs, because Anthony was a non-were mate. It was Silver’s superior strength as an alpha that kept other wolves from trying to take over his territory.

Anthony sighed and took another sip of alcohol, wondering once again why Silver insisted he come to these things. It just underlined the fact that he couldn’t change. Hell, even Elliott could change and he was only a half wolf.

Once a month someone was assigned driver duty for Anthony and the driver had to shift later in the night. He’d never asked, but none of the wolves *seemed* to mind driving him around but maybe that was Silver’s influence again. It was difficult for a person to protest when there was a good chance the other man would rip off their head. Setting down his drink, Anthony closed his eyes and waited for his lover to return.

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