

Relive

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WRITING AS
RM DURAND**



RELIVE

A Breakable Faith Story by Michael Mandrake writing as RM Durand



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Blurb

Interruptions come with marriage, but would Lance forget their anniversary?

Five years have passed since Mateo snagged handsome priest Lance Mulrone to be his alpha and father to his children. They've been through hell and back, so of course this calls for special celebration.

However, the father has a lot on his mind, or so it seems. Two brats, one of them too smart for his own good and a spoiled little girl who knows how to use her baby doll looks to get her way.

With these kind of obstacles, is it possible for the two-some to celebrate their not so heavenly union?

Relive is a free story with a couple of laughs and sexy scenes guaranteed to make you blush. Should be read after [Breakable and Renewed Faith](#) are completed.

Renew
Michael Mandrake
writing as RM Durand

Chapter One

Mateo

The afternoon had been quiet.

Faint squeals and giggles sounded from upstairs while I sat in the kitchen perusing the latest designs in *Fab Ink* magazine. Despite them having an electronic copy, I preferred the smell of paper and the smudged print if my hands were clammy. It was a great feeling. Something I'd never get over even after turning twenty-seven a few weeks ago.

Although still young, I was more of a traditionalist in a lot of ways. I guess I'd gotten that from Lance. The pure old soul himself.

Hard to believe four years of marriage had already flown by but I couldn't have been more grateful. If my alpha hadn't settled me down, I might've ended up dead. Thank goodness the fates had other plans in store for me, the rag tag Omega from upstate New York.

With my place of employment changing from Myra's *Beyond the Vale* to my own basement, I desired to be more practical. Working from home, all the money stayed in house. The constant jabber of other clients turned into just my music drowning out the kids stomping over my head. Only the smells of my ink and burning incense filled my space, putting myself and my clients at ease. Sure it was lonely, but I had the kids. And yeah, I missed Myra and the crew but in order to live comfortably, I had to trade in the comradery for silence.

Besides, babysitters weren't cheap. Neither me nor Lance trusted anyone but *Madre* with the babies. It hadn't been an easy decision but soon Anna and Lance Junior would be attending preschool which would free up time to fit in more clients. Lance and I were both frugal to a

fault, so even though we'd done this for the children, we did it to save pennies too.

The timer sounded, signaling the cake was finished. I tossed the magazine aside and walked to the stove. The desert smell made me hungry, but since Lance was bringing lunch, I'd wait until then to eat.

Just as I started walking in the opposite direction...

"Daddy, Daddy, Lance is bothering me!" Anna yelled as she ran around my legs.

"Wait, no, no..." I struggled to keep my balance with Anna's hands gripping my thigh. The chocolate delight was for Madre's sixtieth birthday party. Sure, I could've bought it but after tying the knot I wished to be more domestic.

"Tattle tale!" Lance Jr. laughed and stuck out his tongue.

"Junior, that's not nice." I rushed to the counter and plopped the desert down before an accident occurred. "Whew." I blew out a small breath and said a prayer, then lifted Anna up into my arms. "Baby girl, what did I tell you about playing in the kitchen?"

Anna's blue eyes got small and she whimpered. Almost immediately, tears streamed down her face.

"No, no hush. I didn't say anything bad. Why are you crying?" I cocked an eyebrow and shook my head. Damn this child was spoiled and it was more Lance's fault than mine.

"You said." *Sniff sniff.* "You were mean, daddy!" She cried harder.

"I...oh..." I wanted to roll my eyes but that might upset her more, so I held her close to my chest and cradled her not so small head in my hand. Anna knew how to play the game and it upset me that both of us always fell for it.

"Whatta crybaby!" Lance scoffed and stormed out the room.

I sighed aloud and continued to hold Anna close while she shook like a leaf. I had to figure out how to make her feel better without apologizing because Lance had done that even when his alpha-ness took over wanting to discipline our child.

What would Madre do?

Unfortunately, her next words would be, "*I'll give you something to cry about,*" but I didn't have the heart to say that to my only girl.

I swallowed and exhaled, trying to find the words. Reasoning with a five year old was stupid, but it might be more effective than yelling, so I'd give it a try.

"Anna, listen. I'm your daddy so when you do something naughty I have to tell you you're wrong, okay? And you were. I only tell you these things because I love you."

"How..." *sniff sniff*. "Does that show you love me?" Anna continued sobbing, making sure she wouldn't waste any tears.

I stroked her head, then wiped a tear from her cheek with my thumb. When those baby blues met mine again, I wanted to melt but I had to stand firm. "Because I don't wanna see you hurt. When mommies and daddies warn their babies, we're showing them love. So, if I say I told you not to run in the kitchen its how I show that I love you Understand?"

Anna nodded and leaned back into my neck. "Okay daddy, but can you not put on the mean face?" She sniffed and snorted for effect.

Damn this little girl gonna win an Oscar one day.

"I'll try but I can't promise anything, okay?"

"M'okay. I...I think Daddy Lance should give me more love. He's nicer."

I bit my bottom lip so I wouldn't say anything else.

Soon I'd have to talk with Lance so he'd stop holding back when it came to telling the kids what they needed to hear.

We couldn't be pushovers, or these twins would make us regret it.

"Daddy Lance is nice, but he has to tell you things that might hurt too."

"Not really." Anna sniffed and wiggled out of my hold, signaling to get down.

I obliged her then knelt on one knee. "Look baby girl, I don't wanna be mean, but you almost made me fall with Grandma's cake. Just try to think if I did that to you. I ran around after I told you not to run in here. What If I dropped it? Wouldn't you be a little mad too?"

Anna pouted and dropped her head. "I guess so."

"Okay then, we have an understanding. So, I did it out of love and a little bit of worry. I'm not doing it on purpose, love. I'm talking like

that because I was frustrated, ok? Kinda like when Daddy gets upset at Junior when he plays in his robes without permission.”

Anna chuckled. “Oh yeah, okay. I get it now. It’s funny when he gets yelled at.”

I didn’t laugh but I couldn’t help but smile. Anna understood the situation, she just didn’t like getting disciplined which is all Lance’s fault because he’s such a wuss.

I love him dearly, but husband needs to know these babies are growing too fast and need to understand that we’re the authority in our house.

No matter what we had to set that boundary or we’d have two brats on our hands.

“I don’t think so but I’ll leave it for now. Go play with your dolls or something and I’ll call you back down to put the frosting and sprinkles on the cake, all right?”

“Kay Daddy!” She hugged me around the neck and ran out of the kitchen.

I smiled, got up, then turned on my heel to walk to the counter.

Before I could move, I got yanked in from behind and my strong alpha lifted me into his arms. I flinched, but the moment I sensed his hardness around my already wet hole, I leaned back and mewled like a dog in heat. “Ooh my alpha’s horny huh?”

“Yeah, I guess you could say that. And a little excited in more ways than one.” Lance nibbled on my ear.

“Oh? And why is that? Any special reason?”

“Nope. Nothing more than usual, just that I *love* you dearly.”

The sound of a plastic bag hitting the counter interrupted my haze. Then, Lance swung me around and planted a wet one on my lips.

Wanting his touch, I instantly melded into his arms. He was my alpha so of course I couldn’t resist.

However, the idea that Lance had forgotten the most important day of the year coming up niggled at me worse than Anna clinging to my pants leg.

How could he forget our fifth anniversary?

Instead of worrying, I enjoyed the affection Lance was freely giving in the kitchen. He was still shy about doing things around the children, so when he did, I knew I had to take advantage.

Perhaps he was buttering me up, playing a trick, or...

It had to be something because there was no way this man had forgotten one of the best days in our existence.

Our wedding day had been almost as memorable as the day we had the twins and after going through so much to have a happy home, we had so many more reasons to celebrate.

What on earth was on Lance's mind that would make him forget?

Lance

Aha he's totally fooled.

I kissed Mateo harder and grabbed his buttocks while pulling him in close. With his body close to mine, I wanted to undress him quickly and take him on the counter, but I sensed the children nearby so I refrained.

As much as I wanted to spoil the planned surprise, I kept kissing him so I wouldn't blurt it out. My poor omega was upset, but the face he'd make when I finally told him was worth the temporary sadness.

Unwillingly, I pulled away and raked his locs with my freehand while I continued squeezing his rump with the other. Hazel eyes full of love met mine and I nearly lost it. Had to say something to curb his fears or at least distract him from overthinking. "Mmm. You feel amazing, but I know the babies--"

"Daddy, daddy!" The twins ran into the kitchen, yelling like banshees. They jumped up and down, wanting to be picked up, but my hands were full right now.

"One minute, children." I had to show my omega more love to get his mind off my supposed faux pas. Despite being the ruler in our relationship, I had a soft spot for Mateo that overruled my alphaness, especially when he was close to heat. I kissed him lightly on the lips and hugged him then finally pulled away. Then I knelt down, reeling both children in tightly. How was your day, kids?"

“Good.” They said in unison, grabbing me around the neck. Anna kept hopping so I’d lift her up faster than junior. After rubbing Lance’s head once again I gave up on trying to have a lovey moment with Mateo. Although I sensed his disdain, I had to stay focused. No way could I ruin the surprise. “So, what did my good little ones do today?”

“Hmph.” Mateo turned on his heel and strolled to the opposite side of the kitchen. Mateo didn’t say a word or look back at any of us.

Uh oh.

Mateo’s tone told me I was in big trouble and would probably pay for it later. Depending on his heat, I might be torn apart tonight or told to sleep on the couch.

“Daddy, Papi was a little mean to me today.”

Mateo gasped. “Baby girl?”

I looked up, noticing Mateo had stopped what he was doing.

“What do you mean, Anna? Papi isn’t mean to you.”

“Nope, she’s just mad because he told her to stop running in the kitchen.” Lance blurted out.

“Well, Anna that’s true, you shouldn’t run in the kitchen.”

“But, but...” She whimpered.

“I wasn’t mean at all.” Mateo walked over and tugged at Anna’s shirt. “Why would you lie on me little one?”

“I...I didn’t, I just wanted Daddy to say something about it.”

I shook my head. “Anna what would I say differently?”

“Probably that she didn’t mean to, or something like that.” Mateo crossed his arms.

“Nope, actually, I’m gonna say you’re right, Papi. Anna you were in the wrong and that’s all there is to it.” I made sure to sound firm.

“Not fair!” Anna yelled and ran out the kitchen.

“Oh gosh. Terrible fours, right? The terrible part didn’t stop at two with her.”

“Well, it would have if you hadn’t spoiled her in the first place.” Mateo snapped and walked away.

“Ooh Daddy, Papi’s mad.” Junior clicked his teeth.

By the looks of things I needed to make peace with my husband before my daughter. Easier said than done, but I had to, or I’d definitely

be taking the couch tonight. However, I had to keep my plan intact or else everything I'd worked so hard for would be ruined.

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Chapter Two

Mateo

Had to admit, I was shocked that Lance sided with me when Anna tried to run her game. I really thought we had a understanding, especially after making her laugh about junior, but the girl wanted to be spoiled by the softer parent. Hopefully this was a turning point where we'd both be the mean ones to teach her a lesson.

“Go on upstairs junior. Papi and I need to talk.”

“I could help. I'm a great listener, plus I could—”

“I said go!” Lance barked, making both me and the kid jump out of our damn skin.

“Yes sir!” Junior dashed out of sight without another peep.

As for me, I fought the urge to kiss him like there was no tomorrow. I was still mad at him no matter how hot he made me. Just the control in his voice made weak. I clenched my legs together tightly and bit my lip.

MMph. Maybe just a little...

“So, what exactly happened? Not that I'm accusing you of doing anything to her, but...”

I woke out of my stupor and shot him a glare that could kill anything in my path. “You wanna take her side,” I lashed back and folded my arms. That stopped my heat dead in its tracks.

“No, I don't. I just wanna know what occurred and why do you think she's acting like this.”

I unfolded my arms and shifted my weight on one foot. Instead of walking over, which I knew would be an issue because I'd immediately strip and spread for him, I stood still. “Junior was right. She doesn't like that I scolded her. We gotta be firmer with her, Lance. She's a spoiled brat and needs to be disciplined.”

Lance shook his head in agreement. “I know, it's just that... well.” Lance rubbed the back of his neck and dropped his gaze. He blew out a breath. “It's hard for me because mine weren't hard on me. We got punished, but they never hit me.”

“Well, that’s not what occurred with Momma. I think you know that without me even sharing the gory details. And besides, we don’t have to hit them, but stern talk has gotta happen.”

“Yeah.” Lance pursed his lips together. “You’re gonna have to do it because as you can already see, I’m weak when it comes to the fluffy curls and bright blue eyes. It’s like looking into a mirror.”

I rolled my eyes and harrumphed. “I get it. First child and you don’t wanna harm her, but I’m telling you daddy, she’s crusin’ for a bruisin’ as *Madre* would say. Its funny too, she doesn’t act up when she’s with her.”

“True. Okay, lets go talk with the little demon together. You’d think by her being an omega she wouldn’t be so pigheaded.”

“Uh, no that’s where you’re wrong, Father. I mean, have you met me?” I pointed to myself and swung my hips around for extra effect.

Lance chuckled and nodded. “Oh yeah. The stubborn omega that wouldn’t leave me alone even though I was a priest.”

“You got it!” I winked at him and sauntered his way to let em know he made the best choice. The minute I was in front of him, Lance yanked me into him and covered my lips with his. That kiss made my toes curl and the wetness that had already built in my belly pooled at my opening, threatening to leak from my hole. Although I enjoyed this embrace, we still had matters to settle. One, the kid and two, why he forgot our anniversary. The second would have to wait until we straightened out our little munchkin.

No way would I have her disrespect me like that, regardless of how cute and Oscar worthy of a performance it was.

When we finally separated from each other, Lance and I headed upstairs to tame our sweet but very spoiled daughter. This was just a talking session, but I’d already decided punishments would be the next resort when this kid acted up. I had no problem with being the bad guy because her understanding that she must respect us as her parents. We wouldn’t be bullied by her no matter how much she whined.

“Okay, are we ready? Got your guard up?” I turned back to face him and smiled. “Got your armor on?”

“Yep. Gotta resist the cute squishy cheeks, curls, and baby blue eyes.” Lance’s eyes fused together, hunched his shoulders, and put his fists up.

I laughed. “You don’t have to do all that.” I slapped his hands down and playfully shoved him.

“Oh yeah, I do. Gotta be ready for the small dragon. She breathes fire when she’s angry. Grr! I gotta be the strong alpha to combat it.” Lance huffed and readied himself in fighting mode.

“Okay whatever works.” I chuckled and turned back around to open the door. It was eerily quiet, but I figured she’d tired herself out and went to sleep.

Slowly I turned the doorknob and pushed it open. Right away, I noticed our baby on the floor, curled up in one of Lance’s big sweaters.

Ooh boy.

“Aw, doesn’t she look sweet?”

Just then that gruff alpha-ness had already melted. I might be going into this battle on my own. Had to admit, it was cute, but we couldn’t both fall for this trick.

“Yep, but remember. Stay strong and focused.”

“Yes, sir. Aye aye captain!”

Again, I chuckled, then moved inside. I couldn’t tell if she was sleeping, but something told me she wasn’t because she wanted a chance to sulk some more.

“Baby girl?”

“Yes, Papi?”

Ay least she called me that. “We need to talk honey. All three of us.”

“Its okay. Lance already told me how mean I was to you. I’m sorry.”

Lance and I looked at each other.

“Junior said something?” Lance asked sounding generally confused. While it was true that Lance Junior was mature beyond his years at times, I wanted to know what our eldest child had said.

“So, uh.” I sighed and shifted my weight from one foot to the other. I was kind of ready to parent up, but junior had already taken the wind out of my sails.

No, I wouldn’t have enjoyed disciplining baby girl either, but a piece of me wanted to be first to set her straight.

“What did Junior tell ya?” I sat on the edge of the bed and Lance followed. When the bed bounced from the uneven weight, we all laughed.

“C’mere baby girl.” I held my arms out because seeing Anna wrapped up in Daddy’s sweater melted my hardened exterior as it had Lance’s. I used to do the same with *mi madre*’s knitted sweaters because she was my mom and dad, the strongest person I knew. Anything she wore would protect me, just as Anna thought her father’s sweater would shield her from bad *Papi*.

And although I expected her to hesitate a little, she crawled into my arms right away and nestled into my arms.

Awww.

I let out a silent breath and hugged her close. I was so distracted I almost forgot what we were here for. “Anna.” I stroked her curls.

“Lance said I shouldn’t talk to you like that because you went through a lot to have us. Also, that being a brat lands little kids like me in a dark pit with demon dogs, so.” She shivered and gripped my arms tighter.

I bit my lip, using all the strength I had not to laugh. Here I am expecting a grown-up answer, but instead he threatened her with tall tales. Demon dogs and...

“Wait a second. Went through a lot, I...”

Lance pressed his fingers to my lips. “Shhh, Mateo. You did, remember? We both did but *mostly* you.” Lance’s blue eyes held me in place. That got me heated in more ways than one, but I couldn’t act on it now.

Just wait until I get him later!

“Yeah, uh, for sure baby girl I did, but, did Lance tell you anything else?” I couldn’t help but ask. By him being the first born, the doctors said he might’ve figured out how he got here and what it took to be

delivered. I hoped that Junior didn't tell Anna all that stuff because she was too young to hear it.

"Nope. I'm sorry, *Papi*. Please don't tell the demon dogs to get me!" She wailed and hugged me tight.

Again, I patted her head and returned the embrace. "It's okay baby girl. Ain't no demon dog gonna get you as long as we're around."

"That's right honey. Don't you worry." Lance curled both arms around the both of us and squeezed.

Anna settled in and rubbed her nose on my shirt, then jabbed her thumb between her lips. "Okay I won't. Can I sleep with you tonight? Puhleeze? I'm scared!"

I winced at that question because I'd planned on Daddy pounding me into the mattress, making me wail his name but that wouldn't happen with the kid literally wedged between us.

"Uh, yeah, baby girl." I cursed under my breath, knowing me and Lance's convo and love session would have to wait unto tomorrow it the day after next.

Regardless, he would be getting some choice words from me about missing our special day *before* I jumped his bones.

Lance

Although I wanted to make love to Mateo on our actual anniversary night, I was kind of glad Anna interrupted it to quell Mateo's anger. It might be a day later, but I wished our fifth anniversary to be the most special day the two of us could have.

As Madre and I planned, we left the kids with her after the birthday celebration. Mateo was confused why we left after only an hour, but I fibbed and told him I wasn't feeling good enough to stay.

"So, what's so wrong with you that we're cutting out this soon?" Mateo gruffly asked while we walked to the car.

"I'm feeling feverish. I might be coming down with something." I said quickly while opening the door for him.

"Hmph." Mateo twisted his lips and sat in the passenger seat wearing a pout.

I closed the door and smiled to myself, knowing he'd be so happy once he knew what I was up to. I almost skipped around the back of the car, but refrained because I figured he might notice my change in demeanor.

Once I opened my door, I plopped onto the seat and shut it behind me. I crouched down, feeling for the special package I'd be holding onto for about a week.

"So you've got nothin' to say, Lance? I know the kid kinda got in the way but—"

I rose with the envelope and a single flower. "Happy anniversary babe. I know it's a day late, but today was the only option, plus by it being *Madre's* birthday, I knew you wouldn't wanna miss that."

Mateo cocked an eyebrow and took it. He lifted the flap, pulled out it's contents, and immediately yelped. "Lance, oh my God, are you..." He leapt from his seat into my lap and covered my face with kisses.

"Yeah." I grinned and held him close. "We gotta leave now though, Our flight leaves in about an hour and a half."

"But we don't have luggage." Mateo sat back in the seat and put his safety belt on.

"Yeah we do because I packed while you were sleeping with the little one. Who needs clothes when we're on a private beach in Bali anyway?" I wagged my eyebrows then winked.

Mateo smiled and leaned into kiss me, then moved back. "A private beach, as in we can be naked if we want?"

"Yeah. I only packed clothes for when we go out. Which, I dunno about you but I don't think I'll wanna do much other than eat. But we totally can if you want. We got two weeks."

"Two? Lance, how did we?"

"Madre, Myra, and Rosemary helped me raise the funds. I didn't wann pay for it out of our house money because we couldn't afford it and I didn't want you to get suspicious." I started the ignition and pulled out of the parking space. "I've been wanting to take you back to Bali for two years, Mateo. The first time was great, but I wanted to make this one even more special."

Mateo reached over and squeezed my hand. “Aw babe. Any time we spend together is special, but this... this is gonna be epic. And though I agree with wanting to stay in the room most of the time, we gotta go snorkeling at least once.”

“You got it, baby. Anything you want. It’s an all-inclusive trip so. Everything’s paid for, including the jet.”

Mateo gasped. “Huh? A...”

“Yep. A private jet, so uh, all that pinned up lust you wanted to take on me last night, we can um, you can, unleash it in the sky.”

“Aww damn, babe. You did that all for us?”

“For you, because I love you, Mateo. More than anything in the world.” I pulled his hand up to my lips and kissed the back of it.

“God you gonna make me cry, I swear. I love you too. It don’t take all that but, I’m so grateful, babe. I...” Mateo sniffed and wiped his tears with my hand.

“Yes, it does, because I have to prove to my man how I’m the luckiest man on earth.”

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Chapter Three

Mateo

Once we got to the airport, we immediately boarded a small plane, that in all honesty gave me the heebie jeebies. I already wasn't the biggest fan of flying, and riding on something that looked like it could be taken out with the little gust of wind didn't make me comfortable. However, Lance being beside me would for sure calm my fears. I knew I wouldn't worry about anything the minute we started making out.

"Whoa this is." Lance eyed the surroundings and shook his head. "I told Rosemary we didn't need all this, but I gotta admit, I've always wanted to fly first class."

"This is like what those celebrities fly in." I peered at the shiny wood finished table and the light brown leather seats. There were four seats, two seats facing each other, then a door to the back. I assumed that was a bathroom, which I was sure we'd be using frequently.

As I followed Lance, the lemony smell waffled through my nostrils telling me someone had just cleaned the cabin. Being the clean freak that I was, I appreciated that aroma. "I never thought I'd fly in one of these."

"Yeah, me neither, but Rosemary insisted we have this for our anniversary." Lance ran his fingers over the interior.

"I mean, you only live once." I turned around, checking out the small cabinets and mini fridge, filled with water and soda. "Is that door leading to the bathroom?"

"Yeah, I guess so." Lance gasped.

"What is it?" I looked up.

"Babe, you will not believe."

I strolled to the back and couldn't believe my eyes. A bedroom with a full or queen size bed, then another door I suppose that was actually for the bedroom. "Wow, this is... I've never seen a bed on flight before."

“Neither have I. I, um, guess this is for us.” Lance sat on the bed, then leaned back on the headboard. “You wanna join me?” He waggled his eyebrows and patted the space next to him.

“Gladly.” I sat, lay on his shoulder and sighed. “I wonder is it sound proof?”

Lance chuckled. “I mean, won’t the pilot have on headphones?”

“Yeah, but what about everyone else? Aren’t there other people flying to Bali?”

“Nope. Not on this flight anyway. Just us and a tiny crew.” Lance softly rubbed my back. “Glad for that too because making love with people around makes me nervous.”

I lifted my head and faced him. Once his eyes met mine, I cradled his chin in my palm and pulled him close. “The minute we start you won’t care about anyone.” I placed a small peck on his lips, then lightly bit the lower one.

“Ooh, yeah. I... I guess that’s right, but we gotta at least wait until we’re up in the air.”

“I guess, but how about I give you a little taste before takeoff?” I nuzzled the spot under his chin and wrapped my arms around him.

Lance smiled, wrapped his arms around my shoulders, and yanked me into him. His lips pressed against mine immediately made my hole leak and my dick swell under my jeans. My brain turned into mush, feeling his hands roaming my skin, pinching, caressing every spot. Wouldn’t be long before...

“Uh, I’m sorry, sirs, we’re about to take off. Can you please proceed to your seats? Once we’re in the air, you are welcome to come back here until breakfast in a few hours.”

We both giggled, then kissed again. “Yes ma’am.” I kissed him again then struggled to get up. Hopefully takeoff wouldn’t take long because I ended my alpha inside of me.

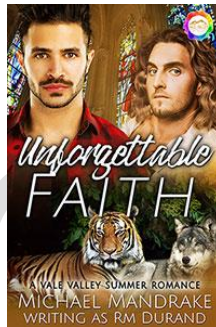
Lance grabbed my arms and stared. “Once we’re in the air, you’re all mine.”

I shivered from that command and wiggled from his hold. “Wouldn’t have it any other way, my alpha. We’ll be part of the mile high club in no time.”

Thank you!

Hope you enjoyed reading the story. If you read this first, I hope you'll check out [Breakable Faith](#) and [Renewed Faith](#). The [bundle](#) has a free story attached to it if you'd rather binge Lance and Matthew's tales in one go.

If you loved the [Vale Valley series](#), specifically my books, please have a look at [Unforgettable Faith](#) with a new set of characters with bigger challenges!



Father Joseph deadened himself to love, but Diego refuses to give up on romancing the ornery priest.

After Joseph spent part of his life running from captivity, he found solace in church. The only thing stopping him from true serenity is reassembling the broken pieces of his past. Fragments that cause him mental anguish and bring him to his knees.

Diego's travels lead him to Vale Valley to pitch a product, but when he prepares to leave, his wanton desire forces him to stay put. Despite not knowing what or why, Diego surrenders to his instincts.

Wolves and tigers aren't supposed to be buddies, so why is the attraction between them irresistible? Will they remain together regardless of issues that could tear them apart?

Unforgettable Faith is book thirteen of the popular multi-author series, Vale Valley, a small town open to everyone who needs love and a home. This is a story of chosen mates and forbidden love between two species not meant for each other.

WARNING: The book includes knotting, sex under the altar, more fun with rosary beads, sappy romance, mentions of casual drug use, flashbacks of violence, and near death.

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