



Happy Birthday Keira

Fandom : Almost Human

Pairing : John Kennex/Dorian

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Found

“You know, you are such a stereotypical Sentinel,” Alex Gladwyn told his friend and charge as he scanned the bar they were about to enter.

“Is that a problem?”

“Well, if I didn’t have a healthy ego, it would be fairly emasculating,” Alex informed the Sentinel, voice cheerful.

“Alex, there’s no way I can do that,” the Sentinel muttered as he stepped through the door, obviously satisfied with whatever he had found.

“This is true,” Alex agreed as he slipped in the door behind John. Sentinel Kennex was a large man; all broad shoulders, trim waist and well over average height and Alex fit firmly in his shadow. The Guide was decidedly not happy that he hadn’t clicked with him beyond what was

needed for his compatibility as a conservator.

Gladwyn ran his own scan of the room and found that the bar was full of pleasantly blurred people. Alex relaxed slightly at the feeling before placing his hand flat on the small of Kennex's back. The Sentinel was remarkably talented, but there were still things that could trip him up. Small rooms filled with lots of people, music and unexpected smells were just a landmine waiting for a trigger.

Thankfully there were no problems as John found them a spot to sit and Alex obeyed the silent signal John gave him and let the Sentinel get their drinks. The Guide split his attention between his charge and the door, keeping an eye on the emotional feel of the room. Something was coming their way and Alex could almost feel his metaphorical whiskers spreading out, trying to get a handle on what was going to happen.

The beer that appeared in front of him was fully expected and the Guide smiled at the sight. He preferred the richer, darker beers and John didn't. A discreet sniff showed that the Sentinel had gotten the summer shandy that he had recommended to him the last time they had gone beer tasting. Smiling smugly, Alex took a small sip of his beer and hummed in happiness. Rich, slightly bitter and full, the taste was lovely. "Thank you."

"De nada," John clinked his glass against the Guide's and took a careful sip before taking a deeper one after the first caused no problems. Alex was happy that all the work they had done with the other man's senses had gotten him to the point where he could relax with a beer again. Even if it was one that was partially lemonade.

The feeling of anticipation was getting stronger and the Guide took a deep sip of his beer in an effort to not twitch. He had no clue as to what was going to happen, but none of his instincts twanging danger, just *something* was going to happen. He hoped that it was good.

Alex kept a mental eye on the door and started discussing the day that John and he had had. For the most part, it had gone as well as could be expected and he knew the Sentinel was hoping that he would find his partner soon. The man was a police officer to the bone and he wasn't working to his full capability while he was working without his destined Guide. Alex tried, but he wasn't the right person for the job and he knew it.

He was close, but just not the right person.

The feeling that had been haunting him since they had entered the bar peaked and the Guide watched the door of the bar open. The man who entered was around average height for an American male, had a trim figure that made his mouth water. He also seemed to be the source of the anticipation that had been bugging him. Once he stepped into the light, Alex got a better look at him. African American with light eyes, full lips and cheekbones that were looked like they could cut glass, he was as beautiful as he was unexpected. Because Alex was very certain that he was looking at John's Guide.

The brush of a powerful mind moving past his was startling and he carefully picked his beer up. "John, put the beer down," he directed as he felt the other Guide head their way.

"Why? What's happening?" the Sentinel asked as he set his glass on the table.

"Something I think you are going to be very happy with," Alex told him with a smile before he stood up. "Be nice now."

"What?" John looked up at him, face adorably confused.

"You take care of him," Alex told the Guide who was approaching their table. He had been through this before and knew what a Guide on a mission looked like.

The smile that spread over the other man's face was very sweet and had enough of an edge for Alex to relax. John was going to be in good hands.

Dorian DeForest had been trying to track the thing that had been pushing against his shields for the last three days. He had quickly figured out that it wasn't so much a *thing* as more a person. A *Sentinel*. His Sentinel, not to put too fine a point on it.

So, he had been circling and circling his neighborhood getting closer and closer to his prey. There had been glimpses of a spirit animal that

wasn't his, always at the edge of his eyesight and leading him on. If the Guide hadn't wanted his Sentinel so damn bad, he would have given up in frustration after the first day. From the glimpses he had been given, he was sure that his Sentinel's spirit animal was a bear of some type. He hasn't had the time to look, but he really wanted to know what type.

His own spirit animal was a Sunda Clouded Leopard and he really hoped that he got along with whatever bear type his Sentinel had. But given what he was feeling towards his mate, he was fairly certain that they would all be getting along. If not, he would do his level best to fuck the bad mood right out of the man. Because he wasn't going to have a platonic bond with his Sentinel. No thank you, powers that be!

Dorian could tell he was getting closer to his goal. The inner feeling of certainty was getting stronger and the Guide closed his eyes and settled himself. Taking a deep breath, he let the outer edge of his shields thin and smiled. The shining form of his Sentinel was glowing on the spirit plane like a bonfire.

And it seemed as if the man was hiding out in a bar. Hopefully he wasn't drunk. Slipping into the establishment, Dorian fully dropped his outer shields and sent out a strong probe to find his Sentinel. The feeling of standing near the heat of flames was coming from the back of the room and he started towards them. Tilting his head to the side, he saw that there was a Guide with his Sentinel and held in the growl that wanted to erupt. He knew what the other man was and he was not competition.

The words said by the other Guide washed over him and he smiled. A conservator was not competition to him. Slipping around the other man, Dorian slid into the chair he had left behind. "Hello."

"Hello to you too," his Sentinel told him before tilting his head as he looked at him. Hazel green eyes assessed him for a moment before narrowing. "Something tells me I am not gonna to want to touch you while we're in here."

"No, you really don't. And I'm not interested in being the floor show for the bar," Dorian told him. "Finish your drink, Sentinel."

Shrewd hazel eyes held his as his Sentinel finished his beer and then stood. Starting up at the long length of the other man, Dorian shivered.

Gods. "Lead on, Guide."

"Oh, right," the Guide shook his head in a futile effort to control his reactions. "Come on. My place is only about a block away."

"Good. John Kennex, by the way," his Sentinel introduced himself.

Flushing lightly, Dorian got up and reminded himself that shaking this man's hand in public would be *bad*. "Dorian DeForest."

"Well, Dorian, if you don't get a move on, we are going to actually be the floor show. Gonna take me home now?" Kennex asked him with a wicked smirk on his face.

"And your Conservator?" Dorian really wasn't all that interested in the other Guide, but he needed to make sure he would be okay.

"Alex can get himself home. The Centers have gotta know that this kind of thing happens. They'll look after him," the Sentinel told him, voice steady.

Dorian had to take him at his word and nodded. Breaking eye contact, he sought out the other Guide and saw he was on the phone with someone. The nod he got, along with a smile and a thumbs up reassured him that the other man wasn't going to be too upset at what had happened.

The trip back to his apartment was slightly surreal. Kennex was following so closely behind him that he could almost feel his body heat. The need to reach out, to touch was getting stronger and Dorian kept his hands fisted and in his pockets so he didn't give in. He had one of his hands wrapped around the keys to his place, but it wasn't that big of a help.

They didn't talk. When he had thought of this moment in training, Dorian had been certain that he was going to meet his Sentinel in a mixer or maybe through another Guide. He had never, ever expected that he would meet his other half in a bar of all places. Nor did he expect that he would want to climb his partner like the man was a tree and then do all sorts of unmentionable, but really fun things to him. It was madness.

"Jesus! Stop thinking whatever it is that you are thinking," his Sentinel muttered as they wove their way through the last of the crowds and into the lobby of his building. "If I get any harder we won't make it to a bed."

The flush that moved up his face was unavoidable and Dorian really hoped that his complexion hid most of it. From the soft chuckle that came from the other man, it really didn't.

Instead of taking the stairs like he usually did, they grabbed the elevator. Six floors up was as high as he had ever wanted to climb to get to his place and he rarely used the elevator unless he had just been shopping. Lugging a week's worth of food up six flights of stairs sucked ass. But today wasn't a day to try for the cardio effort. When they got off on his floor, he carefully led his Sentinel into his home.

"Nice place," his Sentinel told him after examining the place from front to back. Dorian hadn't minded the inspection at all. It had given him the time to get the bonding sigil that he had drawn when he had first figured out what was happening, up and on the outside of his door. He had also tapped out a quick mass text his boss and family, letting them know what was happening. Hopefully that would keep some of the drama down.

"It is a very nice apartment. The whole building was built to Sentinel and Guide standards. I haven't heard my neighbors in the two years I've lived here. It's been great," Dorian told him with a small smile. "So. How do you want to do this?"

The smile that slowly moved across his Sentinel's face brought a flutter deep in his gut. Oh, this man was going to be trouble. "I wanna chase you until I catch you. Then, well. I want to fuck you so hard that when we bond, everyone in the whole damn city knows what we've been up to."

The Guide wet his lower lip and shivered. Yeah. He could do that. "The hallway here is a circle. And most of my neighbors aren't in at this time of day."

Dorian watched as his Sentinel, John, slowly smiled. Edging carefully towards the door, he gripped the handle and took a deep breath. He was very certain that he wasn't fooling the man, but he was giving him the courtesy of at least acting like it. "Catch me if you can!"

Opening the door, he quickly slipped out and ran like hell.

John Kennex hadn't expected to find his Guide that day. Actually, to be perfectly honest, he expected to find his Guide some other way than being in a bar, drinking with his Conservator and trying to unwind from a horrible day as a cop. Having his Guide be strong, male and talented had been a nice thing to find out. If he had to choose a man to be his Guide, he had totally lucked out in the looks department.

Rich chocolate skin, high cheekbones, full lips and almost turquoise colored eyes were all offset by a strong, trim body that moved well. The hints buried in the way his Guide moved told his educated eye that the other man was well versed in unarmed combat techniques. The brush of his mind against his own had been a spike of pure pleasure and it had taken a great deal of control to finish his drink and then follow him out the door.

He wasn't touching the trip to his Guide's apartment. He had *felt* several Sentinels come close and he spent most of the walk growling at a level that would totally be missed by his new partner, but would be a push off anyone trying for him. He wasn't an overly sharing man.

The apartment was nice. Open format, the main room was all warm tones and comfort. John wandered around the space, checking out each and every cranny for interesting things. He found that his Guide was a little more adventurous than he would have expected and he apparently had a thing for thick cocks if the dildo in his bedside table was anything to go by. Eying the toy, John figured that he was about the same size.

There were no other scents indicating that someone else had been in the room. Just his Guide. The rest of the apartment smelled the same. Just one person lived there, worked there and was there. His Guide.

When he came out, he found Dorian against the door, watching him with serious eyes. The offer of a chase, no matter how abbreviated, was welcome. The door slamming in his face as he tried to catch his Guide? Wasn't.

John wrenched open the door and paused to listen. The hallways were filled with noise deadening materials and he could barely hear the sound of his Guide's breathing and heartbeat coming from his left. Closing

the door most of the way, the Sentinel took off after his prey.

He wasn't trying to run as fast as he possibly could, not in the building at least. But he wanted to catch his prey. Just... In a little bit. Slipping into the hunting mindset that helped him be a damn good cop, John stalked his prey. Dorian was right, the hallway was one big circle and after the first rotation, he picked up his speed. Like his spirit animal, John was a lot faster than anyone thought. Kodiak bears were hella good sprinters after all.

The sounds of his Guide were getting closer and John put on a fresh burst of speed, catching up to Dorian as he was starting to pass the door to his home. The chase had been just long enough to get his blood moving and John crowded the Guide into the apartment and locked the door. Leaning down, he nuzzled the line of his Guide's jaw before settling his mouth against his ear. "This is your last chance to say no."

The sound of his Guide's heart rate sped up and he could smell the wave of lust pouring off his skin. "I'm not going to say no, John."

Kennex took a deep breath and then nodded. Slipping his hands under Dorian's thighs, he lifted him up until the Guide wrapped his legs around his waist and then headed towards the bedroom. Once they were in the room, he let his Guide slide down and shuddered at the feel of the other man through the layers of clothes. Dorian as excited as he was and he could feel his hard cock as it nudged his thigh.

John took a deep breath of lust-laden air and stepped back. "Strip."

He started pulling his own clothes off, trying not to look as his mate did the same. He had one goal right then. Get down to his skin so he could touch his Guide all over.

"How do you want me, John?"

Dorian was standing in the center of his bedroom, completely naked and John took another deep breath to try and hold onto his control. "Just, stay there. I gotta to do the first imprint and I don't want to do it in the bed."

Nodding, the Guide let his hands fall to his sides and relaxed. John tried to smile, but he could tell that he wasn't too successful at the amused smirk that Dorian aimed his way. The Sentinel ignored the expression as

best he could. He was too busy exploring his Guide using every sense he had.

From his head to his toes, John carefully cataloged the physical reality of his Guide. For this first bonding, he paid far more attention than he would (possibly) do later. Every blemish, every scar, every change in texture was seen, absorbed and set aside. Only once he had visually examined every millimeter of the other man did he switch it up. Starting with a soothing scalp massage, John laid hands on his Guide. There was no place he didn't touch.

For his Guide's part, he moved where John directed him to, and even when something tickled, he didn't try to get away. From the scents rising from his skin, he was enjoying the attention and John placed a chaste kiss against one shoulder blade as he inspected his back. A careful run of his fingertips down his spine and the Sentinel hummed lightly in relief. His Guide was very, very healthy and he had fully imprinted on him.

Now it was time to let his Guide do the same.

"Your turn, Guide."

Dorian was hanging onto his control by the slimmest of margins. He knew, *knew* that rushing his Sentinel through the imprint was a bad idea. But the lessons he had gotten while training his gifts hadn't told him that having the man of your dreams do all sorts of things to your body would stress your control to the breaking point.

If his cock got any harder, he was going to shatter from it.

The Guide held onto his patience and kept his gifts inside his head. His time was coming. His Sentinel needed to immerse himself in the physicality of his Guide, in understanding and cataloging the fullness of how Dorian's body worked. And the Guide needed to let him. He took a deep breath and tried to relax to accept how this Sentinel was moving him.

When John gave him permission to move, to *have...* Dorian took it without a second thought. He relaxed the tight hold he had on his gifts and let them wrap around his Sentinel. If there had been a way to show the threads of his gifts as they flowed around Kennex, the man would have looked as if he was wrapped in a Maypoles ribbons. The patterns were

unique to Dorian only, following his thoughts as he performed his own imprint.

Instead of imprinting on the physical reality of his Sentinel, the Guide was learning the layers that made up the mind of his partner. His mental landscape wasn't laid bare, but Dorian knew he would always have a good handle on what mood John was in and why. The Guide let all that he was flow across the bond they were making and he wallowed in the strength that poured out to meet him.

Eyes blind to the physical world, Dorian could feel his Sentinel smoothing the way for their physical union. He wanted to feel what was to come, but what he was forging between them was taking all his skill.

The feel of a hard cock sliding into him was just what he needed to let his Sentinel's mind within his own and he cradled the gift the universe had given him close. Opening his eyes, he saw the hazel green eyes of his lover meet his and he smiled. Wrapping his arms and legs around the larger man, Dorian held on.

"Something tells me you won't be this passive ever again," John told him with a grunt as he started to thrust.

Smug amusement rose within Dorian and he shared the emotions across the bond. "Never, ever again," he agreed. "Now, you've been teasing me with an orgasm for the last two hours. Fuck me already, John. I won't break."

"You asked for it," Kennex told him with a smile and Dorian could feel him shifting slightly. Once he was in whatever position he was aiming for, he took a deep breath and started to hammer his cock home.

Dorian hung on for dear life. It was glorious. His prostate was getting tagged on almost every thrust and the feel of John's abs moving across his cock was delicious. He was also *feeling* everything that John was and he shared the experience back to the Sentinel. Dorian felt John's rhythm stutter for a moment as he connected their minds and then there was a surge of satisfaction before the cock in his ass started moving even faster.

His orgasm was just out of his reach and he needed to do something. Tilting his head up, Dorian captured his Sentinel's lips with his own and dived in to savor. The taste was everything he had ever wanted and it was

just enough. The feel of John's mouth devouring him, his cock tagging his prostate over and over again, his mind meshing with his own all came together in one bleeding rush and he fell over the edge.

Even as he fell, Dorian could tell that his orgasm had triggered his Sentinel's and he moved to cross the final distance that separated them. The feel of everything that made up John Kennex clicking into place within him was a relief so profound that his mind went white again. Just before unconsciousness took him Dorian thought he heard his partner mutter something.

"You are gonna be so much trouble. I just know it."

John had no idea.