

# **Paranormal Mates Society: Insomnia**

## **Kira Stone**

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## Chapter 1

### Rising to the Bottom

Sanders L. Mann toyed with his favorite dildo as he waited for the DVD to load on his office computer. Inspiration to accompany his evening's entertainment. The highlight of the night was definitely to come.

The most exciting bout of hot passion he'd had in *years* had been courtesy of one of the best bottoms in the business, Sean Storm, a porn star turned bareback video producer. No one else could make him feel the way Sean did.

On video, that is. He'd never gotten the chance to meet the talented man in person. Sean would be in Snoozeville as soon as Sandy introduced himself, should that glorious event ever happen. No, on-screen action would have to suffice. Luckily, Sean's company, Cre8tive Juices, had a new release for him to enjoy.

Tonight he'd get his first taste of *Hole Milk*. Sandy was really looking forward to it. He could use a happy ending to a boring, plain vanilla day as manager of the Inn of Quiet Repose. A dearth of absorbing details had given him far too much time to dwell on old memories. Thirty-seven years to the night since his last boyfriend had left him, and he still felt the empty ache each anniversary.

"It's not you, it's me." Sandy mimicked the parting words Vincent had uttered to him. "I'm just not able to keep up with you." So they'd had one last goodbye fuck that the old vamp somehow managed *not* to sleep through -- who'd ever heard of a narcoleptic vampire? -- and parted ways.

For a few months, it had been a relief not to bear the strain of keeping their sexual relationship afloat. Then depression set in as Sandy discovered the vampire wasn't the only creature who suddenly dropped into a deep slumber whenever he was around.

These days Sandy was resigned to spending the remainder of his supernatural existence with Mr. Hand and a Ph.D. in self-gratification for companionship. At least then he could be sure his partner wouldn't drift off to sleep mid-coitus.

Finally, the video popped up on the monitor, the logo for Cre8tive Juices and Sean's pretty hole begging for attention. "It's just you and me tonight, stud. Show me how you do it."

The warning info faded to black, then Sean appeared on screen in all his butt-naked glory. The bareback porn star had a fuck-me-hard body, short dark hair and warm brown eyes that invited the viewer to join in on the fun. Sandy planned to do exactly that.

As the opening images flickered by, Sandy unbuckled his belt and shimmied his hips to send his trousers to the floor. He kicked them off, along with his shoes and blue bikini briefs. The shirt would stay on, for now.

Already blood was flowing into his cock. It didn't take much to get him going. That was another reason he used the quiet nights at the inn to watch porn and jerk off. Kept him from walking among the guests with a stiffie all day.

"But now it's playtime," Sandy told the gorgeous, naked men on the monitor as the main attraction began.

A dream sequence, perfect. Sean was getting rimmed by a man who looked like he was enjoying the job. Sandy wet his finger with his tongue and gave himself similar treatment. Little teasing forays into his puckered hole. So good.

Sandy dropped into the leather executive chair and hooked his knees over the armrests. It wasn't as sexy as the position Sean had adopted on a couch, his ass in the air where his lover had easy access, but it achieved the same result. Sandy was spread open, ready to be fucked.

As the guy on top pushed his cock into Sean's hole, Sandy lubed up his dildo. The plastic beast was thick and long, the shade of dark brown sugar. Ridges in all the right places, down to the vein traversing its length. He gasped as he inserted it with a little less care than usual. Hard to concentrate when Sean was getting royally fucked

right in front of him.

“Work it, baby. That’s right,” he told the top on the screen.

Responding to his own order, Sandy slid the rubber shaft in and out of his anus in sync with the action unfolding in front of him. His muscles clenched around the flexible yet solid dildo, trying to suck it in deeper.

“Like that? You bet your ass you do,” Sandy murmured.

The action heated up as the man on top thrust faster. Sean wriggled and writhed in pure lusty enjoyment, egging the man on. Both came in the way a good wet dream should end. Sandy didn’t mind the quick close. For him, it was just the beginning.

The next scene... wow. It had been so long since Sandy had intimately embraced a real dick that his ass no longer knew the difference between flesh and synthetic. Sean, however, had lots of experience with prime cock. The fact that he’d chosen a blue glow stick over a penis hand-crafted by Mother Nature caused Sandy to wonder about the porn star’s mental state. But what Sean was doing with the stick was... incredible. It illuminated his hole from the inside out.

Sandy tried to imagine what fucking a glow stick would feel like. “Is it hot? Does it burn? Tell me how much you love it.”

Sean groaned appreciatively in response. Sandy made a mental note to add the luminary device to his next supply order. If it felt half as good as Sean made it sound, he was game to give it a try.

Mesmerized, Sandy watched the man love his job until a persistent ringing pulled him out of the scene. He paused the player and jabbed the button to activate the speaker phone on his desk. “Yes?”

“Mr. Moore wishes to see you, sir,” Zachary, the zombie manning the Reception Desk, informed him.

“Mr. Moore?” Sandy ran through the current guest list in his head, but found no match. Not amongst his staff or vendors either. Must be a salesman, but who the hell made a cold call after midnight? No one Sandy wanted to talk to, that’s for sure. “Tell him to make an appointment.”

"Very good, sir."

Sandy resumed play, both on-screen and off. His balls rolled between the fingers of one hand while he lightly caressed his pulsing shaft with the other. His cock ached for release. He refused to give in so soon. Sean wasn't done entertaining him...

Again, the phone rang. Zachary rarely ran into a situation he couldn't handle on his own. If he was calling, Sandy had to answer. *Damn it!*

"What is it now?" Sandy bit his lip to keep from tacking on a groan to the end of that sentence. It had nothing to do with the annoying interruption, and everything to do with the delicious scene playing out before him. He'd hit the mute instead of the pause by mistake, and now Sean and his buddies were doing some incredibly kinky things with a funnel. A blue funnel. In Sean's ass. By the gods, the man was hot!

"Mr. Moore, sir. He insists he has made an appointment and wishes to see you."

Sandy glared down at his hard cock, then gazed at the screen where white streams of semen were being funneled into Sean's hungry hole. "I coulda been a contender," he said in his best -- which, admittedly, was lousy -- Godfather imitation.

"Sir?"

Zombies made great employees, but Sandy had yet to encounter one with a sense of humor. "Skip it, Zachary. About this Moore guy. What's his beef?"

"A matter he will only discuss with you. Privately." There was a pause, and Sandy imagined that Zachary had turned away from his present company for a bit of privacy. "I believe, sir, it would be in your best interests to speak with him. Now."

Okaaaay. Zombies didn't venture an opinion very often. Something had spooked the front desk clerk out of his usual complacency. That alone compelled Sandy to investigate. Well, he would as soon as he took care of a much more immediate, personal piece of business.

"Send him up in ten," Sandy instructed.

"Very good, sir." Zachary sounded faintly relieved.

A click of the mouse released Sean from his silence. Cum dripped from his ass, an erotic sight. Sandy wanted to be filled that way. Stuffed with man-love. Or rather

with the love of one man. A man capable of dealing with the side effects of Sandy's job. He could think of only one who fit the description, his boss. And his boss didn't bat for the home team.

His erection began to soften, and Sandy decided it was time to move on to the next stage, given that he had only minutes left before Mr. Moore would arrive.

The large plastic penis slurped as he removed it from his ass. After putting it in the bar sink for washing later, he extracted another toy from the bottom drawer of his desk, a dildo with a suction cup at the base. The cup grabbed the leather seat of his executive chair and held on tight. With practiced ease, Sandy lowered himself upon it.

The action on the screen had advanced to a new scenario where Sean had impaled himself upon a stranger's cock thrust through a hole in a public bathroom wall. *Oh, yeah.*

"Harder. Faster. Fuck me," Sandy chanted over the men's conversation.

While riding the inanimate shaft, Sandy stroked his cock. Pre-cum oozed from the tip. His balls tightened, preparing for release. Greased fingers squeezed his cock in an urgent rhythm. Sandy closed his eyes and tried hard to imagine that they were not his own.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Sandy registered the sound of a door opening and closing, but didn't draw any of the logical conclusions. His body sang with the rush of hormones. The effect stole his breath, his nerves tingled, making his head empty of thought.

"Oh, yeah. Oh, fuck. Do me, big boy. Make me scream."

The vision of being the one grabbing his ankles, receiving the cum of a well-hung stud like Austin Shadow, hurled Sandy over the climactic edge. His body bowed, his glutes clenched. Orgasm seized his cock as he grunted to announce his release along with Sean's co-star.

Sandy feverishly pumped his cock as droplets burst from the slit. Muscles shook with each contraction as he squeezed out more cum, showering his chest, arms and god-only-knows-what-else with it. One last shudder, a final spurt, and then it was over.

Sandy let his limbs go limp as he gasped for oxygen. Sean had done it to him again. Given him one heck of an anniversary present.

"Are you finished?" a male voice drawled with exaggerated patience.

Horror replaced the ecstasy of release when Sandy opened his eyes to find his boss standing beside him. Wearing a pearlescent necklace of seminal fluid. "Ohmygod."

"Thanks for the tithe," Morpheus said dryly, staring at the wet stain spreading across his black satin shirt. "But I'd prefer it if you saved your offerings for those better able to appreciate them."

Mortified, Sandy tore a few tissues out of the box on his desk with his free hand, then nudged the container toward his boss. "I thought, after last time, we agreed your visits would be scheduled in advance."

"We did."

"Then why show up unannounced?"

"I didn't."

"No, you --" Sandy suddenly realized what it was about the late night visitor that had made Zachary so nervous. "Mr. Moore, I presume."

Morpheus made his soiled shirt vanish with a magical snap of his fingers, revealing the body of a god. Sculpted muscle, gorgeous skin with a slight dusting of black hair swirling around his nipples. Despite his recent release, the erotic sight caused a fresh coil of heat to unfurl in Sandy's belly.

Damn the immortal! Morpheus was exuding sex appeal on purpose to get back at Sandy for the mess. "More than five minutes notice would be good."

The god of dreams glared at him. "*Lasting* more than five minutes would be good. Not everything needs to be done in a New York minute, you know."

Sandy grabbed his trousers from the floor next to his chair and stood up. In his haste, the dildo came with him and there was no way to extract it without further embarrassment.

*To hell with dignity* Sandy decided as he removed the toy and set it in the sink alongside the other. His ego was shredded anyway. "Did you come here for a purpose



other than to rake my ego over the coals?”

“SAND delivery.”

Sleep Aid for Nocturnal Dreaming, the primary reason his guests continually ranked the Inn of Quiet Repose number one in quality slumber. Sandy glanced at the meter on the wall outside the storage chamber. Sixty-two percent. Hardly a shortage crisis requiring an emergency visit.

Yet Morpheus was here, and now that Sandy took the time to look, he wasn't alone. A pair of Night Mares stood by the office door, acting all twitchy and nervous. Their moonlight drenched, diaphanous gowns floated around their hips in defiance of gravity. Sandy was reminded of bashful children doing the pee-pee dance.

“Go for it,” he told Morpheus.

The dream god shot him a quicksilver grin, the kind of sexy invitation that spawned wet dreams. He led his Mares toward the heavily fortified SAND retention unit, guiding them with one hand on each well-rounded ass. The dreamy god jumped through the security hoops, both technical and divine, then ushered his fillies into the area beyond.

Sandy expected to hear the magnetic seal engage with a soft click. Instead, Morpheus returned to Sandy's side, alone. “You know what you need, Sandman?”

The lust bubbling in Sandy's veins cooled in a heartbeat as one of the girls giggled. Why couldn't his boss have the good taste to prefer male consorts? “A gay boss with a better sense of timing?”

Again, the quicksilver grin flashed across his face. “Not quite. You need to relax, get laid.”

“Is that an offer? I'll take you up on it.” Sandy pressed his body against the god, his re-awakening cock pulsing against Morpheus' hip. “Just you. And me. What do you say?”

Unmoved and uninterested, Morpheus replied, “In your dreams.”

“In my office,” Sandy countered. “Right here, right now.”

He leaned in, expecting a harsh rebuff. Instead, his lips met... nothing. Startled,

he opened his eyes. Morpheus stood before him, pale and opaque. The bastard had shaded on him, becoming no more substantial than a memory.

Feeling foolish, Sandy dropped into his chair and started punching computer keys at random. "The Mares will panic if you leave them alone too long. You'd better get going."

Agreeably, maddeningly, the dream god lingered. "I'm not the best employer on Olympus, but I try to solve more problems than I create. Let's see what we can do about yours."

"Morpheus, please. Leave it alone. I've been embarrassed enough for one day."

"Your problem isn't unique, you know."

"Yeah, I'm sure thousands of guys *unload* on their boss every day."

"Wouldn't know about that. Daydreams aren't my thing." Morpheus sat on the corner of the desk. "I have known a couple of Sandies though."

"Someone cue the violin music."

Sandy knew his current attitude sucked. He was just so tired of looking at prime eye candy and not being able to touch. If Morpheus hadn't interrupted, rubbing his face in the fact that he didn't have a hope in hell of getting well and truly fucked, Sandy might have made it through another day without hosting a self-pity fest. But Morpheus had, and now both of them had to deal with the consequences.

The dream god reached around his employee and punched a few keys on the keyboard.

"Paranormal Mates Society," Sandy read as the web page loaded. "What's this?"

"A dating service that caters to a clientele with... special needs."

A very handsome vampire popped up on the screen. Cuffsnfloggers was the screen name listed below his picture. He had brown hair, commanding brown eyes and a white shirt open to the waist. Not only did his confident posture announce that he was a top, but Sandy was willing to bet he was a Master as well.

"Whoa! If he's on the menu, I'm buying," Sandy replied, momentarily forgetting that vampires were allergic to him.

"Down, boy. This is the het section. You need to look over here." Morpheus clicked through the menus, bringing up "Men Seeking Men." "See anything worth taking for a test drive?"

It was like being a contestant on a game show. Pick a face, win a prize. Sandy skimmed the profiles. All sorts of non-human creatures were represented, including some Sandy had never seen or heard of before. Ones with pincers even. He could handle a little pain for pleasure, but that seemed extreme. "I'm not sure lobster boy is my type."

The dream god shrugged. "So pick someone else."

A few faces caught his attention. Some because they were brown bag ugly. Others because they had a sweet smile or a sexy pout. Only one made him stop and stare.

The man looked human, almost plainly so after viewing goblins and vampires and hellspawn of the darkest variety. Long white hair fell past his shoulders, several strands of which flirted with a white feather earring in his left lobe. His molasses-colored skin, hairless chest and prominent cheekbones marked him as a Native American. Sandy couldn't begin to guess from which tribe. The only indication he was something more than the human norm, albeit perfect ten, were two tattoos -- a snowflake topped by a crescent moon -- which glowed with a blue fire.

"IceEchoes," he read from the bottom of the picture.

Morpheus frowned. "Yeah? Why him?"

"Just look at him. He's so... cool." Sandy meant that in every definition of the word. He could name a dozen men with equally impressive bodies. His porn vids were crammed full of them. However, none radiated this man's combination of quiet power, wisdom and sex appeal. Sandy *wanted* this man. Or whatever he was.

"That's as good a reason as any, I suppose," Morpheus acknowledged.

"So now what?"

"Sign up so you can send him a vibe. Let him know you're interested." Morpheus stood and stretched, the outline of his hard cock straining the fabric below

his waist as he arched his spine. "Time to make the SAND, and all that."

Alone again in his office, Sandy studied IceEchoes' face. So much character packed into a few pixels. Gray eyes, the palest shade of a winter day, gazed back at him with a wisdom mere mortals couldn't possess. So Ice was a god, or at the very least related to one. Not one of the Greeks though. Morpheus surely would have commented had Ice been one of his cousins.

Would a deity from another pantheon be immune to Sandy's slumberous aura? Or would the same problem exist, giving them no time for even a quick fuck before Ice dropped into a deep sleep? Deciding the one way to find out was by asking, Sandy completed the application for trial membership, created a profile for himself -- he thought PillarsofSand gave the right impression -- and sent Ice a message of introduction.

Now all he could do was wait and see what IceEchoes had to say in return. Good thing he had Sean Storm and his fuck buddies to help him pass the time. Sandy sat back in his chair and pressed the play button, letting the images take him to places he could only imagine...

## **Chapter 2**

### **A Place to Be**

Pe-Ben prowled the mouth of his cave, glaring at the snow-capped peaks surrounding his mountain home in the lands of the Abenaki people. Though the Maine landscape appeared to be in deep hibernation, he could sense the first tendrils of spring creeping in. It was... depressing.

He turned his back on the view and headed deep into his subterranean lair. If the Maiden of Spring was moving in, it was time for him to be moving out.

But where to go? Although the question came up every year, he put off making a decision as long as possible. No other place on earth appealed to him more than the ancestral seat of his people. Unfortunately, there were some universal pacts even a deity couldn't break. Timesharing dominion over the seasons was one of them.

Even if he were able to withstand the onslaught of spring, a far greater problem was the Maiden who shepherded the Abenaki tribe through the planting season. She'd been chasing after him for eons, always right on his heels. The young deity thought he'd make a good husband, opposites attract and all that. What Pe-Ben couldn't get through her stubborn head was that she wasn't his type. His type came with a penis.

The Maiden had as much divine power as he. She could assume any physical aspect she wanted. However, her personality -- a far more difficult characteristic to alter -- was about as masculine as a daisy. Even if she had the right equipment, Pe-Ben could never think of her as a man. So until he came up with a better tactic, he vacated his mountain home every spring to avoid the endless, fruitless debate about their romantic suitability.

And it looked like that time was rapidly approaching.

Pe-Ben ducked into his study where stalactites dripped mineral-laden water.

This was one of his favorite rooms, but the high moisture content made it difficult to use electronic equipment. Instead, he'd turned a wall of ice into a big screen monitor and drew on his own power to connect to the Internet.

Within seconds, he was browsing information on vacation properties. Rental properties. Gay friendly resorts. Nothing grabbed his interest. He might as well throw a dart at a map to pick his destination. It mattered little where he went. Even if he were lucky enough to find a place suited to his tastes, he had no lover to keep him company. Nor did he have bright prospects for acquiring one.

Although his powers decreased the further he went from tribal lands, one of the more persistent characteristics was his ability to put those around him into a sleepy trance after a few minutes of conversation. It worked well for soothing agitated tribesmen, but it created one heck of a problem in the romance department.

"Wanna fuck?" That was the extent of his seductive repertoire. Any additional discussion, and he risked putting a human partner to sleep. Therefore, most of his sexual encounters with mortals took place in highway rest stops or dim back rooms of dance clubs, the kind of atmosphere where presence implied consent and lengthy discussions were discouraged.

The only men he'd found to have any immunity against his magical charms were other supernatural beings. Although it sounded good on the surface -- who would be more sympathetic about the limitations of godhood than another god? -- that path had inherent problems too.

Deities, by and large, were a moody, demanding, egocentric bunch. Pe-Ben liked to think he ranked low on the ego scale, but he'd met too many from the other end to seriously consider shacking up with one.

With a grimace, he recalled the one time he spent a wild month in Valhalla. Those Viking boys knew how to treat him right, but the constant boasting, blood letting and inebriation had gotten on his nerves. He couldn't out-drink them, and they weren't terribly interested in tales of winters he had known. That left nothing but sex for entertainment. Not a bad way to spend a few weeks, but far from his ideal eternity-

ever-after situation.

His was not the only hard luck romance story Pe-Ben knew well. He'd spent one long season with a rather unique man named Danny, who recounted an ill-fated romance story about circumstances even death, courage and love failed to overcome. Which is why Pe-Ben had joined the Paranormal Mates Society. To get expert advice on finding a suitable mate. So far, nothing had come of his Heavenly membership but he had faith that their method of match-making would prove superior to his own. After all, how could it be worse?

Pe-Ben directed his Internet browser to load their web page. It had been a few days since he'd checked his account. He'd gotten distracted by a magnificent weather pattern which allowed him to blanket his tribal lands in snow several feet deep. It had been a deeply gratifying display of his abilities, probably the last of this winter. Spring was coming...

Since he was looking for a place to go, he might as well check in with PMS to see if he'd gotten any new offers.

There were a few barely intelligible messages from the boys in Asgard, inviting him back for another romp. Pe-Ben didn't feel so much as a twitch of interest. He sent them a polite decline. Perhaps the lack of an immortal playmate would force them to rest in between orgies. Then again, knowing the Vikings, it probably wouldn't even slow them down.

Grinning with memories -- there'd been a few enjoyable moments in Viking heaven -- Pe-Ben flipped through the rest of his messages. One in particular caught his eye. Of course, that could be blamed on the vibe attachment that practically knocked him over when he opened it. Whoever had sent it certainly packed a punch.

As he waited for the tingling in his body to subside, Pe-Ben pulled up the sender's profile to see what PillarsofSand was all about.

The man was, in a word, edible. Thick, dark hair capped a ruggedly handsome face. Green eyes drew in the light surrounding him and held it captive. A shadow of a beard helped to define his jaw and cheek while adding to his overall sex appeal. Who

was this gorgeous creature? And what was he doing on a dating website when there were any number of eligible gays who'd love to love him?

Pe-Ben scanned the rest of the man's profile. The manager of a Canadian seaside resort. Out of his territory... but not too far up the coast. A native New Yorker who had relocated north of the border. That could mean a lot of things. Still, nothing on the form told him what paranormal aspect made him eligible for PMS's unique services. What if they weren't magically compatible?

PMS was supposed to rate their suitability as a couple, but Pillars had a temporary membership. The fact that his message had been put through meant someone at PMS didn't see an issue, but that was far from the iron-clad guarantee his level of membership was supposed to supply.

Pe-Ben needed to find someone resistant to his winter aura. He'd prefer to use his energy to seduce a partner rather than to keep them awake. Without evidence that PillarsofSand could withstand his supernatural presence, Pe-Ben refused to lock himself into spending his summer with the man. No matter how cute he was.

He bookmarked the hotel manager's profile and moved on to the remaining messages. More offers from old friends, former fucks, but none that excited him half as much as Pillars. Was it the challenge of getting to know someone fresh and new? Had he been drawn in by the almost palpable energy that radiated from the screen whenever his visage appeared?

Pe-Ben was immune to most forms of manipulation. No one could dominate his mind without his permission. Except this man. PillarsofSand. He felt, just by looking at him, that their lives were somehow intertwined...

Nonsense! He had no life. He *existed*, sustained by the love of his people. They understood him. They needed him. To be with anyone else was just... temporary.

But temporary also meant empty. It was extremely difficult to form a lasting bond with someone he saw only part of the year. PMS promised they'd find him an understanding mate. A compatible mate. Apparently, someone behind the scenes thought PillarsofSand fit the order.



Well, he'd make up his own mind about that.

Pe-Ben shut down the magic feed to the Internet and climbed into his glacier-sized bed. Over the centuries, the stalactites had produced a puddle around his bed, like a moat. The mattress was dry though. Down-filled quilts and plush pillows covered its surface. A love nest, if he'd ever seen one.

He dove into the middle of it. As a god, he had no need for sleep, but there were times it was nice to have a comfortable place to stretch out and think. That's what he did now, taking a split second to banish his formal robes as he fell onto the fluffy surface.

The contrast between his golden skin and the white fabric pleased him. He could change his appearance at will, but preferred the features that identified him as a member of his people's tribe. His tats were enough to mark him as a god.

Now his cock, that was another matter. He couldn't settle for average. Even above average didn't suit him. Though it had taken a few centuries to get the right look, he'd finally crafted an uncut rod that was long and thick, with a pair of heavy balls that dangled low. His lovers had expressed appreciation for his sexual tackle in the past. But what would Pillars think of it?

All right, so he was a bit vain. About that much at least. Pe-Ben wouldn't waste the words to ask, but would the hotel manager be enthralled by it? Beg to be speared by it?

The profile didn't claim a preference for top over bottom. Good thing, because Pe-Ben didn't bend over for anyone. He did, however, know how to please a lover when given the chance. Hearing his name bellowed out during climax was a thrill, one hard to come by outside his godly duties. Sure, his people praised him for the deep snow that would create rivers of fresh water under the Maiden's warm touch. He derived satisfaction from that. Still, it wasn't the same as personal, direct gratitude for a job well done.

He closed his eyes, sliding one hand from chest to abs, and down to the base of his shaft. He toyed with it, stroked it, his mind adrift in search of the man who

fascinated him. *Pillars, where are you?*

Because the hotel manager was not of his tribe, he was much harder to find amidst the sea of humanity residing on the planet. However, another thing Pe-Ben was adept at was locating friends half a world away. Using the PMS vibe as a kind of beacon, he homed in on his target.

Making a psychic connection to the man set off a buzz in his body, a brand new experience. Like gripping a live wire. It shot straight to his loins, making his cock sit up and take notice. Despite its arousing qualities, he wasn't sure he liked it.

Once he'd adjusted to the sensation, he was able to absorb other impressions. Though Pe-Ben had no more substance than a shadow, he could feel the heat emanating from the human's body. Pillars was as naked as he. In an office, presumably his own. But what was he doing?

Pe-Ben watched him for a bit as the man bobbed up and down. It took a few seconds of observation to figure out he must be riding a dildo. That triggered a jolt of pure lust to surge through Pe-Ben's hard cock. He could easily imagine himself walking into the room, plucking Pillars out of the chair and substituting his own erection for the fake one. Seating himself inside Pillars' tight ass. Deeply. Completely.

If he decided to go.

Despite the seemingly mutual attraction, Pe-Ben still wasn't convinced that was the right decision. If only he knew what other talents the man possessed. Hence this seek and find mission. Did it tell him what he needed to know?

Given his gorgeous olive skin, he could rule out Pillars as being one of the undead. No shed fur or scales in sight, so he wasn't a were. Another deity would have sensed Pe-Ben's presence by now, so he could scratch that as a possibility. But there had to be something special about him, aside from his gorgeous looks. The hot jolt from a simple shadowing connection implied Pillars wasn't human.

There'd been some glitches in the PMS computer system when it first went online. Pe-Ben was inclined to believe this match was the result of one error that hadn't been purged. Except for that damn spark.

Deep in thought, Pe-Ben stroked his cock the way another being might stroke their chin. Pillars did the same, using frantic jerky movements. For him, the journey was almost over rather than just beginning.

Several seconds later, Pe-Ben's prediction came true. The hotel manager balled up as cum spurted from his cock in a shower of white droplets. They hit the surface of his desk, barely missing the keyboard. As the orgasm ended, he remained slumped over for so long Pe-Ben thought he might never regain enough strength to move.

But move he did, slowly swiveling the chair to look at the place where Pe-Ben hovered. Pillars' eyes probed the space. He reached out a tentative hand. Pe-Ben couldn't help himself. He thrust his hard cock into the man's open palm. If it registered at all, the other man should only feel a cool brush of air.

To his great surprise, Pe-Ben watched Pillars react as if he'd been shocked, snatching back his hand so quickly that the leather chair rolled back a few inches. Apparently his prospective mate could sense their connection too. Interesting. Interesting enough to spend a few weeks at the Inn of Quiet Repose to find out what this man was all about.

With half a thought, Pe-Ben established a link to PMS's server and typed out a response to PillarsofSand. *I'll come before spring. Reserve a room. IceEchoes.*

Somehow, the thought of the Maiden arriving a bit early no longer seemed quite so bad.

## Chapter 3

### Coming Together

Before spring. What the hell did that mean? Sandy had been puzzling over that ever since he'd gotten the message a month ago. Keeping a room empty, out of circulation, had been difficult. After a week, Sandy gave up. They could always shuffle guests around later if Ice actually showed.

Sandy was starting to have serious doubts about that. The long silence, combined with his own misgivings about how well the pairing would work, strengthened his belief that anticipating a meeting between them was just plain foolish. A god, or even a half-god, certainly had better things to do than come to his sleepy corner of the globe.

At least, Morpheus often did.

Yet, Sandy couldn't entirely discount the idea either. There'd been one night, right after he sent the vibe message, when he could have sworn another presence watched him as he pleased himself. The voyeur aspect had heightened his enjoyment of the moment, but that was the only time it had happened. Had Ice lost interest?

Really, the only man a guy could depend on was himself.

Sandy patted the flat screen monitor. "Looks like it's going to be just you and me again."

He was half in, half out of his pants when his phone rang. He jabbed the speaker button with his finger. "Zachary, you really need to work on your timing."

"My most humble apologies, sir."

He waited a beat for the zombie to continue. When he didn't, Sandy prodded him. "Well, what is it?"

"A Mr. Benjamin is here to see you, sir. He believes you are expecting him."

Mr. Benjamin. Sandy couldn't translate that into any subtle form of Morpheus,

nor did he recall an appointment with anyone by that name. Unless... "Please ask the gentleman if his arrival is related to IceEchoes."

A few moments of mumbled conversation passed, then Zachary returned. "Yes, sir. I believe so."

"I'll be right there!"

He took one step toward the door before he tripped. Swearing at himself, Sandy yanked his pants on, tucked in the burgundy collarless shirt which marked him as an employee of the inn and fastened his belt. Again he started for the door, but then abruptly stopped.

"Better make sure I haven't forgotten anything else."

"Sir?"

Damn, he'd left the line open too. "Nothing, Zach. I'll be down in a minute." He severed the connection, then ducked into the executive washroom.

The mirror reflected a grinning face. His green eyes danced with excitement. Not quite the cool, sexy air he wanted to project. But try as he might, he couldn't replace his expression with anything approaching sobriety.

He finger-combed his dark curls into a sultry disarray. The effect was... chaotic. Now he looked like a very happy yet not entirely sane person. A bit of water smoothed it back into place. Shaving would definitely take too long. Ice -- Mr. Benjamin -- would have to take him as is.

The lobby was empty, making it easy to spot his visitor. Not that he'd have trouble finding the man if they'd been on opposite sides of Times Square as the ball fell on New Year's Eve. His special guest had a presence that was hard to miss.

Mr. Benjamin looked even better up close than in the photo on the PMS website. His long white hair -- not the yellowish color of the elderly, but pure snow white -- had been captured in a single braid that hung down his back. A brown suede jacket, more like a sports coat than something a motorcycle gang would wear, hung from his broad shoulders. Fine linen covered his chest, the whiteness of it matching his hair. Black jeans hid the tops of a pair of fashionable black boots. Sandy followed the long legs to his

crotch, and almost fainted with delight when he spotted a very promising package.

*Well, hello, Mr. Benjamin!*

Sandy's cheek muscles ached from sustaining a happy expression for so long, but he kept it in place as he crossed the plush carpet to greet his special guest. "I'm Sanders L. Mann. Sandy. Welcome to the Inn of Quiet Repose."

"Pete Benjamin," the man said, clasping his hand in a firm grip.

Palm brushing palm generated a static shock. Blue energy arced up, making Zachary, who was safely ensconced on the other side of the reception desk, draw back in alarm. Sandy glanced at his hand, half afraid of what he'd see. Thankfully, it appeared to be intact, if a little tingly from the contact.

"Wow, that was some greeting."

Pete slowly slipped his hands into his jeans pockets, his face blank, his only response a terse nod.

Sandy turned to Zachary. "Is Mr. Benjamin checked in?"

Looking more animated than he ever had before, the desk clerk gave a jerky shake of his head. "No, sir."

"Why not?"

He leaned in and lowered his voice. Sandy had to strain to hear him. "No reservation."

Of course not. Sandy hadn't made one. No name to put it under, no ETA. And they were booked up solid for the next three nights. Shit! "Give him mine."

"209?"

"Mine," Sandy repeated. He never used it anyway. Well, not often. He could live out of his office for a few days, until something opened up. He turned his attention back to his guest. "So how was your trip in?"

"Fine."

"Travel is usually pretty good this time of year. No holidays traffic to slow people down."

Pete nodded absently. His eyes roamed the décor. Nothing in his face advertised

his impressions though.

Sandy got a sinking feeling in his stomach. This wasn't going the way he'd hoped it would at all. "Can I get you something to drink? Are you hungry?"

Those winter-gray eyes blinked languorously. Again, a slight twist of his head indicated the negative.

Zachary placed an access card on the counter along with the standard registration form for Pete to sign. Sandy made a mental note to adjust the room rate to zero dollars per night. He wasn't going to have Pete paying for the privilege of sleeping in his bed. That was too much like... well, he just wasn't going to have it.

"I'll take you to your room now. I'm sure you're tired, being so late at night and all." Sandy forced himself to yawn. He was pretty convincing, having practiced in front of the guests for the last forty years.

Pete frowned, but picked up the key from where Zachary had left it.

"Do you have any bags?"

"No."

Must not plan on staying long. To hide his disappointment, Sandy headed for the corridor that would take them through the public areas. He tossed off casual facts -- how long the hotel had been in existence, when and where meals were served, the indoor pool and view of the beach -- until his throat ran dry, and still he got very little from Pete in response.

Sandy wished he knew more about the man. The profile had been brief, mostly talking about the beauty of Maine winters and the Native Americans living in the area. Surely there was more to his life than that. But Pete offered no clues.

Perhaps the man just wasn't interested. Too bad, because Sandy had plenty of interest. Pete Benjamin moved with a panther's grace. He had gorgeous, smooth skin. And enough raw sexual energy to keep the inn running for days. Maybe tomorrow he'd feel more like talking. Sandy decided to cut the tour short and get him settled in.

His suite served as a buffer between the administrative offices of the hotel and the guest rooms beyond. As far as he could recall, there was nothing embarrassing lying

around. He kept his toys and videos in his office next door, where they were close at hand.

As they stopped before his door, Pete rested against the wall. Close enough for Sandy to get a whiff of his personal scent. No cologne to dilute the crisp, clean scent of the man. Like a cold breeze off a snow-capped mountain. Sandy managed to swallow a needy whimper, but he fumbled a bit working the lock with his own card.

"This is it," Sandy announced as he gave the door a gentle push.

He gestured for the other man to precede him. Sandy followed, switching on the lights and closing the door. *Nice ass. By Morpheus's nose, I hope he changes his mind about me.*

Sandy rushed around, sticking his head into each room. He announced their purpose as he went. "Bedroom here... Bathroom through this one... Small kitchenette. If you don't like what's stocked --"

He'd run into an obstacle. A very large, solid obstacle.

"Sandy?" Pete's voice was soft as his hands settled on Sandy's hips, and another frisson of static arced through his body.

"Yes?" *Ohmygod, did my voice just crack?*

"Shut up."

The directive was said gently, but the way Pete captured his lips in a searing kiss was not. Though the tingling from the initial shock was absent, there was no shortage of energy bouncing between them.

Pete opened his mouth and Sandy eagerly swept his tongue inside. Minty cool, as if he'd just brushed his teeth. The taste sent a shiver down Sandy's spine. He rested his hands on Pete's chest. Receiving no protest, he explored the masculine planes as they kissed. Hard muscle flexed under his hands as Pete shifted, widening his stance and encouraging Sandy to come closer. The rigid column of Pete's cock pressed against Sandy's groin.

It felt divine to be in the arms of someone real. Sandy had been waiting so long for something like this to happen. It was almost a miracle. The way the man moved,



how he seemed to instinctively know what Sandy wanted without having to be told. As if their pairing had been choreographed by the gods.

*So why isn't my dick responding?*

Sandy froze and reviewed that last thought. It was shamefully true. Though his body tingled with desire, his cock lay quiescent against his thigh. Hell of a time for it to get shy!

"Trouble?" Pete asked.

The man's eyes twinkled with the blue found deep inside glaciers. Oxygen rich. Life giving. Sandy wrapped his arms around Pete's waist and drank him in. "No. None at all."

Pete's lips curved in a half smile. "Good."

The man's next kiss stole Sandy's breath and replaced it with pure desire. Sandy allowed himself to be marched in reverse until his back met a wall. Pete's fingers remained locked on Sandy's hips, his thumbs stroking the area over and over.

"Wanna fuck you," Pete murmured, though their lips were still touching.

"I want that too." Assuming, of course, he could get hard. His cock still refused to rise to the occasion. Sandy didn't understand why his physical response had gone AWOL, but it was starting to seriously scare him. He couldn't hide such a critical detail from Pete much longer.

*What the hell am I going to do?*

## Chapter 4

### An Ounce of Cure

Pe-Ben knew something was wrong. Sandy's reactions were a touch slow, a barely perceptible hesitation. Despite his words, he wasn't ready. And Pe-Ben didn't know if he should press on or back off. "You sure?"

"Yes." There was a "but" tacked on to the end of that sentence, and Pe-Ben waited for Sandy to fish it out. "But maybe right now isn't such a good time."

Pe-Ben got a good look at Sandy's molars as he yawned. Damn it! Those idiots at PMS had been wrong. Though he'd been very careful to keep conversation to a minimum, he was putting Sandy to sleep. All that waiting and wanting, and for nothing! They were no more compatible than Danny and his Siren.

Pe-Ben slammed the flat of his hand against the wall. Must have been too near Sandy's head, for the man jumped. He ducked out of the way and Pe-Ben let him go. He was making such a mess of this. "Sorry."

"I'm sorry," Sandy apologized. "I don't know what's wrong. Too much excitement perhaps." Embarrassment crept over his face. "Could we try again tomorrow?"

"Yeah." Pe-Ben stuffed his hands into his pockets to keep from reaching for Sandy. He didn't want to be alone tonight, not after waiting so long to see him. However, if the guy was too tired for sex, well, there was no one to blame but himself. He'd just have to do a better job of keeping his mouth shut tomorrow.

Sandy approached until less than a foot separated them. "I really am glad you're here."

Pe-Ben might be a god, but even he had his limits. He could no more hold himself back from touching Sandy than he could stop the moon from orbiting the earth.

He cupped Sandy's jaw and traced his lips with the pad of his thumb. "Me too."

"You're not mad?"

"Disappointed." In himself for believing that he had a chance. In PMS for failing to live up to its advertising. Still, he'd take what he could get. He had a lot of empty days ahead until he could return to his ice cavern. He might as well spend them here. Maybe over time, Sandy would build up more of a resistance to his slumberous speech.

By the stars that hung in the heavens, Pe-Ben prayed it would be so.

"Anything I can do to make you more comfortable?" Sandy asked.

He pressed a kiss to the shorter man's lips. "Tomorrow."

Sandy groaned softly and swayed into him. "You sure?" Almost immediately, he stepped back, shaking his head. "No, no. Forget I said that. You're right. Tomorrow is better." He backpedaled toward the door, fumbled for it behind his back and finally opened it. "Good night, Pete."

"Night." He added a small wave.

And then Sandy was gone.

Pe-Ben let out the deep sigh he'd been holding back. Nothing to do now but count the seconds as they ticked by. Modern entertainment held little appeal for him. He could surf the net, check in on friends. Instead, he banished his clothes with a thought and lay down on the king-size bed.

Sandy. The man's natural scent was all around him. Though it didn't bring to mind any one thing in particular, he was nonetheless reminded of a day at the beach. Hot sun on warm sand. A swallow from a cold beverage that left an icy trail all the way down one's throat. Salty night breezes and relentless tides. It was all there in the essence of Sanders L. Mann.

If Sandy really was paranormal -- and there was nothing normal about the shock they got whenever they connected -- then the Internet wasn't likely to have much information on him. However, he did have other resources to tap. By far, the simplest thing to do would be to have a peek inside Sandy's mind. Unfortunately, Sandy didn't have a trace of Abenaki in him. Without it, Pe-Ben couldn't do more than shadow him.

The Paranormal Mates Society didn't give out personal details on their matches, nothing the member didn't make public themselves. Violation of privacy. Besides, you were supposed to trust PMS not to fuck up.

But what was he supposed to do when they did? He needed information, damn it.

"Hi."

Pe-Ben sat up abruptly to find a man standing at the foot of Sandy's bed. Tall, dark and handsome. Too perfect. And immortal, but not one Pe-Ben had crossed paths with before. "Who the hell are you?"

"Sandy's boss. He around?"

Since Mr. Perfect didn't appear to be fazed in the least by his lack of dress, or interested by it, Pe-Ben crossed his legs Indian style and replied, "Yeah. He's around."

"Here?"

Pe-Ben shook his head.

"Look, can you give him a message for me?"

"Can't you do it yourself?" Not that he wanted to be uncharitable, but Pe-Ben didn't think Sandy was ready to see him again. Quite honestly, neither was he. Not until he had a better handle on what had gone wrong.

"Yeah, if I want to spend all night chasing after him. That boy can move faster than a comet." The god ran a hand through his hair, ruffling the dark curls. It was sexy, if you were into that sort of thing. It failed to move Pe-Ben beyond a gay man's appreciation for the male form. "Tell him to adjust the SAND mixture. The guests aren't dreaming the way they should."

"I will. Tomorrow."

The god's face darkened. "Look, my friend, you may be exchanging bodily fluids with my Sandman, but he still has work to do. Important work."

"Sandman?"

"SAND-man," the god emphasized. "You know, the guy who escorts people to Dreamland each night?"

"I don't dream."

"Your choice, but I have to tell you you're missing out on some really great stuff. Thanks for playing messenger. Shouldn't take Sandy long. Then you can get back to... whatever you were doing and I can finish my business."

Before Pe-Ben could protest, or ask another question, the strange god was gone. With typical divine arrogance, he hadn't introduced himself or acknowledged that Pe-Ben was hardly an ignorant mortal to be ordered around. His initial response was to refuse to carry out the request. However, that would only create more problems for Sandy, and it certainly wouldn't solve any issues between the two of them.

Pe-Ben slid off the bed. On his way to the door, the same clothes he'd been wearing earlier coalesced around his body. Half his mind was occupied with the task of creating the shadowing connection which would tell him where to find Sandy. The other half of his considerable brain power grappled with how to explain why he was getting involved in hotel business in the first place.

At first, Sandy seemed to be in three places at once. And they all looked the same. Entering a guest room where he'd apologize to the occupants, make some adjustment to a vent, then leave. The pattern repeated itself over and over, with only the extras changing. By the time Sandy got to a landmark Pe-Ben could recognize, he realized his target was heading right back toward him.

"Problem?" Pe-Ben asked as Sandy paused outside another door further down the hall.

"No, not really."

Pe-Ben walked toward him, that magnetic pull in his gut once more on galactic strength. "Your boss thinks otherwise."

"Morpheus? You talked to him?"

Confusion and hurt mingled in his voice. Pe-Ben reached out to soothe, but Sandy was already moving away, inside the door he'd just opened.

"Morpheus," Pe-Ben repeated as he followed the other man into what appeared to be Sandy's office. "Your boss?"

"Yeah. Morpheus. God of dreams. Did he have the Mares with him?"

"No, no horses."

Sandy stretched, arching back. It pulled his burgundy shirt over his sculpted chest. Just looking at him made Pe-Ben's mouth water. Even if it didn't lead to anything -- and Pe-Ben vowed one day soon it would, even if it meant magically sealing his own mouth for the duration -- he wanted to be closer to the man. He crossed the carpet and leaned against the edge of the desk as Sandy dropped into the black leather chair.

"Then he wasn't here to make a SAND delivery. Not that we need it. The vault is still pretty full." He glanced over his shoulder at a meter on the wall. It read eighty-eight percent from what Pe-Ben could see. "I wonder what he wanted."

"More SAND. The guests are restless."

"Tell me about it." Sandy rubbed his hands over his face, seemingly exhausted. "I don't think I've ever had a night with so many complaints. Heater doesn't work. Water is too cold. Neighbors having sex, keeping them awake. Zachary called in Zelma to help him answer the phones. It's just wild."

"Seems quiet now."

"Yes, it does, thank the gods." He took a sip from a cup on his desk, then spat it back out. "Yuck! Cold coffee. Let me go dump this out. Would you like a cup?"

"No."

Sandy carried the mug to the small bar and rinsed out the dark liquid. When he didn't immediately return, Pe-Ben called over to him. "Need help?"

"Ah, no. Thanks. I've got this."

Nervous. Must be. But what could there be about doing dishes to make him sound so fearful?

Curiosity drew Pe-Ben to Sandy's side once more. The man had filled the sink with bubbles and was stirring up more by the second, soaking the sleeves of his shirt, and quite a bit of the rest of him as well, in the process.

Pe-Ben reached around from behind, his chest pressed against Sandy's back. He ran his hands down Sandy's arms, and into the water.

Sandy bowed his head. "Please don't."

"Why?" Pe-Ben placed a kiss on the bare nape of Sandy's neck.

"Because I've already disappointed you once tonight."

Realization hit Pe-Ben with whiplash intensity. Whatever their other problems were, he'd compounded them with his terse speech. In absence of a full explanation for his disappointment, Sandy had assumed the blame. *Hellfire!*

He spun Sandy around. Water sprayed out in an arc, catching them both. Sandy hooked his arms over Pe-Ben's shoulders to keep from falling. Pe-Ben didn't mind a bit. The closer they got, the happier he was.

"You did not disappoint me," he said slowly.

Pe-Ben feared those five words might send Sandy into a deep sleep. He only hoped the Sandman would remember them when he woke.

But instead of sagging into his ready arms, Sandy's green eyes sparkled with relief. "I thought... You said..."

Pe-Ben kissed him. "I failed. PMS failed. Not you."

"You? PMS? How?"

Hearing the clipped language from someone else brought a chuckle to Pe-Ben's lips. Did he really sound like a verbal machine gun when he spoke? "PMS ensured a compatible match. We aren't compatible. Not completely."

The happy light in his green eyes dimmed. "What makes you say that?"

Pe-Ben stole a quick kiss before answering. "I make you sleepy."

"Huh?"

Bafflement wasn't the response Pe-Ben had expected. "You yawned."

"I faked it. In case you were tired. I didn't want you to think you had to stay up for me."

That didn't make one bit of sense to Pe-Ben, but it didn't need to. Sandy, for his own reasons, had faked being tired. There was hope for them after all. "The sound of my voice doesn't make you sleepy?"

"Sexy, not sleepy." He nibbled at the sensitive skin under Pe-Ben's ear.

“Thought you wanted to wait,” Pe-Ben said, even though his eager fingers were already prying the shirt tails out of Sandy’s waistband.

“I changed my mind.”



## Chapter 5

### Fully Engaged

*What the hell am I doing?* That thought collided with the haze of lust clouding Sandy's brain. He wanted Pete, craved his touch. Thinking beyond that proved too difficult a task for him to master. He wiggled against the larger man, pulled him closer... and smacked the back of Pete's head with a plastic schlong.

*Morpheus, if you have any mercy in you, now would be a good time to whisk me away.* But apparently his boss wasn't listening, or didn't care to get involved. Sandy could only wait as Pete absorbed what had just happened.

Pete pulled Sandy's arm down to get a better look at the object Sandy could no longer hide. "Nice toy."

"Thanks."

"Yours?"

"Yeah." Sandy brought the object in his other hand around for inspection too. "So is this one."

Pete glanced over Sandy's shoulder, presumably at the sink which was still full of suds. "Got more in there?"

"More, yes. There, no."

Pete's eyes roamed as much of Sandy's body as he could, given their proximity. "No disappointment at all."

Sandy chucked the dildos over his shoulder, not minding when water splashed out of the sink and soaked through the back of his shirt. "Prove it."

A heartbeat sped by, and then another. And a third. Then, with a sudden smile, Pete lifted Sandy by the waist and set him down on the edge of the counter next to the sink. He leaned in, teasing Sandy with little flicks of his tongue. On his lips. His nose.

His ear. Wherever Sandy was least expecting it.

With a growl of frustration, Sandy gripped Pete's head with both hands to hold him still, then kissed him deeply. His tongue berated that of the other man with several playful slaps. Desire hummed through his veins, this time giving his cock more than a lick and a promise toward assuming full stature.

Pete unbuttoned Sandy's shirt. The fabric made an audible, wet sound when it peeled away from his skin. Even though he was slightly chilled from the water, Pete's fingers felt cold. Stiff.

Sandy raised Pete's hand to his mouth and drew one finger in between his lips. He sucked it, nibbled on the tip. Swirled his tongue over it. In his mind, he imagined the way Pete's cock would taste when he subjected it to the same treatment.

Pete trailed his hand along Sandy's ribcage, then around to tweak his pebbled nipple. "Top or bottom?"

He let go of Pete's finger with a pop. "Bottom. Definitely."

"Excellent."

Time to do a little unveiling of his own. Sandy tugged at the belt buckle, releasing the long length of leather. It gave him so many ideas...

"Wait. Watch." Pete took a step back. Half a blink later, the man was completely naked. And impressively aroused.

Sandy took in the long, rigid length of Pete's uncut cock. The white hair at its base matched the thick strands now freely floating around his wide shoulders. A pair of twin globes nestled in between his thighs. His smooth, hairless chest was marked by the blue tattoos Sandy recalled from the PMS photo. Without a doubt, the man was a god.

"Not impressed?"

Sandy twitched, startled out of his musings. He'd been silent too long. This was not a good time for him to be tongue-tied. "Very impressed. Which heaven do you belong to?"

"Huh?"

"Which heaven? Which god are you?"

“Pe-Ben. God of Winter to the Abenaki people. Does it matter?”

Of course. Pe-Ben. Pete Benjamin. Made sense. “Not to me.”

Pe-Ben spread his arms. “Well then?”

Morpheus wasn't high maintenance, for a god. It didn't seem like Pe-Ben was either. However, it appeared that both had a tendency to expect their needs to be addressed first and foremost. That might become a problem later on, when work interfered with play, but for now it was an arrangement Sandy could live with. He really wanted his mouth around that divine cock.

Sandy kicked off his shoes and hopped off the counter. When he reached Pe-Ben, he dropped to his knees.

“Not what I meant,” the winter god said on a gasp as Sandy took one testicle in his mouth.

Sandy looked up at him. “Want me to stop?”

Pe-Ben's eyes were brighter than sunlight reflecting off a fresh layer of snow. “No.”

“Good,” Sandy replied, although his response was muffled as he resumed his oral caress of Pe-Ben's balls. First one and then the other, inhaling deeply the intimate scent of the man.

Fingers replaced tongue as he licked the arrow-straight shaft, along the vein throbbing under the sensitive skin. By the time he reached the tip, a pearl of moisture had formed. Sandy sucked it off, letting the fluid linger on his tongue to fully absorb Pe-Ben's unique flavor. He stroked the god's shaft with his hand, drawing out more liquid for him to sample. Ambrosia. Nectar of the gods. Is this where it came from?

“Good?”

So good that the crotch of Sandy's pants was fixed to burst, struggling to contain his erection. “Uh-huh.”

Pe-Ben spread his legs apart, giving Sandy more room to play. His cock was so big Sandy knew he couldn't swallow all of it. Instead, he did the reverse, allowing his lips to surround little more than the tip. His fingers sought out the inch-long strip of

skin behind his balls and tickled it. Pe-Ben thrust his cock deeply into Sandy's mouth.

"Oh, fuck."

*Indeed.* Sandy freed his erection from his pants. He pumped it with one hand while he caressed Pe-Ben's cock with the other. Their moans blended together. Pe-Ben increased Sandy's slow rhythm by flexing his hips. He fucked Sandy's mouth with rigid control. Sandy wanted to snap it, drive the god beyond restraint. Someday, when they learned each other better...

"Wanna come inside your ass," Pe-Ben announced through gritted teeth.

"Uh-uh." Next time, maybe, but Sandy wanted to swallow Pe-Ben's cum. To take him inside where no one could separate them. "Next time."

Sandy felt the brush of Pe-Ben's hand against his hair. "Next time. Good."

Sandy palmed Pe-Ben's ass with both hands. His own cock rubbed against the winter god's calf, no doubt leaving pecker tracks. There was nothing he could do about that, probably wouldn't even if he could. It felt too good. Skin just cool enough to comfort the burning hot flesh that was full and heavy with blood.

Strong masculine hands gave Sandy's shoulder a squeeze before he felt the weight lift. When he looked up, he saw Pe-Ben had his head thrown back, the cords on his neck standing out. Could Sandy be everywhere at once? Could he be sucking dick, tongue-fucking ass, fusing mouths and nibbling neck all at the same time? No, but he could enjoy the hell out of watching the rapturous expressions cross the god's face as each adjustment Sandy made brought him closer to climax.

"Coming," Pe-Ben announced.

No doubt. Sandy could feel the god's shaft quivering with the first tremors of release. He burrowed his fingers into the cleft of Pe-Ben's ass, finding the hyper-sensitive ring of tissue. Even an exclusive top liked to be rimmed. Fingering wasn't quite as good, but this time it would have to do.

As Sandy pressed his index finger against that small rosette, Pe-Ben erupted into his ready mouth. The load was so large that Sandy had trouble swallowing it all. The second load came, adding to the first deposit. Using his tongue, he parked Pe-Ben's

cock against the roof of his mouth. This also blocked his esophagus. It was better to wait a few seconds and enjoy it rather than risk choking or -- may the gods save him from such a fate -- throwing up on Pe-Ben's feet if he gagged.

Utterly spent, Pe-Ben pulled away from Sandy's grasp. "Have any left over?"

Sandy nodded. He liked the unique flavor of the god's cum so much that he hadn't been willing to swallow all of it in one greedy gulp.

"Come here."

Pe-Ben helped him to his feet, then dove into his mouth for a tongue-tangling kiss. Semen and saliva mixed in a new, erotic way of sharing. *Snowballing. I never thought I'd find a lover who'd do this with me.*

But Pe-Ben wasn't just any man. He was a god, a very generous one.

"Thank you," Sandy said when their kiss finally ended.

The winter god gathered Sandy to his chest, surrounding him with a cool, secure embrace. "My pleasure."

"Mine too." Under his cheek, he could feel Pe-Ben's heart hammer with excitement.

A chill cocoon enveloped Sandy's cock. "What about this?" Pe-Ben asked. "Does this bring you pleasure?"

A new voice intruded, shattering the mood. "It'll have to wait. I think you've taken up enough of my Sandman's time for one night."

Sandy turned around, aware of Pe-Ben behind him, still naked. His own rapidly deflating dick hung out of his pants. Shit. "Hello, Morpheus. Did we have an appointment?"

"I think you can forgive my unexpected intrusion *when all hell is breaking loose!*"

Pe-Ben's arm slid around Sandy's waist and pulled him close until they touched, chest to back. Whether it was out of modesty or a need to feel close, Sandy appreciated the extra support. "I already took care of it."

"Then why is the switchboard lit up like a solar flare?"

"What?" He twisted in Pe-Ben's embrace to check the communications console

on his desk. It was true. Every line into the reception desk pulsed with activity. "This has to be some kind of malfunction."

"I agree. Your malfunction."

"Mine?" He hadn't done anything different than usual. There'd been a few complaints, but he'd talked to each guest personally. Smoothed it over. Gave them a personal escort to Dreamland. Why were the guests still up?

"The guests aren't sleeping. Whose fault is that?" Morpheus stormed over to the SAND chamber and started the process of clearing the security. "Say goodbye to your boy toy. You've got work to do."

Sandy mentally hurled every vile curse he could think of at his boss's retreating back as he returned his cock to his pants.

Pe-Ben whispered, "Want to quit?"

"No."

He couldn't. Working for Morpheus sustained him, prolonged his life. Without that divine benefit, he wasn't sure what would happen. Perhaps he'd turn to dust on the spot. Definitely lose whatever chance he had at a relationship with Pe-Ben. He'd be a mortal. A pure mortal. Maybe even a dead one. And mortals, whatever their condition, didn't consort with gods. Not for long, anyway.

Pe-Ben turned him so they faced each other. "Want me to leave?"

"No!" Sandy quelled the panic rising in him. No one wanted a desperate man. "I mean, not unless you want to."

"I can wait."

That was a big compromise. Gods weren't used to waiting for anyone or anything. They were the ultimate instant gratification boys. Sandy kissed Pe-Ben, trying to convey his relief and gratitude. "I need to get dressed. Morpheus won't be as patient."

Pe-Ben held out his hand. A white shirt materialized over it. "Use mine."

Gladly. If Sandy had to spend the rest of the night with a cranky immortal, at least he could do it surrounded by the fragrance of one who felt a lot more kindly

toward him. "Thanks."

He shrugged into it. The material hung loose on his frame, but not so much that it would look sloppy when he went to talk to the guests. "I'm really sorry about this. It's never happened before. Most nights around here would make a graveyard look like a happening place."

"Quiet, huh?"

"Yeah." He finished getting his clothing in order, then settled his hands on Pe-Ben's naked hips. "I'd really like to make this up to you. How about dinner tomorrow?"

Pe-Ben rubbed Sandy's belly with the back of his fingers. "Sure."

"It'll be late, after my rounds, but I guarantee we won't be disturbed." After tonight, the guests who remained would get an extra dose of SAND. If exhaustion didn't make them sleep through the night, that certainly would.

"Fine."

"Five seconds, Sandy, or I'm transferring you to the stables!" Morpheus called from within the vault.

"Gotta go," Sandy said softly. He kissed the winter god's lips one last time. "Tomorrow. Dinner. 10:00 pm."

\* \* \*

If he were at home, Pe-Ben would have blanketed the inn in a slumberous wintry cocoon, resolving Sandy's professional problem in less time than it took to discuss it. Outside his power base and surrounded by so few who could nominally claim to be of his tribe, he could do little to influence the sequence of events. And Morpheus certainly didn't want him messing around with his turf.

Turf that included Sandy? Were they more than boss and employee?

Sandy's reaction to the dream god seemed to indicate otherwise. And Pe-Ben knew from personal experience that Morpheus didn't hit on every man who came around. Maybe they'd been down that road and parted ways...

Should he do the same? Asgard wasn't nearly as peaceful as the Inn of Quiet Repose, even under the current circumstances. However, there he never had to worry

about his lover being called away. Passed out drunk, maybe, but certainly not absent. Was Sandy worth the inconvenience?

One phenomenal blow job did not a relationship make. His divine instinct warned of even more potential pitfalls ahead if he chose to stay with Sandy. There was also the possibility of great reward. The Sandman seemed to have more tolerance for his company than any other normal or paranormal creature he'd met. Aside from other gods, that is. He'd already rejected the idea of mating with one of them for all eternity.

Again his vast thought processes brought him full circle, back to the original question. Should he stay or should he go? He'd told Sandy he could wait, a possibility not a promise. Sandy wouldn't see it that way though, and Pe-Ben didn't want to hurt the man needlessly. If he chose to leave, he'd be honest about it.

They'd barely scratched the surface of getting to know each other, but Pe-Ben knew there'd be a permanent hole in his being without the sexy Sandman around. He had to decide what was best not only for himself, but also for Sandy. And then he'd decide whether or not he could live with the answer.

In order to do that, he needed to get to know the man better. Sandy's office seemed like a good place to start.

The desk held a myriad of sexual toys. Sandy hadn't been kidding when he admitted to having more dildos. They almost overflowed the deep bottom drawer. Nothing too kinky, but definitely an assortment to cater to a wide variety of tastes. Apparently Sandy enjoyed variety and trying new things. That was good to know.

The next drawer up contained a stockpile of DVDs. Porn vids covering as many fetishes and genres as the toys. Pe-Ben recognized a lot of the names from his web surfing. A few of his personal favorites in the mix. Sexual compatibility wasn't going to be a problem, not from that angle.

Nothing he saw told him much about the man under the skin though. Maybe Sandy's computer would hold a few hints.

The screen saver required a password. Pe-Ben cheated by using a god command to override it. A series of warnings flashed across the screen. He read them as fast as



they appeared. Apparently Sandy had a program that alerted him each time a complaint was logged. One hundred and thirty-seven in the last two days, the overwhelming majority being logged in the last twelve hours. Since he'd arrived.

Were the two events related? How could that be? It wasn't like he'd held a tribal dance or announced his arrival with a heavenly fanfare.

No, it had to be something else. Something mundane. Sandy and Morpheus would figure it out and then Pe-Ben and Sandy could have a few hours to themselves.

Leaving the red flags alone, Pe-Ben started poking around in other electronic files. The desktop photo was obscured by dozens of shortcuts. Instead of testing each one, he used a utility to show which ones got the most use. Some were business related. Others were definitely not.

The top spot belonged to the DVD drive. No doubt it saw a lot of action, given the drawer was stuffed with movies. Pe-Ben clicked on it to see what was in the drive now. A few seconds later, Sean Storm popped up on the screen.

Pe-Ben knew Sean's face well. He'd seen it many, many times. It was tough to identify the man behind the Halloween mask, but it had to be Ian Rawlings, the international porn star of mystery. No one else associated with Sean Storm was so careful not to get his face caught on film.

Pe-Ben sat back in Sandy's chair, his hands caressing the leather armrests as he watched Sean and Ian make up. How many nights had Sandy spent doing this very thing in this exact spot? Had he ever had someone to teach him the joys of being a bottom? Had all his research been put to practical application?

Probably not. Sandy was more a prisoner of his responsibilities than Pe-Ben had ever been. He could damn well do what he pleased, in most things. Sandy was governed almost entirely by his job. He couldn't miss a night of work. Couldn't visit with guests longer than it took to tuck them in at night. In other words, Sandy was as lonely as Pe-Ben himself, if not more so.

Pe-Ben would put a stop to that. As Ian climaxed for the camera and slipped his cock back into Sean's waiting hole, he started to make plans for a night both he and

Sandy would remember for a long, long time.

## Chapter 6

### Chemistry Lesson

After guiding his guests into Morpheus's waiting arms, Sandy nervously paced the length of his office. Every few seconds he'd glance at the phone, counting the number of lines in use. So far so good, but he wasn't completely reassured. Things could go haywire at any minute, just like the night before.

Last night had been a nightmare. Not literally. Sandy would love to lay the blame for the chaos at the hooves of Morpheus's Mares. Unfortunately, as far as he and his boss could tell, the girls didn't have a thing to do with the rampant chaos that had swept through the Inn of Quiet Repose. None of the deities on Olympus, or their minions, had taken credit for what appeared to be a prank of cosmic proportions, although they all professed their appreciation for such a good joke.

No, as near as Sandy could tell, reality had reversed itself for about an hour. Whispered sexy words were broadcast through the hotel. Hot became cold. Peace became chaos. None of it made any sense.

He was not looking forward to a repeat. Thankfully, one didn't seem to be in the offing. His dinner with Pe-Ben could take place as planned.

Sandy was very much looking forward to it. Although Morpheus had kept him running all over the inn, soothing guests and investigating potential causes of the disturbances, every spare second of thought belonged to the winter god.

Pe-Ben, as he looked on the website, all cool and remote yet sexier than any Hollywood hero.

Pe-Ben, naked and aroused.

Pe-Ben, thrusting into him with passionate abandon as they --

Sandy shook his head. Better to do it than to dream about it. That's what he

planned to do tonight. Make some of his fantasies come true.

He dialed the front desk. "Has dinner been delivered to my suite?"

"Yes, sir." Zachary's tone was flat, factual.

"Good. Any problems?"

"No, sir."

Another straight answer, no hesitation. No edge of panic to the zombie's voice. Things really were okay. "Thank you, Zachary. I'll be in my suite the rest of the night. Don't disturb me unless it's a dire emergency."

"Very good, sir."

"Not even for Mr. Moore." The last thing he needed was Morpheus barging in on them again. The god really needed to work on his timing.

"Not even for Mr. Moore," Zachary repeated. "Enjoy your evening off, sir."

Sandy felt a sudden lightness in his chest as he disconnected the call. For the first time in almost four decades, he had a date. With someone other than Mr. Hand.

He ducked into his office bathroom to freshen up. Fifteen minutes later, he knocked on the door of his own living quarters, quelling the urge to bounce on the balls of his feet with anticipation.

The lock on the door released and the door opened, seemingly of its own volition.

"Enter."

The room was dark, almost pitch black, except for a line of votive candles forming a trail between the entry and his bedroom. Though the smells in the air indicated that dinner had indeed been delivered, Sandy saw no evidence of that. Confused but pleased by the notion that Pe-Ben had taken some trouble to make their evening special, Sandy followed the course laid out for him.

As soon as he crossed the threshold into the bedroom, the air changed, became charged. Sandy didn't know what had stolen his breath... whether it was the sight of a sex swing that had been hibernating in his closet or the fact that such care had been taken to create a romantic setting, with silver dishes, candlelight and roses that hadn't

come from any of the inn's stock set out on his dresser.

His heart slowly flipped over. Whatever else happened between them, this was a night Sandy was never going to forget.

"Like it?"

Pe-Ben's voice came from the shadows behind him. He turned, but couldn't see more than a dark outline of the man except for the faint blue glow outlining his tattoos.

"Gods, yes."

"Which hunger shall we feed first?"

Sex or food? "You decide."

"Then I choose my hunger for you."

Sparks showered all around them as Pe-Ben placed his hands on Sandy's shoulders. They were white hot, yet arctic cold at the same time. Sandy jumped.

"You hurt?"

"No, just surprised." With spots from the brilliance of the electric spray still dancing in his eyes, he relaxed into Pe-Ben's embrace. "We've got to stop meeting like this."

The winter god's voice rumbled with laughter as he brought their bodies into contact from shoulder to thigh. "I like meeting you like *this*."

Pe-Ben was naked. Wherever Sandy's hands roamed, all he met was flesh. Beautiful, muscled, naked flesh. He groaned with desire, wanting to do much more than merely touch. "You said something about hunger?"

"Yes. Hunger for you."

Pe-Ben captured Sandy's mouth in the most erotic kiss imaginable. Their tongues tangled, their lips fused and their bodies swayed into each other as if they'd always belonged together. His perfect mate. His soul mate.

Sandy froze, waiting for the punch line. This had to be a joke. No one wanted him this much. Did they?

"Afraid?"

"Yes." Afraid it was real. Afraid it wasn't.

"Of me?" Pe-Ben asked.

"Of finding out this is just a dream." He nuzzled against the skin at Pe-Ben's throat, breathing him in.

"We don't dream, you and I. Reality is all we have." He took Sandy by the hand and led him to the swing. "Undress. I want a bigger bite of you."

Sandy complied, though his motions were slow and jerky. Performance anxiety tightened his gut. As he stripped off his underwear, he prayed his dwindling confidence wouldn't cause something else to shrink too.

The winter god gestured toward the chair. "Sit."

"Pe-Ben, I --"

"Call me Pete. Tonight I'm more man than god." He leaned in and nibbled along Sandy's ear. "I want to fuck you in every way humanly possible."

Still, doubt nagged at him. "What if I'm not *up* to your standards?" he asked, running a finger along the length of the god's stiff cock to emphasize the point he was trying to make.

"Then I wouldn't be here." He nudged Sandy backward until his thighs brushed against the leather seat. "Since I am, you can be assured you meet all my standards."

Relief, or perhaps it was the intense look in Pete's gray eyes, weakened his knees. Either way, Sandy sagged into the swing. Pete helped to arrange his limbs, putting his feet through the leather loops to support his legs up and out of the way. His hands were buckled in straps attached to the metal chains. The result was surprisingly comfortable, but left him completely open to Pete's gaze.

"Exquisite. I knew you would be."

The compliment restored his confidence. Whatever came next, Sandy was ready for it.

"Hungry yet?" Pete asked.

"Yes."

"Good." He walked over to the buffet and peeked through the dishes. He selected one and brought the serving platter to a table set slightly behind Sandy's head,

out of his sight. "Try this."

Sandy sucked the offered finger in his mouth, swirling the sauce away with his tongue. Perhaps the orange beef he'd ordered. "Hmm."

"More?"

"Yes, please."

The finger slipped out of his mouth, then returned a few seconds later with a piece of beef. Slowly, he ate, licking Pete's skin clean after every bite. After a sip of plum wine to clear his palate, Pete fed him a few spicy string beans. Peppery heat burned his taste buds, but it was a good kind of pain. Like being so close to Pete without being able to touch him. To kiss him. To be fucked by him.

But without a doubt, those thoughts were in Pete's mind too. Every time their gazes locked, he telegraphed his desires. *I want you. I want to bury myself inside you so deeply that glaciers will become lakes before I could part from you. I want to feel your body wrapped around mine, living on your heat because I need nothing more to sustain me.*

Sandy groaned, squirmed, did everything he could think of to signal he wanted to be taken now, hard and fast and deep. Still Pete kept him waiting.

The next dish wasn't one Sandy knew, another spicy flavor with bits of duck. Rich and decadent, but a few bites was enough. He was full. Now his stomach burned with a deeper, darker craving. One only Pete could fill.

"My turn," the winter god said, seeming to read his mind. He turned Sandy's head to the side, toward him. The result placed his mouth inches from Pete's hard cock. "Suck me."

Sandy wrapped his lips around the velvet-soft head. Pete brushed Sandy's dark curls back from his face as Sandy worked his mouth over Pete's thick shaft. His other hand cupped Sandy's jaw. Sandy didn't have to look up to know Pete was watching him.

"So beautiful."

The hand at his jaw grazed his neck, then traveled lower. It swirled over one pec and then the other, stimulating his sensitive nipples. As if any part of Sandy needed

further stimulation. His cock had reached full capacity and then some.

"You're too good at that," Pete said as he withdrew. He turned away, ferrying the dishes back to the buffet. His white mane of hair, down for the occasion, shimmered like fresh snow in the candlelight.

This time when Pete returned, he stood between Sandy's legs. He took Sandy's erection in his hand and lightly stroked it. Nothing more than a feather-light caress up and down the length. All the while, Pete's eyes were riveted on Sandy, gauging the reaction to his touch.

"More," Sandy begged. "Take me."

"Not just yet."

But Pete did lower his mouth over the tip and lick the pre-cum from the crown of Sandy's cock. He must have put something hot in his mouth. The spice burned through his sensitive skin, inflaming his blood, making him sweat. "What the hell?"

"A little surprise. You like?"

His cock burned and yet Pete's cool mouth was there to soothe the sting away. Sandy grabbed the chains near his wrists and tried to lift himself higher, thrusting deep into Pete's suction as the heated sensation reached his balls.

"It's too much."

"No, Sandy, you're wrong. It's not nearly enough."

The winter god knelt and buried his face between Sandy's legs. His tongue laved the length of his shaft, his chill breath chasing away the fire and replacing it with a tingle that went far deeper. Each time Pete reached the base, he sucked on the loose skin surrounding his balls.

Sandy's body was awash with desire. He tugged against the restraints, wanting to help. To guide. To get his hands on the man driving him wild.

"Patience," Pete cautioned.

"It's never --" Sandy stopped before he got that thought out. Of course sex had never been like this before. He'd never been with Pete until now. He tried again. "I don't --"



"I do."

Pete spread Sandy's ass cheeks apart and speared the puckered hole he'd revealed with his tongue. Sandy hissed in surprise, the sensation was so powerful. The overwhelming sensation stopped almost immediately. "Sorry, sorry. It's just --"

"I know." Pete grinned. "I like how you respond."

"Then you'll do it again?"

Pete slapped Sandy's ass, chuckling. "Yes."

This time Sandy tensed up well in advance. Pete's tongue didn't penetrate far. However, the god continued to nibble and lick, sending waves of pleasure over Sandy's body. His marble-hard cock left dots of sticky pre-cum on his stomach every time it throbbed with need.

Pete had already given him so much, but it still wasn't enough. "Fuck me," Sandy begged. "Please."

"Making demands of me?"

Chagrined that he might have gone too far, Sandy blushed. "Yeah. Sorry."

"Don't be." He got to his feet, but couldn't seem to resist touching Sandy. Pete's hands caressed Sandy's legs, his ass, his belly. Always moving, exploring. "Tell me again."

Sandy loved the way his eyes glittered like icicles in the sun. Sharp and clear. "I want your cock inside me."

"So be it."

The initial breach brought a slight sting of pain. He always felt it, no matter how well prepared he was. Fast penetration was almost better, and Pete seemed to understand this. He sheathed himself deeply in one long thrust, until his balls slapped Sandy's ass, then gave him a few seconds to adjust to the welcome intrusion.

"So good," Sandy gasped out. "You feel so damn good."

"As do you."

Pete began to move his hips in small circles, grinding in. He held Sandy by the thighs so the swing wouldn't carry him away.

“Faster. Harder,” Sandy urged him.

Pete withdrew until the tip of his cock could barely be detected, then slammed it back in with a fierce growl.

Lack of blood to his brain, because so much of it now swelled his cock, was making him delirious. Surely that’s why Sandy heard the sound of bells ringing. “Don’t stop. Don’t stop.”

“Never.”

Sandy struggled against the strips of leather restricting his movements. He tried to impale himself on Pete’s cock with more force, deeper penetration. Pete let go of Sandy with one hand and, with each thrust, he pumped Sandy’s cock in his tight fist.

The shrill bells in his head were getting louder as he got closer to orgasm. “I’m coming! I’m coming!” Sandy realized he was screaming, but it was the only way to force the words past the tightness gathering in his body.

“No!” Morpheus popped into existence beside the swing. With a wave of a muscled arm, he thrust Pe-Ben backward, sending him crashing into the bedroom wall. “Put that dick down!”

## Chapter 7

### Love Is in the Air

Fury rolled through Pe-Ben. His fingers curled into fists, ready to rip the snowcaps off mountains. The dream god was about to take a long walk off a short cloud!

He stepped forward, wanting to use physical force as Morpheus had done, even though it wasn't necessary for what he had in mind. The Maiden pined for a playmate. Pe-Ben was going to send her one.

"Hey, Pe-Nut," Morpheus said, his hands now raised in self-defense. "It's not what you think."

"Any interest I had in your intentions is long gone," Pe-Ben growled. "As you should be."

Sandy struggled to sit up, but the restraints held him in place. "What is it now, Morpheus? I checked with Zachary before dinner, and everything was fine."

"Maybe then it was." Morpheus didn't take his eyes off Pe-Ben. "It's not now."

"Well, help me up and --"

Pe-Ben iced over the buckles on the restraints with a flick of his mind. "You're not going anywhere, Sandman. *He* is."

Mid-protest, Morpheus was flung to a remote cave on the coast of Maine. Pe-Ben didn't pay much attention to which one since he had no intention of fetching him back. The Maiden would find him sooner or later, and then the meddlesome Geek of Dreams would be someone else's problem.

"Now, where were we?" Pe-Ben leaned down to blow a wisp of cool air over Sandy's cock. "Right about here?"

"Been there, done that," Sandy reminded him with a sly grin.

Pe-Ben chuckled, sending a chilly stream of air over his lover's heated flesh. The man shivered. Pe-Ben vowed he'd make up for it soon.

"Then maybe it was here?" He licked the seam between Sandy's almost perfectly matched balls.

Sandy's breath hitched. "Done that too."

"Ahh. So I did." Pe-Ben inserted his thumb into Sandy's anus, searching for the spongy spot that would make the man jump with inner joy. "Did we do this?"

"Oh, yeah. But you can do it again if you want." Sandy wiggled, trying to help.

"Hmm. I hate repeating myself." Still, he continued to probe until he found the spot. He pressed it just enough to let Sandy know how good it would feel when his cock brushed against it, then removed the digit. He positioned his cock at the opening to Sandy's anus. "Then I guess I should --"

Once again they were interrupted by a slight popping sound. Morpheus appeared, his black shirt ripped in several places as if someone had grabbed him and he'd had to fight his way free. Petals and other kinds of forest debris were tangled in his hair. "Don't *ever* do that to me again!"

"Don't get in my way again," Pe-Ben warned in return.

"Look, I have a crisis here. I need my Sandman."

"I need Sandy too." Gods weren't supposed to have needs. Not ones that couldn't be sated with a snap of their fingers. Yet the truth was impossible to deny. Right now, Pe-Ben needed Sandy, as a lover and as a companion. How long could a relationship between them last? How long was eternity?

Sandy used the side of his foot, the only part of him that remained independently mobile, to stroke Pe-Ben's arm. "I need you too."

"Touching," Morpheus replied, clearly not meaning it. "Are you through?"

"Close, but not quite." Even if the world came to an end around them, Pe-Ben was going to make sure he and Sandy got one bright, orgasmic moment together.

"I'm not going to stand here and watch you fuck my employee!" Morpheus thundered.

"So go. Either way it's going to happen." Pe-Ben kept his eye on his lover rather than the angry deity. Sandy's smile made all the hassles worthwhile. "You ready?"

"Your sex life doesn't take precedence here. The peaceful dreams of a couple hundred mortals --"

Sandy cut him off. "What about my dreams, Morpheus?"

"You don't dream."

"Sure I do. Just because you don't deliver them to me, just because they don't come to me while I sleep, doesn't mean they're not real." He shifted his gaze back to Pe-Ben. "Please, let me have my dream."

Morpheus might have been able to resist the plea in Sandy's voice, but Pe-Ben could not. Without waiting for the dream god's consent, Pe-Ben leaned between the legs of his lover and kissed his lips. "As you wish."

"Free my arms, let me touch you."

"Not yet."

Morpheus vanished once it was clear he wasn't going to get their full attention in the near future. Pete didn't even take time to rejoice in this minor victory. His sole focus was on his lover.

He kissed his way down Sandy's body, taking time to lick his lover's nipples until they hardened. Kissed the inside of Sandy's thighs. Nibbled his ass. By the time he tongued Sandy's puckered hole, the man was writhing again, begging for his cock.

"Now, Pete. Now."

He poised his cock, already primed, at Sandy's tight opening. He thrust home with one long push.

"Yes," Sandy hissed through his teeth. "Oh, yes."

Willing a bit of frost to form on the end of his finger, he drew a cold, invisible line down the center of Sandy's erection. Sandy shivered from the touch, tightening around Pe-Ben's enshrouded shaft, hugging him intimately. Pe-Ben performed the trick a second time, enjoying his lover's reaction to the hilt.

The warmth of Sandy's expression melted far more than the ice from his finger.

Pe-Ben was falling for this generous, funny, verbose bottom-boy. Falling hard and fast.

A push of his hips set the swing in motion. He let the chains do the work, sending his cock into a retreat, then burying himself in Sandy's tight ass. Though it gave him great pleasure to watch his thick erection slide in and out of his lover's body, he took greater pleasure in watching the erotic storm brewing in the man's green eyes.

"If you won't let me touch you, at least free one hand so I can jack off. I'm dying here," Sandy insisted.

Pe-Ben shook his head. Sandy was far from being in mortal peril. The pulse hammering through his veins, the rapid rise and fall of his chest, the moans that left his talented mouth... they all proved that Sandy was very, very much alive.

Pe-Ben wrapped his fist around Sandy's shaft. Again the swing supplied the bulk of the effort, rocking back and forth to provide friction, causing both men to tremble.

Tingling rose within his balls. Pe-Ben could hold out longer, but knew sooner or later Morpheus's patience would wear thin. Thinner, rather. The last thing he wanted right now was another interruption so he didn't hold himself back. He let the orgasm build inside him.

"In or out?" he asked his partner.

Sandy bit his lip, considering. "In. No, out!"

Pe-Ben leaned into the next thrust, penetrating extra deep. "In or out. Choose one."

"I can't!"

Maybe some day he'd grow another cock just to see if it doubled their pleasure, but today he had to work with the one he had. "In," Pe-Ben decided. "In so far..." He clamped onto Sandy's thighs, just above the hip. "So deep..." He drove himself into his lover's body again, his cock straining for release. "Can't separate..." Pe-Ben arched his back as a climax ripped through him, coming in one long, steamy rush. "Us!"

"Fuck. Oh. Fuck me. Yes, yes!"

Pe-Ben continued to plunge and withdraw in an orgasmic frenzy. He used magic to keep his cock pulsing and throbbing inside Sandy's ass as the man experienced his

own climax. White gouts of semen arced between them, to land on Sandy's olive-tan chest. The droplets sparkled upon the dark, curly hair bisecting his torso.

"That was... divine," Sandy said, panting heavily.

It still was, as far as Pe-Ben was concerned. His softening cock remained lodged in Sandy's ass. He wasn't ready to end that intimacy just yet. "Worth the wait?"

Sandy's expression changed, becoming blank, indecipherable. "Release me."

Thinking he'd somehow hurt or upset his new love, Pe-Ben quickly undid the buckles that had kept Sandy's limbs out of the way.

As soon as he had use of them, Sandy wrapped his legs around Pe-Ben, forcing him to tumble forward. Before he could right himself, Sandy grabbed a fistful of hair and jerked his head up for a kiss. Not just any kiss, but a raw-fucking, all consuming kiss.

By the time Sandy released him, Pe-Ben was primed for another round. He rocked his hips in a gentle pace, just fast enough to keep them both interested. Sweat and semen lubricated the places where their bodies connected. Nothing in his existence had felt so perfect.

"What was that for?"

Sandy tucked Pe-Ben's white mane of hair over his shoulder and traced the outline of his pectoral tattoos. "If I had to wait a hundred years, or even a thousand, to be with you, it would have been worth the wait."

"Same goes, my Sandman."

Pe-Ben stood up and helped Sandy out of the leather seat. He wobbled a bit after, his muscles protesting movement after being in one position for so long. Sandy leaned into his support, using the position to its best advantage to explore Pe-Ben's body in a way he hadn't been able to do just a short while before.

"Silly idea," Pe-Ben murmured, nuzzling Sandy's neck.

"What was?"

"Keeping your hands off me."

Sandy chuckled and hugged him hard. "What inspired you to do it in the first

place?"

"Remember the scene at the end of *Hole Milk*?"

Sandy's eyes widened in surprise. "You have a thing for Sean Storm too?"

"I do now."

"Wait a second. His hands weren't tied in that scene."

Pe-Ben guided him into the small private bathroom. "I improvised. Next time I'll know better."

"When's next time?"

Pe-Ben groaned when he felt the nudging interest of Sandy's cock against his hip. "About five seconds after your boss is through with you for the night."

"Shit! I forgot he was waiting. We'd better hurry. Morpheus's temper doesn't improve over time."

Once they'd freshened up and dressed in matching green robes Pe-Ben had conjured from out of the ether, they walked into the sitting area where Morpheus was conferring with several of his horse-faced nags.

At their entrance, he looked up, one brow raised in a sardonic arch. "Done so soon?"

"Fuck you," Sandy said without a trace of his usual good humor. "You're the one that encouraged me to get a boyfriend who wasn't made of plastic. Now that I have, you're doing everything in your power to ruin it. Why is that?"

"If I wanted to get rid of your new boyfriend," the dream god replied, stepping away from his ring of clingy sycophants, "he'd be gone. I'm not the problem here."

"You're in my living room, pissing me off. That's a problem."

As much as he enjoyed listening to Sandy rise to his defense, Pe-Ben preferred not to waste more time verbally sparring on it. He was staying in Sandy's life. No one on earth, Olympus or any other plane of existence was going to change that. "Ease up, both of you."

"Ease up? What --"

Pe-Ben kissed Sandy, giving that remarkably facile tongue something better to



do than wag in the wind. There were times for talk and times for silence. The latter was called for now, at least until Morpheus had expelled whatever bug had crawled up his ass on this occasion.

As he released his lover, he gently said, "Shut up and listen."

Sandy didn't seem too thrilled with the idea, but he turned his attention to his boss. "Well?"

"No one in the inn is sleeping," Morpheus explained, running his hand over the rump of a mare brave enough -- or scared enough -- to approach him for comfort. "Not to dream anyway."

Pe-Ben listened but didn't hear the noise that had been all but impossible to ignore the previous night. As if they'd been long-time companions who knew each other's minds, Sandy voiced what both of them had been thinking. "Pretty damn quiet for a chaos convention."

"That's because while you were *busy*, my father tranced all the human guests."

"Hypnos is here?"

"No. He's got better things to do than to hang out here and clean up your mess."

"My mess? How can you say I caused this? Last night you seemed to think contaminated SAND was to blame."

"I still do."

Sandy folded his arms over his chest. "Then I suggest you find out which of your Night Mares has gone off her feed. Thank you for seeing yourself out, and good night."

Pe-Ben fought against a smile. Sandy was just too cute when he got irritated. Pe-Ben looked forward to smoothing his ruffled feathers later.

The mares gathered around their stallion, as if seeking safety in numbers. Morpheus did his best to reassure the four of them as he replied, "My fillies put down pure SAND last night. It's not clean now. Something happened to it between the time we left this morning and your rounds this evening."

"I haven't done anything but --" Uncertainty clouded the brilliance of his green eyes.

Again, Pe-Ben knew the thoughts tumbling through his lover's mind. "Be with me."

Sandy blinked and gave him a smile full of happy memories. "Yes."

"Well, there's the problem and the answer," Morpheus announced. "Looks like it's Splitsville for the two of you!"

## Chapter 8

### A Dream Come True

"No!" Pete and Sandy shouted in unison.

"I sure as hell can't have a Sandman who keeps people up all night."

Sandy looked toward Pete, seeking reassurance that this major hitch in their relationship wasn't going to doom it.

The winter god placed his arm around Sandy's waist before answering. "I won't leave him."

The wave of relief he felt hearing Pete's response made him a bit dizzy. It also stiffened his spine. "Ditto. And if you fire me, I won't be immune from Pete's other charms. I'd like to spend more than five minutes in his arms before I fall asleep. There has to be another solution."

"What are the complaints?" Pete asked.

Morpheus started writing in thin air, his finger leaving a trail of wispy letters. "No heat. Loud, raunchy neighbors. Requests for condoms, lube and ice cubes." The nags tittered in amusement.

Pete raised an eyebrow. "Ice cubes?"

"I'm not finished," Morpheus said, displeased at having been interrupted. "Dim lights. Cold water from the hot tap. Requests for headache meds and sleeping pills. Referrals to prostitutes who deliver."

"Sounds pretty typical for any large hotel," Sandy commented.

"Not this one," Morpheus replied flatly. "Disgruntled guests are leaving in droves. The ones who are staying have been ordering oysters and the porn channel like you wouldn't believe."

"Good for them." Pete sank onto the couch and spread his arms along the back of

it.

"No it's not," Morpheus barked. "And the guests aren't the only ones ready to walk out. The zombies are threatening to shuffle off their reanimated coils and go back to the graveyard if we don't get things under control soon."

Sandy was torn between jumping his lover and saving his job. It was a much tougher decision than it should have been. "Morpheus is right. Our reputation is based on providing a quiet, restful place to spend the night. If the place isn't quiet or comfortable, business will suffer."

"So change the name to the Inn of Passionate Seduction. Probably get more customers with that name anyway."

The girls snickered in their horsy way. Morpheus didn't. He didn't even crack a smile. "I'll let someone else in the family run a fuck shack. The goal here is dreams. The guests can't dream if they're too busy shagging, or shivering, in their beds!"

Pete remained unmoved. "This isn't the end of the world. You've had a couple bad nights. That's all."

"That's all?" Morpheus started mumbling under his breath. The language wasn't English though. Sandy wasn't even sure it was human.

"I'm still not convinced Pete and I did anything wrong. Surely other Sandys have had sex near the SAND. It didn't cause this kind of commotion, did it?"

"No, it didn't."

"Other than the timing, what evidence has you convinced that we're to blame?"

"We eliminated all the other possibilities, and even some wild theories last night. It's the only viable explanation left."

"Prove it," Pete demanded softly.

Sandy walked behind the couch to stand by his lover. "How? We don't have any idea what's happening, let alone how to test it."

"Sure we do. Fresh SAND goes bad when the two of you get frisky. That's the theory, right?"

"That's *your* theory," Sandy reminded his boss.

"Whatever. So I'll get the girls to pony up some fresh SAND and you guys get happy and we'll see what happens. Agreed?"

"Get happy?" Pete murmured.

Through lips strained from repressing a giggle, he replied, "Yes." Thankfully the answer covered both questions.

Morpheus led one of the Mares out of the room. The others shuffled nervously in his absence. Sandy could relate. He didn't miss the dream god, but there was no question that he was anxious to get this matter settled. "What if --"

"-- if we wait to worry about problems that haven't surfaced yet," Pete finished for him. "Sit with me instead."

An offer he couldn't refuse. At Pete's urging, Sandy stretched out, his head in his lover's lap. The winter god stroked his hair with one hand and rested the other over his chest. Sandy came as close as he ever did to sleep, lying there with his lover. He felt relaxed, almost dreamy. It was a fine way to spend the time, far better than worrying about every little thing.

When Morpheus returned, Mare in tow, he looked a bit disheveled as he usually did after a SAND delivery. Sandy had asked, more than once, what the process involved, but his boss would never give the smallest hint. He didn't think he'd get an answer this time either, so he didn't waste the question.

Morpheus held up a clear vial filled with the familiar pink substance. The top was stoppered with a cork. He pulled it out and dribbled the SAND on the coffee table, making a miniature heap. "Your turn, I believe."

Pe-Ben gathered Sandy in his arms and sealed their lips together. The electrical tingle he'd come to anticipate threaded through his nervous system, a live, low level current that heightened all his senses. It brought life to him in high-definition, vibrant color. Being with Pete did that.

"All right, guys. That's enough. Open your eyes and see what you've done."

They stared at the mottled SAND. Its neon pink color had degraded into a variegated purple. The same discoloration they'd found in the SAND chamber last

night.

Sandy interlaced his fingers with Pete's. "What are we going to do?"

Morpheus shrugged. "The options remain the same. Either you two break up or Sandy finds another place to work."

"What if there were another possibility? Would you consider it?" Pete asked.

"Depends on how stupid it is."

"Morpheus, please!" Sandy protested. This was getting way out of hand. The Greek deity must be under extreme pressure, not being able to deliver his nocturnal messages. However, this wrangling was giving him a migraine.

Morpheus sighed, being overly dramatic. "All right, Pe-Nut. Let's hear it."

"Trade places with me."

"What?"

Morpheus and Sandy's collective shout was enough to bring Zachary running into the suite from the front desk. His black skin looked unnaturally pale while his eyes scanned the room for signs of trouble. "Sir, is there a problem?"

"Stand down, Zachary," Sandy said soothingly, although his gentle tone was to prevent the Mares from starting a stampede rather than pacify his desk clerk. "False alarm."

"If you say so, sir." Zachary backed out of the room, closing the door behind him when he reached the hall.

With his heart in his throat -- and, he feared, love reflected in his eyes -- Sandy turned to Pete. "You want to trade me for the Night Mares?"

"No. Of course not," Pete replied instantly.

"Well, I'm certainly not about to hand you my job," Morpheus said, hands on hips and braced for war.

"I don't want that either," Pete said. His gray eyes turned smoky, a trick Sandy found signaled deep desire. "I want to stay here, with your Sandman."

"We got that, Pe-Nut. The problem is you and Sandy can't keep your hands off each other, which means you can't live near the SAND."

"That's why I suggested we switch places."

Sandy placed his hand over Pete's and squeezed it gently. "Umm, honey, perhaps you should explain what you mean by that instead of leaving us to guess."

"The way your boss keeps popping in and out of here, I figure he's got to have a place nearby where he rests. Or whatever."

"I do," Morpheus interjected. "What of it?"

"My cave -- state of the art electronics, climate controlled, no public access, plenty of chambers for... guests -- in exchange for your... whatever you call a home."

Sandy didn't want Pete to regret the sacrifice he was making. "What about your people? Don't you have to be near them?"

"Only when it's cold. By then we'll come up with a solution to that problem." Pete turned toward the dream god. "So, is it a deal?"

"I fail to see how it would solve your problem. You'd be closer to Sandy, not farther away."

"But the SAND wouldn't."

Sandy caught on to what Pete had in mind and put it in terms Morpheus would understand. "Pete or the SAND, one of them has to go. Pete doesn't want to leave." Sandy got butterflies in his stomach every time he thought about that. "So we'll move the SAND instead."

"Into my quarters," Morpheus said, clearly displeased by the notion.

"Into *my* quarters," Pete reminded him. "If Sandy can find a bed for me here, that is."

Not only did he have one available, he knew exactly what he wanted to do with Pete once they were in it. "That's doable."

"That's great, guys, but what happens when it comes to Dream Time? That requires SAND, you know."

"I know." Hope and love swirled in Sandy's heart, making it pound. He gave in to the desire to rub his head against Pete's shoulder where the robe no longer concealed his tan skin. "It's only fresh SAND that's vulnerable to our sexual chemistry." He

nibbled the cord of muscle along his neck that Pete made available to him.

"So during delivery, I'll stay out of the way," Pete added so Sandy didn't have to stop what he was doing.

Sandy rose to his hands and knees, knowing that he offered Pete a look inside the robe where his cock throbbed with fresh blood, coming to life. He stayed in place, stretching out the sexual tension with his eyes locked on his lover as he finished the explanation. "No appointments. No interruptions. Just leave a bucket with Zachary when it's time for my rounds."

"And in the meantime I'm supposed to live in a freezer?"

This petulant behavior was out of character for Morpheus, even at his godliest. It was almost as if... "You're jealous!" Sandy shouted in surprise.

The dream god scoffed. "Of Pe-Nut? Don't be absurd."

Sandy shot Pete a look of apology, then cut his boss out of the herd of Mares to address him privately. "You're jealous, Morpheus. Admit it."

He smiled, but the sexual heat that usually swam in its depths was missing. "What do I have to be jealous about? I'm not gay."

"No, you're not. But you *are* my friend. And you're used to having my full attention whenever you want it. Now you have to share. That's not a concept that sits well with you."

Morpheus rubbed his jaw as if he'd been socked a good one. "There could be a hint of truth in that, I suppose."

"Could you try being happy for your friend rather than angry at your employee?"

He nodded, slowly. "This is the one you've been waiting for, huh?"

"Yeah. I think I love him." It scared the crap out of him that he could feel so much so quickly, but sometimes love was like that.

"Then may all your romantic dreams come true." Morpheus leaned over and kissed him. Not a peck on the cheek, but a gut-tightening, tongue-down-the-throat kiss. Stunned by the suddenness of it, Sandy could do little but hold on to the brawny



shoulders of the man devouring him.

A deep rumble started in the background, the sound of an avalanche in its infancy. Definitely not a human sound. It grew in intensity as the kiss went on until the floor vibrated with the power of it.

Just as Sandy was about to protest, sensing real danger headed their way, Morpheus released him. "Tell your boyfriend to leave directions to his place with the zombie at the desk."

Morpheus and the Night Mares winked out of sight. Sandy turned to find Pete sitting on the couch, right where he'd left him. A thin layer of frost covered him, and his breath formed white puffs of vapor. "I thought that bastard had no claims on you."

"He doesn't." Sandy loosened the belt at his waist and let the robe slip from his shoulders. It pooled on the floor at his feet.

"Then what was that all about?"

Sandy puzzled over it as he unwrapped Pete's muscular body. He slid his hands over the smooth skin, warming him. But when the answer came, he started to chuckle.

"Something amuses you?"

"Morpheus." Sandy cuddled against Pete's side, regardless of the stiff welcome he received. "Once, before I met you, I got desperate enough to throw myself at him. He replied, 'Only in your dreams.' Tonight, I told him I thought you were everything I'd ever dreamed of in a boyfriend. The kiss was his way of telling me he'd do his part to make my dreams come true. My dreams with you."

The world spun away in a cosmic twist. When it came back in living color, Sandy found they'd been transported to his bedroom. The robes hadn't come along for the ride.

Pete covered him with his own body. The tattoo on his chest cast a blue glow on his face. He'd never looked more powerful, more god-like. "Tired?"

Sandy hugged Pe-Ben -- for he was now dealing with the god rather than the human soul inside -- around his waist, embracing him with his legs. He lifted his hips off the bed and clung to the winter god, bringing their solid erections into contact. "I

think I've come down with a permanent case of insomnia."

"That's good, because I plan on keeping you awake for a long, long time."

**The End... Perhaps**

## **Kira Stone**

Kira Stone lives in a warm, many-chambered cave tucked away in the Scottish Highlands. A small band of ever-changing heroes keeps her company. As they relax in front of a roaring fire, devils dance and angels sing her bawdy songs. Faerie folk often stop in for a cup of mulled wine and to listen to her spin a yarn or two. And when daylight turns to dusk, they somehow find a way to keep cold reality at bay for another night... Okay, maybe not. When Kira isn't living in a fantasy world, she's writing about one from her ordinary house in Ohio with a husband and a few feline companions (who don't sing nearly as well as the angels do). Is it any wonder she prefers the cave? You can check out Kira's website at <http://www.kirastonebooks.com>.