

#### Praise for the writing of Willa Okati

#### The Finest Line 1: The Sighting

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-- Stephanie Vaughan, author of *Jumping the Fence* (Loose Id)

Willa Okati has created an entrancing world in which to place her pair of former lovers who are forced to work together once again. But there's more than one pair of potential lovers to bring together, and many twists and turns in this delightful tale.

-- Jules Jones, author of *Spindrift* (Loose Id)

The Finest Line 1: The Sighting is now available from Loose Id.

# THE BROTHERHOOD: AMOUR MAGIQUE

Willa Okati



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This book is rated:



For substantial explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable (homoerotic sex).

# The Brotherhood: Amour Magique

#### Willa Okati

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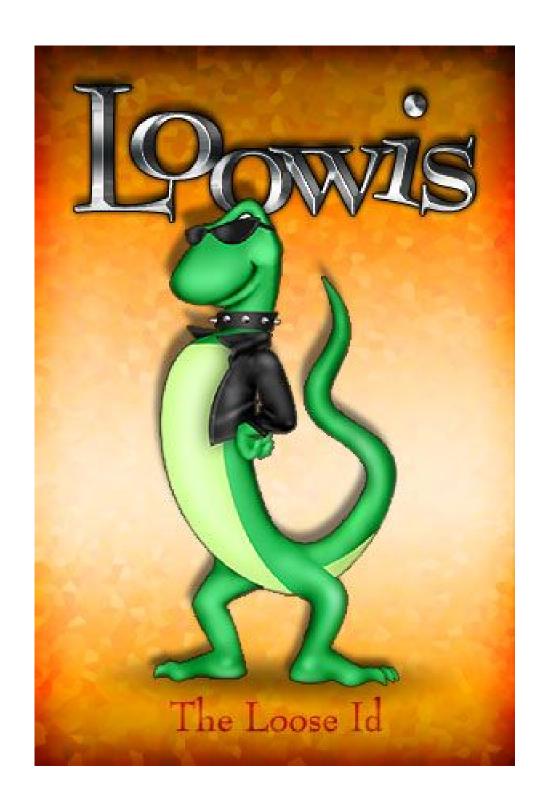
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#### Chapter One

The bass music of a really good dance club pounded like an electronic heart. Liam couldn't escape it, not that he minded particularly. Once he was inside the doors, leaving the roar of traffic and rush of chattering passersby behind, it swallowed him up with the body of the rhythm, caught him in its pulsating beat until all he could hear was *thump-thump-thump*. Dancers, unable to help themselves, swung their arms and pumped their hips. They ground up against gorgeous leather-clad asses, tightly packaged cocks, and bare chests slick with sweat. The air was redolent of aroused men and the vital spark of humanity. Being there, Liam felt -- knew ... truly understood -- what it meant to be alive.

Like any physical body, there were bright and open surfaces ... and then there were the dark and hidden places.

Liam moved to one such spot on a small balcony overlooking the main dance floor, checking out the writhing and gyrating bodies below, every one of them weaving their life forces through the club like a tangle of blood vessels. He watched them dance, grope, everything but fuck to the pounding of the music, all as he sipped something toxically purple in a martini glass and waited. But not for long.

Silas Trichton, the owner of the club, appeared from a concealed doorway, nodded to the bartender up on the balcony, and waited for his glass of strong whiskey to appear with the deft and gentle touch the good server had. Just like the way magic should be. When his drink materialized at his elbow, he tipped two fingers to the apron-clad man who'd served it, took it in one hand, and went to greet the stranger on his private observation deck.

The man he'd come to meet -- Liam, Silas thought he was called -- glanced up at him, almost unconcerned at his approach, nodded once, and went back to gazing at the dance floor. Wondering what had him so fascinated, Silas looked down.

"Business as usual," he said after a moment. "Good crowd for a Thursday night. Mostly college kids, though. Have to keep carding them, or so I hear."

"You don't say." Liam sounded slightly amused, but his voice made Silas look at him with renewed speculation. It was a curious cocktail mix of several old-world accents infused with a taste of American flavor. "Why bother? They'll get their strong drinks somehow. Speaking of which, I note you have a good Scotch, while I am drinking violet piss. Would there be a reason your 'tender served this noxious refreshment to me?"

Silas glanced at his bartender, who raised his shoulders in an eloquent shrug. "You'd rather have something stronger?" he ventured. "We can oblige. Murray, another single malt."

They waited in silence for the highball glass to arrive, continuing to observe the dancers. "There," the stranger said, pointing at two men, each with a hand down the back of the other's tightly fitted pants. "Do you see? They make love with their hands, and no one notices. No one cares."

Silas looked at the stranger oddly. "Yeah? You're not a cop, are you?" Liam laughed. "Hardly."

"Well, they're having a good time, aren't they? From what you said on the phone, that's what you were interested in seeing. Doing." Silas paused. "And you, uh ... you offered up a pretty good price for the privilege, too."

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"Business later," the stranger said, waving one slim hand. "Drinks first, to celebrate the start of a successful enterprise."

"An enterprise? From what you said, this was gonna be a one-night --"

"Ah, drinks." A refill for Silas and a fresh Scotch for the stranger came to rest near their hands, the peculiar purple drink vanishing. Murray nodded without saying a word and hurried back behind his bar. Silas eyed the retreating figure, idly tapping his fingers against his glass.

"I think you make one of my best employees nervous."

"Are you aware of what I am?"

Silas nodded, rattling his ice cubes a little. "Incubus, you said. We don't get too many of your kind around here."

"Indeed. Then you are unaware, perhaps, that as an incubus, my power of enchantment is such that, regardless of a man's taste, he will follow me at a mere crook of my finger." He paused. "My cologne, do you like it? One whiff of this scent -- what you would call pheromones -- clinging to the curls in my hair, and a man's cock will rise and swell. If he keeps his eyes on me, soon his body will scream for release.

"Unfortunately, unless I cloak myself, I have that effect." Liam tipped his glass back to take a refined sip of strong whiskey. A wisp of his loose, dark bronze hair fell away from his face and back over one ear. "Murray cannot help but want me, you see. He wants me so much, he quakes behind his iron control and polished manners. He'd like nothing better than to throw me over his bar and fuck me blind -- or let me fuck him out of his mind.

Either one ... or both."

Silas blinked. "You don't pull your punches, do you?"

"Here and now? I see no reason to."

They fell silent for a moment, nursing their drinks. Silas shifted against the expensively padded railing of the balcony. Felt the start of an erection stirring in his own pressed

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trousers. If what Liam said was true, then Silas should have known what to expect from being near a creature like him -- you didn't have one of the incubi, a son of Lilith, in a club like this without taking some chances.

Liam finished his drink and placed it neatly aside. "Another, if you please, and we'll discuss details."

"You sure you can handle it? You're a small guy for someone so powerful."

"I can handle my whiskey better than any man in this club, you included. Have no worries for me."

"Your call, then." Silas signaled for two more drinks. When they arrived, he took a sip from his, careful to go slowly. The steadily heating pulse of arousal and the strong Scotch flooding his veins combined to make him a little dizzy. "Okay. You said business, then?"

"Yes. Business."

Silas waited. The incubus said nothing more. Silas shifted. "Do you want to tell me what kind of business you had in mind, maybe?"

"A proposition," Liam said after a long draught of his whiskey. "I am involved with a certain ... group here in Charleston."

"The Freaks? Vamps, wolves, fae, all those types? There's plenty of 'em already here, just in human guise. Nights when we're not having sex parties -- hey, you swear you're not working for the PD? -- I keep the extradimensional rooms closed and the portals open for them to come in."

The incubus laughed, a gentle, rocking sound timed to the rhythm of the bass. "Involvement with the police is the last thing I want, too, Silas. Rest easy on that matter. And, no, I am not involved with the 'Freaks' in this area. They tend to shy away from me."

"Yeah? Funny. Usually, when we get an incubus in here -- you guys really *are* rare, you know, especially ones who like cock -- they get swarmed. Put out all kinds of aphrodisiac waves. Even if it's not a party night, the place turns into one big orgy."

"As it will soon tonight, if I do not finish this and take myself away." The incubus dug into one pocket of his slim, form-fitting black jeans and fished out a small blue crystal dangling from a chain. "The price I promised if you would do business with me."

Silas couldn't help it. His eyes rounded. He licked his suddenly dry lips. "Is that for real?"

"Quite. One of Lilith's Tears, shed when she was forbidden to copulate with a thousand demons a day."

"Long days, back then."

"You have no idea. I was born of an assignation that Lilith took great pleasure in. She has a ... soft spot for me." Liam's mouth tilted in a smile. "It'd be wise to cooperate with a man like myself, Silas."

"Not that you're a man. Technically."

"Semantics." Liam held the Tear out, letting it come gently to a rest in Silas's palm. "It is yours, if you do what I ask."

"If I mount this on the door above my club ..." Silas licked his lips again. "I'll be a millionaire in less than a year. No gay man with a working cock would be able to stay away when there's something like this drawing them in."

The incubus inclined his head. "As you say."

Silas narrowed his eyes in sudden suspicion. "What do you get out of it, then? This is worth a hell of a lot."

"A trinket -- to me. But if it gets me what I want ..."

"And what do you want?"

The incubus fell silent. He let his head loll on his neck, rolling gently to the *thump-thump* of the music. From the look of pure bliss on Liam's face, Silas could guess he was savoring the pounding of blood and the throbbing of cocks. "I want a free, all-inclusive

pass for the friends I spoke of," he said at last. "One Saturday night of my choosing. Free access to any room, and nothing paid for out of their own pockets."

"Saturday nights are Freak special nights. Gonna be werewolves, vampires, warlocks, fallen angels -- you name it. Every one of them here, looking for a hook-up." Silas hesitated, torn. "Your friends, are they human?"

"As human as one can be in this day and age."

"They might get into trouble on a Saturday, then."

"Leave that to me." The incubus turned to face him, all sparkling green eyes, maple-sugar curls, and a wicked white smile calculated to go straight to Silas's dick. "Do we have an agreement? The Tear for a free pass for my friends?"

Silas swallowed. A Tear of Lilith ... He'd lusted after one of those for years. The ultimate in aphrodisiacs -- a *real* sexual magnet. Better than any charm he could buy on the Freak black market. Not like he hadn't tried, but, well, he'd come to find out that money really couldn't buy everything. You couldn't purchase a Tear, or steal one. Tear thieves could count themselves lucky if all that happened was that various bits of their anatomy -- the best ones -- fell off. Tears had a mind of their own, but given freely as gifts, they tended to stay put. He'd never been lucky enough to have someone offer before.

With a Tear hanging over the door to his club, sending out a silent siren call that promised pure fucking and orgasmic bliss, he'd get new customers by the hundreds. Have to put up a fucking velvet rope. He didn't know what Liam's game was, but if the incubus felt like being generous, who was he to turn it down? And, hell, if anything happened, he could always say Liam had insisted on bringing his friends along.

"Deal," he croaked, his hand closing over the crystal.

"Good. I'll be in touch. Soon." The incubus put his drink down, slipped his hands into his pockets, and turned to walk away, humming slightly in tune with the music.

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"Hey, wait!" Silas raised his voice to call after him. "This group of friends have a name - so I know they're the ones we made a bargain for when you call?"

Liam turned to grin over his shoulder, another one of those heart-stopping, cockswelling smiles that nearly made Silas stop breathing. "The Brotherhood," he said lightly, before turning away.

Silas stared after the slim, lithe creature, straight out of legends, as he made way down the stairs from Silas's private balcony. Wherever he walked, whomever he touched, the clubgoers began to thrash and grind ever more intensely, groping one another with wild abandon. He thought the incubus noticed, and watched him smile a time or two more before he reached the doors to the club, rested his hands on the phallus-shaped handles for a moment, inhaled, then slipped out into the night.

The club owner finished his own drink in thirsty gulps. *Damn. Hot damn!* He was set for life. All he had to do was play along with the incubus.

He'd do a good job of it, too. Liam's "Brotherhood" would have the time of their human lives, even if they did visit on a Freak night ...

## Chapter Two

Silence. Intense silence. Chilly air smelling of pine and citrus rushed through painfully neat rooms and corridors, whisking over nothing but bare furniture and knickknacks free of dust. Surfaces sparkled, yet had an opacity that lacked any élan vital. Solemn strains of a Beethoven requiem filled the air.

This was a place where happiness went to die.

In one room, though, a spark of life remained. A scented candle, fragrant with bayberry and red as blood, crackled to life in the semi-darkness. It passed from hand to hand, lighting taper after taper in a circle, until twelve flares of light burned brightly in the gloom. Each candle, held tightly or cautiously in a strong male hand, was lifted high in a circle as the men holding them glanced at one another, took a simultaneous deep breath, and chanted:

"Long live the Brotherhood. May our harmony and companionship be a beacon in the darkness of an unfriendly world. Let the Brotherhood bring light to the murky corners and sweep away the shadows of hostility."

Again, they glanced at each other. Faint smiles lifted the corners of mouths plump and thin, narrow and wide.

"Here are the bylaws of the Brotherhood, long may they live. Act smart. Look cool. Share your prick, not your heart. Long live the Brotherhood!"

Smothered laughter broke out as all twelve men tilted their bayberry candles toward a vast central pillar and set its many wicks alight.

"So let it be done," intoned the man in the position of leader. "So may it be."

Silence filled the air for a long moment.

Then the doorbell chimed.

"Hot damn -- food's here!" Micah, closest to the door, jumped up, shoved his candle into a holder, and, with a deft flick of a switch, turned the chandelier lighting on in the main room. "Who ordered tonight? David? What did you get -- Chinese or Thai?"

"Chinese," David called as he put his taper into another holder, as did the other men. "Moo shu pork, egg rolls, wonton soup, sweet-and-sour chicken, beef with broccoli, sesame beef, General Tso's, cashew chicken, lo mein --"

"Holy fuck, David! We're not an army!"

"-- and dessert, too." He blushed a little. "Well, you guys always say there's never enough when someone else orders. I figured I'd get plenty."

"Yeah, plenty of food, since that's all you're getting," retorted Micah.

"Not nice," Simon, their leader, rebuked, folding his hands. "And would you open the door before the nice delivery gentleman thinks we're either crazy or not at home and goes away?"

"Don't get your panties in a bunch. I'm on my way." Micah smoothed his indigo silk shirt more neatly into his tight-cut jeans, ruffled a hand through his hair, and swung the door open. A delighted grin split his face. "Hwong Li! How did they know to send you? Was it just for me?"

"You are a horn dog," the young Asian man retorted. His arms overflowed with boxes.

"I drew the short straw."

"There is nothing short about me."

"So you say. Ninety-three ninety, please."

"Ninety-three -- David, *how* much food did you order?" Micah turned, hands on his hips. "It's obvious you don't care, but some of us are watching our figures."

David blushed a deep, dusky red. "I just wanted to get enough --"

"You got enough, all right. Lose about ten, and maybe you'd get something else, too."

"Gentlemen!"

"All right, all right." Micah folded his arms. "I'm not paying for all this myself, men. Pony up the cash." All around the room, men dug into their pockets. David produced a twenty and handed it over, his cheeks still pink. Micah snatched all the cash, counting it with a quick hand before passing over a hundred dollars. He riffled the bills in front of Hwong's eyes, letting him count the cash, before cracking a nasty smile and slipping the money into the delivery boy's front pants pocket.

His fingers lingered.

"Why, Hwong, do I feel a spring roll in there?"

"Your touch would make bamboo soft."

"Prick!"

"Yes. But not on the market for one such as yourself."

"Fuck you." Micah jerked his hand away as if he'd been burned. "Keep the change."

Hwong Li regarded him disdainfully. "Shitty tip."

"You want a tip? Don't insult me next time."

"Aw, come on," the youngest of their group piped up. "Hwong's a hottie. Treat him with the r-e-s-p-e-c-t a sister, uh, brother deserves."

Hwong glanced past Micah. "Hello, Christian. Got a kiss for me?"

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"You bet." Christian dug into the pocket of his hooded sweatshirt and pulled out a handful of chocolate drops. He unwrapped them. "Here, catch!"

Hwong did a nifty little seal impersonation and snaffled every treat in his mouth as they flew through the air.

"Someday, I'll give you the real thing," Christian teased.

"You wish you were so lucky." Hwong stuffed the boxes of food into Micah's arms, leaving him no choice but to grab them or drop them. "Night, ladies."

"Asshole!"

"No, that's your specialty." Hwong turned and walked away.

Micah kicked the door shut and moved somewhat awkwardly toward the table in the center of the circle they'd sat in earlier. "Does someone want to help me with this? Simon? Laurence? Bree?"

"Nope!"

"You're on your own."

"No way."

"You'll sure as hell eat it, though." Micah dumped the boxes down. "Fine, then. Chow down, but leave me the plain white rice." He patted his flat stomach. "I don't want to get a pot belly."

"You're in about as much danger of getting fat as you are of getting anything else," Alex said bluntly as he flopped down in a chair and reached for a container marked Lemongrass Chicken Special. "Pot, kettle, black?"

"I don't see you bragging about your conquests." Micah's voice was prickly.

"Honestly! Hwong wasn't far wrong in calling you ladies. Quentin, you and Harrison get the beer and wine. The rest of you, sit."

"Aye, aye, Simon!"

Micah sat in the middle of a buttery-soft leather couch and crossed his legs. "I think you're all carrying this whole Brotherhood thing too far ... or not far enough. Help each other out, everyone doing their part ... then it all lands on someone like me."

A slight, lithe, curly-haired man who had not spoken as yet murmured: "You need each other, Micah. Such is the purpose to this group." He toyed with a blue crystal that dangled from a chain around his neck. "Even you need these others, deny it as you will."

Micah regarded the man with distaste. "All I need, Liam, is one good night on the town with a decent fuck who knows how to treat a man."

A youngish, multi-pierced man flopped down on the couch beside them. "You want a man who'll treat you like a god."

"So what if I do?" Micah retorted. "You just want anyone who knows how to make the bedsprings bounce, Bree."

"Yeah, and?" Bree reached for some extra-spicy General Tso's. "At least it's been less than a year for me."

"Not by much."

"Liar, liar, pants not on fire."

Simon sighed and rolled his eyes to heaven. "Enough! No one else says a word until we've eaten. I invoke Brotherhood Head status."

"Yeah, you wish you could get some head," Bree muttered.

However, despite his defiance, he fell silent, as did the rest of the men. Falling into place on chairs, divans, and sofas, they dug into the hot Asian food. Small moaning noises of pleasure filled the air as rich spices and tangy flavors crossed eager tongues, and sighs of satisfaction were heard as one or another discovered a favorite among the boxes and cartons. Even David, picking at white rice himself, found the courage to reach for a packet of soy sauce and then, with a shy glance up, took a vegetarian egg roll.

As the members of the Brotherhood ate, Liam picked daintily at a dish of cashew chicken and watched each man closely. He did not require food, not as such, but took pleasure in eating with his Brotherhood. They found so much delight in their weekly feasts, bitch though they might about waistlines. He did wish they would leave David alone, though. He might be the slightest bit plump, but certainly not fat, as Micah would have him, and his softness only made him all the more delectable.

Micah, on the other hand, was over-tall and far too whipcord-lean to be to Liam's taste. But that is the irony and joy of it, is it not? Liam thought. For everyone, there is someone to appreciate them. These men have all been far too long without the reverence due those of their worth.

I will show them the path back to sexual triumph and the satisfaction of conquest, Lilith willing. But I must tread carefully, and mark out my way step by step ...

He continued to watch. Finishing their entrees, the men reached for one final, cold box. It would seem David had ordered ices — a specialty of that particular restaurant — to go with their meal. It catered perhaps too much to American tastes, rather than the finer hallmarks of true Asian cuisine, but they made a fortune on their desserts. The ices, served in small cups, were rich and creamy, drizzled in exotic syrups that not even Micah, after some wavering, could resist. Renewed moans and murmurs of appreciation were heard as spoons dipped into the smooth, sweet treats and were savored in eager mouths. In delectable contrast, several men also reached for hot, sugary doughnuts, blending the tastes and textures.

Liam took for himself a vanilla-flavored ice covered in rose syrup and savored it, bit by bit. He laughed a little to himself at the choice of vanilla for a creature such as he, but it made an excellent base for the rich rose. Sweet and smooth, with just a tang of honey, it flowed over his tongue. Truly, there could be nothing finer, except perhaps the come from a man who lived on fruit alone. In his many years, he had tasted such nectar on occasion and found it to be the best dessert of all.

Still, the food was not his primary concern. Watching the others took precedence. Spiky Bree, all youth and exuberance.

Tall, massively dignified Collin, still immaculate in his business suit from a hard day's work, looking a little irritated, as ever, at having to leave his beloved office for a meeting of the Brotherhood. He only came because his therapist had ordered him to develop social contacts outside of work.

Disheveled Quentin, his hair tousled in wild bed-head that he'd likely not bothered to comb save for with his fingers, sexy in a sort of devil-may-care way.

Simon, neat and cool as his apartment, but tough as -- how did they say? -- nails.

Laurence, vulnerable beneath his shell of bravado.

Micah, truly a bitch among man-bitches, but with a core of softness buried deep down -- *very* deep down, Liam decided.

Soft David, who would be ever so kissable if he lost his shyness and showed himself off as the prize he was.

Sober, solemn Allen, and cold but beautiful Alex, uncle and nephew, who shared a slight hard-jawed, dark-blond resemblance save for Alex's thin, wire-framed glasses.

Christian, youngest of all, so very innocent, and Harrison, hard with cynicism.

The Brotherhood. *His* Brotherhood, Liam's chosen group of friends. Gathered together, standing proud against a heterosexually oriented world, these "gay" men joined as a unit to celebrate their sexuality and their bond of kinship. It had taken him a little work to join their ranks, but, ah, it had been worth it. Most of these men had come together after Simon, a lawyer, had defended them in court against too-rough or financially cheating lovers who had done them wrong. Liam had had to come in by word of mouth and a slight use of the magics he had at hand. After all, no man dared harm him, unless he asked for it ever so prettily, with a pouting mouth and eyes that sparkled and dared any man to mark him.

With his Brotherhood, he kept his powers carefully concealed. He came to them for friendship, not a group of conquests, though at times he toyed with the idea of seeing Micah begging at his feet, or watching proud Collin between his legs, sucking him off and swallowing down his come as if it tasted far better than any butternut ice with maple syrup. And yet again, he thought of gently undressing David, kissing every soft inch of him, petting his lovely body until he felt as worshiped as he deserved to be.

But no, no. Satisfying as he sometimes thought sampling the Brotherhood might be, he needed them far more as friends. Without friends, even an incubus became ... lonely. Sex fulfilled but one need of a man, after all. Having lived millennia, Liam had become acutely aware of his need for companionship in addition to sex, although he thrived on a nightly diet of fucking and being fucked, plunging into another man's tight channel or having fingers and cocks deep inside him. He fed his powers, and lived on from day to day, but he came here with equal passion and interest, cherishing the time all the more for its difference.

However, as he had spent time with these men, this Brotherhood, he had noticed that despite their attractiveness, not one of them had enjoyed sex in quite a long time. Bad luck, or simply a dry spell? Liam didn't know. What he did know was that he could do something about it. He had traded one of Lilith's Tears, identical to the one he wore around his neck to mark him as an incubus, for a chance to give these men a night that would transcend their most exotic and erotic fantasies. All that remained now would be to convince them. Soon, soon, he would set out to do just that ...

Liam finished his ice and slid the cup onto the table with the rest of the feast's remnants just as Simon did the same. A few men held on to their portions, savoring them, but for all intents and purposes, the feast was done. "There," Simon said, looking almost as happy as if he'd just been well fucked.

"Good job, David."

David smiled shyly. "Thanks," he mumbled into his own ice, plain, with no syrup. "I tried."

"You did a fine job. Didn't he, men?"

A mumbled chorus of approval went up from mouths still busy relishing their treats, along with casual cheers from those who were already satisfied.

"I've been thinking," Simon said, leaning forward. "Should we keep David in charge of food? Micah notwithstanding, we eat best on the nights when he takes care of it. We can afford it. It's our one treat each week. I vote yes. What do you say?"

More than half the hands of the men went up. Micah folded his beneath his arms and looked scornful, but he was ignored.

"So let it be done. That is, if you're willing, David?"

David looked a little panicked, but nodded. Micah let out a small *puff* of disgust -- but Liam was grimly satisfied to note he kept his opinions to himself. If he had said one more word about David, Liam might have been forced to let out his own thoughts on the matter, and there might have been a fight.

All men were to be savored. Not just those who suited one's individual taste. That, too, was a lesson he intended to teach the Brotherhood. There were creatures beyond their ken who also longed for love; things "out of this world" that they did not dream of, who could provide them with what they needed ... ached for ... yearned after. Mortals had hardly served them well, had they? In his opinion, it was time to move on. Yes, move on ... to Freaks.

The name had come into use only recently, perhaps in the last ten years, but Liam had adopted it himself, with good nature. Like carnival folk, those creatures that walked the night or lived outside human society used the name to bind themselves together in a unit. Instead of the disparate collection of vampires, werewolves, selkies, elves, and demons they had once been, now they were a group, united together in the search to find love and acceptance.

Two groups, both in search of a good time and an even better fuck. What better match could there have been? None, in Liam's opinion.

Perhaps it was time to broach the idea with them, then, before Simon started in on the night's business. Yes, while they were full and contented, they would be most approachable. More open to his suggestions.

He generally remained quiet during their meetings, so there were some surprised glances when he leaned forward and plucked a candle from its holder, signifying his request for all attention to be directed at him. Simon raised one plucked eyebrow. "Liam?" he asked in mild curiosity. "You have something to say?"

"I do," Liam replied, voice grave. "I have something to discuss with you."

Simon spread his hands; the Brotherhood leaned forward in curiosity. "By all means, then," he said.

Liam let himself smile. "Have you, any of you, heard of the new club Amour Magique?" Silence.

Then, to his dismay, guffaws broke out around the circle.

"Amour Magique? You're kidding me!" Micah hooted. "Full of wannabes and techno music that makes you cry for a decent melody."

"Packed with pretty boys looking for even prettier boys." Quentin added.

"I've heard the guys who go there only have one thing in mind," Laurence added. "Just one thing." He nodded.

The group fell silent. Feet shuffled.

Simon cleared his throat. "Was there a reason you brought this up, Liam? Surely you don't want us to go there, do you? From what I've heard, they look the other way when it comes to carding, and they have illegal sex parties. The Brotherhood isn't about tawdry sexcapades and seeking out places where all one does is fornicate. We're here to support each other in our everyday lives, not go out and have a wild time."

<sup>&</sup>quot;But --"

"I think we shouldn't discuss this anymore," Simon said, gently but firmly. "Put your candle back, Liam. Now, who's willing to help me clean up all this mess?"

The men groaned. "God forbid your museum of a condo should be tainted by a carton sitting out two seconds too long," Bree sniped. Still, he moved to grab some boxes -- after a quick, curious look at Liam.

Deeply surprised, Liam sat back in his chair. To be shot down so? This, he had not expected. Indeed, he had not been the target of derision in, well, centuries. The lonely men of the group should have leapt upon his plan and should even now be discussing it eagerly.

Instead, they gave him sideways looks and cleared a glass table of Chinese leftovers. *Well.* Liam shook his head minutely. He hadn't traded Lilith's Tear only to fail. Nothing could resist the power of an incubus, and he *would* have his way.

He'd get these men to discuss the club sooner or later. Sooner, if he had his way. More, he would have them agreeing to go there and have a night filled with the fantasy, magic, and enchantment they so desperately needed to spark up their lives.

Yes, so he would. Liam tugged at his own necklace. Perhaps he should lower his shields, just a bit, and use a little magic of his own ...

## **Chapter Three**

An hour later, Liam had become -- as members of the Brotherhood would have put it -- thoroughly pissed off. They seemed actually content to sit at home while an entire world waited for them to seize it by the cock and balls! How such men, radiating vast levels of sexual need and frustration, could merely sit around and chat was beyond him.

He watched in baffled amazement as they sat in a circle. Each had a drink in his hand, from a frosted mug of imported beer to a goblet of wine to a shot glass of hard liquor. Liam had abstained, as he tended to do except when conducting business with those like the owner of Amour Magique. Drink was part of an ancient ritual for making deals, although, sadly, many had forgotten the tradition.

"Okay," Quentin said, rolling the last few ounces of beer around in his stein. "Time to share, my friends. Who got any this week?"

Silence. Liam groaned to himself. The abashed looks on the faces around him, and even Micah's faint twitch, told the tale all too well. He kept silent, deciding that if he spoke up with the tales of an orgy on Tuesday and a serial fucking at an S & M dungeon he'd liked *so* much that he'd gone once on Wednesday, then again on Thursday, he might not be so well received.

Honestly! No less should be expected of an incubus, but these men should have more company for their cocks than a tube of something slippery and their strong dominant hands. If they would only listen to him ...

"Yeah, me, neither." Quentin drained his beer. "Well, that's depressing as all hell, isn't it?"

"It's not like I couldn't get plenty if I wanted it," Micah defended himself. "I just choose to be selective."

"Yeah, right. You and what other queens? You're not royalty, you know. You're as desperate as the rest of us, even if you think you're above it all." Quentin leaned forward in his chair. "Matter of fact, you'd probably do me if I came up on you and let my fingers do the walking."

"In your wildest dreams!" Micah scoffed. "Simon, I think this conversation is getting decidedly low class."

Simon cleared his throat, shifting a little. "Sorry. I wasn't paying attention. Shall we go around the circle as usual, then? Anyone have a topic of discussion for tonight that doesn't, well, involve attacking one another?"

And wouldn't that be a change? Liam thought wryly.

Bree swigged back the last of his vodka with a hearty gulp. Dabbing at the corners of his lips, he crossed his legs at the ankle and leaned forward. "We could still talk about sex," he said nonchalantly. "Sex stories. What's the worst experience you've ever had? Go around the circle."

Simon considered that. "If no one's uncomfortable ..."

Silence. A few men shook their heads.

"All right, then," Simon agreed. "You first, though."

Bree shrugged. "Fine. Okay, one time when I'd just turned twenty-one, I was out cruising the neighborhood and I heard about this gym that had glory holes, right?"

Groans went up.

"Yeah, yeah. I was young and stupid. What did I know? But it turned out they did have 'em, all right, and I got in line. Buncha gay men in front of me. I don't know who they had behind those walls, but they had a rep as long as a horse's wang." Bree groped himself. "Finally, it got to be my turn, and let me tell you, I was pretty worked up by then. Ready to pop my button-flies. I undid the snaps, pulled myself out, and poked it in."

The men leaned forward. "What happened?" Alex adjusted his glasses.

"What do you think? This hot, wet, tight mouth wrapped around me like I was a chocolate-covered banana and they were starving. God, whoever it was could sucked the chrome off a Harley."

Simon coughed again. "We are venturing into dangerous waters here," he murmured. No one paid him any attention.

Bree gave a disgusted grunt. "So there I am, my hands braced on the wall, just about ready to pass the point where I'm going to shoot my load, and what do I hear? Over all the sounds of these guys around me getting their own dicks licked, there's sirens. A hellacious bunch of them. Cops busting in with their own big old sticks out, and I don't mean cocks. I yanked back so fast that sucker nearly scraped off my skin with his teeth; then I tucked it back in and got the hell out of there. Don't know how I got out without being arrested."

Simon frowned darkly. "You see what illegal shenanigans lead to?" he asked. "As your lawyer, I'd advise you not to tell that story to anyone outside this circle."

"Huh. As if there'd be anyone interested in hearing it these days. It's not just a dry spell for me, it's the fucking Sahara Desert." Bree tapped one finger against his glass. "Hey, Christian, drinks slave. A refill?"

Christian hopped up and found the bottle of vodka. Returning, he poured Bree another helping. He sniffed at it. "Does this stuff taste as bad as it smells?"

Bree took a long quaff. "Lots of things smell bad and taste great, kid," he said. "Or so I've heard."

Laurence threw a sofa cushion at him. "God, you're crude."

"Christian's gotta learn some time."

"Not from a slut like you."

"You have to be getting some to be a slut," Alex said, crossing his ankles. "It's been a while for me, too, but I have a story if you're interested."

"Does it involve anything illegal?" Simon wanted to know.

Alex shifted a little. "Not so much illegal as slightly low class." He glanced around at Simon's immaculate home. "But then again, Bree's proven that a little trash talk doesn't literally stain the walls."

"I object!" Simon protested.

"Oh, shut up, Simon," Allen said, tilting back his wine. "Alex, go ahead."

"There's a gay bookstore on Tarrango Street. Do you know the one? It's small, with a barred front door and a back entrance. They card, Simon; you should be glad to know that. At any rate, I decided I'd go check out the latest fiction one day. While I was looking around, I noticed a door I hadn't seen before, off to one side. It turned out," he said, leaning forward, "that there were porn video machines in a little room there. Nice, secluded little booths. All you needed were some quarters, and --"

"-- and I think that's quite enough of that." Simon set his glass of rich Merlot down with finality.

"I have a story," David piped up in his soft voice. "One time, way back in high school, I wasn't going to go to the prom because I wasn't out yet, and I didn't have any close female friends, you know? So while everyone else was dancing in all these tuxedoes and pretty dresses, I was hanging around in the park, sitting on the swings." He blushed faintly. "This guy came along. He was hot. I mean, *hot*. All punked out, with his hair in spikes and an

accent a little like yours, Liam. He had more piercings than I could count. He scared me a little at first, but then he sat down on a swing next to me, and we got to talking. He started going on about how hard it was to find good sex, and, God, I couldn't tell him I was a virgin, so I just nodded and laughed like I knew all about it."

"Yeah?" Christian leaned forward. "I didn't make it to my prom, either. What happened then?"

David's color deepened. "He wanted to have sex. I mean, *real* sex. But I'd never ... before, you know? I barely understood what he meant half the time. But he got me on the grass, and he had my pants off. My boxers, too, and he'd unbuttoned my shirt."

The rest of the men inched forward, as if they couldn't help it. "What then?" Alex asked, licking his lips. "Did you do it?"

"No," David said, shamefaced. "He got all the way to trying to put a finger in me, and it hurt. I was so tight, you know? He pulled back, looking all disappointed, and said he wasn't in the mood for fresh meat. So he zipped back up, helped me find my stuff, and he walked out of there, smoking a cigarette like nothing had happened."

Micah stared at David in disbelief. After a moment, he executed a series of hand gestures meant to indicate a noose drawing tight around the neck and a man being hanged. "God," he said, his voice dripping with repugnance. "Once a loser, always a loser."

David turned scarlet. Simon lifted his candle. "Micah, one more word out of you, and you'll be banned for the rest of the night. Do you understand?"

Micah glared at him, then folded his arms and sank back, silent.

"Good."

Liam frowned. Such unhappy thoughts; they would not do. He tugged at his Lilith's Tear. These men had had their share of bad experiences, but surely they had enjoyed some good times, too? Perhaps it would do no harm to bring to their minds a few of the more pleasant experiences they'd had ...

He twisted the Tear into a spiral on his neck and let it fly free, spinning in a circle. The men blinked.

"It hasn't been all bad," Harrison said, fumbling a little. "I used to see this gentleman, Oliver, for dinner. Dinner, and perhaps later go back to his apartment or mine. It was the meals that mattered, though. We'd thumb through restaurant guides, hunt through gay newspapers for ads, and call each other, so excited to have found a new place."

His face softened. "Neither of us was out at the time, so it had a bit of a thrill to it, going to places together. We always liked long tablecloths, so we could slip our feet out of our shoes and brush one another's arches, calves, and ..." He smiled. "Long tablecloths gave a restaurant an extra point, regardless of the food."

"And the sex?" Bree wanted to know.

"Good," Harrison said, expression thoughtful. "Not the best I've ever had, but ... comfortable. We liked each other; we were friends. Our lovemaking always felt natural and right."

"Tight right, or just plain right?" Bree asked.

"I have no idea what you mean, but I enjoyed it." Harrison refilled his white wine and took a sip. "I still wonder what happened to him."

"Did he dump you?"

"I think so. He simply disappeared off the radar one day, leaving no traceable number, and moved out of his apartment. I missed him terribly for a long, long time. I still keep his picture in a trunk at the foot of my bed. Gone, but not forgotten." Harrison lifted his glass a little. "To good times."

The Brotherhood introspectively raised their own drink holders. "Good times," they chanted back absently.

Liam smiled. Yes, yes, this was far more like it. But more -- they needed more.

"There was my first boyfriend," Laurence said softly. "When I'd just come out, even though it could have cost me my job. He was a teacher at the same school I taught in. He came up to me in the lounge, gave me a hug and a kiss, and said he'd been looking at me for ages. We went out for a couple of years. The sex was wonderful. He could be tender, but he liked to play, too."

"What happened to him?" Micah blurted out, despite his promise of silence.

"We parted as friends," Laurence said, twirling his wineglass stem. "Amicable. He found someone else. I haven't, since then. But life goes on, right?" He raised his goblet. "To good times."

"Good times." Glasses clanked.

"I knew this guy, once," Bree said, sipping his vodka. "Rough, kinda. A little into leather, but not too much. We met a few times at his place for spankings and fun." His grin sparkled. "But then again, he found someone else. Still, good times, huh?"

"Good times," the men chorused.

"And me," Allen, their oldest member at thirty-seven, chimed in. He smiled over his balloon glass of fine brandy. "My college sweetheart and I -- all in secret back then, mind you -- lived together for over ten years. We did everything together. Ate, shopped, jogged, ran a business, and slept in the same bed. The sex was ... I can't describe it. There's never been anything like it before or since. Tender. Gentle. Always erotic to the point of bursting, where I felt as if I were flying when we made love." His grin, unexpected, sparkled with mischief. "He could be quite the naughty boy, too. He had a favorite pair of handcuffs he called 'the Twins."

Simon looked at Allen. "I think I remember what happened. He died, yes? Of cancer. You rebounded onto the man who did you wrong, which is how you ended up in our support circle."

Allen nodded. "I miss him," he said. "The companionship, yes. But I also miss knowing that when I needed someone to hold or to tangle the sheets with, he'd be there."

Micah stirred a little. "I get that," he said, words coming slowly. "Sometimes you just have the urge. You need someone. It's better if they're there for the long haul, but every now and then you just *need* to be needed. And I did not just say that, so no one better throw it in my face later. Understand?"

Now. Now is the time to move. Liam edged forward in his chair, taking up a glass and the decanter of red wine on impulse. He poured himself a libation, secretly dashing a few drops on the rich Oriental rug in honor of Lilith. "Good times," he said, raising his glass, "do not have to be over, gentlemen."

Simon looked at him, weary and worn. "You're not going to bring up that club again, are you?"

"I am. Why not? As even Micah admits, there are times when one needs to experience the bliss of a really good fuck. It is better for love to go along with it, but if the urge for sex is there, why fight it? Better to let go and enjoy it. Capture a moment and savor it. Come," he urged. "I have heard many good things about Amour Magique. They may fly a bit under the radar, and they may not be exactly everyone's preference, but they guarantee one thing: the promise of a hook-up, with only a little effort."

Liam turned to Simon, appealing to him. "You speak, often, of empowerment. Would it not be empowering to us, as men, if we go to this club? Shed our inhibitions and, for just one night, get down and dirty? Dance until we gleam with sweat, our arms around the stallion of our choice, and perhaps go home with this man for a night of the freedom we need so much?"

Simon looked thoughtful. "Barring the concerns of safe sex, it's an idea ..."

"It's better than an idea." Collin had been surreptitiously making notes on his PDA while his bourbon went untouched, but now he looked up. "We can sit here and keep talking about sex for the next few years, or we can go out and get some."

*Yes, yes!* Liam gave the Tear another tap for good measure.

"Do you ... do you think there might be someone there for me?" David asked shyly. "Someone who wouldn't mind me not being a gym bunny?"

"I am sure of it." Liam reached out and was just able to place a gentle hand on David's knee. "There are many, many men in this world, David. Amour Magique holds such a vast sampling, I am certain there will be one looking for someone just like you."

"Lots of men?" Christian and Bree asked at the same time, perking up. "All looking?" Laurence shifted. "It sounds like a meat market."

"Hardly. I would call it a *meet* market, instead," Liam retorted. "I have visited this club on their special party nights. On an ordinary evening, the music thumps and pounds like a beating heart, but when they celebrate the union of man and man, the bliss of sexual congress, things change. There are many rooms, each of them fitted out to particular tastes. Casual bars, rooms to dance slowly, rooms to dance quickly. And rooms for making love, soft and tender, or hot and wild."

The men, even those with a flicker of trepidation remaining on their faces, all leaned toward Liam. Simon himself wavered. "You're sure they're legal?" he asked. "All their licenses are in order?"

"Everything is up to code, and despite what you said earlier, they do indeed card." A smile tilted Liam's mouth. "There are so many to choose from at this club. Young and old, black and white, Native American and Asian, and others too numerous to list. Charleston's finest, and those who come from even farther to find a good time." *A great deal farther.* 

"What is the quote? Eat, drink, and be merry. Brothers, I propose we do exactly that. Let us celebrate one night at the club. I have a pass to get us all in, past the lines and bouncers. One night," he coaxed. "Let us live proud and free, and celebrate not only who, but *what*, we are. What say you?"

The men glanced at one another, going around in a circle. Expressions varied from doubtful to excited, from shy to enthused. It ended with Simon, who had his fingers tented beneath his chin, tapping them together. Liam looked at him expectantly. "Well?" he asked.

"I say," Simon mused out loud, "we put it to a vote. The winning party rules for all. If the vote is in favor of going to the club, then we go as a group. If the vote is against it, we don't speak of this again."

Liam nodded. He could ask no more. It would be the easiest thing in the world to manipulate these men's free will, but he wanted them to go of their own accord. To take their chances -- to live life once again, instead of simply sitting and discussing it. "I am agreeable."

"All right, then." Simon took a careful look around the circle. "All in favor, take up your candle and lift it high. If you're against it, leave your candle in its place. Ready? One ... two ... three ... go."

Bree, Quentin, David, Alex, Christian, Harrison, and Liam raised their candles. After narrowing his eyes, Collin lifted his, too. Watching them, Simon seemed to come to some sort of decision and took up his taper. Micah gave a snort of disgust, and Laurence blushed. Allen looked decidedly uncomfortable. Still, a look around the circle told them they were beaten.

No, Liam thought, not beaten. That implies violence -- or force, at any rate. They have simply been assigned the task of enjoying themselves. Onerous, indeed! Once they reach Amour Magique, they will love it. I know it. He smiled at the men, tipping his candle. Not to offend, but to soothe. "Trust in me," he said, encouraging. "You will have the time of your lives, gentlemen."

"How do we know we can trust you? Or this club?" Laurence blurted.

Liam had been expecting the question. "You cannot. You can only choose to do so. And it appears the Brotherhood will be going out as a group, so I request your compliance. It will be a fine time, believe me. Please believe me."

Laurence subsided, biting his lip.

Liam wanted to take his hand, but he was too far away. "I will do everything in my power to help make it a marvelous night," he said. "I will guide you in what to wear, and how to act once you arrive. You are free to be yourselves, and I would ask nothing less, but there is a certain etiquette to clubs, and things you need to know. I suggest we go a week from this Saturday. Between now and then, I will be at your disposal for any questions you might have and anything you might need. I volunteer this freely. Is my offer agreeable?"

David was the first to nod. The others followed suit, even, after a moment of thought, Collin and Simon. Micah remained with his arms folded and his eyes narrowed.

Liam sighed mentally. You think you can handle anything on your own. Soon enough, you will learn.

"We are agreed, then," he said happily. "Soon, we will fly! Lift your glasses, men. To our upcoming enterprise! To music, to dancing, and to sex!"

"To all of the above," Quentin said with a grin.

"To all of the above," the men chimed. Liam patted David's knee again and got a shy smile in return.

The incubus exulted inside. He had won! His friends would see the inside of Amour Magique, and on a Saturday night, too. A night when creatures from out of this world would be there, hunting for someone to share their own unique magic. And yes, magic was what his Brotherhood needed. A spark of vitality to brighten their daily lives. An empowering romp between the sheets -- or up against the wall. Either would do.

They would have a marvelous time; he'd see to it. With a week to prepare, and time to warn Silas that they were coming, everything should be in place for a night of enchantment that not one of the Brotherhood would ever forget.

Gladdened to his very marrow, Liam lifted his glass of wine and drank deep. To life, to health, and to sex!

He could hardly wait for the night to come.

## **Chapter Four**

The music had changed. That was the first thing Liam noticed as he entered Amour Magique the following night, a Saturday. The strains of an Elven ballad, ancient and achingly poignant, filled the air. Pale lights of pastel shades dotted the floor, softening the inhuman, sometimes frightening features of the dancers who had shed their human disguises for the time being. A Freak night, indeed. Liam stood at the doors and inhaled deeply of all the otherworldly scents filling the place, letting the music wash over him in a purifying tide.

Beautiful, he thought as he felt his cock, ever ready for the mood and moment, stir to life. If it is half this glorious when I bring my Brotherhood next week, it will truly be all I have promised them.

No longer reminding him of a writhing, thrashing body with a thumping heartbeat, the club seemed now as soothing as a womb, cradling its occupants with gentle warmth. The sensuality filling the air was one of soft, soothing caresses and long, deft sweeps down warmed skin. The weaving of the music put him in mind of ocean waves, rushing in and out, flowing over his body as it rested in place on a sandy mound.

Liam sighed, deeply contented.

The song ended, the lights sparkled in a sudden chaotic whirl, and a sprightlier rhythm began. Still Elven, but one meant to celebrate life instead of savoring it like a fine wine.

Laughing to himself, Liam walked down the steps into the heart of Amour. *This too is fine --very fine!* He inserted himself into a crowd of dancers, faeries and elves and mages, favoring them with his best smile as they parted to let him in.

Celebrate, he thought happily, seizing the waistband of one young blond mage and pulling him in for a closer dance. Let us celebrate and sanctify the weekend night that is to come. The mage grinned at him as if he could read Liam's thoughts. Perhaps he could, though it would take one with great power to do so. He could feel the energy roiling in the mage's body. Feel his need to be taken, fucked, sucked, and worshiped until the dawn broke over Charleston's streets and he returned to his normal life.

"Let me favor you," Liam whispered, moving in to press a kiss beneath the corner of the mage's jaw. "You know what I am?"

The mage stroked Liam's arms, his back. Their pelvises rocked together to the beat of the music, growing ever more heated. "I do," the mage said. "Nathan. My name is Nathan. And I want you. I choose you."

"Silly child." Liam bit a small series of kisses down the boy's naked shoulder, trailing a path down to his nipples. His clever fingers came up to pinch and stroke them into hardened nubs. "The Tear I gave in exchange for a favor hangs above this club, and I wear one around my neck. It is I who chooses you. And it is I who chooses to do this ..."

Sinking to his knees, Liam raised his hands to the zipper of Nathan's jeans. The mage hissed a sharply indrawn breath as Liam's hands brushed over the prominent bulge behind the metal teeth. Chuckling to himself, Liam caressed it, then drew the zipper down click by click. A magnificent cock -- eight full inches, thick as his slender wrist, and uncut -- fell out onto his palm, already sticky at the tip. He suckled it into his mouth and laved it with his tongue, caressing the swollen head as the foreskin drew back.

The mage danced on, his head thrown back in ecstasy as Liam filled his own mouth with cock. No one knew this art better than he, for no one on Earth had ever had so much practice, or liked it half as much. He took the length deeply into his throat and swallowed, powerful muscles working around the sensitive head of the mage's organ. His hands cupped and rolled the young man's balls in their sac, tugging at the crinkled gold hairs surrounding it. A natural blond; Liam favored those above all others. Playful, he drew back and rubbed his cheek against Nathan's wet length, half-purring, like a giant cat.

Nathan wove his hands through Liam's hair and urged him on with soft, panting cries. All around them, caught by the magic, others had dropped to their knees and were undoing their partners' pants, taking cocks into their mouths and suckling with eager hunger. Like Liam, they licked down the lengths of eager dick, swallowing sticky-salty-sweet pre-come and savoring the taste, smell, and texture of musky flesh.

Mmm, yes, good, it is so good.

Liam's own erection pulsed against his jeans, but he had other plans for it. He could make his member rise again in a heartbeat, but some things were better for the wait. Instead, he would bring this to an end and proceed with his plan. Drawing Nathan fully into his throat again, he bit lightly with his teeth, tugged at the mage's balls, and swallowed deeply, squeezing the sensitive glans as hard as he could.

Nathan let out a high, keening wail, hands twitching spasmodically in Liam's curls. Liam felt the mage's cock twitch and pulse; then the heavy spurts of semen ran down his throat. He swallowed yet again, lapping at the cock as it emptied its load, until Nathan sagged forward, dragging his hands down to Liam's shoulders.

"Thank you," the mage panted. "It was ... I am ... an honor."

Liam's inner light brightened. The mage would be doubly blessed by Lilith, who delighted to see her children making love and bringing such pleasure to those who craved it. Their honor was her honor, too. He stood, licking a narrow, wet stripe up Nathan's now

damp chest, moistened by the drops of sweat shed while he'd hurtled toward orgasm. Liam finished with a deep, tongue-twisting soul kiss, tasting the mage's mouth thoroughly and sharing the man's own flavor with him, before drawing back. "Lilith be with you," he murmured, making her sign on Nathan's chest with two fingers.

Nathan nodded, his eyes wide with wonder, even as he tucked his cock away in his jeans. "Thank you," he repeated. "Blessed be."

"And you." Well satisfied, his stomach full of come and his own erection throbbing in time to the music, Liam turned and wound his way through the crowd, leaving the miniorgy there behind him, sucking and licking its way to satiation. He had places to go and people to see yet, but he felt a pleasant bliss working its way through him from the inside out. Lilith's blessing did, indeed, already rest upon this place. Silas must have hung the Tear where it would be most effective.

And speaking of Silas ...

Liam found the narrow, nearly hidden staircase he had taken the other night and climbed it, pausing at every turn to watch the dancers and smile. What he had started, others continued, more and still more joining in this new dance. Swaying to the beat had been replaced by the pumping of hips and the eager lunging of mouths, hands grappling for a hold on tight, firm asses and tugging skillfully on long, hard cocks. *Beautiful*.

Up in the private alcove, Silas's bartender had moved to the edge of his bar, craning his neck for a better look at the dance floor below. When Liam came into view, he jumped almost guiltily and hurried back behind his protective wall of mahogany.

Liam laughed. Leaning against the bar, he reached out and captured — what was it? Murray? — Murray's chin between two fingers and pulled him forward with a gentle, easy touch. Without a word, he pressed his lips against the man's, sweeping his tongue lightly across one full lower lip. *Mmm*. He tasted of cognac and peppermint and sex, as if he had already sampled someone's delights that evening. And handsome, oh, yes, he was handsome,

with his tousled brown hair and all-seeing dark eyes, his way of moving as graceful as a seal through flowing ocean waves ...

"Murray," he whispered. "Do not be afraid. I only mean to bring you pleasure. I have wanted this since I saw you a few nights ago. Let us steal a moment, and --"

"Careful what you steal from my bartender," Silas's voice rumbled. "I paid a lot of money to get him to work here. I don't want him all love struck and following an incubus around instead of serving me."

Rather than being insulted, Liam let go of Murray with a laugh. "Silas! I knew that little display would draw your attention from your office." He gestured behind the bar at the mirror, clearly a two-way object. To Murray, he whispered, "I meant it all, though. There, now, don't blush. I mean to have you, and soon, but first a little business ..."

Turning to Silas, he shoved his hands into his pockets and stood with arms akimbo, grinning saucily at him. "A week from tonight," he said. "Our bargain, for the Tear. My friends, the Brotherhood, have agreed to come and taste to see how good Amour can truly be."

Silas eyed him narrowly, then tapped the bar. "That doesn't give me much time to prepare. If there's gonna be humans here, the patrons will want to hide themselves. That's hardly fair to them, come to think of it."

"Silas, Silas," Liam crooned, swaying closer to the man, his hips swinging as he walked. "Surely you're not going back on our deal? I gave you the Tear freely." He snapped his fingers, and the crystal appeared in his hand. "I can take it back with just as much ease."

Silas's eyes widened. "No, don't. Put it back!"

Liam held the Tear just out of reach. "You will honor our bargain, then?"

"Yes, yes, I promise. Now -- please!" Silas looked frantic. Sweat broke out on his forehead, and he breathed out in a noisy gasp. No doubt Lilith's Tear had already doubled his business with its allure and promise of pleasure.

Smiling at him, Liam tossed the Tear into the air and watched it vanish. He felt a thrill of arousal settle over him as it landed back in its place, wherever it had been mounted.

"Yes," Liam said, voice soft, "You see? Your good fortune depends on keeping me happy. I want the best, and nothing but the best, for my Brotherhood this coming Saturday night. Do what you must to keep them happy, but happy they must be. Are we understood?"

"We're understood." Silas backed away uneasily. "Murray, you need to take a break? You're due a break. Take ten. No, take fifteen. Take what you need to. I'll just be in my office, going over some, uh ... some books." His erection tented the front of his trousers. Liam knew for a certainty that if he hadn't laid a prior claim himself, he would be the one ushered out so that Silas might take advantage, yet again, of the servile Murray. But instead, Silas backed into his office, behind the two-way glass, and slammed the door.

Knowing he could be seen, and that Silas had likely whipped his cock out and begun to jack it the moment the door closed behind him, Liam zeroed in on Murray again. The man's tongue stole out to lick his lips. He stared at Liam, hungry as a wolf ... and frightened as a rabbit.

"Easy, go easy," Liam whispered. "There will be no pain, and you are in no danger from me. I only wish to show you the best of all possible times, and if there is room behind or on top of your bar, I can make your dreams come true." He grasped Murray's shirt collar and pulled him close for a deep, ravenous kiss. "Let us celebrate," he said against the man's lips. "In a week, I will have a personal victory, one I have wanted for some time. Lilith favors her children who bring favor to those they care for. My heart belongs to others, but tonight, I care for you. Come closer, Murray, and let me taste you once again. Say yes, Murray. One small yes, and I will shake your world to its core ..."

Murray's eyes drifted half closed. The scent of arousal, musky and thick, filled the air. He began to shake just a little, to tremble with *need*, with *wanting*. "Yes," he murmured. "Yes, please."

Liam laughed. "Then let us waste no time." Easily sliding up onto the bar, he slipped down the other side, pulling Murray with him into a tangled embrace, bringing them cock to cock and mouth to mouth.

As he began the mating dance again, for the millionth time in his life, it still seemed fresh and new as ever to Liam, the man he tasted just as sweet. *And so it shall be for my Brotherhood when next I come through these doors.* 

Here, they will find happiness at last ...



#### Willa Okati

Although a relative newcomer to the field of e-publishing, Willa Okati has been writing since before she was old enough to pick up a pen. She thinks she knows where those dictated stories are hidden, but she'll never tell.

Willa is also very interested in the paranormal: magery, Wicca, New Age philosophy, transgender studies, and of course, writing. You can drag her away from the computer if you really fight, but you'd better be prepared for a battle.

Just so she doesn't sound entirely dull, Willa has her fun: she is a practicing member of the SCA (Society for Creative Anachronism) and is involved in her community. She is owned by far too many cats, all of which have serious attitudes, and addicted to anything made out of chocolate or involving coffee. She is quiet, but has a very wicked sense of humor that springs out when you least expect it.

A secretary for eight years, she now writes full-time -- and wouldn't trade it for the world.

She loves to hear from readers, and always responds. You can contact her at willshenillshe@gmail.com or visit her website to check out her work at http://www.willsheornillshe.com.