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Switched

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PROLOGUE

Valhal Tower, Planet Brandish

Everyone who was anyone – from Maker Himself down to tiny Fata – attended Eventide at Valhal Tower. So rarely did they agree to meet en masse, to stand and peer through the vast windows, to look down into the sheer perfection that was Valhal, that the crystalline structure seemed nearly to vibrate with the sheer weight of their presence.

There existed a tale – some say Gai began it, others swear Luni and Sola invented it between them, not that it matters now – that the jewels the warm Brandish sea spit upon the shore, when touched by the light of the triple suns at dusk, could make mortals into gods.

The gods encouraged that, of course, for the amusement of watching the mortals brave the elements as they sipped their drinks and indulged themselves.

They gathered, some staring out into the growing darkness, some spinning idly around a dance floor covered in stars. One group, though, lounged together upon a circle of pale divans, a throng of hangers-on standing anxiously nearby in hope someone would take note of them, see them.

"They're just getting so uppity," Skye's complaint rang out, clear and bell-like, echoing until someone silenced it. "Arrogant and snooty. Why, many of them don't even believe the gods exist anymore!"

There were murmurs of agreement all around and Winna, dressed in an almost sheer gown that seemed to move around her constantly, snapped her fingers, their glasses refilling.

"Well, we could always take them down a peg or two, darlings." Terra ran a hand through her long, brown hair, her smile wicked and fertile.

"Oh! Turn them all into pigs!" The suggestion came from the throng and not a one bothered to see which of the throng of leather-bound boys had suggested it.

Terra shook her head. "Too easy."

"And boring," said Maker, his simple white robe seeming to shimmer, his deep basso commanding attention. Well, it *was* Maker, after all. "It could be most entertaining if we do things correctly."

The others gathered around, listening to their conversation, joining in as ideas were thrown about, batted back and forth until long after the suns had finally set, the mortals crawling back to their homes, unchanged.

It wasn't until the twin gods called Gemin appeared, two pairs of black eyes dancing with a wicked plan, that they found their amusement set.

CHAPTER ONE

T'ven, Southern Reaches, Brandish Planet

Ritual was important to Walt.

He liked the spirituality of it, the order of it. It was familiar and calming, and it helped him clear his mind, helped him prepare and be ready for his lover.

The water from the shower was warm against his skin, caressing his body. He raised his face to it, smiling. He had washed his hairless skin, everything, even his head, made smooth and pink and clean with warm wax. Now it was time to wash inside. He leaned over the bench in the shower stall, legs spread, and reached back, sliding soapy fingers into himself.

The scent of leather and musk hit him, and he met Coby's eyes, focused and sharp as his lover leaned against the door frame. "Don't stop."

"Yes, Master," he whispered, eyes staying on Coby, on the long body dressed in tight, dark leather pants and a simple tan tunic, as his ritual moved from familiar and calming to intense and heated.

He used his fingers to loosen his body, spreading, stretching, slicking himself up. Then it was time to slide in the tubing. He moaned softly as the cool plastic entered him. Coby didn't speak, just stood and watched, eyes cool and sharp, focused.

Oh, to be seen by his Coby, it was a wonder.

He turned the tap, letting the water begin to fill him. A low moan vibrated from him as the water flowed into him, and when he was sure he couldn't take another drop, he finally turned it off.

Coby moved over, one finger sliding down his spine. "What do you feel?"

He purred, eyes rolling as he licked his lips. "So full."

"Cleansing yourself for me." Coby sounded so satisfied, the grey eyes heated.

He loved that he could make Coby sound like that. "Yes, Master, for you."

Coby's hand slid down, cupping Walt's bare sac, rolling his balls, pulling enough to make him feel it. He groaned and bit his lip, concentrating on not spilling the water inside him.

"Mine." Another long, slow pull.

He moaned this time, body shaking with effort. "Yes, Master."

"Yes." His shaft was stroked, hand moving slowly.

Shivering, he clenched his fists, eyes closing. He wasn't going to be able to hold the water in much longer, not with Coby distracting him so.

"Don't you spill, baby." The words were firm, sure.

He shook his head. "I won't, Master." And he wouldn't. No matter how much he needed to. A shudder moved through him.

"I know." Coby never doubted him. Never. And that confidence gave him the strength to go on, to hold the water inside him and enjoy the firm, slow strokes.

"Tell me what you feel." Those hands were relentless, they knew everything about him.

"So full. The water. It is pressure inside me. Wanting out. And you. Your hand. So hot. The pleasure is... undeniable." He gasped between each short sentence, giving Coby everything the man asked for.

Coby's fingers trailed over his bald scalp, a sweet caress. "Finish, and meet me in the bedroom."

He nodded. "Yes, Master."

He waited until Coby was gone and then released his sphincter with a groan, the release of water from his bowels sweet, enough to make him come, but he had not been given permission to do so.

So he did not.

He washed quickly, soaping himself up and then rinsing himself down. He took his time to dry himself properly -- Coby would not want him rushed and uncentered. At the same time, he moved quickly. He had no desire to make his Master wait.

Music filled the air, heavy and steady, but not angry, a sure weathervane of his lover's mood. He found himself moving to the beat, slinking into their bedroom, his cock bobbing.

Coby was waiting, eyes shining and heating, still dressed. "You are ready for me." It was not a question.

Walt bowed his head. "Always, Master."

"Undress me."

"Yes, Master." He moved toward Coby, wanting to rip the clothes from his Master's body. "How would you like me to do it?"

"Worship me. Touch me. Take your time."

He beamed. "Yes, Master."

He went to his knees, bending to work open the clasps of Coby's boots. Coby moved to the music, just a bit, eyes focused on him, that gaze constant. He shone within that gaze, fingers trembling as he worked the first boot off.

The scent of the leather was heady, strong. Rich. Right. He wanted to bend and kiss Coby's foot, but he would only do as he had been told; his want was too great to risk Coby's displeasure. The second boot came off as well, and he placed them both neatly beside the bed.

His eyebrows were traced, the slope of his nose. The touch was soft, caressing. Approving. He cherished each touch, each sign of approval and love.

His hands slid up along the leather pants, slowly moving toward Coby's waistband. Coby was hard, cock pressing against the laces. He swallowed and licked his lips, but didn't touch. Instead he tugged at Coby's shirt, pulling it out of the waistband of his pants. Coby's belly was tight, firm, the dark hairs that crowned the heavy cock just visible in the low-slung pants.

"May I touch?" he asked softly, wanting only to kiss Coby's belly, to taste and bring pleasure to his Master. He pushed Coby's shirt higher, waiting for his answer.

"Yes. Yes, touch me."

"Thank you, Master." He leaned forward, mouth sliding over the warm skin just above those tempting curls. He moaned, fingers pushing the shirt right off as his mouth explored. Coby's hands stroked his head, stomach rippling.

He worshipped his Master with fingers and lips, anointing the warm skin with his kisses. His fingers were trembling by the time he came to undoing the laces of the tight leather pants. He could smell Coby, rich and musky, heady. Male. His tongue slid into Coby's navel, tasting the salt there.

Oh, that low chuckle was delicious. Addictive. It made him shiver, and he licked again, filling himself with that incredible taste. He started to pull Coby's leather pants from his legs, moaning as the sharp scent came into focus.

"You want me, my cock, my come."

"Yes, Master." He did. He wanted everything that Coby would give him. Coby nodded, watching him, waiting.

He pulled Coby's pants off, folding them neatly and placing them next to the boots. Turning back, he stopped for a moment to admire the long body, the strong muscles. Oh, Coby was perfection.

Coby reached down, started pumping that long, heavy cock, slow, sure. Walt moaned, licking his lips. He could practically taste Coby on his tongue. He yearned to feel that heat and hardness inside

him, filling him up. Strong thighs parted, hips pushing, moving the hard flesh through Coby's grip, Coby's eyes on him.

"Master..." he whispered, hands reaching, but not touching.

"Tell me what you need."

"I need to be filled by you. My mouth. My body. All of me, Master."

"All of you." Coby arched, grunted. "Your mouth. Now."

He went to his knees quickly enough they stung as they hit the floor, his mouth open, swallowing that long, fat cock. He got the pleasure of Coby's low cry, that cock pushing deep, taking his mouth. He opened his throat, letting Coby all the way in. His lips wrapped tight, dragging against the soft, soft skin as Coby's cock slid in and out of his mouth.

It was good -- hot and hard with the sharp flavor of Coby in his mouth.

"If you can keep me hard after I shoot, I'll fuck you 'til you come." Coby's voice was a deep growl. Walt whimpered and nodded that he had understood. He would keep Coby hard.

One hand cradled the back of his head, hips pumping harder, faster. He took it all, took everything that Coby gave him, and begged for more with muffled sounds and the undulations of his body. Coby arched, stomach rippling, come filling Walt's throat. He swallowed down every last drop, throat closing several times over the tip of Coby's cock.

His fingers slid to the heavy balls, rolling them, encouraging the pleasure to stay within Coby, to keep him hard.

"Yes." That strong hand slid down to his nape, nails just scraping.

He cried out, still sucking strongly around Coby's cock, fingers slipping behind the hot balls to jostle the flesh beyond them. True to his skill and Coby's desire, the hard cock in his mouth never flagged. His head bobbed enthusiastically, giving Coby as much pleasure as he could until Coby decided it was time for his reward.

His jaw was tired when Coby pulled back, moved to the bed, cock standing tall. "Ride me."

Moaning, Walt climbed the bed and straddled Coby's hips. He was shaking with eagerness, hand putting Coby's cock at his hole.

Coby reached out, fingers stroking his thigh. "When we're finished, I'll plug you. Let you keep me deep inside you."

"Oh, Master." He thrilled to the touch, the words. Coby was so good to him. He sank down upon Coby's cock, eyes rolling as that thickness spread him wide.

"Mine. No one else can have you. Touch you. No one."

He shook his head. "Yours, Master." Why would he want anyone else to touch him?

He began to rise and fall, moaning at the sensations.

"Yes." Coby's hands landed on his hips, helping him, adding that strength to his own.

His back arched, his hands dropping to Coby's belly as he moved. The pleasure was intense, all-encompassing.

"I have waited for this all day." Coby bucked up, cock sliding past his gland.

He cried out as sparks shot through him. "Me, too," he whispered.

"Oh. There." Coby chuckled, began pegging him, again and again, the sensations wild.

He rode faster and harder, just bouncing on Coby. Coby's hand wrapped around his cock, pumping, pulling.

"Master!" He shook with the need to come, pleasure cycling through him, building and building with no way to get out.

"Yes?" Those eyes were hot, focused.

"Please, Master," he whispered, begging with his body, ass clenching tightly.

"Please what, baby?"

"Let me come, Master. Please." He would beg if it was what his Master wanted.

"Kiss me." He nodded and bent forward, lips meeting Coby's with a groan. Coby fucked his lips with that hot tongue, tasted him, eyes burning for him. "Come. Now."

He cried out, body clamping down hard on Coby's cock as heat sprayed from his own. The climax was wild, spreading pleasure to all ends of his body. Coby held him, rocking him, lips on his temple.

"Oh, Master. Thank you." He felt so lucky. So loved.

He felt Coby's smile. "My beautiful one."

He beamed with pride at the compliment. "Yours, Master. Everything that I am."

"Yes." Coby reached out, fingers wrapping around a plug. "I'm going to put this in, and then we can enjoy our evening together."

"It will be my pleasure, Master." The gift of Coby's seed, of their combined pleasure, of time together, these were magnificent things.

Those light and dark eyes shone at him, pleased, loving him. "Mine as well."

Oh, his heart was full. He leaned his head on Coby's chest. "You honor me," he whispered.

Coby kissed the top of his head. "You have earned it."

He beamed, ass squeezing Coby's cock. In a moment it would be replaced by the plug, but for now, he held its heat and hardness within him. Coby groaned, hand sliding the plug down his spine, teasing him. He shivered and tightened around Coby's cock again. He met those beautiful eyes, letting all his feelings show.

Coby smiled, kissing him, stealing his breath away. He didn't know how Coby could do that, could steal his focus and train it on a single point of his body, but this was not the first time that all else was forgotten as he lost himself in Coby's kiss.

The kiss distracted him, Coby's prick sliding away, the plug stretching him. His focus snapped back to his lower body as the plug reached its widest point, the tip brushing across his gland, making him gasp at the sharp jolt of pleasure.

Coby chuckled, eyes dancing. "Mine."

"Oh, yes." He nodded. Coby always surprised him, kept him on his toes.

Coby wrapped around him, held him, nose to nose. "Tell me about your day."

This was their time, close and quiet, Coby his lover, his best friend.

"I missed you today. Every time I bent to pick something up there was a twinge, reminding me of what we did yesterday. It was delicious."

"Mmmm... the look in your eyes yesterday." He got a warm smile, a kiss.

"Yes, I enjoyed the look in yours as well." Coby had been wild, rough and intense. He leaned up for another kiss. "Did you have a good day?"

"I did." Coby was a master welder -- he worked underwater, in the air, anywhere, helping to create beauty in the buildings that rose into the air in magnificent shapes, glass and chrome resting on plassteel in breathtaking patterns. "I started the McBarton job today."

"Is that the one at the zoo?" Walt's fingers shifted to Coby's arm, sliding along the tattoo that circled it."

"Mm-hmm. There are amazing animals there, baby. You'll have to come and see."

"I would like that, Coby." He loved going to Coby's jobs, seeing the things his lover created.

"Plan on next week, then. We will visit the zoo and then go for supper, go dancing."

"Eating after the zoo?" The animals were carriers of disease and germs; he wasn't sure eating without a shower, disinfecting, was a good idea.

"Yes, baby."

"O...okay." He would do it for Coby. But that didn't mean he didn't think it was a bad idea.

Coby took his chin in one hand, eyes meeting his. "Focus right here, Walt."

"Yes, Master," he murmured, letting himself get lost in those strange and beautiful eyes. They were light grey ringed with dark. He had never seen eyes like that before, not even in someone who'd had themselves altered. The act soothed him, eased him deep inside.

"I love you, Coby," he murmured. He stroked Coby's hair from his face and traced the familiar and loved features. There were times he would not take such liberties without permission, but in this time of togetherness he felt comfortable expressing himself in such a way.

Coby's eyes warmed, the smile pleased, almost sweet. "Love you, baby."

He beamed and cuddled in. "Would you like late meal, Coby?"

"Yes, in a moment. I am comfortable here."

He nodded, cheek sliding along Coby's chest. "Yes, I am, too."

"Rest, now. We'll eat later." Coby chuckled. "Maybe you can feed me and I'll nibble your fingers."

"That sounds most tortuous and delicious, Coby." And look at him, not mentioning how unsanitary it could be. Especially if they ate in bed. "We could eat in bed."

"That sounds perfect." The approval washed over him.

He pushed away the reactions he could not control and instead enjoyed that approval, Coby's happiness. "It does."

"Rest. I will hold you."

"Thank you, Coby."

He let his eyes close and relaxed, secure and safe and easy in the only place he could be all those things: his lover and Master's arms.

Coby shaved, old-fashioned razor sliding over his jaw and his cheeks. He could feel Walt's eyes on him, almost like a touch. He'd taken a nice long shower, the hot water pouring down on him. It had been luscious, knowing Walt could do nothing but watch, sitting on the bench in their large bathroom.

His lover was gagged and bound, Coby's come rubbed into the soft skin and left to dry. Walt's pale skin was flushed with need and heat, a pretty rose against the stark, clean white of the tile.

He looked over in the reflecting glass, smiling, watching Walt slide from obeying to wanting to be clean. Those hazel eyes were locked onto him, Walt's nostrils flaring as he waited to be unbound, to be allowed to shower. He pondered whether he could come again, rub his seed over Walt's back, over the tight, plugged ass.

A muffled sound came from the back of Walt's throat, kept in by the gag. The pretty eyes began to beg him.

Coby walked over, fingers sliding over Walt's skin, the touch featherlight. Walt's eyes rolled, body straining for the touch. It seemed there were some things Walt needed more than to be clean.

He circled the tip of Walt's prick with thumb and forefinger, tugging. "Someone wants."

Walt's eyes closed slowly and opened again, his breath short.

"Should I tug you off? Suck you? Let you suck me until you come?" He loved watching Walt's face, seeing the hunger there, the need.

Nostrils flaring madly, Walt's need could be seen in every line of his body, eyes burning now, each suggestion making his lover shudder. Coby removed the gag, fingers tracing Walt's lips, painting them with Walt's own need. Walt moaned, the sound full, wanton. His lover's tongue slid out and then stopped, was pulled back into Walt's mouth as his obedience won out over his need.

That earned Walt a smile, a caress. "Tell me what you feel."

Walt made a face. "I'm *dirty*." Those eyes gazed up at him. "But more than that, I need. You are so beautiful and sexy. I want you, Coby. I ache with it."

He stepped closer, fingers exploring. "Show me how much."

Walt turned his head and kissed Coby's fingers before leaning forward to lick at one hip. He stood quietly, letting Walt worship him. His hips were kissed and licked, and then his belly, his balls. Then Walt began to bathe his cock with that eager, warm tongue. Soft moans sounded, Walt's eyes closed, all focus on him.

Such beauty, such hunger. Walt had been his one addiction from the moment they came together, Coby taking Walt from the worthless bastard that had claimed to "own" him.

Walt took his cock into that hot mouth, suction gentle to start with, almost teasing.

Oh. His lover was brave today. Delicious.

Walt's tongue slid across the top of his cock and then pressed against his slit, lips tight. He swallowed the moan that threatened to escape, pushing his cock deeper. Walt's moan vibrated around his flesh and Walt's head began to bob, moving up and down slowly.

"Sweet mouth." He'd ride this sensation for a while, then take Walt into the tub and bathe him.

Another moan slid along his flesh, Walt's lips tightening slightly, his head moving faster.

"Don't make me come. I'm going to fuck you in the shower." That elicited a whimper, Walt's rhythm faltering. "That's right. I'm going to tie your hands to the hook, wash you, clean you, then fuck you." He met those warm, wanton eyes, smiling, rewarding.

Walt gazed up at him, head moving again, the suction gentler now, good, but not threatening to send him over.

"That's right, baby. Just like that..." His eyes rolled, hips moving slow and sweet and easy.

Humming now, Walt moved with him, keeping the motions light. Every now and then he could see Walt's shoulders twitch, bound hands trying to reach for him. He reached a quiet level of pleasure and then pulled away, helping Walt to his feet.

Walt stumbled, leaning into him and trusting him not to let his lover fall. He slowly walked them to the shower, deciding to wash them first and then make love in the big tub. The water came on, hot and strong, pounding against his skin.

Walt leaned against him, face lifting to the water, eyes closed in bliss.

He raised Walt's hands up, fastened the cuffs to a sturdy hook and began washing him, treating his lover. Walt's moans were constant, the slender body moving into each touch, that blissful look making Walt's face shine.

Coby took his time, fingers sliding and dragging, making Walt feel every touch, every caress. Walt's moans and whimpers were constant, sweet. He went to his knees, mouth hot and soft on Walt's cock, tongue teasing, loving.

"Coby!" Walt's body rippled, cock throbbing in his mouth.

"Don't come." He sucked the hard cock in, tongue slipping and sliding.

Walt moaned. "Yes, Master."

He focused on the act, giving Walt all the pleasure he could, driving his lover higher and higher. The sweet noises returned, Walt's body moving as well as it could, hips pushing the thin cock into his mouth. He stroked Walt's balls, tugging slow and easy. Another shudder went through Walt, moan low and full of need. Coby took more in, sucking hard, hand sliding back to tease the plug in Walt's ass.

"Master!" Walt whimpered, muscles going tight as he fought his orgasm.

"Mm-hmm?" Coby made sure the hum vibrated through Walt's cock.

"So close, Master. I don't want to disappoint you."

He leaned back, kissed the tip of Walt's prick gently. "You won't."

Then he stood, unhooked Walt. "Come and bathe with me. You have performed well."

"For you, Master. With your strength." Walt was putty in his hands.

The tub was filled with steaming water and they settled in, cuffs and plug put aside. He settled Walt in his lap, holding and petting, teasing one little nipple, rolling the soft, shaved ball sacs. Walt melted against him, hands sliding on his thighs as Walt pushed almost lazily into each touch.

"My water baby." He chuckled, leaning in to nibble and nuzzle.

Walt blushed softly. "Yours, definitely yours."

"Every inch of you." He slid his hands down, let his fingers tease the hidden little hole.

Walt shivered. "I love you, Coby."

"I know." He did. He never doubted.

"Good." Walt's eyes shone for him, happiness and love there.

Reaching a hand up, Walt stroked his cheek. He leaned into the touch, lips brushing Walt's inner wrist. Walt purred at the touch of his lips.

"Sweet baby." He let his teeth scrape the sensitive skin. A delicious shiver went through Walt, the sweetest whimper sounding. Walt's eyes half closed, tongue wetting his lips.

He shifted Walt, lowered that fine ass over his cock.

Walt's back arched, his eyes rolling. "Yes. Oh, Coby. Yes."

"Mmm... I'm not going to hurry, baby. Breathe. We have all night."

All night long.

To fuck. To play.

Walt looked over his shoulder, eyes finding his, letting him see all the pleasure, all the love there.

"You're beautiful." His free hand dropped, loosely circled Walt's cock.

"And you are magnificent," Walt murmured, hand reaching again to stroke his face.

He smiled, lips close to Walt's ear. "Love you, baby."

"Yes," whispered Walt, hand wrapping around Coby's neck as Walt rose and fell with him.

"Yes." They moved together, slow and steady, the heat between them growing. Walt moved like a dream, attuned to his every need.

He occupied himself with Walt's nipples, Walt's belly, nails teasing Walt's inner thighs. Walt's hands were less focused, sliding on his skin in random patterns and clutching at him.

"What are you thinking?" He pulled Walt's focus in tighter.

"Thinking? I was supposed to be thinking?"

He chuckled, nipped. "I suppose you're right." He tweaked one nipple. "What are you feeling?"

Walt jerked. "Pleasure, Coby. How can it be better every time? *Every* time."

"Because we're meant to be together. We're made for this."

"Yes. Yes, Coby. Made for you."

"Mine. Made for me and me alone." He purred, pushing up into Walt harder, fingers tightening.

"Yes, Coby. Yes." Walt nodded, back arching, eyes almost closed as he rode.

The water was warm around them, sloshing more enthusiastically as they sped up, splashing over the sides. He let Walt ride until the need took him, and then he bent Walt over, hands bracing on the side of the tub, and started fucking him with deep, hard strokes.

"Yes! Oh, there, please!" Walt met his thrusts, ass rising to meet him over and over again.

His fingers dug in, pulling Walt back onto his cock over and over. "Don't spend until I give word."

"As you will it, Master." Walt's back bowed, a shudder moving through him. "Oh! Right there, Coby."

"Yes." He stayed where he was, hitting the same spot again and again.

Walt's muscles began to shake, a dark flush rising along his skin. Coby could feel Walt's body contract around his cock; soon the need to come would make his Walt shake.

He reached out, scraped his nails down along Walt's spine.

"Master!" Walt did shake, then, body rocking, pushing back onto his cock, every line of Walt's body begging.

He stretched out the sensations as long as he could, then whispered, "Come."

Walt cried out his name, body clamping down on his cock, and came in long bursts. Coby rode it out, not needing to come again, just enjoying Walt's response. Walt moaned as he finished, a ripple moving through the hairless body. Walt continued to shake, muscles trembling and exhausted.

"Beautiful." He leaned down, kissed one shoulder.

"Thank you, Coby." Another shiver worked through Walt, a squeeze to his cock.

"You're welcome, baby." He smiled, slid free from Walt's body, and settled back.

Walt curled up against him with a warm sigh, head on his shoulder. He held on, stroking, petting sweet and slow and easy. Walt's shivers and tremors soon relaxed, the body in his arms going still and heavy.

Coby smiled, waiting until Walt was deep asleep before carefully emptying the tub and carrying his lover to bed. They curled together, and Coby watched the stars swirl in the deep blue-black sky. He didn't want to be anywhere else.

CHAPTER TWO

Rannalin, Eastern Peninsula, Brandish Planet

Gus was dirty from his head down to his boots, even the riot of red curls on his head dark with mud. It was a hazard when one worked in the ever-expanding city outskirts, digging in the dirt, making the ground ready to accept taming. It always amazed him, the way they could turn plain desert into a place where people could live, the skyscrapers rising from the ground like giants.

The rain had come while they'd been working on the foundation of the Rigueur building, the wind whipping it around, and Barstow Dunton had fallen. The man had been covered in mud, and they'd all laughed. Which was when the mud-slinging had started, and most of them had gone down at least once.

Gus chuckled as he remembered it. He was sticky and icky still, and the devil that had been kicked up by the play was still lurking as he walked into his apartment. The curved walls made the place feel cozy, the wall of windows keeping it from being claustrophobic. The furniture was all in solid jewel tones, bright and cheerful, pillows and cushions making the chairs and sofas inviting and comfortable. He would not sully them by sitting, but there was one thing that cleaned far more easily. He laughed. Or *someone*. "Bastian! Love, are you naked?"

"Naked? No. I'm working." He heard the scrape of Bastian's chair, then his lover's face appeared, long, long black hair softening the sharp lines. "Great Light! You're filthy!"

He laughed and held open his arms. "I'm needing a hug."

"Oh, no." Bastian chuckled, started backpedaling.

"Oh, yes. Take off your clothes and come get a nice hug and a good long kiss." He gave Bastian a grin. "I'm serious, Precious."

Those odd eyes, grey ringed by grey, searched his, and he could see Bastian trying to decide whether to bolt or give in. He raised an eyebrow. He was tired beneath the mud and the playfulness, but if he had to punish Bastian for disobedience rather than play with the mud, he would.

"You look tired." Bastian started unbuttoning his orange working shirt, staying out of arms reach.

"It was a long day. It's been a long week." He purred as Bastian's fine skin slowly became visible. He was glad Bastian had chosen to stay.

"It has, but it's over, and you have free days." He received a smile, filled with quiet warmth. "I have cleared my schedule for you."

"Excellent. We can play. Did that new flogger come in?" He almost relented on the mud-hug, but Bastian's pale skin was clean and smooth and just begged to be dirtied. And then they could shower together.

"There were some packages in the delivery, but I didn't look through them." Bastian smiled at him, cheeks pinking. "I got lost in making the little chairs for the McManis order."

"We shall have to go through them together later," he murmured, holding his arms out. "Now quit stalling and come greet me properly."

"I must love you." Bastian came toward him, hands landing on his chest to squish through the mud.

He chuckled, wrapping his arms around Bastian and rubbing them together. "You don't want to be slick for me, Precious?"

Bastian laughed, nose wrinkled, head held back and away. "You're slimy, not slick, Augie."

"Maybe we're just not rolling around enough."

He heeled off his boots and grabbed Bastian's ass, lifting the long body up off the floor and walking them toward the bathroom. "Now give me a proper kiss."

Bastian leaned in carefully, lips soft and warm against his own, tongue sliding in to taste him. He purred, sucking on Bastian's tongue.

Once they were in the bright, blue-toned bathroom, he set Bastian back down, hands sliding up along Bastian's spine and rolling the long body against him to spread the mud. He got a little squeak, Bastian laughing and moaning all at once.

It was only a matter of shifting and walking sideways and then they were both in the shower stall where he could push Bastian up against the wall and rub some more. Then he stepped back, grinning. "Look at you. All muddy and messy."

"I wonder how in the stars *that* happened..." Oh, the little smartass, eyes laughing, shining.

He turned Bastian, to swat that pert ass, and then started to laugh. There on his Precious' ass were two perfect hand prints.

Bastian tossed his head, reaching to turn the water on them, the spray hot and strong. Gus pouted, watching as his hand prints were washed away by the water. Then he stood directly in the spray himself, letting the water clean the mud from his skin and his clothes. Now he felt icky. Wet down to his socks, his thick work leggings and shirt heavy.

Bastian started stripping him, getting him down to skin, getting him clean.

"You see? All clean now," he murmured, wiping the last bit of mud from Bastian's cheek. His fingers lingered and pushed back to Bastian's ear, tracing the fine vine inked there. Bastian's eyes closed, a soft happy sound slipping through the splash of the water.

The noise went right to his cock, making it begin to grow. He purred again and drew Bastian to him. Bastian smiled up at him, tongue sliding on his bottom lip.

He purred softly. "I have been dreaming of your mouth all day, Precious."

"All day?" Bastian pressed closer, rubbing against him.

"Yes. From the moment I left you sleeping, curled up in our bed." His hands slid to Bastian's ass, cupping the round cheeks.

"I love you, Augie." Bastian pushed back into his hands, lips parted. From the first day he'd found Bastian, that mouth had fascinated him.

"Love you, Bastian." His cock firmed further, sliding along Bastian's thigh as he imagined Bastian on his knees, mouth open around his cock.

Bastian started licking and kissing his shoulders and chest, moaning low, hands exploring. He slid his hands through Bastian's hair, thumb and forefinger again finding the small vine tattooed on one delicate ear. There were tiny dangling leaf earrings there, tickling his fingers, teasing him.

"So pretty, all decorated for me," he murmured, fingers caressing, hips rubbing his cock against Bastian's belly.

"Mmmm... going to get my nipples done for you one day."

"Oh, yes. I would like that. I would like to watch you get them done. I have seen chains. One was all vines, very delicate, and it made me think of you. To string from one to the other." He touched one of Bastian's nipples and then slid his hand over to touch the other, taking it between his fingers and squeezing.

Those lips parted further, Bastian gasping, cock leaping against his inner thigh. "Gus..."

"Hedonist," he accused fondly. He didn't mean it as an insult, but he did like to tease his precious lover.

"Beast." He got a grin, a wink.

He chuckled. "I am. A terrible beast who gets you muddy and dirty, and threatens to chain you." He squeezed Bastian's ass.

"Uh-huh. Who fucks me and beats me and makes me scream." Funny, those didn't sound like complaints.

"That would be me." He nodded and growled a little, hands squeezing harder, hard enough to leave bruises on Bastian's skin.

Those dove-grey eyes blinked up at him, the rings around the outside almost black. "Yeah. You..."

"Me." He grumbled and nodded, hands moving slowly up along Bastian's sides. The water was warm and good as it continued to hit him, sliding on his skin, but it was nothing compared to the heat and silk of Bastian's skin beneath his fingers.

"I want you, Precious. I need." His cock throbbed against Bastian's belly in silent, unmistakable agreement.

Bastian nodded, slowly sliding down his body, lips open wide, begging for him. He moaned, the sound torn from him. He wrapped one hand in Bastian's hair and tilted his head slightly before pushing his cock right in. If there was a heaven, an afterlife, it would be Bastian's mouth, wrapped around his cock and sucking hard.

He gazed down into his lover's eyes, watched as his cock disappeared into that heat again and again, his hips rolling. "Good, Bastian. So good."

Bastian hummed, throat working, hands sliding up along his belly.

He growled, muscles in his abdomen rippling under Bastian's touch. "Magic," he whispered, hips moving faster, harder, taking Bastian's mouth. The pale lips went a sweet, ruby red as the pressure increased.

His hand tightened in Bastian's hair, holding Bastian's head still as his hips started to drive his cock deep into the hot mouth. His other hand brushed along Bastian's hollowed cheek, thumb sliding over Bastian's eyebrow. Bastian took him, all of him, throat open and tight for him all at once.

He just let go, let his hips snap and rock, let the pleasure barrel down over him like a steamroller. Within moments he was roaring, pouring his pleasure into Bastian's mouth. His precious lover didn't lose a drop, just pulled and sucked and drank him right down.

He stroked Bastian's head, his face, purring, pleasure making him loose. "Perfect."

"Yours." Bastian licked and nuzzled the tip of his prick.

"Oh, yes. Mine. My Bastian. Precious." He went to his own knees, wrapping his lips around Bastian's shoulder and pulling up a mark.

Bastian moaned, shivering for him, pressing close, rubbing that long, hard cock against him. He loved Bastian's need, loved holding it in his hand. He pumped with long, slow strokes as he made the mark darker.

"Your hands..." Bastian groaned, pushing them, driving into his hand.

He squeezed. Bastian loved his hands almost as much as he loved Bastian's mouth.

"You won't come just yet, Bastian. I wish to bind you in leather and share a meal with your need flavoring each bite."

"Beast..." Bastian groaned, face lifting toward him.

"Your Beast, sweet love."

He gave Bastian a kiss, lips sliding together, tongue pushing into the heat of Bastian's mouth. Bastian's fingers tangled in his hair, lips pulling on his tongue, hips rocking faster.

He growled softly, fingers slowing, loosening his hold. "Greedy, Precious."

"For you. Always." Bastian moaned low, head rolling. "Always."

"My love."

He stood and drew Bastian up with him. "Leather to bind you, Precious."

Bastian nodded, lips hungry and hot against his skin as they dried off. He led the way to their playroom, going through one of the drawers, searching for just the right bindings. Ah, there, the black half-inch leather would look beautiful on Bastian's cock.

Bastian wandered, hand idly rubbing against the soft fur throw, against the smooth metal of the chains. So sensuous; his lover was a delight.

Gus purred and brought the leather over. "Lie down and I will bind you, lover."

Another of those deciding looks, this one quick, unconscious, then Bastian smiled and stretched out on the mattress. He chuckled. It was time to play hard if Bastian had to think about things.

He knelt next to his lover, took a kiss, and then pumped Bastian's prick, made sure it was still good and hard. Bastian arched up, hips pumping, body demanding more, needing more.

Gus slid the leather around the base of Bastian's cock and began to criss-cross it around the silken heat.

"Love... So tight."

"Yes, that's the point." He grinned at Bastian, sliding two fingers across the tip of that bound cock and bringing them to his mouth. "Mmmm. You taste magnificent."

"So mean to me." The words were teasing, playful, Bastian pushing him.

He laughed, and turned Bastian slightly, slapping his ass. Bastian wriggled, scooting away from the touch, ass cheek pinking, just a little.

"Stay still," he growled, slapping a little harder this time.

That tight little ass tensed, but Bastian didn't move. Much.

Gus purred softly, fingers sliding over the red cheek. "You have forgotten how to behave, Precious, forgotten who is Master here."

The pale, fine skin blushed pale pink, and he watched as Bastian decided whether to argue, to fight, or to submit. He rubbed his fingers along where he'd slapped, pushing hard enough to hurt, demanding a response of one kind or another.

"I haven't forgotten you."

"No?" He let his nails scrape Bastian's skin.

"No. Never forget you, even when we're busy and tired." Bastian shivered, pushed into the touch and then pulled away.

He hummed and bent to place a kiss on the pink skin. "Good. Still, I think you need to feel my hands on you."

He got a nod, the dark hair hiding fiery red cheeks.

"Turn over onto your stomach," he ordered, reaching for a pillow to place under Bastian's hips.

Bastian turned, face hidden in his arms and hair.

Gus slid his fingers through the long hair and then began to braid it, pulling it off Bastian's face. "You will not hide from me."

"I..." So addictive, that voice, that tremor.

"You will not." He wanted every part of Bastian, every doubt, every need, the fight, the submission, all of it. It was his.

He turned Bastian's neck so that Bastian looked out at him.

"Gus..." Yeah. That was it. Show it all. Gus knew how badly Bastian needed him.

"Yes, Bastian. I know." He stroked one eyebrow, the curve of Bastian's ear, the line of his jaw.

Bastian relaxed at his touch, eyes closing. "Love."

"Yes, Precious. This is all about love." He slid his hands down along Bastian's spine. Bastian purred, muscles rippling for him. "Yes. Yes, my Precious."

Gus slid his hands as far as Bastian's ass and rubbed it, considering where he would hit first.

"Yours." Bastian's thighs parted, hips rocking nice and slow.

"Yes, mine."

He slapped the top of Bastian's thighs, the blow sharp, making his hand sting. Bastian gasped, legs twisting away.

"Do I need to bind more than just your cock, Precious?"

"I... No. No. It's just... It's hard to be still."

"I know. That is part of the exercise, no? Bending your body to my will."

He slapped again, on the left ass cheek, watching his handprint come up.

Bastian groaned, muscles going tense, tight. "Your will."

"My will. My Sebastian. Mine."

He growled and hit twice more, reddening Bastian's ass. Those long hands slid on the sheets, moving restlessly, randomly, fighting the urge to reach back. He hit again and then again, watching his handprints get darker. His cock began to throb with each hit, Bastian's skin beautiful.

"Gus. Gus, I need to move."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Yes, I can't stay still. I *can't*."

He leaned in and traced that delicate tattoo with his tongue. "I know you can." He whispered the words into Bastian's ear and licked again.

Bastian's whimper was so sweet, needy. "You do?"

"I do." He licked once more and then straightened, smacked the tops of Bastian's thighs. The skin was hot now, flushed with blood called to the surface.

Bastian's face shone with sweat, toes curling, eyes closed tight.

"Yes," he murmured. "So beautiful. So strong, my Precious." He bent to kiss the small of Bastian's back.

Bastian took in a shaky breath, trembling. "Yours. Yours."

"Yes, Bastian. Mine." He sucked on two of his fingers and then pushed them into Bastian's ass, need beginning to ride him. His Bastian was so beautiful, made him wanton. Bastian took him in, hole pulling him deep, body begging for more.

Oh, yes, his greedy, eager lover. He made it three fingers, working hard and fast to get Bastian ready for his cock.

"Gus. More. I need. Love..." Bastian struggled up on his hands and knees, riding his fingers.

"Yes, Precious, yes." He moved on the mattress, kneeling behind Bastian, hands spreading the hot cheeks.

Bastian braced, rocking back towards him. "Need you. Fill me. Fuck."

He slapped that ass again. "Behave, Bastian, or I might leave you wanting."

Another low groan sounded, Bastian shaking his head. "No. I'll behave. Anything you want."

"Then let me drive, sweet boy." He pushed his cock into Bastian's body, groaning at the heat and tightness of it.

"Oh..." Bastian took a deep breath, the tension in the pale spine visibly easing.

He chuckled and bent to slide his lips along Bastian's shoulder. "Impatient one."

"Mm-hmm. For you. Nothing like you." It was like magic, the way Bastian melted for a good fuck.

"Flatterer," he accused. He was well-pleased, though, with Bastian's words.

"No. Truth." Bastian stretched, ass squeezing him.

He groaned, hands raking down along Bastian's back before he started to thrust, pushing his hips tight against that red ass over and over again. Burning for him. Bastian was fucking burning around him. He wrapped his hands around Bastian's hips, fingers digging in as he began to pull that tight body back onto his cock. Bastian pushed back, riding him, soft words pouring from his lover, begging, pleading for release.

"No, no, my Precious. When I decide." He hit Bastian's ass again and rode him harder, really getting his hips into it.

Bastian struggled, fighting him, fighting his will, Gus' body moving and rocking, knowing what his lover needed. He growled, hands tightening further, changing the rhythm, thrusting and pulling Bastian back on his terms.

Gus felt it, around his cock, under his hands, when Bastian stopped thinking and simply offered himself over. He purred, changing the rhythm again, finding Bastian's gland and nailing it over and over and over again.

Low, deep sounds filled the air, Bastian no longer begging, just feeling, soaring, riding the sensations. Gus let himself go, soared with Bastian. He lost all sense of time, of anything but the way they felt, bodies moving together.

Almost without thinking, running as on instinct as his lover was, Gus' hand slid forward and undid the top knot on the leather binding Bastian's need. A desperate cry filled the air, Bastian pushing back against his chest. He wrapped one arm around Bastian, holding him up, pounding in, hand pumping the freed cock.

Heat sprayed over his fingers, the scent of Bastian's need heady.

"Yes," he whispered it, hips pumping as his own seed poured into Bastian's body.

Bastian moaned low, sinking down onto the mattress, arms giving out. He went down with his lover, cock sliding from the wicked heat. He purred softly, hands stroking Bastian's sides. "Beautiful."

Bastian sighed softly, relaxed and quiet beneath him. "Love."

Gus nodded and moved to lie beside Bastian on the wide couch, pulling his lover to him. "Yes, and I love you, Bastian."

Bastian curled close, nodding, hands sliding around his waist.

"Perhaps we should call Del's Kitchen for supper tonight; I have no desire to let you go long enough to make food to fill our bellies." He would not waste a moment of Bastian curled close and cozy, pliant and happy in his arms.

"That sounds perfect, Augie." Bastian smiled up at him, kissed his chin. "A whole three days for us. It sounds perfect."

"It is," he agreed, bending to bring their mouths together. "It is perfect."

He slept deep all night and woke up bright and early. Augie was sleeping hard and Bastian covered him up before going to put fruit turnovers in the warmer and heading into his workshop. He closed the door behind him, smiling as the outside world fell away. His workshop was bright, the morning

suns coming through the many oddly shaped windows on the eastern wall. It was crowded and warm, piles of things here and there and everywhere, and he knew where to find each and every one. He sat at his workbench, fingers sliding over tools and materials.

Within ten chronos he was lost in the tiny pieces, the miniatures he created, lost in sanding and trimming and gluing.

He had no idea how long he'd been there when the fire alarm went off, the tone strident and loud.

Oh. Curses!

He ran to the kitchen and pulled the turnovers out, scorching his fingers as he tossed the turnovers into the sink and whacked the alarm. "Shh. No waking Gus. Damn."

"Too late," growled his lover, Gus blinking and naked in the doorway. "What happened? Are you all right, Bastian?"

"Was warming up breakfast and it got smoky." He ran his fingers under the cold water.

"You hurt yourself!" Gus took his hand and turned it from side to side, checking closely, tsking at what he saw. "I'll get the burn cream."

Well, he hadn't done it on purpose. He wrinkled his nose and started pulling out more pastries.

Gus returned a moment later. "Leave them. I'll do it after I've taken care of you."

He was led over to the mosaic topped table, Gus fussing and cleaning, creaming and bandaging the small blisters on his fingers.

"Sorry, Augie. I got caught in the workshop and lost track of time." Again.

Gus nodded and stroked the back of his hand. "The turnovers are replaceable. You? Not so much, hmm?"

"Oh, I don't know. I have a double, yeah?"

"It isn't your double I want, Precious. It is you." Gus kissed his nose. "I don't care what your twin looks like, he isn't you."

"No. No, he isn't like me. Not at all." Jacob was... loud and harsh and loud.

"Then there is still only one you, and you are not replaceable." Gus sounded very sure, and that confidence and love was echoed in the kiss he was given, Gus' hands sliding to cup his ass.

He cuddled in, lips parting eagerly. He loved the flavors of Gus, the hunger.

"I have your favorite breakfast right here, anyway, Bastian." Gus pressed against him, cock hard and hot.

"Mmm... all for me?" He rubbed, rocking a little.

"Only you," murmured Gus, hands guiding his movements.

"Good." He took another kiss and another, moaning low.

One hand stayed on his ass, the other moved between them, sliding up under his shirt and tweaking his nipples. Oh. He gasped, nipples going tight, almost like they were begging for more. Gus purred and came back to them, pinching.

"Gus. I." He stretched, shivered. So big. Everything with Gus was so big.

"I dreamed about you wearing my rings in these." Gus' fingers tugged and played. "Of how you would look. How it would feel."

Bastian gasped, nodded, cock rubbing faster, harder. "I would. For you."

"I know you would. I think maybe you will. I'll make an appointment for next week. So we can both think about it. Anticipation is half the pleasure."

"Only half?" He gasped, tongue lapping at Gus' lips.

Gus chuckled, moaned and pressed closer. "At least half."

"Tease." He wanted. Now.

"That is what anticipation is all about, Bastian."

He smiled, leaned into Gus more fully as he nodded. "What would I do without you?"

"I have no desire to find out, Precious. You are mine, and that is the way it is staying."

"Yes. Yours." Gods, Gus was warm.

"Yes. Now I have a need, sweet Bastian. Your mouth builds a fire in me."

He nodded, sliding down to kneel between Gus' legs, lips open, hungry. Gus moaned, hands dropping to Bastian's head, fingers sliding through his hair.

"Oh, my Precious. Your mouth..."

"Want..." His lips dropped down over the thick-thick prick, sucking hard, eyes rolling with it.

Gus moaned, fingers tightening in his hair, muscles in Gus' thighs flexing. He closed his eyes, let Gus move him, push him, guide him.

"So good, Precious." Gus' hips moved slowly but pushed the thick cock deep each time.

He forced himself to relax, let Gus in and in and in, fighting the gasps when Gus blocked his airway.

"Perfect." Gus' voice was strained, pleasure making it thick. The word made him shudder, made him shake. So pleased. "Yes, my Precious, perfect."

Gus' hips moved faster, sliding his cock in faster and faster, burning along his tongue. He swallowed, tugged, throat closing around the head of Gus' prick.

"Yes! Yes, Bastian. Soon." Gus moved even faster, driving into his mouth now. His hands wrapped around Gus' thighs, squeezing, eyes going wide.

"Love..." The word was whispered, Gus' prick throbbing, shooting come down his throat. He drank down every drop, heart pounding, cock throbbing in his pants.

Gus stayed buried in his throat for a long moment before slowly pulling away. "Just perfect."

He caught his breath, cheek on Gus's thigh. "Love you."

"Yes. Yes, my beautiful Bastian." The hand in his hair stroked, slid over his head.

Bastian nodded, purred low and slow.

"And now I suppose you are wanting, dear Bastian." Gus chuckled, thumb sliding across his lower lip.

"You? Always." He sucked the thumb in, humming low.

Gus chuckled. "Wanton."

Bastian released Gus' thumb. "What's your point?" He smiled up, kissing Gus' hand.

Gus laughed. "Oh, I think you already had my point." They laughed together, and he crawled back up into Gus' lap.

Gus hummed, hands sliding over his clothes, working to undo and remove his overalls. He helped, getting naked, shifting and moving under that touch. Once he was naked, Gus bent him back, mouth going to his nipples. He arched, stretched, pushing into the warm lips. Gus rumbled against his skin, lips closing over his nipples, tugging on them, teeth biting.

"Oh. No biting. It's too big. Too big." Oh, that got him a growl and good, solid bite.

He bent backwards, hands reaching for the floor.

Gus moaned. "Oh, Precious..." Those fingers slid along his sides, tickling, rubbing.

"Tickles!" He rippled, stomach going tight.

Gus chuckled and the touch became firmer.

"Oh... More?" He was hard, wanting, needing.

"I love the way you want me," murmured Gus, biting his nipples again, fingers dragging across his skin.

"Need you." He pushed back up, trying to hide his chest against Gus'.

"You have me." His efforts were no use, Gus gnawing on his right nipple and then the other one.

"So much. So much." He wriggled, breath gasping from him.

"All for you." Gus' teeth dragged down to his belly, tongue pushing into his navel.

"Uh-huh." He was getting lightheaded, heart pounding.

Then Gus' tongue licked across the tip of his cock before it was sucked into the heat of Gus' mouth.

"Augie!" He jerked, panting, head shaking back and forth. "Fuck!"

Gus hummed around his prick, sucking hard, teeth threatening.

"N...no biting. Please. No biting." He sobbed, hips trying to jerk.

Gus' teeth scraped their way up his cock before the bobbing started, teeth gone, Gus' head moving up and down.

He moaned, the sound pushing out of him. "Gonna make me come..."

The suction got harder and Gus' teeth pulled randomly along his cock again.

He bucked and came, hands shaking, room just swirling. Gus swallowed around him and then pulled away, hands sliding up his back and helping him right himself. Oh, there was a self-satisfied smile on his Gus' face.

He swayed, lips parted. "Oh. Wow. Morning."

Gus purred, lips finding his. Warm and wet, Gus' mouth tasted like him. Pushing into the kiss, Bastian just melted. Humming. Gus gathered him up, hands on his ass and, still kissing him, carried him back to their room, to their soft bed and warm covers.

Oh. Comfy. He cuddled in, wriggling until he was settled.

"Rest up, Precious. In a few hours we will have a light meal and then play."

"Play?" He shivered, nodded. "I remember the first time you said that to me."

"I should hope so."

"Do you remember as well?"

"I can remember the way you smelled when I first met you, what you were wearing." Gus laughed softly. "That crazy thing you'd done with your hair."

"It was in fashion..." It had been uncomfortable and ugly, but everyone had done it.

Gus snorted. "It looked like an animal had died on your head."

One of Gus' hands slid along his chest, stroking him gently. "But you shone nonetheless, and I wanted nothing more than to string you up by your wrists and beat you until that pale skin was rosy."

"I was caught by your eyes." Still was.

"And my hands," murmured Gus, meaning it quite literally, Bastian knew.

"Yes." He nodded, bit his lip. Those hands.

"You were scared that night, but you submitted nonetheless."

"You demanded so much, I didn't know what else to do."

Gus chuckled. "That isn't why you stayed."

"No. It isn't why I stayed." He smiled up.

"No. You stayed because you discovered you needed it."

"No. I stayed because I fell in love."

Gus purred, rolling him beneath the large, strong body. "I love you, too, my Precious."

Bastian stretched out under his lover's weight. "I know."

"Good."

Gus brought their mouths together in a long kiss that stole his breath. Bastian's fingers twined with Gus', holding on tight.

"I will never let you go," Gus told him. "You are mine, Sebastian."

"Never? Promise?"

"Never." The word was growled, Gus' eyes holding his, making the same promise.

"Yours. Yours." He nodded, caught in those eyes.

Gus smiled. "Mine."

Bastian just nodded. There was nothing else to do.

CHAPTER THREE

T'ven

The zoo had been... a disaster.

Dirty and smelly and an earth camel had spat in Walt's face. He shuddered just to think of it. He'd managed to hold it together with the promise of a long shower and a longer session with Coby when they got home. Not even the exotic animals, from Brandish itself as well as other planets, had saved the experience. Not even the little sharat, with its delicate feline features and its prehensile tail. Not after the spitting.

He'd gotten the shower, as long as he wanted, as Coby had been called by a big -- huge -- client and had left.

Two days ago.

It wasn't unusual by any means, but Walt was having trouble forgetting that gross, disgusting saliva running down his face.

He checked the reflecting glass constantly, rubbing at his cheek, his nose, rubbing them raw. He could still feel it, though, and with a half sob, he turned the shower on to its hottest setting and stood under the water.

He thought he heard something, someone, moving around in the apartment, in their home.

He shook. It was too much. A little voice was saying that it could be a robber, he could have a weapon, but mostly Walt just felt violated, and he had had more of that than he could take. He stepped out of the shower and grabbed the bottle of shampoo, hefting it over his head as he strode into the living room. How dare someone come into his home!

He didn't get far. Coby's light grey eyes flashed at him, one strong hand grabbing his wrist. "Oh, baby. What have you done to your face?"

"Oh! Coby! I thought you were a robber!" He collapsed against his lover, the adrenaline leaving as quickly as it had come.

Coby held him, carried him back toward the bathroom. "No. Just me. Come on, let's get the soap off you."

"No, no, the soap is good. That stupid camel." He wrapped one arm around Coby's neck, his other hand going to his face. He winced as he rubbed at the abused skin.

"Stop it." Coby pushed his hand away from his face.

"I have to get it off, Coby. So many germs!" Coby didn't understand, he hadn't been spat upon.

Coby's hand tightened around his wrists. "Walter. Do I have to bind you?"

He blinked and met Coby's eyes. "A camel spit in my face, Coby. In my face! Camel spit."

"Two days ago, baby. You're hurting yourself." Coby looked tired, worn, but so focused.

"I can't get it off, Coby." He blinked away the tears that threatened. "I can't get it off."

"Okay. I'll get you clean." Coby caught his gaze. "Focus, Walt. Right here. With me."

"Oh. Oh, thank you, Coby." He looked into those eyes, gave himself over to his lover wholeheartedly. Only Coby was stronger than the germs and dirt.

"That's right." Coby got him into the shower, pulled his hands up to hold onto the hook buried into the tile. "Hold on." He nodded, fingers wrapping around the hook, stretching to reach it.

Coby would make it right.

"That's my baby." Coby grabbed the soap, lathered his fingers, slowly, carefully washing him.

"Yours," he murmured, eyes closing, body pushing into Coby's hands, the soap making his lover's touches slick, clean.

"Mm-hmm." His face was washed and rinsed, then washed again before the soft touch of Coby's lips covered his skin.

"Oh! Oh, Coby." His eyes flew open, meeting Coby's, focusing on his lover and Master.

"Yes. Right here, Walt. Right here with you."

"Thank you. Thank you so much." Coby was too good to him.

"Sh... focus now. What do you feel?" Coby's fingers moved randomly, touching everywhere.

"You, all I can feel is you."

"Good. I'm right here. Got four whole days off. In a row."

"Oh. Oh, that's wonderful news, Coby." He nodded. He needed his Coby. *Needed* him.

"Yes. Focus." Coby's hands pushed against his skin, sensitizing it. "Focus."

"Yes, Master," he murmured, body responding to Coby as it always did.

"If I catch you hurting yourself again, I will deny you orgasm for a week. Your skin belongs to me."

He gasped. "I wasn't!" He'd just wanted to be clean.

"You did. Your skin is mine."

"Not on purpose! I just needed to be clean, Coby." He twitched; he could feel the camel's spit running down along his cheek.

"You are clean now." Coby's hand stroked his cheek.

He closed his eyes, focusing on his Master's hand on his face, on the skin that was so unclean, that was violated.

"Yes, Master."

Coby's tongue stroked over his cheek. "Clean."

He moaned softly and nodded, nuzzling toward Coby's touch.

"All clean." Coby licked again and again, wetting his skin, claiming him.

He moaned, rubbing against Coby, body beginning to thrum.

"Say it, baby. All clean."

"Yes, Master. All clean." He nodded, already forgetting about his face.

"That's right. Are you slick for me, baby? Can I fuck you good and hard?" Coby turned him, putting his hands back on the hook.

He whimpered. He'd forgotten. He'd been so distracted. He hung his head. "I'm sorry, Master. But you can still fuck me good and hard." Yes, please. Please, he needed that.

Coby tsked, but kissed his shoulder, dropping down, tongue sliding down his spine. He shivered. "Oh..." His back arched, giving Coby as much skin to work with as he could.

Thumbs spread his cheeks, tongue sliding over his hole, wetting him.

"Master!" Oh. He loved this, loved the care and heat of it, the intimacy.

The touches got more insistent, sharper, tongue pushing into him. Whimpering, he started to rock, meeting that tongue, meeting the penetration, wanting more.

That tongue disappeared, just for a second. "Don't come."

"Yes, Master," he whispered, hands tightening on the hook.

Coby started fucking him, hard and deep, tongue sliding into him over and over. He shuddered, hips pushing back, Coby's tongue driving him crazy.

Coby stood, cock pressing against his hole, pushing hard, slamming into him and giving him no mercy. He closed his eyes, focusing on the sensation, on the burn and stretch, the feeling of that cock fucking him.

"You're mine, baby. Missed you." Teeth fastened on his nape, biting down.

He cried out, body on fire. "Yes! Yes, Coby. Yours."

Coby groaned, fucking him with deep, hard thrusts, rocking him.

He had to open his eyes again, to focus on the tiles in front of him, on the way his hands were gripping the hook hard enough to hurt. If he didn't, the pleasure would overwhelm him, and he would come.

"Come with me, baby. Want to come together." One hand scraped down his belly, grabbed his cock.

"Oh!" His focus snapped back to his body like a rubber band stretched and released. The pleasure did overwhelm him, heat going through him and culminating in an explosion that made him scream as he shot. Coby was so solid behind him, so sure, the heat flooding him.

The pleasure seemed to ride him for so long and then it dissipated, leaving him heavy and sated, clinging to the hook as his knees went to jelly.

"Have you eaten today, Walt?" Coby's voice was rough and close, rasping over his skin.

He shook his head, eyes closing again as he let Coby fill his senses. So hot behind him and in him and around him. That voice like a firm, rough touch. Warm breath sliding across his neck. "I could not."

"Then we will, together. You must care for my Walter. He is most vital to me."

Warmth of an entirely different kind filled him and he leaned against Coby. "Yes, Master," he said softly.

"I missed you." The words were so soft, almost inaudible.

He nodded. "Oh, yes. I missed you, too. I needed you so."

"I'm home now." Coby's cock slipped out of him. "Let's eat and then settle for a while. I'm exhausted."

"Oh, that won't do. You go get in bed and I'll make something special, bring it to you and feed you." He turned, fingers sliding on Coby's face, seeing the tiredness in his lover's eyes.

"We'll just order something up and eat together." Coby leaned into his touch, smiling.

"If you insist." He didn't mind cooking for his lover at all, enjoyed taking care of Coby.

Coby smiled, turned the water off. "I will leave that decision to you, but you must eat."

He was torn between cooking for Coby himself and being able to care for the man a little longer. "I will order something up, Master."

"That sounds excellent. I will arrange the vid-feed so we can watch and relax and eat together."

"Thank you, Master." He reached up and kissed the side of Coby's mouth before sliding out of the shower and drying quickly.

He had been so unnerved for the last couple of days, but now he was fine again, thanks to Coby.

Always thanks to Coby.

They slept together for most of a day, then Coby woke with a hard cock and a need to play, rolling Walt over and spreading him for a hard, quick, good-morning, let's-play fuck. Walt moaned, hips rolling back against him, ready for him, wanting him always.

He didn't ask, didn't warn, just pushed in deep, groaning at the clasp of heat around him. Walt's moan was low and thready, full of need and heat.

"Mine." He bit down on Walt's shoulder, his hands on the headboard. Walt arched, crying out and squeezing his cock hard.

"Yes. Yes. Mine." He wasn't going to last, so he didn't tease, just slammed in, filled Walt with his seed.

Walt's body squeezed him tight again, milking the come from him, making the aftershocks linger.

"Yours. All yours."

He nodded, still moving, working through the sensation, the pleasure. A shiver went through Walt, his lover gasping softly and rocking back into him again.

He slowly leaned up, hips tilting, pushing into Walt. "What do you feel?"

"You. So big. Oh, Master. You're everywhere."

"Everywhere. Under your skin, inside you. Everywhere." Coby nodded, sweat forming.

"Yes. Master. Oh. Please." Walt moved beneath him, meeting every thrust, eager.

Walt was so fine, so pale and perfect beneath him, it drove him crazy. Walt's back arched, a ripple of pleasure chasing up his back from his ass. Coby chuckled, bent down to follow that line with his tongue. That earned him a moan, Walt writhing beneath him, pushing his spine back toward Coby. He licked again, then let his teeth scrape down the fine skin.

Walt whimpered, jerked. "Master!"

"Yes, baby?" He did it again.

"Oh! So big, Master." Walt shivered and moaned, body pushing hard into him.

He bit one shoulder, fingers digging into Walt's hips.

"You make me need," whimpered Walt, body rippling again.

"Good. I want you to need." He shifted, pushing hard and deep.

"Master!" Walt's voice echoed. "Right there. Oh, please, yes."

"Yes. Show me how good it is, baby." He sped up, pegged that gland over and over.

Walt's cries filled the air, body moving on him, begging with every motion. Yes. Yes, perfect. His Walt was perfect. The more he pushed, the more Walt responded, need thick between them. The hairless body shone with sweat, glistening in the light from the window.

"Soon. Soon, baby. Together, yeah?"

"Yes, Master. Please."

"Yeah. Now, Walt. Come for me." His balls went tight, drawing up.

Walt cried out, body shuddering and squeezing him tight. The scent of Walt's spunk filled the air, strong and musky. He emptied himself into Walt, hips slapping Walt's ass as he spent. Walt kept moving, dragging out the pleasure, making it last.

"Love..." He leaned down, touching, petting.

Walt whimpered, pushing into his hands, face turning, eyes glittering at him. He took a kiss, hard and deep, telling Walt everything. Walt just melted beneath him, those eyes going soft, giving it all back to him.

Yes. That was what he needed, what he wanted. Walt twisted beneath him, arm coming up to wrap around his neck. To hold on. He cuddled in, nodded. Yeah. Hold on.

Tight.

CHAPTER FOUR

Rannalin

Gus walked along the clean, white sidewalk, a little swagger in his step.

For one thing, he was in his leathers, pants tight enough to show how large he was, vest tight, clinging to his pecs, and showing off the muscles of his arms. Big old stomper boots. He looked fucking hot.

But the main reason?

Right next to him. His Bastian. Also dressed in leather, dark and soft like butter, clinging to the long, slender form, the long hair loose, falling nearly to Bastian's ass.

The buildings at the center of Rannalin were fantastic, rising high into the sky with spikes and spires and domes, fancy carving and steelwork at street level drawing the eye. The stores were open to the street, with music and sensational displays. There was art on every corner, inviting comment. But today everyone was looking at Gus' lover. And getting growls from him for their trouble. "Mine."

Bastian smiled and nodded to people they passed, but mostly focused on the shiny and bright objects displayed in the shops, either oblivious or teasing, Gus wasn't sure which.

They were going to get the rings for his lover's nipples, though he was seriously considering having "property of Augustus Jacks" tattooed on his lover instead. Gus could hardly blame anyone; after all, Bastian was his beautiful peacock, his blouse silky and shimmering with purples, his blue pants quite tight.

Still, Gus glowered at anyone who came too close.

Eventually they arrived at the shop where the work was going to be done. "I should sell tickets," he grumbled as a number of eyes watched them go in.

Bastian laughed, head tossing. "Like anyone would pay."

He stopped and looked at his lover. "Are you serious, Precious?"

He had seen the looks; he knew that people would pay to watch Bastian have his nipples pierced. They would pay to watch him shower, watch him take the strap, watch them fuck.

"Hmm? Serious about what, Augie?"

"Do you really not believe people would pay to watch you?"

"Why would they?" Bastian shook his head, hair tossing. "Come on."

"Because you're beautiful. Stunning." Gus shook his head and followed Bastian to the desk halfway down the room. Bastian flitted about, looking at this, at that, almost bouncing, nerves obvious.

A little girl with very short white hair and piercings in her eyebrows, nose, lip, and cheek came to the desk. "What do you want?"

Gus raised an eyebrow but nodded toward Bastian. "His nipples. Pierced."

Bastian turned bright red as she looked him over. "Okay. Anything special? Rod? Chain?"

"I have a chain, but not the rings. You have a selection we could choose from?" Perhaps he should have chosen that himself as well, but he'd wanted Bastian to have a say. They were going to adorn Bastian's body after all.

"Sure." A tray was pulled out with barbells and curved barbells and rings -- every color in the rainbow, some with dangling jewels, patterns. It was... stunning.

His eye immediately went to the simple silver and gold rings; they were meant to adorn his lover, not outshine him. "What do you like, Bastian?"

Bastian looked over them, frowning. "They're all so... gaudy. I like the simple ones."

He nodded. "How about the ones in the top left corner?"

Bastian nodded, fingers pointing to simple, satiny silver rings. "Those?"

He nodded and pulled the chain out his pocket, the delicate silver links a perfect match. "Yes."

He turned to the girl. "We want those."

"You got it. You want to feel it? You want the numbing agent?"

"He wants to feel it." Gus didn't even hesitate, answering for Bastian.

Bastian pressed against his arm, a shudder moving through the lean body. Gus purred, wrapping his arm around Bastian, stroking his side. "You will shine."

"How long until you want to play with it?"

Bastian blinked over at the girl. "How long does it take?"

"We don't want to wait at all," Gus told her. He was not going to be able to resist. Not for a moment.

"Okay. Then we'll use the nu-skin when we're done. Come on to the back."

Bastian grabbed his hand, squeezed. He squeezed back and grinned. "You're going to look amazing."

"You're coming with me, right?"

"I wouldn't miss this show for anything, Precious." He tilted Bastian's chin and took a nice, hard kiss. Bastian melted against him, eyes focused on him, wide and hungry.

He licked the pretty lips and took another kiss, this one short, soft. Then he took Bastian's hand and they followed the girl with the face piercings behind a thick black curtain painted with silver swirls and dots. It separated the area for piercing from the rest of the store, blocked off the view from the street. It afforded them a modicum of privacy. Gus purred, fingers sliding along Bastian's back, the silk almost as soft as the warm skin it hid.

"You'll need to strip the shirt off and get into the chair." Needles and antiseptic and rings were placed on a low table.

"I'll do it," murmured Gus, his fingers sliding along Bastian's purple blouse down to his waist. He tugged the shirt out of Bastian's pants and slowly pulled it up, fingers dragging against Bastian's skin.

Those pale eyes stared at him, so focused. "All yours."

"Yes. Indeed." Groaning low, he pulled the shirt up over Bastian's head and then slid his fingers back down, letting them flick across Bastian's nipples. "These need to be hard, I believe."

"Gus!" Bastian turned bright red, lips parting.

He raised an eyebrow and turned to the girl. "Isn't that how it works? The nipple is made hard and then pierced?"

She nodded, grinned. "That's it. I spray cold water on it, grab it with the tongs, pull and pierce."

"Ooo, tongs. Maybe I should invest in a pair."

He got another look from Bastian, eyes burning into him.

He grinned and kissed Bastian's nose. "I was kidding about the tongs. Mostly."

"Bastard." Bastian shivered, stepped closer.

"Not at all. I merely know what you need. What turns you on." He brought his hands up again, thumbs rubbing Bastian's little nipples, making the small points of flesh go hard.

"What I need..." Bastian shook his head and moaned, hair falling into his face.

"Yes, Precious. As always, I know exactly what you need." He purred the words quietly before leading Bastian to the chair.

Bastian went, sitting gingerly, eyes focused on him. Gus pushed the silky hair back over Bastian's shoulders, out of his face to behind his ears. "You're beautiful," he murmured, taking one of Bastian's nipples between his thumb and forefinger, pinching hard.

"Gus!" Bastian flushed dark, gasp loud. That little nipple went tight-tight and hard.

"I think this one is ready for you," he told the girl, grinning at Bastian.

"Excellent." She clamped the little bit of flesh, grabbed the needle. "Deep breath in, now, and then let it all out."

Bastian did as she said, the needle pushing through. Gus moaned, cock throbbing at the sight. "Oh, Bastian... beautiful."

Those lovely eyes were closed tight, not looking. He tsked. "Sebastian! Pay attention. I want you to remember this. How it looks as well as how it feels."

Bastian's eyes flew open at the sound of his full name, so lovely, so exposed.

"Watch, Precious." He reached over and pinched the unpierced nipple, making it rise.

"I... Gus. It... I..." Bastian moaned, shifted, the piercer chuckling softly.

He bent and licked at Bastian's lips. "Yes, Bastian. You."

He chuckled himself, gave Bastian's nipple another pinch and then drew back a half step. "He's ready for the second one."

"Okay, same deal with the second. Breathe in and out."

It took no time, and then Bastian's nipples were adorned with shining rings.

"Stunning. Breathtaking." Had to be, because he was having trouble finding his breath. And his cock was hard enough to drill nails.

"Leave us," he demanded, not even looking at the piercer.

"You have to pay extra...."

"Yes, yes. Coin is not an issue. Go." He waved his hand, dismissing the girl.

"Do you want the nu-skin now?"

Bastian glared over, bristling. "Are you deaf?"

He would have chuckled at Bastian's impatience, if he didn't want so hard, so badly. "Just go," he growled.

The door slammed behind her, Bastian's eyes burning up into him. "Augie..."

"My Precious." He straddled Bastian's legs, rolling his hips to slide them together. "You need." It wasn't a question.

"I do. Please." Bastian was almost groaning.

"This first," he murmured, pulling the chain from his pocket and attaching it to first one, and then the second ring. It hung between them, fine and delicate against Bastian's skin.

"Oh. Oh. I can feel it." Bastian panted, tongue wetting those parted lips.

"What does it feel like?" he asked, fingers sliding to tug gently on the chain.

His lover bowed, chest following his fingers. "Huge. It burns. It aches. It pulls deep inside."

He bent and pressed a kiss to each of Bastian's nipples and then pressed their lips together. Bastian groaned, tongue pushing into his lips, hungry, desperate.

"Hold onto the chair," he ordered before deepening the kiss.

Bastian did as he was told, fingers white-knuckled on the arm.

"Yes, that's right. Just like that." He licked at Bastian's lips and then moved down to work up a mark on Bastian's neck.

"Gus. Gus. Love..." Bastian swallowed, entire body shaking.

He purred, finger sliding from Bastian's neck down along his chest, snagging on the chain a moment and then continuing down to tease open the top button of Bastian's pants.

Bastian's cry was sweet, sharp. "Please!"

"Please what, Bastian?" Oh, he did like to tease.

"I need. I *need*."

"I know you do." He wrapped his tongue through one of the rings and tugged gently.

"Gus!" Bastian pushed back into the chair, panting.

He chuckled and breathed on Bastian's nipple. Bastian shook his head, groaned. He ran his tongue along the chain, letting it tangle in it and tug on it randomly as his fingers slowly opened Bastian's button and worked down the zipper on his pants.

"Tease. Mean man. I need you."

"Anticipation, Bastian. Remember? You wouldn't want me to cheat you out of half your pleasure, would you?"

Bastian groaned, hands sliding on the chair's arms.

"No coming," he warned, fingers carding through the curls that surrounded Bastian's cock. The heat of his lover's prick warmed his fingers, drew them to it, and he stroked lightly.

"But..." Bastian groaned, eyes rolling.

"No coming," he repeated, squeezing Bastian's cock hard.

"Yes. Yes, Augie. I'll try."

"You'll do, yes, Bastian? My Precious." He squeezed again and then loosened his hand some, slid it slowly up and down, eyes on Bastian's.

"Yours. Yes." Bastian looked desperate, but he did not spend.

"My perfect Sebastian."

He bent and licked at the tip of Bastian's cock, gathering the liquid there, gasping at the sharp flavor of Bastian's need. He glanced up, wanting to see the look in Bastian's eyes as his lover fought to come.

"Going to make me come, Augie..." Those eyes were burning, beautiful.

He nodded. "I know. And now you have permission to." Then he took Bastian's cock in his mouth, going all the way down in a single motion.

"Oh..." Bastian moaned, cock jerked, seed filling his mouth. He swallowed Bastian into himself, humming at the taste.

Pulling off slowly, he looked back up into Bastian's face. Perfect. Beautiful.

"Love you. Thank you."

"No, my Precious, thank you." He placed another kiss on the tip of Bastian's cock, one brief one to each nipple and then brought their lips together, his tongue dipping into Bastian's mouth to taste. Bastian opened right up, eyes adoring him, loving him like nothing else.

He purred into the kiss before ending it. "Come on, Bastian. Let's go home. I need you."

"Yes. My shirt?" Bastian moved, eyes wide as the chain shifted. "Oh."

"Leave it. I'll buy you a new one."

He grabbed Bastian's hand and stalked out of the back room, stopping only long enough to leave his money on the counter in front of the little girl who'd done Bastian's piercings.

The street was just as crowded, the looks they were getting doubled. Of course so did his "all mine" growl.

A tall, dark-skinned man started walking beside them, eyes black as pitch. "Is your pet for sale?"

His free hand turned into a fist, the fingers holding Bastian's going white-knuckled. He looked into the man's eyes, wondering if he had a death wish. "No."

"Rent?"

Bastian shook his head, pressed closer to him. "Leave us alone."

Gus slid his arm around Bastian's waist and kept going, walking faster now, glaring at anyone he caught looking too long. Why exactly had he thought others looking at his Bastian was a good idea? He wanted to rip each and every one of them limb from limb.

The wind picked up, Bastian's hair flying, caressing his skin. He purred, glanced at Bastian's body, at the way the chain swayed as they walked.

"Is it going to get cold, Gus?" The way Bastian's nipples looked, it already was cold.

"We'll be home before it gets any colder," he promised. "I need."

"Anything you want."

"I want to take your mouth. I want to watch, knowing that every time you go down on me it makes the chain sway, which makes the rings tug."

Bastian moaned, nodded. "Need you. Hungry for you -- your cock, your hands, all of you."

"You'll get it. You'll get everything you want and more, Precious."

"Love you." The words were soft, almost lost in the sounds of the street.

He stopped and turned to Bastian, smiling into the grey-on-grey eyes. "I love you."

Then they were on their way again, hurrying home.

The nipple rings were driving him crazy.

Insane.

The first few days were okay, but the pleasure and ache was driving him mad, his fingers constantly drawn to them, pulling at them.

"Don't touch," growled Gus. "Do I have to cuff your hands behind your back?"

"They're driving me crazy." Bastian put his hands down, tugging the edge of his shirt so the fabric rubbed.

"You're going to rub them raw." Gus went over to one of the drawers in the kitchen and pulled out a pair of padded cuffs.

"I..." He backed away a step, cock starting to fill even as his brain fought.

"Yes, you," agreed Gus. His hands were taken. "You touch them one more time and I will cuff you for the rest of the day."

He moaned, shook his head. "I don't like the cuffs."

He loved Gus' hands, loved how Gus held him, but the cuffs made him itch, made his heart pound.

"Then leave those poor nipples alone." Gus gave him a stern look and then slid a hand under his shirt, tugging on one of the rings.

"Oh!" He gasped, pulled away, then pressed closer. "Gus!"

Gus purred. "They're so hot."

"They ache and move and I feel them all the time."

"And you must learn to ignore that ache when you are busy doing other things." Gus licked at his ear, tongue tracing the inked vines.

"Busy..." He moaned, head tilted, warmth filling him. "Love that..."

"Love you," murmured Gus in reply, lips nuzzling their way down to his neck and along it.

"Mmm..." He almost purred, melted with pleasure. "Love you."

"Yes, my Precious." Gus grabbed his shirt and tore it open. "Oh, don't you look pretty. Enticing."

His nipples were dark, hard, aching to be touched. Gus bent and licked briefly at each one. He gasped, fingers moving to stroke them, the air on the wet flesh driving him mad.

Gus growled and grabbed his hands, pushed them behind his back and held them there. "I said, don't touch."

"I can't help it." He was arched, exposed, vibrating.

"Then we shall make it so that you cannot touch." The big hand holding his twisted his wrists slightly and then he felt the cuffs click on, Gus' hand letting him go.

His hands relaxed, the position not uncomfortable, the cuffs well padded. He tugged against the cuffs, struggling, testing. "Gus..."

"Yes, Bastian?" Gus stood and looked down at him.

"I..." He found himself caught in those hazel eyes, trapped.

Gus grinned. "Come on. Let's play." His lover turned, moving off, down the hall, ass swaying in the leather pants Gus had taken to wearing around their apartment.

He followed, fascinated, wanting. It was insane, what that man could do to him. Gus didn't look back once, just went into their playroom and started going through a drawer. Gus knew he was there, though.

"Hook the cuffs over the dealie hanging from the ceiling."

He moaned, moving slowly, eyes on the hook. Once he was attached, he was caught. A flogger hit the top of the dresser, Gus still paying more attention to searching the drawer contents than to him.

He reached the hook, stretching up to attach the cuffs to it. "I love you..."

That got his lover's full attention, Gus' eyes moving over him, a warm smile tugging those lips upward. "I know, Bastian. And I am going to show you how much I love you." The smile and the words eased him, melted him, gentled his nerves.

Gus finally finished fishing through the drawer and he came over, stripping slowly in front of Bastian, then folding his clothes and leaving them in a neat pile on the floor. Gus' body was thick and well-muscled, suited for his job of digging in the earth, constructing. Gus went to his knees in front of Bastian, fingers working open Bastian's pants, tugging them down his legs.

His cock was hard, heavy, bobbing as it was freed. Gus purred, leaning forward to lick at him, almost delicately.

"Oh." His eyes closed, a happy sound sliding from his throat.

His entire cock was licked and then his balls. Gus made a noise and leaned back. "You need to be shaved."

"Why?" His belly went tight, cock bobbing.

Gus looked up at him, one eyebrow going up. "Because I said you do."

"Oh." He blushed, body reaching for Gus, wanting.

Gus chuckled and kissed the tip of his cock. "You will look stunning naked. It will bring balance between your ringed chest and your groin."

"Something else to drive me mad."

"There you go -- not all your focus will be on your nipples." Gus gave him a wink, eyes just twinkling.

"Bitch." He laughed, shook his head. He loved this man more than anything. Ever.

Gus guffawed. "That's not the way to get on my good side." He got another wink, Gus squeezing his balls, just this side of painful.

He groaned, thighs and lips parting in sync. Gus purred and licked at his right nipple before attaching the thin chain to his rings again, tugging on it.

Oh. Sweet. Sharp. Deep. Yes.

"You prefer the chain on, the tugging over just the rings."

"Uh-huh..." His toes curled, hips rocking a bit.

Gus gave the chain a good tug and then reached over to where he'd left a bunch of stuff from the drawer. A weight was attached to the chain and it was set gently swinging.

"Oh. Gus. Love. *Love*." He shook, eyes wide, body pulling away from the sensation.

"Beautiful," murmured Gus, his cock visibly throbbing. One of Gus' hands dropped to that hard prick, tugging. "I think I need to come before we continue. You make me impatient."

His lips parted, hungry, eager as he tugged on the chains. That beautiful cock was his to please.

Gus smiled and kept tugging. "So beautiful. And that mouth. It almost makes me want to take you down, let you pleasure me."

"O...only almost?"

"Yes. Because I am going to shave you and bind you and torture you until you are begging most deliciously." Gus' voice was husky, strained.

"Oh. Oh. Love." He jerked at the cuffs, wanting to touch, to feel.

Gus groaned, hand moving faster, the sound of flesh slapping against flesh loud in the room, the scent of Gus' need growing stronger.

"Beautiful. Want you. Want all of you."

"My Precious," murmured Gus, hips bucking, heat spraying over Bastian's skin.

"Oh..." His head fell back, balls drawing up. "Augie."

Gus' hand slid around the back of his neck and brought his head forward again, hard lips pressing against his. Gus' breath filled his mouth, tongue pushing in. Opening wide, Bastian arched, rubbing against Gus' thigh, Gus' hip. Gus let the kiss continue for several moments and then backed away, fingers flicking Bastian's cock, making it bob, and then flicking the weight on the chain, making it sway.

He groaned, swaying in his bonds, eyes closed as he rocked.

"Stunning," murmured Gus.

That hot tongue licked at his right nipple and then Gus blew on the left. Gus' warmth disappeared. "I'm getting the razor, the shaving cream, and some water, Bastian. I'll only be a moment."

"Only a moment." He smiled, humming low. He watched Gus leave, stretching his shoulders, his arms.

He heard something behind him, a bell, or a buzz, or a tinkling, and he tried to turn, to see what it was.

Everything spun for a moment, the world going grey, and when it righted himself he was no longer suspended, his hands no longer cuffed. In fact, the rings in his nipples were gone and he was balls deep inside tight heat. The body spread out below him was hairless, pale, sheened with sweat.

He gasped, pulled away, shaking his head. "What in the skies?"

The body beneath him shuddered. "Master! Please."

"Master?" Bastian shook his head, eyes going wide as no hair brushed his shoulders. He pushed off the bed, room spinning again.

The man on the bed turned, frowning. "Coby? What's wrong?"

"Coby?" Bastian looked around the room, eyes going wide as his twin's eyes looked back at him in the reflecting glass. "Jacob? What?"

But the face in the reflecting glass only stared back with no answers for him.

CHAPTER FIVE

T'ven

Walt wasn't sure what he'd done wrong, but one moment Coby had been fucking him through the mattress, both of them getting close, the next he'd backed off the bed and was staring at himself in the reflecting glass, looking horror-struck.

"Master? Please, what's wrong?"

"I... I... Oh. Oh, what... I... Who..." He blinked as Coby sat down, hard.

He sat up, pressing close to Coby, looking into those grey-ringed eyes, beginning to worry just a little, as suddenly he couldn't see Coby within them. "Coby? Master? What's wrong?"

"I'm not Jacob. Jacob's my brother. Where am I? What's happened?"

Walt laughed, or at least he tried to, but he didn't think that was very funny, really. "Stop it, Master," he hissed. *"Please."*

"Don't call me that." There was a rising panic in the grey eyes. "My name is Bastian."

"Bastian? Not Sebastian?" Walt shook his head. No. No. No. Sebastian was Coby's twin brother. They had never met, though Walt had seen pictures of the two when they were younger, alike as two peas in a pod. But Sebastian looked different now; he'd seen a more recent picture as well of the man with his lover, and Sebastian had long hair, was more slender and effeminate than Coby.

This couldn't be Sebastian. Coby was playing an evil trick on him.

Coby nodded, hands sliding over the short hair. "Yes. Yes, I'm Sebastian. I was with Augie and then I heard something and I was here."

Walt wrapped his arms around himself. "This isn't funny, Coby."

"I'm not Jacob!" Walt watched his lover push himself off the bed, shaking. "Your commlink. Where is it?"

Walt stood and led the way. He didn't like this game at all. And it wasn't like Coby to be cruel like this. "Here it is in the hall. Right where you left it."

Shaking hands grabbed it, an address typed in. "Augie. Augie, please. Please. I need you."

Walt just watched, angry and hurt.

The big man from the picture of Coby's twin and his lover appeared in the little window. "Who is that?"

"Oh, Augie. Augie, help me." Coby started to cry, real, sincere tears.

"Oh, for fuck's sake. Sebastian, tell this moron that I'm not you!"

Walt started. "Master!" He'd recognize that tone anywhere.

Augie growled. "Bastian? Precious? Don't tell me it's true!"

"Augie! Help me!" Coby... or Sebastian... nodded quickly. "Please. What happened?"

"You're no more useful now than you used to be. Is my Walt okay?"

"Coby! Is that really you? What's going on?" Walt pushed into the frame of the commlink. The man in the picture didn't *look* like his Coby, but he sure sounded like him.

"All right. Everyone be quiet," growled the man called Augie. "Everyone just shut up!"

Walt closed his mouth and shrank automatically against Coby. Sebastian. He straightened a little again and whimpered.

Bastian grabbed his hand, squeezed, scared eyes meeting his own for a moment. "Gus will help."

"You like giving orders. Who did you piss off, Sebastian? What did you do?"

Augie, or Gus, or whoever he was, growled and turned to the man who looked like Sebastian but had to be his Coby. Somehow. "I said, shut the fuck up, or I will bind and gag you, no matter who the fuck you are." Then the big man turned back to the camera. "Precious. Stay calm. I believe you, and we'll figure it out."

Walt swallowed and clung to the fingers in his. He thought that Sebastian was far less scary to be stuck with than that Gus person.

"Okay. Okay, Augie." Sebastian took a deep breath, nodded.

"Bastian did nothing to bring this on. What were *you* doing, Jacob?"

Walt swallowed. Coby didn't let anyone speak to him like that, but Gus was *big* and... Walt squeezed Sebastian's hand. Were those *nipple rings* on his Master's chest?

"I was fucking my lover. Sebastian was playing slave boy, apparently." Coby gave Sebastian a look. "Where is it you live again, brother? Surely there are old witches you can infuriate."

Gus growled. "We live on the civilized side of the planet. Rannalin is the new frontier."

"Obviously." His Master rolled his eyes, and Walt almost smiled.

Almost.

"Don't be mean, Jacob. Please. I just want my body back."

"That's what we all want, Precious. Be calm. Be calm." The big man called Gus made a soft purring noise, but Walt wasn't paying very much attention. He'd just realized what Gus had said. Rannalin. The other side of the planet. Travel visas had been at a premium of late; he'd heard it on the news the other day, people complaining it took months to get permission to travel.

"Give me the fucking comm." Coby grabbed it, looked right at him. "You okay, baby?"

Walt reached out and touched the glass, shaking his head. "No, Coby. I'm not."

"Sebastian's irritating, but he won't hurt you. I promise. I'll find a way home."

Gus growled and pushed Coby out of the way. "He is *not* irritating. *You* are irritating."

The big man turned and smiled at Sebastian. "Jacob is right, though. We will get to you. It is our number one priority. It will be fine, Precious."

"What do I do? What should I do?" Sebastian's eyes were wide.

"You stay safe and well. You and Walter look after each other, be good. I'll check in as often as I can, Precious. You can do this. You are strong."

"But..."

"Don't worry, baby. I'm coming. Don't let Sebastian touch anything." That was Coby to him, and Walt whimpered.

"Come quickly," he whispered.

The last he saw of Coby, that Gus person was growling at him.

Sebastian looked at him, eyes wide. "Hi. I... I'm Bastian. You must be Walter."

He nodded, looking down at their joined hands. "Walt." He didn't know what to do, how to handle this.

"I... It's nice to meet you."

He looked at Bastian, startled. "No, it isn't. I mean. Well, not to be rude, but I want my Coby back."

"I..." Bastian nodded, eyes filling. "Bathroom?"

He led the way to the bathroom, feeling stiff and incomplete, wrong in his skin. He needed to clean the place. He'd been distracted lately, distracted by Coby, and he needed to clean. With this not-his-Coby person not here.

Bastian went in, closed the door, the water turning on almost immediately.

Walt stared at the door for a moment, just looking at it, as if when he opened it, his Coby would come out, and it would have all been a dream or a joke.

It wasn't very funny, though, and the twisting ball in his stomach told him it wasn't a dream.

He turned and went to the kitchen, to the cupboard where he kept the cleaning supplies. And he began to scrub the place clean.

Rannalin

Coby growled, paced, hands clenched at his sides.

What the fuck was this?

What had Sebastian *done* to him?

What the fuck was Sebastian doing living with this *caveman*?

And nipple rings?

Those had to go.

Not to mention the floofy girl hair.

The caveman growled and slapped at his hands. "Don't touch those!"

He blinked. "Fuck off. How do we get to T'ven?"

"Don't tell me to fuck off. That's not your body, you leave it alone!"

"It's not your body either." He glared over, looking down. "If it was mine it wouldn't be so pale."

"Bastian is beautiful. He is elegant and special and keeps his skin soft and lovely. You will not change a thing about his body without my permission. I know what he would want." Gus glared back at him. And he had to admit, coming from someone as big and solid as Gus, it was an effective glare.

"I don't take orders." He did his best to glare back, although Sebastian's eyes weren't nearly as good as his for it.

"That body does," Gus pointed out, hands on hips.

"Fuck you." He turned to storm off, shaking with incipient fury.

"Oh, I don't think so." Gus followed right behind, grabbing his arm and spinning him around. "I don't know what you did to make this happen, but Bastian is *mine*. This body is *mine*, and you will not do a thing to it. A single thing. Without my express permission. And if I have to keep you chained up to make it so, then so be it!"

"I am *not* Sebastian!" He tore out of the strong hold, growling himself. "He's got *my* body and *my* lover and *my* life and I will have it back!"

"Yes, but storming around here isn't going to do that. And you need to learn some manners."

"Are you real?" The man was insane.

One eyebrow went up, and then his arm was grabbed again and he was dragged back into the room where he'd first found himself in Sebastian's body.

"What the fuck are you *doing*?" He fought, pulling, struggling. Stupid Sebastian. Stupid weak Sebastian.

"Getting you out of my hair," growled Sebastian's bear of a man.

Gus put him in a headlock, wrapped a length of leather around his wrists and then strung him up from that damned hook.

"Let me go, you *bastard*! We have to figure a way out of this! We have to go get Walt." The man was insane.

"I will."

Gus went over to a dresser that was pushed up against the wall, opening one of the drawers and pulled something out. The next thing he knew, a ball gag was being pushed into his mouth, Gus tying it tightly around his head.

"Ah. Peace and quiet. Now maybe I can do something about this."

And with that, Gus walked out.

Motherfucker!

Coby tugged at the leather, growling low as it just tightened. Damn it straight to hell.

He started twisting, turning, working the hook loose, then using his body to unscrew it. When he got it down he was burying the fucking hook in the back of big, bad and ugly's skull.

He almost had the fucker loose, too, when fucking Gus walked back in, black shirt and pants almost respectable. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Gus growled and went back to that damned dresser, pulling out a pair of cuffs. The big guy got them around his wrists, making sure they were good and tight before unhooking his hands and attaching them to chains -- fucking *chains*, what the fuck had Sebastian gotten himself into? -- that hung from the ceiling.

"Stay fucking put, Jacob. You need to learn some respect."

His eyes went wide and he growled. Oh, just wait until he got loose. He'd show the big prick respect.

"I've called in some favors. We've got a travel pass, but we can't leave until next month. And before you get your nose out joint, the usual wait is six months. We'll be traveling by train in a private car -- seven weeks altogether, as long as nothing breaks down."

Gus glared at him. "I'm going to take the gag out, but you give me any more guff and it goes right back in."

His growling was derailed by the thought. Seven weeks?

Oh, his poor Walt.

The gag came out. "I've let Bastian know. No one answered the phone at your place so I left a message. I hope they're all right. And I don't like it any more than you do, but I pulled in every favor I had."

"Walt won't last seven weeks. I know Sebastian. He won't be able to handle it."

"He hasn't much choice, Jacob. And Bastian is far stronger than you know. You think being a sub is all about weakness?"

He rolled his eyes. "I'm not talking about a sub. I'm talking about my brother."

Gus was back to glaring, arms crossed, back stiff. "Bastian is not weak. What's wrong with your Walt that he needs to be *handled*?"

"Nothing's *wrong* with him. He just... He needs someone strong to focus on." He held out his... Bastian's... hands. "Untie me."

"I don't think so." Gus looked smug. "I think you need to learn what it's like to walk a few weeks in Bastian's shoes." Gus leaned in close. "You're traveling as him after all, and he's listed as my sub in our papers. We're legal."

Coby's eyes went wide. "Legal? You took him on a permanent basis?"

"We took each other. Yes."

"Why?" Sebastian was a little whiner at best, and a royal pain in the ass all the rest of the time.

"I don't know that it is *any* of your business, Jacob, but I will let you earn the right to ask me questions about the nature of my relationship with your twin."

His eyebrow rose up. "Excuse me?"

"No, I don't believe I shall excuse you. From now on, you will be punished for every infraction, every time you talk back to me or disobey me. You will learn to be Bastian. And in doing so, you will learn to respect him."

"No fucking way." There wasn't anyone in the universe he'd rather *not* be. "I am *not* Sebastian. Not at all."

"A plug, I think, to start," said Gus, as if he had not even heard. "Not too big, though Bastian would prefer a larger one."

Gus went again to the dresser of evil and pulled out a chrome plug.

"I said, no, you prick."

"No, I don't think you deserve my prick yet."

The plug was pushed into his mouth, effectively gagging him, Gus' hazel eyes hard as they stared into his own. "I suggest you work up some spit for it, Jacob. I'll prepare you, but I'm not lubing up the plug."

He screamed around the plug, tensing up to kick at Gus, to threaten him. He didn't get fucked, damn it.

Gus opened the ridiculous pants he was wearing, tugging them down his legs. "If you relax, it'll go easier."

He struggled and kicked, cursing his brother with everything he was.

"Do I need to chain your ankles as well?" Gus asked him sharply.

He screamed again, furious and wanting nothing more than his own home, his own body, his Walt.

"All right, if that's how you want to play it."

Gus fetched cuffs for his ankles, attached them to yet more chains, leaving him hanging, spread and naked. Absolutely vulnerable.

His ass was slapped, Gus settling behind him. He could feel the man's breath against his cheeks. He tensed, pulled away, but Sebastian's body knew Gus' touch, Gus' presence. Gus moaned softly, the sound pained and then his cheeks were parted, something hot and wet licking at him.

His mind protested; Sebastian's body acquiesced. It scared him, the way this body moved.

"That's it, Bastian," murmured Gus. "Let me in, Precious." Gus' tongue pierced him, huge hands on his hips pulling him back into the penetration.

He shook, breath huffing from him. He wanted his Walter, his baby, close and safe and dear. Again and again, Gus' tongue slid into his ass, spreading him open, making him wet. Jacob fought the pleasure, but Sebastian was wired for it, needed it. It seemed to go on and on, his prick going hard as Gus pressed deeper and deeper. Finally one big hand wrapped around his prick, tugging firmly.

He shook his head, fighting it with all he was,

One big thumb pressed into his slit and there was a growl. "Come."

Sebastian's body jerked, balls emptying on the command. Jacob groaned, gasped, tugged at the chains.

"Beautiful," murmured Gus, hands sliding along his thighs, his ass, and then two slick fingers slid into him, continuing the job of stretching that Gus' tongue had begun.

He had never been entered, never allowed it, but Sebastian's body was eager for it, accepting.

Gus stood, voice at his ear. "I will fuck you now, leave my seed inside you. The plug will make sure it stays there."

Everything within him went tight and panicked at the familiar words, the words that so comforted Walt.

Gus' prick felt huge against his ass, against his crack and then against his hole. "Breathe, I do not wish to hurt you."

He struggled, tugging and pulling until Sebastian's skin tore, rivulets of blood sliding down his arms.

"Beast! That is not your body." Gus' prick pushed into him with the words, insistent, undeniable. Thick and huge and inside him.

He went still, suddenly terrified, deeply frightened.

Gus pushed all the way in, stretched him impossibly. Once Gus' hips were pressed against his ass, the muscled chest hot against his back, Gus' hands began to slide over his chest, fingers tugging the rings in his nipples, stroking over his belly, teasing his cock.

"That's better," murmured Gus, voice tender. "Just be still and let me love you, my Precious."

He took a shaky breath, keening, eyes rolling. He wasn't Sebastian. He was Jacob. This body wasn't *his*.

"Sh, sh," murmured Gus, beginning to move, filling him again and again. The penetration became easier as Gus moved, as his body stretched around the girth of Gus' cock.

Jacob shook and shuddered, completely overwhelmed. Was it only a few hours ago he was buried balls-deep in his baby and all was right with the world?

Gus' vocalizations soon became little more than whimpers and groans, those big hands on his hips again, tugging him into each thrust, shifting him until Gus found his gland and began to peg it over and over again.

He looked up, focused on the blood drying on his wrists. No, the blood drying on Sebastian's wrists.

That big hand found Sebastian's cock again, pulling the hardness with a practiced hand, cock still working his gland. Sebastian's body was going to come again, responding to Gus like a well-oiled machine.

He wondered, suddenly, if Walt's body would respond to Sebastian.

It was with that thought that his body convulsed, coming hard around the thick cock inside him. Gus roared, heat filling Coby for the first time in his life.

He shook, filled with a dull fear, a distant fury.

The plug was ripped from his mouth, the cock inside him slipping away only to be replaced with the unyielding plug.

Gus sighed, forehead resting against his shoulder. "Bastian. My precious. Tell me it is you. Please."

"Get away from me."

Gus sighed again, hands dropping away, heat leaving him. The big man sat on the bed in the corner of the room, regarding him. "You are not Bastian."

He growled, rolled his eyes. "No. Sebastian has my body, my lover, my life."

"And you have his. Have you always been this selfish?"

"Have you always been so insufferable, or did constant contact with my brother make you so?"

"I *will* gag you again, Jacob. Do not doubt it for a moment."

"Let me go. I am not yours." Bastard. Fucker. Prick. Asshole. He was going to kill Sebastian as soon as he had his body back.

"And what are you going to do if I let you go, Jacob? That body does not belong to you. I will not let you damage it."

"I have more of a claim on it than you do."

"Your prints are Bastian's. The law will say you are him."

"And?" He lifted his chin, glared.

"Then you are mine, not Jacob's." Gus glared at him. "I just want my lover back -- don't make this harder than it needs to be."

"You think I don't? My Walt needs me." He tugged on the chains, shoulders aching.

"Then work with me instead of against me. Instead of insisting on insulting your twin."

"You haven't given me the opportunity to work with you."

Gus raised an eyebrow. That was still so fucking annoying. "You began with the invective and negative comments about Bastian from the start."

"Sebastian is my twin. If anyone can pass judgment on him, I can." He could raise his... Sebastian's eyebrows, too.

"But you have not seen him for years. You cannot pass judgment on what you no longer know."

"And do you know him? Do you know how he was?"

"I know who he *is*."

Jacob just looked over. He'd known Sebastian at his worst -- hooked on cappers, the little drugs driving him constantly, destroying their life.

Gus rolled his eyes. "You are a hard, unyielding man. Bastian told me as much."

Gus stood , then knelt to begin to remove the cuffs from his ankles, big hands rubbing, massaging where the cuffs had dug into his skin. "It would do you good to walk in his shoes, truly walk in them for these weeks we are bound together."

"I just want my Walt. He's special, delicate, he needs to be cared for."

"Bastian will care for him until get there. Have faith in your twin, Jacob. In your lover." Gus stood, tsking at the sight of the blood on his arms. "You must take more care."

"What if this body is mine now?" First thing he'd do was get rid of the girly hair.

Gus shuddered and shook his head. "No. No, we will find a way to switch you back." The big fingers slid to his ear, tracing the delicate vine inked there. Coby'd almost forgotten about that.

He sighed. "I hope so. I want my own self back."

Gus nodded, eyes sad, face tender as the stroking at his ear continued. "I do not wish to war with you, Jacob. We have the same goal."

"Gus? I have been fucked. I have your seed inside me. I have been plugged. Before tonight I had never..." He sighed, stepped away. "I need to shower and sleep. Tomorrow we have to figure out what to do. Where is Sebastian's bed?"

Gus' hand slid over his cheek. "Bastian and I sleep together, Jacob. And I would never abandon him after a scene. I won't abandon you either; I will hold you through the night. Never? You should have said so, I would have been more gentle, though Bastian's body knew my touch well enough."

That same betraying body leaned into the touch, and Jacob had to force himself to stop.

"Come to bed, Jacob. Let us find solace in sleep."

He nodded, sighed. "My poor Walt."

All alone.

With Sebastian.

"Yes. My poor Bastian, as well. At least they have each other. As do we."

Gus took his hand and led him down the hall to a room with an enormous bed. The covers were pulled back, bed unmade.

"My bed is smaller. Walt likes to snuggle..."

"I usually curl around Bastian. The size is merely to accommodate both my girth and our tendency to... roll about when we aren't sleeping."

Jacob nodded, moving slowly, feeling suddenly fragile, frightened. Gus put him in the bed and turned off the lights, climbing in and wrapping around him before pulling up the covers. It was oddly comforting, having Gus' weight and heat around him.

He sighed, closed his eyes, then opened them. "The plug..."

"Leave it in until morning." Gus kissed the back of his neck, hand heavy on his hip.

"I..." He sighed, relaxed into the mattress, mind on his Walt, on his lover.

Gus' hand petted him, the touch reassuring. "Sleep."

He nodded, heart pounding, everything slowing.

CHAPTER SIX

T'ven

Bastian cried until he felt empty, then he showered, washing Jacob's body carefully. He didn't know what to do.

He didn't know this man Jacob lived with.

He didn't know Jacob's job.

He didn't know anything.

Exhaustion finally drove him out of the bathroom and back into Jacob's flat.

The scent of bleach hit him right away, and he found Walt on his hands and knees in the kitchen, scrubbing the cleanest tiles he'd ever seen, hands red and raw, muttering to himself.

"I. Uh. Hello? Do... Do you need help?"

Walt jumped, nearly knocking over his bucket. "Oh! Hi. I... No." Walt shook his head, eyes red-rimmed. "No, I clean. It's what I do. I keep the place clean for my Master. Um. Coby."

"I know how to clean. Do you work? I mean, outside?" He bent down, took a sponge and started helping.

Walt eeped. "You need to wash your hands first!"

The sponge was taken from him, Walt putting it into the disposal and getting rid of it.

"There's enough bleach in here to kill *anything* and I just got out of the shower."

Jacob's lover was insane.

Walt shook his head and lined up the clean sponges on the counter. "You wash your hands and then you pick up the sponge. That's the way it works. Wash. Pick up. Scrub. It's simple really. If you can't do it right, I don't need your help. I don't need your help anyway, you know. I take care of Coby, I clean."

"Okay." He backed away, hands up. "Is there a guest room where I can sleep tonight?"

Walt nodded. "We have a guest room, yes. We've never had a guest before, though."

Walt started rubbing the nails of one hand along the back of his other hand, as if scrubbing. "But it's there. At the end of the hall. Behind our room. Coby's and mine. I don't like sleeping alone." Walt's eyes filled with tears and he blinked hard.

"Me either. You're hurting yourself."

"What?" Walt looked at him, frowning.

"Your hand. You're hurting yourself. You shouldn't." Jacob would fuss. Jacob *always* fussed.

Walt looked down at his hands. "Oh! Oh, Master doesn't like me doing that." The eyes that met his again were stricken, panicked.

Bastian clucked a little and reached down and took Walt's hands. "It will be okay. Honest. I promise."

Walt squeezed his hands tight. "Do you think so? I need him."

"I do. They -- Jacob and Gus? They'll come." He helped Walt up, hugged him. "They will."

Walt leaned against him and took a great, sobbing breath. "They have to, Sebastian. I can't... I'll do the hand thing again. And. And. Things get unclear without Coby. It isn't good at all."

"They will, yeah? I promise. And I'll help until they do, okay? I will." He held Walt tight, petted the shaking back. "We can be friends."

"I would like that, Sebastian. Thank you." Walt looked up at him, looking vulnerable with the bald head and tear-drowned eyes. "You aren't anything like I expected."

"No? What did you expect?" He led Walt away from the bleach and the cleansers, towards the bedroom.

"Someone more... flaky. Coby said you were addicted to cappers and stuff." Walt flashed him an apologetic look.

"I used to be. A long time ago. Augie -- my lover? He helped me." Saved him.

Walt nodded. "Coby helps me. I would be crazy now if it weren't for him."

"Well, we'll just have to help each other until Jacob and Augie come, right?" He could do that. Help Walt. Let Walt help him.

Walt nodded again, holding on tight to his hands. "Do you think... I don't think I could bear to sleep alone knowing that he's on the other side of the planet. Especially when his body is right here."

"Well, then, let's cuddle together, yeah? I don't want to wake up alone, either."

Walt gave him a long, scared look, then those eyes closed. "Okay. We need to change the sheets first."

The bedroom they walked into was impeccable, the simple double bed mattress fitted with plain sheets that boasted hospital corners. "I sat on it earlier," Walt told him. "It needs to be redone."

Walt ripped the sheets off, throwing them down the laundry chute and taking a new set out of a small cupboard. The sheets were neatly folded and covered in plastic.

"Do you want my help?" He wasn't sure if he would upset Walt or not.

"Coby usually leaves me to it. Maybe, you could dispose of the wrapper?" Walt held out the plastic the sheets had been wrapped in as if offering a very important honor.

"Okay. I can do that. Is it okay to have some juice? I'm very thirsty."

"Oh! Yes, please. Are you hungry? I can make you some supper. I cook for Coby. I'm pretty good at it. I try very hard to make it like the fancy places. He likes that."

"I haven't eaten. I don't cook much. I get distracted." He offered Walt a smile. "Do you like to cook?"

Walt shrugged. "Some things. Some things are good, clean and easy. Some things are very messy. I don't like cooking them so much."

"Well, then. We should only make good, clean and easy." He winked at Walt.

Walt gave him a smile, looking more at ease than he had yet. "Let me make the bed and then I'll make you something to eat, show you where the clean glasses are, the juice."

"Okay, thank you." He disposed of the wrapping, watching Walt work.

The bed was quickly and efficiently made, Walt smoothing down the edges, turning under the corners sharply. Walt examined it critically before nodding. "Yes. That will do."

"It's very neat." He nodded, smiled. Their bed at home only got made on laundry day.

Walt nodded happily and took his hand, leading him back down to the kitchen. "Oh. I haven't finished cleaning. We could order something?"

Walt collected the sponges on the counter and opened a cupboard that housed a small machine with the words "Porta-Sterilizer" on the top.

"Whatever you'd like. I'm really not a picky person." Scattered? Yes. Scared? Yes. Picky? Not so much.

Walt nodded and put the sponges into the sterilizer before punching in an order on the commlink. Then two glasses were taken from a cupboard, filled to exactly the three-quarter mark. "Here you go. You should wash your hands before drinking."

"Okay. Here in the sink?" So many rules. Too many. It was making him itchy.

Walt nodded. "Yes. Good. Coby sometimes makes things a mess and tells me to ignore it. If you asked I would try. You have his body. I could pretend it was him."

"No. I'm not Jacob. I'd rather you just let me be me. I'll try not to make any messes." He went to wash his hands, making sure to use soap.

"Okay." Walt watched him from beneath his eyelashes, trying not to be obvious about it, Bastian assumed.

He washed as well as he could, then smiled over at Walt. "This okay?"

Walt nodded. "Yes. Yes. Drink. The food will be here soon."

He took the glass and drank deep, eyes going wide. "Oh! This is *good*! What kind of juice is this?"

Walt beamed. "Organic ganafruit. Without pulp. Pulp is nasty. Leaves those little bits all over the glass."

"It's very good. Thank you." He finished his juice, draining the glass dry. "I'll have to get some for Augie."

"Tell me about your Augie."

"Oh. Oh, he's very tall and wide and gentle, but firm. He loves me." Sebastian's smile turned tremulous. "He helps me."

Walt suddenly was hugging him. "Like Coby helps me."

"Yes." He wrapped his arms around Walt, holding tight.

Walt shook a little, sniffed. "I'm sorry. I miss you. Him. Coby."

"Yeah. Yeah. I miss my Augie, my big bed, my hair."

Walt looked up at him, hand sliding over his head. "You have hair. I do not. You *do*."

"My body? Has hair down to my behind. *Very* long." He found a smile for Walt, a real one.

Walt's eyes went wide and then he shook his hair. "Coby would hate that."

"I hope Gus doesn't let him cut mine. It's important to me." Very.

Walt bit his lip but only nodded.

"Can... Can I touch your head? It looks so *smooth*."

Walt nodded. "Would you mind washing... No. Go ahead." He was given a watery smile.

"I can wash my hands again, if you want. Friends, right?"

"No, Coby wouldn't. And they're his hands." Walt tilted his head, offering over the bald pate.

Sebastian reached out, touching so carefully, so gently. "Oh.... Walt. It's soft!"

"Coby puts cream on it. Every night." A soft tremor went through Walt. "Maybe... maybe you could do it tonight?"

"Yes. Yes, I could do that. Does it help you sleep?"

"Coby helps me sleep."

He nodded. "Augie helps me sleep, too."

A buzzer sounded, making Walt jump. "Food, that is your food."

"Aren't you going to eat, too?" He followed Walt to the main room, at a loss as to what to do.

"Oh, no. I take nutrition capsules. Well, Coby makes me eat food, but when he's not here, I take nutrition capsules." Walt started to rub his fingernails along his hand again. "Are you going to make me eat?"

"Do you want me to?" He twined their fingers together again.

"I don't know." Walt looked up at him, holding onto his hands tightly.

"Well, you can share with me. That's sort of half and half."

Walt frowned a moment and then nodded. "Yes, that would work." He was given a hug. "I'm so glad you're here, Sebastian. If it cannot be my Master, I'm glad it is you."

"Yes. I promise that we'll be friends even after all this is fixed."

Walt smiled at him and gave him another hug before going to let the food in.

There was another production of cleaning a place for each of them at the table and their plates, the food containers wiped down with alcohol swabs. But finally the food was on their plates, the lion's share on his, and he and Walt were seated.

"This all smells very good." He settled, smiled, started eating, encouraging Walt to take a few bites.

Walt did, cutting everything into little tiny pieces before placing them, one at a time, into his mouth and chewing. He thought maybe that Walt was actually counting as he chewed.

Still, it wasn't the strangest meal he'd ever had. No one was in cuffs. Or plugged. Or gagged. Or...

Oh, he *missed* Augie.

Walt only ate a bit before putting his food in the garbage disposal and washing his plate and knife and fork before putting them in the sterilizer.

"I'm not very hungry," Walt told him apologetically, looking as lost as Bastian felt.

"Yeah. This is really weird. Does... does Jacob work for a company? Does he have sick leave?" Bastian didn't even know what Jacob *did* anymore.

"Oh, he does commission work. I don't know what clients he's got or where he's supposed to be tomorrow... Oh, no. What if he loses commissions because of this?"

"We'll contact them tomorrow, ask Jacob what to do. I... I have commissions, too. I know how it works."

"Oh, good. Good." Walt came over and hugged him again. "Will you come to bed now? I'm exhausted, but I don't think I could lie down by myself. I need Coby."

"Oh. Okay. Sure. Sure I will." He stood, washed his plate and hands and poured another glass of juice.

Walt put his plate into the sterilizer and wiped down the table with a bleach spray.

After his glass was disposed of, Walt swept the floor. "I guess I don't need to scrub it..."

"Let's go snuggle. My head hurts." He winked over at Walt. "Not enough hair."

Walt actually giggled and took his hand, squeezing it as they headed down the impeccably clean hall to the impeccably clean bedroom with its normal size, and so small, bed.

"Which side is yours?"

"Wherever Coby puts me. Usually beneath him."

"Oh." Bastian blinked, then grinned. "Me, too."

"Oh. Well we can't both go underneath each other." Walt sighed, hand coming out to slide along his cheek. "You are exactly like him, until I look in your eyes."

"I'm sorry." He took another hug, stepping closer. "I wish this hadn't happened."

Walt nodded, leaning against him. "Me, too. I need my Coby."

"Well, we'll just have to be busy and strong until they come for us." Because Augie would come before he got himself into too much trouble.

"Yes. I was hoping it would be tonight, but we'll be fine another day or two." Walt nodded again, more to himself, Bastian thought. "Do you want me to undress you?"

"No. I can do it." He pulled off his shirt, his pants. "Where do they go?"

"Folded and bagged and down the laundry chute." Walt showed him where the bags were and the chute, undressing himself as well.

He finished and then slid into the bed, cheek on the pillow. He wanted his Augie. Now. Instead he got Walt, small and smooth, fitting into him like this body was made for just that purpose. He wrapped Walt in his arms, holding the thin body close. Walt shook for a moment and then slowly calmed, settling against him, hands clutching.

"It'll be okay, Walt. I promise. I do."

He held his own shivers back until Walt's snores sounded.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Rannalin

Gus woke slowly, his arms full of Bastian, his prick rubbing against the warm hollow at the base of Bastian's back.

He'd had the most bizarre and unsettling dream, his Bastian switched for his twin brother Jacob. Gus shivered. What a nightmare.

This, though, this warm, pliant body in his arms, plugged, ready for him, oh, this dream he did not ever want to wake from. He reached down, fingers sliding to jostle and play with the base of the plug buried in Bastian's ass.

"What the fuck?" Bastian jerked away, shaking, and suddenly he knew -- it hadn't been a dream.

He cried out before he could stop himself, fingers grasping for the disappearing body automatically, drawing not-Bastian closer.

"Bastian," he whispered, needing, wanting.

"I'm not him. I'm Jacob." The familiar voice was devastated.

He nodded, choking on his own disappointment. He rolled away, arm over his eyes to block the morning's sun.

Jacob slid from the bed, heading to the bathroom, shower starting.

Gus indulged himself for a few moments, wallowing in self-pity and hurt, and then he cleared his throat and hauled himself out of the bed and went to join Bas-Jacob in the shower. Someone needed to remove the plug and perhaps he could convince Jacob to practice his blow job technique. After all, it *was* Bastian's body, his Bastian's lovely mouth...

"Need some help with your hair and the plug?" he asked, joining Jacob under the spray.

"Going to shave this mass off. Look at the *tangles*." Jacob rolled his eyes a little, almost smiling.

"We should call Walt and Sebastian. Make sure they're okay. I'm worried about Walt."

"We should, and, no, you aren't. I'll wash it for you and brush it after." He smiled, warming at the memories of doing Bastian's hair. "I always do it for Bastian. And then he sucks me off." He let his prick nudge Jacob's back, hinting.

Jacob snorted. "You're not the most subtle man in the universe, are you?"

"Subtle doesn't work with Bastian. He likes to be told what to do." And Gus had never been good at subtle anyway, but he was *trying* to keep the pout out of his voice.

Jacob laughed. "No. No, subtle has *never* worked with Bastian."

Gus chuckled and grabbed the shampoo. "Let me take care of your hair first."

He poured a generous amount of the soap into his palm and started to work it into Bastian's hair, humming a little as he did it, idly rubbing his prick against Bastian's back. Jacob's back. Whatever.

Jacob moaned low. "Oh... That's nice..."

He nodded. Bastian loved having his hair done. "I understand the brushing is even better." His fingers worked Jacob's skull, massaging, rubbing.

Jacob groaned, leaned into his touch. "That feels so good."

Gus grunted and kept it up, rubbing a little more seriously against Jacob's back, too, that spot right above the ass that was made for his prick. Jacob rubbed back – ah, so the man wasn't without needs, after all.

And Gus had a feeling once Jacob was emptied of the plug, the man was going to need to be filled again, so he started rinsing the glorious hair and let his other hand drift down, fingers grasping the base of the plug. "Let's get this out of you," he murmured, tugging on it.

"Oh." The sound was shocked, a little aroused, a little worried.

"It'll stretch as it comes out, shouldn't hurt." He kept tugging, pulling insistently when the tight ring of muscles didn't want to let the widest part through. Then the plug was out, Jacob's hole almost snapping shut behind it. "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

Jacob was gasping, panting. "No. No."

"Are you empty now, Jacob? Do you need?" he asked softly, fingers sliding along Jacob's crack, pressing gently against the very hot little hole.

"Oh." Jacob gasped, "So fucking sensitive."

Gus purred, let his finger push right into Jacob's body, testing the heat, testing Jacob's willingness.

"I don't bottom." Gus smiled; no, but Bastian's body knew what it needed, what it expected in the mornings.

"You don't need? You aren't empty?" he asked quietly, letting one finger become two, sliding them deep, finding that sweet spot.

Jacob arched, pushing back, took him in. "Not anymore."

He chuckled, the sound husky. Fingers still working, he kissed Jacob's neck, licked at the water on the fine skin.

"Do you let Sebastian fuck you?"

"Sebastian doesn't want to fuck me. He wants to get fucked." He pushed in another finger, moaning at the tightness, the heat, almost perfect.

Another of those soft, gasping laughs sounded. "Someone has a sense of humor, switching us. We should visit a healer, a psychic, a priest."

"Yes. But this first." He pulled his fingers away and lined up his cock, letting Jacob's own motions draw him in.

Jacob gasped, went still for a moment, shivered. He stroked Jacob's sides, fingers sliding warmly. "It is yours for the taking," he murmured.

"Mine?" Jacob stretched, Bastian's body welcoming him.

"This." He pushed in the rest of the way, cock head nudging against Jacob's gland.

"Oh." Jacob arched, hips rocking, keeping Gus' cock right where Jacob wanted it.

"Yes," he growled, hand going around Jacob's hip, circling the familiar cock.

So different; Bastian begged for him, fought, then yielded. Jacob took, worked him. It was nice, for a change, but at the same time it was a brutal reminder that this was not his sweet Bastian.

Jacob groaned, body squeezing him tight.

"Yeah, that's it. You know you need it." He moved faster, taking over a little, pushing Jacob.

"Fuck. Fuck." Jacob stretched up, shaking.

"It's okay, I've got you." He purred, growled a little, hands soothing along Jacob's sides, but he didn't let up, just kept pushing into Jacob over and over.

Jacob was responsive, growling back, head tossing.

"Yeah. Yeah. Brace your arms on the tile," he warned, starting to really thrust into Jacob, letting him just have it.

The body was familiar, welcoming, the words pouring from Jacob demanding and filthy. He was going to have to gag the man next time. It didn't stop him from getting off, though, his hips snapping hard, his hand going to wrap around Jacob's prick as he got close.

Jacob groaned, head ducking as he came, prick jerking. That sweet ass squeezed tight around him and Gus roared, coming hard deep inside Jacob's body. He leaned against the smooth, familiar back, panting, hand still wrapped proprietarily around Jacob's prick.

Jacob relaxed, breath slowing.

Gus purred and slipped slowly out before soaping up his hands and washing Jacob down. The body was Bastian's through and through, pushing into his touches, turning this way and that as he cleaned.

"You have fabulous hands."

Gus grinned. Bastian certainly thought so. Had right from the start. "So I've been told."

"So what are you and Bastian into? I mean, if you're legal, you can play any games you want."

"And we do. You saw the playroom. The nipple rings are new." He slid his soapy fingers over them.

Jacob jumped, shuddered. "I can't believe Sebastian leaves them in."

"He is a very sensual man, your twin. The more sensation the better."

He tugged Jacob into the spray of water, using his hands to help the water sluice the soap from the familiar planes. He sighed, pushing the long hair back. "There is a psychic who works near the piercing shop. We can go see her this evening -- she only works at night."

Jacob nodded. "We should call Walt and Sebastian, check on them both."

"Definitely. As soon as we are dry and dressed. I should find out who needs to be informed that Bastian's latest commissions will be a little late."

He washed himself quickly and then hustled them both out of the shower, acting as he would if this really were Bastian. He towed the familiar body off, and placed kisses on each nipple, the tip of Jacob's cock and the small dip just beside his hip.

"I hope that Sebastian is deserving of the care you offer him." Jacob's lips turned in a sardonic smile.

Gus growled. "We are getting on so well, Jacob. Don't ruin it."

"Sorry -- I know a much different man, one that caused nothing but sorrow and anger, and he has my lover with him."

"That is not the man I know, the man I love. Bastian will care for your lover. You'll see."

He led Jacob back to the bedroom and went to Bastian's drawers, pulling out a pair of leather pants and a bright silk shirt. "Here. This is what you will wear."

"Gus." Jacob looked over, eyes serious. "I am not a sub."

"But you are in Bastian's body, and he is a sub, and when we go to see the psychic you will be expected to wear certain things, to act a certain way." He tilted his head, considered. "I cannot live with another top. You will have to adapt."

"Why don't you adapt? Why must I?" The belligerent lines were back around Jacob's mouth.

Gus felt his spine go stiff. "Because *you* are the one who has taken over Bastian's body."

"No... Sebastian took *my* body. I'm an innocent bystander."

Gus snorted. "He did not -- I can assure you of that!"

"Well, I *certainly* didn't want to be stuck in here. I haven't spoken to Sebastian in almost a decade!"

Amazing. Jacob and Bastian had the same tone, that mixture of shock and disbelief. Of course, when Bastian used it, they were usually about to embark on some sexual exploit that left them both exhausted and sated, wrapped happily around one another.

"The fact remains that you are in his body, and in our home, and while you are here, you will have to live by our rules. I am sure that Bastian is doing the same in your body at your home."

Jacob's eyes grew wide, then a slow fury built in them and the man stalked out, heading straight for the commlink.

Gus growled, dressing himself in his leathers before following. He truly hoped the psychic could help them, because this man who had taken over Bastian's body was deeply insufferable, and he was going to wind up strung up in the playroom for the duration of the wait if he didn't learn to control himself.

"...you so much as *mark* him, and I'll have your head, Sebastian. Do you understand?"

Bastian nodded, sighed. "I'm just trying to keep him safe, Jacob. Can I talk to Augie?"

"Where the fuck is he? Where's Walt?"

"You don't get to talk to him that way," Gus growled, grabbing the back of Jacob's shirt and tugging him away from the commlink unit. "Precious. Are you all right?"

"Augie." Those eyes searched his, panic hidden within them. "Oh, I want to come home. Tell me I can come home."

"We're doing what we can, Precious. We see a psychic this evening. If not, it is seven weeks. You have the strength to do it, Bastian. You can be that strong. For me." He reached out to stroke the screen. "When you are back where you belong, I will give you a night you will never forget."

"Seven weeks." Bastian looked horrified.

"Think you can stay away from the cappers that long?" Jacob's voice was nasty.

Bastian's cheeks heated, turning a fiery red. "Walter would like to talk to Jacob."

Then the comm was handed over to a hairless, trembling man.

It was only the obvious distress in Walter that kept Gus from doing something severe to Jacob. He was going to kill the man. No. That was Bastian's body, so he was only going to make Jacob wish he were dead.

"C...coby? Seven weeks? Please, that's not what he said, was it?"

Jacob's entire focus changed. "Walt? Baby? I'm going to be there as soon as I can. We're going to someone tonight who might help. Seven weeks is the *latest*. Is Sebastian being decent to you?"

Walt nodded, fingers of one hand scraping at the back of another. "He's been very patient, Coby. He's not you, but it hasn't been too awful."

"Well, don't let him sell anything, and don't eat anything he cooks. You just keep it together and don't *hurt* yourself, do you understand? You belong to me and I'm coming."

Gus growled and this time he grabbed Jacob's arm, twisting it behind his back. "Another insinuation, or worse, about Bastian and I will have you gagged and leave you that way until you are again my Precious."

Walt's eyes got very big, his fingers digging into the skin of his hand.

"Hey. Hey, Walt. Don't hurt yourself, yeah? They're just being big dogs at each other." Bastian came into view, fingers stroking Walt's hands, eyes glaring into the comm. "Come on, you two. Tell Walt you're just fucking around."

Gus growled again and gave Jacob an arch look. He would say his Bastian was indeed taking care of Walter. "Tell them what they want to hear, Jacob," he hissed.

"Come on, baby. Don't fret. We're just messing around." Jacob looked at Walt, eyes sure. "I'm coming for you; you *have* to hold it together."

Gus let go of Jacob's arm and managed a smile for Walter, and a warmer, truer one for his Bastian. "You're taking good care of him, Precious -- you see how strong you are? You can do this."

"I'll try. I... I'll try. I hate it here. I do. What do I tell your boss, Jacob? What should I say?"

"Nothing. I'll write them from my account. Family emergency. I'm owed time."

"What about you, Bastian?"

"I... I just finished the big job and was caught up. I need to write an article for the trade magazine, but I can do that here."

"All right, that's fine, then." Gus looked at Bastian's eyes in Jacob's body and smiled. "I love you, Precious."

"I know. Come get me. Please." Bastian gave him a smile. "I'm trying to be good."

"I will get you. With any luck, I'll have you home in your body by night's end."

"I hope so. Have a good day, Augie. I'll be thinking of you." He got a tremulous smile, then the commlink went blank.

It was a little devastating to turn to the body of his lover with the eyes of another man. "We have several hours wait before the psychic will be open."

"And what do you and Bastian do for fun that doesn't involve perversion?"

Gus chuckled and winked. "Well, now, Jacob, if it doesn't involve perversion, it isn't usually very much fun." He went to a cupboard and pulled down the beautiful pieces and board Bastian had made for backgammon. "Do you play?"

"I did, once upon a time. The board is beautiful."

"Bastian's work. He's nearly unbeatable, though I try often enough, and occasionally give him a challenge." Gus set the board up. "I will enjoy winning for a change."

Jacob's eyebrow raised. "Sebastian's never beaten me at anything. Would you care to wager on the game?"

"What kind of a wager?" Gus asked, wondering if Jacob was a better bluffer than Bastian, who sucked at that particular skill.

"What's your pleasure?" Jacob sat easily, pushing the long hair back with a growl.

"A blow job." He wanted that mouth. He always wanted that mouth, and though he could take it, he wanted it offered, as Bastian would. Or at least as Jacob would if he were doing his best.

"And when I win?" Cocky little bastard.

"I believe a blow job is what's on the table."

He loved Bastian's cock. Not as much as he loved Bastian's mouth, but it was no hardship to take that cock into his mouth.

"All right. A blow job." Jacob grinned over at him. "I bet you're cute on your knees."

"And I bet you're not half as good at it as Bastian is," he shot back.

"I never did it for a living. Less practice."

He reached out and cuffed Jacob, not nearly as hard as he'd have liked. "Speak of him like that again and I shall gag you."

One eyebrow shot up. "This body isn't as weak as you'd like to believe, Gus. I would tread more carefully."

"It isn't weak at all, Jacob, but I know all its weaknesses. You will show your brother some respect while you are in my presence. It is hard enough to have you living in his stead; I will not hear you speak of him like that." Gus growled and shook the dice, moving his pieces.

"I'll respect him when he earns it from me." Jacob took his own turn, the play much more aggressive than Bastian's.

"Well, that will be never, given you haven't spoken to him in ten years."

He took his turn, adjusting his thinking a little for Jacob's style. He definitely believed he had a better chance against Jacob than Bastian.

"I don't have anything to say to him. You can't trust an addict."

Gus snorted. "Is that why you chose a man you could control so totally as your lover?"

The blow happened so fast that he didn't see it coming, just a sure, sharp pop to one ear, making things ring. "My Walter is worth more than my brother will ever be."

Gus growled, standing, hands balled into fists. "You wish to fight me? Because I am right here, and I will take you down."

"I don't want to fight you, but you won't speak ill of my lover." Jacob met him head-on, not even a flicker of fear in those eyes.

"And all I ask from you is the same courtesy!" Really, the man was impossible. It was no wonder Bastian had wound up hooked on cappers.

"He was my twin before he was your lover. He wronged me long before he met you."

"I do believe that goes both ways, Jacob. He is a different man away from your sphere."

"He would have to be."

"Are we agreed? I shall not speak ill of your lover and you shall not speak ill of mine?" He would not let this point go.

"Fine." The word was bitten out, almost snarled.

He sat back down slowly and took his turn, but the lighter mood they'd found between them was gone for now.

The game was quick, fierce, Jacob much more competitive than his gentler, more skittish lover.

The competition brought out the best in him, though, and he brought all his abilities to bear on the game. After all, it had been more than a day since he'd had that beautiful mouth.

CHAPTER EIGHT

T'ven

Walt was crawling out of his skin.

They had said they were going to try something tonight, something to bring Coby back where he belonged. In his body.

So Walt kept watching Sebastian. He couldn't help it. He kept waiting for the eyes to change back to Coby's, for Coby to say "baby" in that way he had.

So far, though, it was still Sebastian inside there.

Walt sighed and scratched idly at the back of his hand. He really, really wanted Coby back.

"Walt, you're hurting yourself again." Sebastian came over, took his hands, and held them.

Still not Coby, then. His Master would have been furious with him. "I'm sorry," he murmured, holding tight to Sebastian's hands. His body ached at the contact with the flesh it knew so well, and he wanted. It wasn't right, but he did.

"Me, too." Sebastian moved closer, hugging him, cheek on his shoulder, so quiet, so sweet.

"I want," Walt whispered, hands still only because they were held in Sebastian's.

"You want?" Sebastian's hands let his go to slide over his back, petting and stroking.

He shuddered, body responding to the touch of hands he knew so well, even if they weren't actually Coby's right now. He nodded and sobbed. "I want. I need him so badly. I'm sorry, I know it's wrong, that you aren't him."

"Well, I'm not him, but I'm close and here and we can make each other feel good..."

Walt bit his lip. He wanted that so much, not as much as he wanted Coby to be back, but to have those hands touch him... "Do you think they would be upset if we did?"

"No. No, they wouldn't." Those eyes were warm, friendly, a little shiny from tears.

"Oh. Oh, good." His own eyes were shiny, he was sure, but he sniffed and didn't cry.

Sebastian nodded, then leaned to kiss him, the kiss slow and sweet and overwhelming. Not Coby, but it felt so good. His mouth opened on a sob, hands clinging tightly to Sebastian.

Sebastian held him close, petting him, touching him, trying to ease him as that tongue took his mouth. Oh, yes, his body craved this, craved the touch and love of his Master. He pushed away the thought that this wasn't his Master, and just concentrated on the familiar scent, touch.

Those hands were still sure and warm on him, focused on his pleasure, making him gasp and twist. He pushed into each touch, needing too much to worry that he had not been given permission to move. Everything felt so good, so warm, the touches necessary, soothing him.

Walt whimpered and leaned back against the couch, wanting his lover's weight on him, needing it. Sebastian followed, lips on his chest, on his nipples, fingers petting his thighs.

His legs spread automatically. "Need you. Oh, need to feel you inside me."

"Oh. Oh, I..." Sebastian gave him a slightly panicked look. "I haven't done that in a long, long time..."

"Please," he begged, legs spreading further. "I... It will help."

"I... Do you have lube? Something slick?"

Walt nodded. "Yes. In the drawer in the coffee table. In the drawer next to the bed. In the cabinet in the bathroom. In a cupboard in the kitchen."

Sebastian chuckled, eyes warming. "The closest?" Then he leaned close, whispered. "We have it in little handmade pots *everywhere*."

Walt giggled. "Coffee table. There."

They laughed together, Sebastian slicking his fingers after the little tube was found. "How do you like it?"

"Oh. Hard. Please. I need to feel it." He needed so much.

Sebastian got between his legs, two fingers pushing deep inside him, another joining it in short order.

"Oh!" He shivered, eyes rolling back in his head as he rode Sebastian's fingers.

"You're so pretty, Walt. Honest." Sebastian kissed his chin, his jaw.

He whimpered, hands sliding along Sebastian's chest. Coby called him beautiful. But he would take Sebastian's word and let it fill the places that ached for his Master.

That heavy cock filled him, pushing in deep and slow, stretching him. With his eyes closed, he could almost imagine it was Coby.

Then he felt bad for using Sebastian so, and he opened his eyes again and tried not to feel guilty that he was doing this with Sebastian. It went around in such circles in his mind and he whimpered.

"Shh. Shh. We're just making each other feel good is all, yeah?" Sebastian's voice was so gentle.

He nodded, looking at the sweet eyes. It wasn't Coby, but Sebastian did care, was offering comfort.

"Good." Bastian started moving, pushing deep, fucking him good and hard.

He wrapped his legs around Bastian, panting, moaning, letting everything go but the feelings, the sensations. One of Bastian's hands wrapped around his cock, tugging, pulling.

"Oh! Yes! Master! Please." He bucked between hand and cock, flying.

"Yeah. Come on, Walt. It's good. It's all good."

At the command, he came, body flying apart as his pleasure pushed from him.

"Oh, that's... Oh..." Heat filled him, the cock inside him jerking.

He whimpered, holding on tight, just floating on it. Warm arms wrapped around him, held him tight. He rubbed his cheek against Jacob -- Sebastian's -- skin.

"Shh... We're good. We're gonna be good."

He nodded, choosing to believe. Because if he didn't, he would not survive.

CHAPTER NINE

Rannalin

The first psychic hadn't worked. Or the second, or third, or the priest, or the metaphysician. They all did have the same advice, though. He and Sebastian needed to go together to some temple in the outskirts of Belloch, and the monks there would help. Fine.

Fucking wonderful.

Excellent.

Damn it.

Coby growled and paced, skin on fire, stomach roiling. Four weeks. Four fucking weeks he'd been stuck in this body, and he wanted out. Now. The edginess had been creeping up on him, the urge to hurt something, break something, cut something deep and unmistakable.

Finally he dressed in the least ridiculous clothes Sebastian owned and stalked out into the main room, glaring at Gus. "I'm going out. Don't wait up."

"No you're not." Gus got up and put his bulk between Coby and the door. "You're going to let me help you."

"Get out of my way." The words Gus spoke caused reactions in his body, as if they were often spoken, familiar.

"No. We'll go to the playroom. I know what you need, Jacob. And it isn't a good hard fuck."

"How can you know what I need? I'm not Sebastian." He was shivering, aching, fury rising.

"Your body is his. I know all about the needs that are chasing through your veins, Jacob. I understand the demon that rides your skin. And I know how to quiet it." Gus just wasn't moving; in fact he was slowly backing Jacob up.

"I need to go out. I'm tired of being in here." He hated being herded; he hated being here. He hated everything.

"Come with me to the playroom while I'm still asking nicely, Jacob." Gus growled the words and this damned body he was stuck in fucking vibrated at the sound.

"I have to get out of here!" He screamed the words, the panic in them startling him.

"Right. We'll do it the hard way."

For someone so big, Gus certainly could move quickly. He hadn't done it since the first day Jacob had found himself in Sebastian's body, but suddenly Gus had his arm behind his back and was pushing him down the hall.

"Let me go! Damn, you! I'm not Sebastian!" He struggled, hair flying.

"Your body is, and I'll be damned if I let you go elsewhere when I know exactly what you need."

Damn it, that growl just settled right in his balls, no matter how much he wanted to ignore it, to fight it. "What do you know about what I need? What's wrong with Sebastian?" What was this burning?

"He is a human being. He has urges." Gus got him into the playroom. A room they hadn't been in since that first day. "Will you submit willingly or must I cuff you?"

"I'm not a sub. Don't do this. Gus. Don't do this. I just need to get away."

"No, Jacob. Sebastian needs this. This body needs. You will just have to accept it." Gus moved him to the dresser and grabbed the cuffs with one hand before wrestling him down onto the bed, the big man more or less sitting on him to attach the cuffs to his wrists.

He fought violently, tugging and pulling, heart pounding and skin sheened with sweat. Nothing helped. The damned cuffs were surprisingly strong. They were attached to his wrists, and then one to the other, Gus dragging him back up and over to the chains that hung from the ceiling. In a surprisingly short time he was hanging from the ceiling like some piece of meat.

"Stop fighting so hard," Gus growled, slapping his ass hard enough he was sure a handprint was left behind.

"Let me go!" He wanted his own fucking life back.

"No. And if you can't shut up, I *will* gag you. I may do it anyway, but that will make my mind up for me."

The cuffs were attached to his feet as well, but they weren't spread or chained. The threat of it was there, though, in the weight of the heavy leather around his ankles.

"Gus. When did you stop being reasonable again?" They'd actually reached a semblance of friendship, spending time discussing their kinks, their interests.

"When you stopped listening to the body you're in. Now shut up." Another slap hit his ass, the other cheek this time.

He growled, trying to jerk away.

"I will fill you to begin. If you were to be silent and still, you could concentrate on the sensations, make it a meditation on your body."

He stomped his foot once, almost sobbing. "I tell Walt to focus. Fuck, I worry about him."

"You don't need to worry about Walt today. You need to worry about yourself." Gus came around in front of him, a frown on his face, a gag in his hand, shaped like the head of a penis.

"It's my *job* to worry about Walt." He turned his face against his arm, hiding his mouth.

Gus' hand slid around the back of his head, turning his face, exposing it. "That is Bastian's job at the moment."

When he opened his mouth to protest, the gag was slipped right in.

"The shape was taken from my own cock," Gus told him. "So you hold me on your tongue."

Fuck, he was mad. He hadn't asked for this, hadn't deserved it. He had been living his life.

Gus went around behind him again, fingers tying the gag tight before sliding over his skin, pushing his hair out of the way to wander down along his spine. "I am going to give you what you need, Jacob. What Bastian's body needs."

He needed to *move*, to run, to tear his own skin off his body. Didn't Gus *understand*?

"Focus on my touches. No thinking. Just feeling." Those big hands slid along his spine, teased all the way down to his crease.

Sebastian's body pushed toward the touch for a heartbeat before Jacob pulled away.

Gus growled. "The longer you fight me, the longer it will be before the need eases, Jacob."

He groaned, shaking, tongue working on the gag.

"Trust me. I will give you what you need." Gus' mouth slid over the skin of his shoulder, fingers sliding to tease his hole.

He shook, thighs tight, legs spreading, hips rocking.

"Yes, that's it." Gus' voice was a low growl, intimate. "Just relax into it." One thick finger slid into him.

His heart was pounding, wrists twisting in the bonds. He groaned low, eyes rolling. He needed out of this; he needed his Walt. One finger became two, two became three, Gus whispering perversions along his skin, promises of wicked, wicked things to come.

The burn under his skin became a burn deep inside, the stretch easing him, loosening his chest so he could breathe. Then Gus' fingers disappeared and something wide and thick pushed into him, cold and unyielding.

The chain clanked as he jerked, pulling away, trying to escape.

"Trust me, Jacob. I know what your body needs."

It was inexorable and he could not escape it. Deeper and deeper it went, filling him until he thought he would split in two. He keened, every muscle trembling, head shaking. No more. Please. No more. Finally it was seated inside him, thick and wide all the way through, heavy inside his body.

Gus gave the base a tap, making it shift. He groaned, tugging on the chains, body swaying. Gus hummed and growled, fingers sliding down his legs, nails scraping as he went.

Then Gus came around into sight again and attached a slender chain between his -- *Sebastian's* -- nipple rings. A weight was placed on the chain. Everything in his body shuddered, the weight, the dull ache welcome, the sensations washing through him.

"That's it, just focus. Your body is all you need to pay attention to."

He took a deep breath, leaned into the bondage, heart and mind reaching for Walt, for his lover, his heart. He could feel the way Walt moved against him, melting into his every touch, pliant and his. The weight on the nipple rings was set moving again, the base of the plug inside him jostled.

Coby groaned, wanting the feel of his lover back, not wanting to be trapped inside Sebastian.

There was a sharp sound behind him, like leather against flesh. "Ready?" Gus asked.

He lifted his head, confused, frowning. Ready for what?

Something whistled through the air and thudded against the top of his ass, stinging *hard*.

He roared, the gag muffling the sound, fighting to pull his hands free.

Another blow landed, and then another, each one coming in quick succession against his skin. His brother accepted this willingly? Needed it? He never struck his lover. Never.

"Let go, Jacob, let your body take what it needs, let it find peace." Two more thuds came and then the sound of the whistling changed. This time, nine sharp hits landed across his shoulders, his hair partially shielding his skin.

He fought as long as he could, but Sebastian's body betrayed him, relaxing, moving into the blows, begging for them. Again and again the leather kissed his skin. He could feel the welts push up, could feel the skin split, and the blood slowly drip along his skin.

"Come whenever you need to," Gus said.

Come? He wasn't excited, didn't need. Still the words sent a wash of pleasure pouring through him, balls going tight as spunk slid on his skin.

"That's it, Precious. I know what you need, know how to give it to you." Gus' tongue slid over the welts and cuts on his back, the salt making them sting.

Tears slid from his eyes, just pouring from him, anger and regret and a dull fear at his own response filling him. Cold salve followed the hot, stinging tongue, almost burning. Tremors shook him, bone-deep and steady, making the chains rattle.

Those hands worked the salve in all over until his entire back and ass were one burning ache and then Gus came around, eyes kind, encouraging. "You're doing so well. I can feel it easing inside you, see it in the way you move." Gus pulled gloves onto his hands as he spoke. He watched the huge hands, then looked up, wordlessly begging Gus to unhook him, set him free.

"Patience. Just concentrate on the sensations."

Gus held his hands out, palms up, letting him see the tiny, dull-tipped needles that decorated the palms of the gloves he wore. Then Gus began to rub his skin, beginning at his shoulders. The sensation was maddening, overwhelming, every nerve just buzzing. *Oh*, he thought, *his Walt loved this, rocked and moaned and begged.*

The sensations worked down over his already sensitized nipples, down to his abdomen, circling his navel. Gus' purrs and growls were the perfect accompaniment to the sensations.

His body -- Sebastian's body -- relaxed, just melted, the sharp sensations melding into something all-encompassing. It went on and on until he couldn't think of anything, couldn't do anything but feel and hand from the ceiling, body lax.

He barely registered Gus' lips around his cock, the magic touches sliding along his hips, teasing his balls unbearably as more come poured from him and into Gus.

Coby's head rolled, the room dim, soft. He just wanted to rest now, to float away.

The cuffs were removed, Gus picking him up, holding him against the solid body, and carrying him to the big bed. Low purrs kept him floating, kept him right there in that melted, distant place as Gus' warmth wrapped around him.

"I miss Walter." The words whispered from him, so quiet, but so true.

"I know. Sh, now. Just float." Warm, solid hands moved on him, gentled him back down, those rumbles returning to vibrate against him.

Coby nodded, pressing closer, letting the peace and ease take him into sleep.

T'ven

Bastian left Walter sleeping, curled tight in cuffs that kept the man from hurting himself in his sleep.

Poor man.

They did okay during the day, actually quite similar in interests, in temperaments. Bastian shook his head. When this mess was over, he thought they might actually stay friends.

Assuming Jacob allowed Walt to talk to him.

He found the commlink and dialed home, taking the unit into the front room. Please, Gus. Answer. I just need you for a few minutes.

The screen went white and then Gus appeared, blinking. "Hello?"

"Hi. Hi, Augie." He reached out, stroked the screen. "Hi."

"Bastian?" Gus smiled. "My Precious." Oh, how long had it been since he'd heard those words growled in that sleep rough voice.

He found a smile, nodded. "How're you? Are you keeping busy?" Has Jacob made you stop loving me?

Gus snorted. "Your twin is even more of a handful than you are. I am more than busy. And missing you." Gus' fingers reached out and seemed to touch his through the screen. "We leave in two days. Just three weeks of travel, Precious. And then I can hold you."

"I miss you." He hadn't been sleeping, had been wandering the flat over and over, trying to avoid going outside, going to the haunts he knew, the people who had known him before.

"I know. Have you and Walter been good to each other, Bastian? From the things Jacob has said, I think he has needed you."

Bastian nodded. "I'm trying to be helpful. He's in cuffs because he hurts himself at night."

"Oh, my poor Precious. There is no one there to care so solicitously for you." Gus' fingers stroked the glass, that voice like a caress along his spine. "I need you. I need to touch you and fuck you and oh, that mouth. Bastian."

He nodded. "I miss you -- your hands, your kisses, just *you*. All of you."

"Yes. I have at least your body here." Gus grunted. "I don't know if that makes it easier or harder."

"Walter says it's easier."

Gus chuckled. "I imagine you don't talk back to him the way Jacob does to me, though. I am not allowed to forget for a moment that it is not really you."

"That's good." He met Augie's eyes, serious. "I don't want you to forget me."

"Precious. I never would forget you. That isn't what I meant. Oh, Bastian. I'm sorry."

He reached out, fingers stuttering on the glass. "I know. It... it's just been so long and I'm so tired..."

"Three more weeks, Precious. You can hold on. I believe in you."

"I want you." Bastian sighed, meeting Gus' eyes. "I dream about the cappers. I know where to get them, how to get them. It's so hard."

"Take your need out on Walter's body, Bastian. Take what you need."

"He needs. So much. All the time." He found a smile. "I think you'll like Walter."

"I will only have eyes for you, Bastian." As he watched, Gus' eyes closed, his hand sliding into his pants. "Speak to me, Precious. Let me hear you."

"Oh..." He moaned, eyes burning. "Oh, Augie. I need... I need to taste you, so badly. Promise me, when you come here, you'll take me."

Gus growled, pushed his sweats out of the way so Bastian could see as that big hand worked the thick cock. "I will have your mouth first, Bastian. And then your hole. I will take you, make you fly, lose myself in you."

"Oh. Oh, yes. Love. Please. I need you -- your cock, your tongue, your hands..." His own cock was aching so hard. "Can I? Please, Augie?"

"Touch yourself, Bastian. I want you to come with me. Touch yourself now." Gus growled, hand working that thick prick harder. He could almost smell it.

"Oh. Yes. Yes, Augie." He nodded, hand around his cock, pumping and stroking. "Need you. My love. My Gus."

"My Precious," growled Gus. "Mine. Mine. Mine."

"Yes..." He arched, offering Gus everything, anything.

"Now. For me, Bastian. Show me." Seed poured from him, hips pumping, Gus' name on his lips.

"Bastian! Precious!" Gus' voice was a roar, come fountaining over those amazing hands as Gus came.

"Oh. Oh, love. Love you..." He moaned, watching Gus in pleasure.

"Yes. Love. Precious." Gus whimpered, hand reaching out to him.

"Three weeks." He sobbed softly. "Don't get lost."

"We will not, my Precious. I am counting the hours."

Gus' hand slid against the screen again. "I love you."

"Love you, Augie. Soon. Soon." He found a smile. "We'll travel back together, you and me."

"Oh, yes. We'll take the slow train."

There was that purr, a smile on Gus' face.

His smile got wider. "A private car? Please?"

Gus nodded. "With a big lock and a Do Not Disturb sign." The smile on Gus' face got wicked. "I have plans for your ass."

"Oh... Oh, good." He laughed softly, bouncing a little, refreshed. Oh. Yes. Three weeks.

He could do three weeks.

He *could*.

CHAPTER TEN

Transcontinental Train, Planet Brandish

They were two days out of T'ven. Just two more days until they met up and put an end to this madness, brought Sebastian and Jacob together and restored them to their proper bodies.

Of course, Gus wasn't going to last two more days.

He finally snapped just after dinner, through which Jacob had complained the entire time. He gagged the man, wrapped him in silk ropes, and left him in the bottom bunk while Gus went out to the observation car.

The land was dry, sand and dirt almost white, with very little vegetation, the three suns keeping things too hot for most growing things. That anyone had decided to live upon Brandish was in itself amazing; that the cities rose like beautiful, man-made gardens out of the largest desert imaginable, made it magical. Gus could see the towers and spires of T'ven in the distance. Somewhere among them was his Bastian, caught in Jacob's body. He couldn't wait to get there.

He stayed long enough to have a stiff drink and calm himself, and then he returned to their small room, eyes going to the bunk where he'd left Jacob. Jacob was an inventive little shit, had already worked both legs and most of one hand free, bruising Sebastian's skin in the process.

"Can't you just behave? Two days, Jacob. We just have two days more." He strode over and tore off the gag, the rest of the bindings, hands automatically rubbing Bastian's bruised flesh. He had never forgotten that this was his Bastian's body. His beautiful, precious lover's skin and bone.

"Can't you just get off your fucking high horse and quit bullying me because I'm smaller than you?"

"I am *not* bullying you! I'm trying to keep you from destroying Bastian's body." Damn the man.

"I wasn't *hurting* Sebastian's body over dinner. I was *irritating* you."

"Yes, well." He'd been at the end of his rope, and Jacob knew somehow just how to needle him. "It was that or fuck you through the mattress. I assumed you'd prefer what I did."

"You know, I am capable of having sex without fighting." Jacob flipped him off. "Asshole."

Gus snorted. "Right."

"Well, you only have tonight to find out. Tomorrow? I'm burying myself balls deep in my baby."

"Is that an *offer*?" He was plainly shocked. Jacob had done nothing but complain about the body he was in, the sex they'd had having been between him and Bastian's body, more than anything else.

"Well, sure. Aren't you horny and restless? I am. Hell, I know you're grumpy."

"I want my Bastian back. I want to fuck him and love him and hold him." He supposed that would be a yes.

"Well, you can have him tomorrow. Although you can't fuck him."

"I *beg* your pardon?"

"You can't fuck him. That's my body. It's never been fucked."

"But you aren't in it! He is!" He shook his head. No, he needed his Bastian. Had promised Bastian he would fuck him.

"So? You want me to be good to his body? I want you to be good to mine."

"I will be! I'll be very good to it." He leaned in. "I've been very good to you in his body, haven't I?"

Jacob chuckled. "Well, I suppose there's something in letting you break Sebastian's cherry. Consider it a gift."

Gus blinked and sputtered and grinned. "You bastard."

"Yeah, but I'm entertaining, and I play a great game of cards..."

"You're not a bad lay either." He nodded at the bed. "Were you serious? About relieving our nerves?"

"It's a way to pass the time." Jacob tossed his head. "I swear, we don't get our bodies back? I'm hacking off the hair."

Gus grumbled, reaching out to slide his fingers along the long braid, removing the tie at the bottom and combing it out. "You wind me up, and it'll be a long, hard fuck, Jacob."

Jacob chuckled, suddenly flipping him onto the bed, landing on top of him. Growling, he brought their mouths together in a hard kiss, hands going to Jacob's upper arms and rolling them. Jacob kissed him right back, meeting him head on, hands tangled in his hair.

They rolled right off the small bed, attacking each other's clothes with hard fingers. It was wild, passionate, fierce, Jacob's hunger sharp and sure. He ripped open Jacob's shirt, tugged on the rings, worrying Jacob's nipples raw.

"Bastard. Fuck, that's hot. Gonna get Walt's done." Jacob laughed, kissed him hard.

He was laughing, too, and growling and rutting like a pig, all the worry and need and missing Bastian coming out, letting loose on Jacob in a way it never could with his Precious.

"Fuck, you're hot. Pushy and growly, but hot as fuck." Jacob bit his ear, fingers rolling his balls with a rough touch.

"I'm pushy? Me?" Gus growled some more. He was not fucking pushy. Well. Not unless he had to be.

He bit at Jacob's neck, putting a mark there.

"Fucking pushy." He got his balls tugged, hard. "And growly."

"Takes one to know one," he shot back, fingers digging into Jacob's hips.

"Gonna let me fuck you, big guy?"

He snorted. "No, you need to save it up for your Walter. I'm going to fuck you."

"Oh, that's right, no hard fuck for Sebastian in the cherry body." Jacob laughed again, eyes dancing. "The fine cherry body."

"Nothing cherry about this body, though," he murmured, spreading Jacob's legs with his knees.

"Nope. It's made for you." Jacob met his eyes, serious for a moment. "Walter says Sebastian's been very good to him. You worked wonders with him. I'm glad he found you."

"He's my Precious," murmured Gus. "My love. My life. I need him back."

Then he bent and took Jacob's mouth again, ripping the last of Jacob's clothes from his body.

Jacob nodded. "I know. Tomorrow. Tomorrow and they're ours again."

"Yes. Tomorrow." He growled, fingers pushing into Jacob's body, need riding him hard.

Jacob nodded, spreading for him, riding his fingers. "Fuck, yes. Come on. We'll come, and sleep, and it'll be tomorrow."

He nodded, making quick work of spreading Jacob before lining up and pushing in, sinking deep into the familiar body.

Jacob groaned, arched for him, hips just rocking desperately. "That's it. Fuck."

He grunted. "Yes. Fuck. Yes." He snapped his hips, pushing into Jacob over and over again.

Jacob grabbed his hand, dragged it down to the hard prick just waiting for him.

"You want this?" he asked, thrusting hard, fingers wrapping around Jacob's cock, holding it tight.

"As much as you do." Jacob gave no quarter.

He laughed, the sound wild in his own ears. "Harder, then!"

They were wild with it, bucking, biting, pushing each other. And they rolled, bumping into the sides of the rail car, now Jacob above him, riding hard, now beneath him, meeting each thrust.

"Shit, Gus. Come on. Now. Gonna come." Jacob bit his bottom lip, groaned.

"Do it. Come on my cock, Jacob. Do it."

"Yes..." Jacob bucked, coming hard, eyes rolling, ass milking his cock.

He roared, jerking hard into Jacob, coming deep.

"Yeah. Good." Jacob panted, smiling beneath him. "Tomorrow."

He nodded and slid out, collapsing onto Jacob.

"Yeah. Tomorrow."

Jacob hugged him, the sound satisfied, easy. "Yeah."

He grunted and let his eyes close, settling, not caring they were on the floor.

He would rest, and when he woke up it would be the day he had his Bastian back, body and essence in the same place, if not together in the same man.

It would be a start.

T'ven

Walt scrubbed the place from top to bottom and one side to the other. He knew he was driving poor Sebastian crazy, but he couldn't stop it.

The time Gus and Coby were to arrive had come and gone. There was a problem on the track and the train had been delayed.

They had no idea when their lovers were going to arrive.

And so he sobbed and he cleaned and he took a shower every hour and scrubbed himself raw and he really, really didn't think he could manage another minute without Coby's strength and love and...

He got back down on his aching knees, dipped his sponge in the bleach and worked on the floor.

The bell sounded, a familiar voice snapping. "Baby? Open the fucking door. Now."

Sebastian's cry filled the flat. "Oh! Walt!"

He knocked over the bucket of water and bleach as he jumped up and he tried to sop it up, tried to get to the door. Oh, he was such a mess. "Sebastian! Let them in, let them in. I have to fix. Oh. It's such a mess, everything is ruined."

Sebastian grabbed his hand, dragging Walt to the door. "Nothing is ruined..."

The door popped open and Coby's eyes were on him, Coby's mouth dropping over his own and taking him.

He sobbed into the kiss, clinging, holding on as tight as he could. The body felt strange, but the kiss was all Coby, those eyes purely his lover.

Coby walked him toward the wall, hand behind his head, tilting him, deepening the kiss. He was hard and shaking, tears streaming down his face and he didn't care, his mouth opening wide. He hit the wall, Coby's mouth leaving his long enough to whisper, "You did it, baby. I'm so fucking proud of you."

He whimpered, leg wrapping around Coby's thighs, his shaking getting harder. He was just going to shake right apart and it was going to be okay because Coby was here, Coby had him. Coby tore at his clothes, fingers finding his skin, stroking and scratching, making him feel everything.

"Need, Master," he whispered, body pushing into each touch, so hard he hurt.

"Are you ready for me, baby?"

"Please, Master. Yes. So ready." He slid his hands through the long hair, not even mourning the body he was used to. It was his Coby, he could feel it in every touch, in every word uttered.

"Me, too." Coby smiled, tore his pants away and pushed him against the wall, cock hard, nudging his hole. "Now."

"Yes! Coby!" He clawed at Coby's shoulders, climbing his lover's body. Wanting. Needing.

Coby took him, deep and hard, giving no quarter, just filling him, easing his panic.

"Master. Oh. Oh. Yes." He cried out, rode Coby eagerly.

"Mine. Mine, baby. Oh, gods." Coby pounded into him, hips slamming. He needed to come. Needed so bad. At the same time he didn't want this to end. Not ever. "Come for me, then we'll go to the bed."

At Coby's command he cried out, body bucking as he came on his Master's cock. Lights went off behind his eyes. It hadn't been this good in weeks. Months.

Coby groaned, heat pushing into him, filling him deep. "Mine."

He wrapped his arms and legs around Coby, holding on tight. "Yours. Yours, Master."

"So proud of you. You did so well..." Coby's words poured over him.

He sobbed, burying his head in Coby's neck, feeling relief and pleasure and so many emotions he couldn't name.

"That's right. That's right, baby. I've got you." Coby sounded satisfied, sure.

"Love you," whispered Walt. "Love you. Love you."

"Yes. Yes, baby." That hand stroked his scalp. "Come on. Bed. I need you. Bed."

He nodded. He didn't even care, he wasn't letting go. At all. Ever. Here, bed, the kitchen table, it didn't matter.

"Good." Coby slid from him, led him into their room. "Oh. Home."

He nodded. He held on. He cried and cuddled and rubbed.

Through it all, Coby was there, touching him, feeling him, loving him.

Home.

Bastian didn't even see Jacob, eyes fastened on Gus.

His Gus.

His lover.

His beautiful man.

"Augie." He'd done it. He'd survived.

Gus growled, opened his arms. "My Precious."

He stood, shook, nodded, unable to move now that they were actually here. "Yours. You came."

Gus came to him, hands sliding into his short hair, tilting his head and then those lips dropped over his own. "Mine."

His.

He moaned, opened wide, his low cry captured in Gus' lips.

One of those amazing hands slid down his spine and into his pants, wrapping around his ass.

Yes. Oh, yes. Please. "Missed you. Augie. Love."

"Yes. My Bastian." Gus' eyes looked into his own, a slow smile spreading across his face. "There you are."

He nodded, something inside him that had insisted over and over that Gus wouldn't know him dissolving. "Yes. Yes, it's me."

Gus stroked his cheek, thumb sliding across his lower lip. "I have missed you, my Precious. Missed your presence in my life." He was given a long, slow kiss. "Missed your mouth."

"Come to bed?" Walter had made the guest room ready for them. "I need to love you. Please."

"Lead the way, Bastian. I have been dreaming of loving you for weeks."

He grabbed Gus' hand, tugged him toward the guestroom, ignoring the writhing forms of Jacob and Walt completely.

As soon as they were there, Gus stripped him and put him into the bed, low growls the only vocalization. He shook, not from fear but from want, from sheer, honest need. He'd been so good, so long.

Gus stood next to the bed. "I want your mouth, Bastian. I want it."

"Yes." He nodded, eager, hungry, mouth dropping down onto Gus' cock with a happy cry. Oh, yes. Yes. His Gus. His Augie.

Those hands dropped down to his head, holding on, guiding him, reminding him how Gus liked him. He looked up, keeping his eyes open, relaxing into Gus' touch.

"Look at your eyes... I've missed that look, Bastian. I've missed *you*." Gus' voice was passion-rough, the thick prick beginning to move in and out of his mouth.

He hummed, caught in those warm eyes, the flavor of salt and Gus on his tongue.

Gus often took his time doing this, both of them savoring it, but today it was fast, hips moving hard and quick, cock soon throbbing in his mouth as Gus' seed shot down his throat. He swallowed, hands gripping Gus' hips and holding on tight.

Gus thrust a few more times, hands on his head, fingers digging in, not hurting but firm, there. Unmistakable. He shivered, humming around the flesh in his mouth.

Gus' fingers slid around, cupped his cheek, stroked gently. "And now, my Precious. You are wanting, yes?"

Bastian leaned into the touch, breathing deep. "You're here." He could live without everything else.

Gus purred and joined him on the bed, hands sliding over him, eyes holding his. "I am here now, but you? I am so impressed with your strength. I knew you had it inside you, Bastian. And that is one thing we can take from this. You now have proof of what I have been saying all along."

He purred, pressed close and started rubbing. "I couldn't let Walt be scared. Oh. Oh, Gus. Your hands."

"Missed them, Precious? They have missed you, missed your response." Gus kissed him again, long and lazy, hands exploring, lingering over the places where Jacob's body and his own were different, changes he'd become used to in the last two months.

"Dreamed about them." He arched, rubbing them together, rocking them together. "So *good*, Augie."

"I will touch you everywhere, inside and out, and then I will make love to you."

"Please." Bastian leaned up, took another kiss, rejoicing in his ability to do so.

Gus let him lead the kiss and then rolled them so he was beneath the big body, Gus' tongue pushing deep into his mouth, taking him with an intensity that burned through him. He cried out, bucking, loving the weight pressing him down. Gus purred and growled, making the familiar noises that said "I love you," and "you're mine."

Those big hands moved on his skin, touching him firmly, knowingly. His nipples were pinched, tugged.

"Mmm..." He arched with it, begging for more, every nerve in his body alight.

Gus' lips left his, began to wander along his skin, licking and nipping and sucking at him.

"You taste different," murmured Gus. "Speak to me."

"I've missed you. I can't sleep without you, and I ached for you so much. So bad."

"I'm here now. You won't have to sleep without me again." Gus bit his nipple, tongue flicking across the tip of it.

"Yes!" The cry just tore out of him, low and needy, desperate.

"Do you miss your rings?" Gus asked, breathing the words against his skin.

"I miss the chain, the weight. The way you looked at them."

Gus purred. "Soon they will be yours again. To have you. Back in your body." Another purr. "That will be perfect."

"Yes. Yes, I want my own self back." He smiled, nuzzled. "Thank you for not letting him cut my hair."

Gus growled. "He wanted to. Threatened to every day. So I trussed him up and filled him and told him to behave or I'd do it again."

"Lucky Jacob..." Jealousy filled him, and he pushed closer. "He can't have you."

"I don't want him. I want you." Gus' moved down, rubbing a whisker-rough cheek against his belly, chin teasing the tip of his cock.

"Yours. All of me." He shifted, rubbing his prick along Gus' cheek, moaning at the sensation.

Gus turned his face, tongue and lips sliding on his flesh, making him even harder. The thick fingers rolled his balls, teased behind them.

"Oh. Yes. Please." He spread wide, begging for it, needing it.

"I won't leave you wanting, my Bastian." Gus breathed on his balls and spread his legs even wider with those big hands, tilting his hips. Then a puff of air was breathed against his hole, a barely there touch of hot tongue.

"Oh..." He grabbed his knees, pulled them up and back, the offer blatant.

"Yes. Oh, Precious. You have no idea how I have missed your eager body. Your need."

Gus' tongue slid across his hole again, and then again. It was a tease, a promise, and the next time Gus' tongue passed, it pressed in, stretching him as he had not been stretched in two months. Oh. Oh, yes. How he'd needed, how he'd needed this. His cry was sharp.

Demanding.

Gus chuckled, but didn't stop, tongue pushing in further and then setting up a solid rhythm, fucking him. He groaned, riding the sensations, moving eagerly. Gus' pleased rumbles vibrated him from the inside out. His hands scrabbled on the sheets, hips bucking up and up, cock slapping on his belly.

He thought Gus was going to drive him absolutely crazy, the way he was pushing and pushing, opening him up and thoroughly wetting him, but not going any further, not taking him with that thick cock he loved so much. Then finally a finger joined Gus' tongue, stretching him further.

"Oh. More. More, love. Please." He wasn't above begging.

Another finger joined the first, Gus' tongue sliding away, slick stuff pushing into him along with those two thick digits.

"Oh..." Oh, fuller than he remembered, more of a burn.

"Is it all right?" Gus asked, fingers still moving, stretching apart. "This body is a virgin."

"A virgin?" He groaned, thighs shaking. "So full. So good."

"Apparently your brother has never let anyone in." Two fingers became three, Gus purring, stretching him further.

"Oh..." He reached up for Gus' shoulders. "I will let you in. Always."

Gus nodded. "Yes. Are you ready, Bastian? Ready for me now?"

"Always. Please, love. Please. I need." He had waited months; nothing as petty as being in Jacob's body was going to stop him.

Gus' fingers slid away, the blunt heat of his lover's thick cock pressing against his entrance.

He gasped, twisted, eyes wide at the burn. "Augie..."

"Ride it out, Bastian. Look into my eyes and ride it out." Gus didn't pull back, didn't stop, just continued to press slowly in.

He blinked up, caught in those eyes, caught in the burn and ache and pressure and Gus.

"My Precious," murmured Gus as he finally stopped moving, hips pressed against his ass, cock so deep.

"Yours. Full of you. So full." His hands traced Gus' face, waiting for his body to relax.

Gus was patience itself, nuzzling into his hands, staying still and solid, buried inside him.

"Love you." He breathed through the pressure, sighing as it eased, accepting Gus in. "Now."

"Yes, Bastian. Now."

Gus began to move, cock head sliding past his gland, making him fly as the thick cock moved slowly in and out of him. Words just poured from him, deep and low and desperate, telling Gus how lonely he'd been, how scared, how hard he'd tried.

Gus' low voice answered him, telling him how proud Gus was of him, how beautiful he was, how Gus would defy time itself if this were to happen again.

"Love..." He tensed, orgasm sliding down his spine. "Please!"

Gus moved harder, faster, one hand wrapping around his cock and tugging as his body was filled over and over again.

"Show me, my Precious. Show me how much you need."

"Yes. Yours. Need you. Yes." Seed poured from him, splashing onto his belly, so hot.

Gus moaned, cried out his name, and heat filled him in long pulses before Gus collapsed down onto him. The weight was long-missed, but still familiar and warm and so right.

"I love you, Bastian."

"My Augie." He held on tight, tears spilling from him. "Stay."

"You just try and move me," growled Gus, staying buried deep, solid weight remaining above him. "I'm not going anywhere."

He nodded, groaned, held on. "Okay. Okay. Good."

Gus kissed him. "Rest, Bastian. Tomorrow we will make our way to the temple in the outskirts of Belloch and find the ones who can bring your mind and your body together again."

"Yes. Yes, Augie. Love you." He smiled, exhaustion tugging at him. "You will be here when I wake?"

"I said I would not leave you, Bastian. I will not break my word." Gus shifted, settled next to him and drew him into the warm arms, holding him close.

He nodded, closed his eyes. He would believe. He had to.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Walt woke whimpering, the body behind him wrong, more slender and softer than Coby's form, and for a moment he panicked.

Then he remembered, and he relaxed, still whimpering, but now his body pushed against the body his Master inhabited.

"Shh. Shh, baby. I'm right here." Coby's teeth were at his ear, sharp, teasing. "Been watching you sleep."

He moaned, that voice, the biting. Yesterday was no dream; this was not Bastian, who was very kind and nice, but not at *all* his Master, behind him.

"So beautiful." Coby's cock nudged his hole, hands pulling him back onto the hard flesh.

He cried out, body pushing into the invasion, inviting it, wanting it, needing it. How long had it been since he'd been woken by Coby's hard prick?

"That's right, baby. Gonna take you and fill you and then plug you so my seed stays inside you." Coby rolled atop him, fingers hard enough to bruise.

He cried out, body pushing back into Coby, reveling in the touches, the words, needing so bad, needing so hard.

"Yes, Master. Please. Please."

"Right here, baby. Inside you, loving you."

"Yes, Master." He cried out, body pushing back into each thrust, begging for another and another and another. He didn't want this ever to end. He wanted the hardness and the heat and the need to continue.

Teeth scraped his shoulder, sliding sharp and strong. "Mine."

"Yours. Oh, Master, yours." He shivered and curled his fingers into the sheets, holding on, pushing his ass back.

"Come for me. Give it to me."

He screamed as his body answered that command, squeezing Coby's cock hard, his own cock shooting its pleasure in hot pulses.

"Oh, yes. Yes, baby." Heat filled him, Coby pressing him down onto the bed.

He reveled in it, in the heat and the pressure and the weight of his lover.

"Missed you." The back of his head was kissed, tongue dragging on the skin.

He gasped, whimpered, shook with such pleasure. "Yes. Oh, yes, Master. I missed you."

"You did so well." Coby sounded so proud, so pleased with him. Him.

He was practically vibrating with pleasure, his body squeezing tight around Coby's cock again. "For you, Master. I tried for you."

"You make me proud." Coby bit his ear again, fingers twined with his own. "So good."

"Oh, Coby." He felt tears of happiness prick at his eyes and he blinked them back. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, baby. Never letting you out of my sight again."

Walt nodded his head. He could so get behind that thought. "Never again."

"That's right." Coby smiled against him. "Was Sebastian good to you?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes, I. Well, you would not have been proud of me if it hadn't been for him. He kept me from hurting myself and used your body to ease my fears."

"I am very proud of you, baby." Coby's voice brooked no argument.

He beamed, rubbing his head back against Coby's shoulder. "Thank you."

"We'll travel today, visit the monks."

"Will they be able to help?" he asked, fingers grabbing Coby's tightly. "Will I have you and your body back?"

"You have me, regardless. I hope they will have me back in the right body."

"Promise me," he demanded, knowing he was out of line but unable to keep the words from tumbling from him. "Promise me I will have you regardless."

"I am yours, baby." The words were serious, sharp, filled with truth. "I swear it."

He nodded, relaxing, ease and comfort filling him as surely as Coby's seed.

"We should shower together, ready ourselves to go."

"You were..." he swallowed, loath to tell Coby what to do, but he needed. "You said you would plug me, leave your seed inside me."

"Mmm..." The sound was low and happy, like a large cat. "I did. I meant it, also. Hand me a plug."

Walt reached under the bed, fingers searching through the shapes in the box there. He wrapped his fingers around one that was shaped like Coby's cock with a large, flared base. Moaning, he handed it back.

"Mmm..." Coby chuckled, patted his ass. "I love how you walk with this one in you."

Then Coby's cock slid from him, the plug pushing in and filling him.

His whimper at the loss of Coby's cock morphed into a moan of pleasure, his body rippling around the hardness of the plug. There was a thrill of pleasure, too, at the thought that Coby would be watching him, watching his ass as they walked.

"Oh, beautiful, baby. You're so beautiful." Coby bit his hip, hard enough to mark him, to bruise.

"Master!" He jerked, whimpering. "Oh, yours. Yours."

Coby's fingers stroked his balls. "Mine."

He undulated, the touches pure Coby. "Yes. Yes."

"Love you, baby." Coby sounded so happy, so satisfied.

He shifted, turning to see his lover, his Master, his Coby. "I love you, Coby."

"Love you." Those eyes were Coby's, through and through.

He reached up, touched one warm cheek, laughing as the long hair tickled his hand.

"It gets in the way *all* the time."

"It tickles," he murmured. "I'm surprised you didn't cut it."

"Gus protested, and it is important to Sebastian."

He smiled, pleased to hear Coby say something nice about his twin. He knew there was little love lost between the two men. "He was very good to me, Coby. Kept me from hurting myself."

"I worried about you, about him neglecting you."

"He didn't, Coby. He isn't at all what I expected. I mean, you don't speak about him a lot, but I was expecting someone much more... less." He really liked Sebastian and was hoping they could stay friends, but not if Coby didn't approve.

"He is a different person than the man I knew, baby. He's not hooked on the cappers anymore."

"Maybe we could stay in touch? After..." He looked up into Coby's eyes.

"Perhaps. I will need to speak with Sebastian, settle things between us."

He stroked Coby's belly. "Once you are back in your own body." Oh, he wanted that, was waiting for it.

"Yes. After." Coby leaned in, kissed him. "Oh, tell me there are eggs. I've missed your eggs."

He nodded. He'd gotten them in three days ago, anticipating Coby's arrival. "Would you like an omelet? With mushrooms and onions?"

"Oh..." Coby's eyes lit up, dancing. "Oh, yes. And cheese."

"Before or after our shower, Master?"

He pressed close -- he didn't care which it was, he just didn't want to leave Coby's side.

"Hmm. After. We can make enough for our guests."

"Okay." He sobered a little, remembering their guests. He supposed he'd have to get dressed after the shower. If he didn't, he could entice Coby back into bed after breakfast... well, he could try anyway, but he was more effective when his need was on display.

"Do you not want to shower, baby?" Coby's eyes flashed, promising games, pleasure.

"I just want you. However you'll have me, Master." He pressed close, excited by the look in Coby's eyes, by the promise there.

"I'll have you, baby. By the time I'm done, you'll be bowlegged."

"It wouldn't be the first time," he murmured, feeling brave, daring. Wanton and good.

"Oh, ho! No. No, it wouldn't be." Coby swatted his ass, sharp and sure.

He moaned, eyes half closing as the plug jerked inside him. Coby purred, teeth threatening on his shoulder, fingers jostling the plug hard.

He jerked, eyes rolling this time. "Master!"

"Yes, baby?" Another hard shake of the plug.

He moaned, pushing closer to Coby, away from the maddening hand at his backside, and then groaned as he pushed back toward Coby's hand again.

"Mmm... It's good." Coby's finger slid around the lip of the plug, teasing him.

He shuddered. "Coby...Oh."

"Yes. Oh." Coby pulled the plug, stretching him, then pushed it back in.

"Master!" His whole body rippled from it and he could barely control the tremors that tried to shake him. So good. And it had been so long.

"You need this." Again the plug was pulled, again his hole was stretched.

"Yes. Yes, Master." He nodded, moaned, writhed in Coby's arms. Coby knew, Coby always knew what he needed.

"My beautiful baby..." Coby fucked him with the plug, slow and sure.

"Yours. Yours." He repeated the word over and over again, once for every time the plug pushed back into him.

"Yes, baby. Mine. Gonna love you forever." Coby's free hand found Walt's cock.

He whimpered, body beginning to sag between Coby's hands, just flying.

"That's right. Wait until I give you leave."

He nodded, holding onto his orgasm by his fingertips, which he was digging into Coby's shoulders with the effort not to come.

"I love you, baby." Oh. Oh, so rarely did Coby offer that to him, freely, easily.

He whimpered, rocking, needing, on fire.

"Come for me. Now, baby."

"Master!" He screamed, pleasure shooting through him, out of him, the orgasm long and intense and amazing.

Coby petted him, brought him down, touched him. He whimpered and moaned, pressing close, loving this as much as the heat and hardness between them.

"Home. I'm home." Coby rocked him, held him tight.

"Yes. Yes, thank you. Thank you for coming home to me."

"I needed to, baby. You're my whole world."

Oh. He melted against Coby; if he had not already been in love, he would have fallen right there and then.

Coby wrapped them both in the blanket, holding him. "Let's stay for a minute. The world can wait."

He nodded, snuggling close, listening to Coby's heartbeat. "Yes, Master."

Coby smiled, kissed his forehead. "Yes."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Gus finally let Bastian out of the room they were using; it was time to be introduced to Jacob's lover, and for them all to make their way to the temple. It was time to get his Precious' body and mind put together again.

He followed Bastian out, eyes on that ass.

Jacob and Walter were in the kitchen, Jacob watching Walter cook. Bastian smiled at Walter. "Good morning, Walt."

Jacob arched an eyebrow. "You two took long enough to get up. What? Does Sebastian want to keep my fine body?"

Gus growled at the man. "Absolutely not. I was, however, putting it through its paces."

Walter's gaze flew to his, startled.

Jacob chuckled, winked at him. "Easy, baby. He's all bark, no bite."

Gus glowered a little longer, growling. "You are the most arrogant bastard I have ever met."

Bastian leaned against him, snuggling close. "Can we go? Soon? I want things right again."

"Patience, Bastian. We need to eat first. I have plans." He gave Bastian a wink and then glared at Jacob. "Are you going to introduce me to your man?"

"Plans? With my body? Tsk tsk." Jacob hopped down, smiling. "Gus, this is the most beautiful man alive. Walter? This is a big growling asshole who plays backgammon."

Gus did indeed growl. "Walter? Nice to meet you. Though I have to say you have a poor choice in lovers."

Walter bristled, mouth opening and closing. "Master..."

Jacob laughed again, kissed Walt thoroughly. "He's just grumpy that I ended up with the nipple rings."

"Yes, I do want my Bastian back in his proper body. I'd think you'd want that soon, too, before I start decorating this one." Gus slid his hand up Bastian's belly and tweaked a nipple through the plain dark shirt that Bastian had pulled out of Jacob's closet. "Maybe one in the penis instead of the nipples..."

Bastian gasped and Walt went bright red. Jacob tossed his head and chuckled. "Do it and this hair is *gone*."

Gus chuckled. "The real problem is Jacob knows my weak spot." He gave Walt a wink. "I'm not a bad guy, Walt. Just rather missing my Precious."

Bastian snuggled into his side, hand on his belly.

Jacob gave Bastian a look, a nod. "Thank you for being kind to Walter. I appreciate it."

Walter beamed and nodded. "Yes. You were wonderful, Bastian, thank you."

Gus tried to keep his surprise that Jacob would speak so kindly to Bastian off his face. He knew it would be like waving a red flag in front of Jacob. Like with him and Bastian's hair. "So," he finally said after the silence spread between them. "We eat, and then we go and see if these monks can help us with this little problem?"

Bastian nodded, enthusiastically. "Yes, yes, please, Augie."

Jacob hooted. "Hey, you have the not-itchy body."

"Yes, but my body can take Gus' hand."

Walter's mouth had dropped open with a squeak and Gus chuckled, holding out his hand for them all to see and slowly curling it into a fist. "Bastian is a wonder."

Even Jacob looked impressed. "That must take a lot of trust. And lube."

Gus nodded and gave Bastian a soft kiss. "He amazes me every day we have been together."

Bastian melted against him, eyes shining, warm. Loving him.

"Oh, heavens. They're *mushy*! Walt, let's feed them!"

"Yes, Master," murmured Walt, eyes on him and Bastian. "It's rather nice, isn't it?"

"Nice. Sweet. A little creepy. Pick one." Jacob's hand slid down Walt's spine, cupping the thin buttocks. "Give me what we have any day."

"I'm yours, Master. You have it any time you want it." Walter pushed into the touch, eyes just as adoring on Jacob as Bastian's were on Gus.

Gus shook his head and pulled out a chair, sitting in it and pulling Bastian onto his lap. He wasn't letting go of his lover too easily. Bastian settled in, lips on his jaw, his throat, the soft little sounds so sweet, so happy.

He purred, and when Walter dished him up a large plate of omelet, he took a few pieces of toast from the plate in the middle of the table and fed both himself and Bastian, the routine familiar and much missed in the last two months.

"I just don't look *right* playing sub," murmured Jacob.

Bastian chuckled. "I'm not playing. I'm registered."

"And damned good at it," murmured Gus.

"Registered?" asked Walter, eating quickly and efficiently, each mouthful of food divided on his plate.

Bastian nodded. "Our government allowed us to register as dominant and submissive. It means Gus is responsible for my care, takes care of any public scenes and stuff..."

"It means he is mine." Gus interrupted. "We have officially declared ourselves to the government. To everyone. When I have finally found the design I like, he will wear my mark on his body, permanently."

"A mark?" asked Walter, looking interested.

Gus nodded. "Here," he said, sliding his finger alongside Bastian's navel. "And a smaller version here," this time he stroked the side of Bastian's face, by his right eye. "Where everyone can see it."

"Except in the right body." Jacob's hand slid over Walter's scalp, petting.

"Yes," Gus agreed and then sighed. He hated to bring it up. But... "Have you considered what we will do if this cannot be reversed?"

Walter whimpered and put down his knife and fork, eyes wide, haunted.

Jacob sighed. "If it cannot be reversed, then we simply cope with it. Our bodies are not so dissimilar."

Bastian shook his head. "But what if we go home and it happens again?"

Gus nodded. "I must admit that is my concern as well. I would get used to this body, to any body as long as I had my Precious within it, but if it happens again... I suppose if it is a real worry, we could arrange to live closer. I know Bastian would like to remain friends with Walter. And I would like to see you both grow closer again. You are twins! It would be good if you spoke with each other more than once every ten years."

Not to mention the need that drove Bastian's body. Jacob had not even known what it was; how could he be expected to know how to relieve the urges without Gus there to do it for him if he was

stuck in Bastian's body? If Gus didn't take care of it, whoever was in that body would be hooked back on cappers, or something equally as bad, in no time at all.

"Well, I suppose you could move back to the city, Sebastian..."

Bastian's eyes went wide, head shaking furiously. "No. No, I can't. I *can't*, Jacob."

Gus' hand slid along Bastian's spine, soothing his Precious. "Could you not move to the new settlement, Jacob? It is really starting to boom, and there is a lot of call for a craftsman of your caliber. I can think of a half dozen jobs for you off the top of my head. I understand Walter does not work, so there is just the one position to consider."

Gus had to admit that he enjoyed Jacob's company, their sparring, though he would enjoy it more once Jacob was in his rightful body and some of the barbs felt less... personal against Bastian.

Jacob frowned. "I don't know. I would need to discuss it with Walter; his needs are my priority."

"I am thinking of his needs." Gus sat forward. "If this happens again, it would be best for everyone if we are close. Several hours by carriage, or on foot, instead of weeks, months before we can return to our lovers. They managed this time, beautifully. I am not sure we should tempt fate a second time."

Walter shook his head. "I do not think I could do it again, Master. I would disappoint you."

Jacob sighed, drew Walter close. "Are you suggesting the move whether or not the monks can return us, Gus?"

He shrugged, but he supposed that was what he was suggesting. "Yes. If you and Bastian can find a peace between you."

Jacob shook his head. "You're asking to give up our home, my job..." Jacob looked at Bastian. "Couldn't you consider..."

"I can't, Jacob. I can't. The need *rides* me."

"You felt it," he reminded Jacob.

Jacob nodded. "But you don't now."

"Not in my body, no. In my head."

"It's never going to go away, Jacob. That's not how addiction works." Gus leaned forward. "He lives with the need, the urge, every single day, and every day he chooses not to give in to it. That makes him stronger than any man I know."

"I never said he wasn't strong now, Gus. I said he was an insufferable little prick when he was using."

Gus growled softly, knowing Jacob was winding him up, reacting anyway. "You've said many things."

Walter fluttered between them, clearing the table with sharp, hard little movements.

Jacob reached out, grabbed Walter's wrist. "What do you think, baby?"

Walter stilled as soon as Jacob touched him. "Think? About what, Coby?"

"About all of this, baby. About this whole mess."

Walter bit his lip and laid his free hand over Jacob's, holding on to the hand that held him. "I think... All I know is I need you, Coby. I can't think without you. I can't focus, I can't... I just can't."

"Surely you have wants and needs." Gus interjected.

Walter nodded jerkily in reply to his words. "I want Coby. I need him."

Bastian made a soft, gentle noise. "We could live close enough to be friends, Walt. I'd like that."

Walter nodded. "Oh. Yes, I would like that. I don't. I don't have a lot of friends. Not many people understand. You understood, though, didn't you, Sebastian? You never mocked me for the things I did, you helped."

"Well, of course, Walt." Bastian smiled over. "Friends don't mock each other."

Gus purred, fingers stroking over Bastian's skin. He was very proud of his lover.

Walter gave Bastian a smile. "I would not be upset if we moved closer to Sebastian and Gus."

Jacob stroked Walter's shoulder. "I will need to research it, Gus. Make sure there is a place for us there."

Gus nodded. "Of course. And with any luck it will be a move that is only necessary for friends to be closer, not to facilitate body jumping!"

Bastian nodded, sighing. "I want things right again."

Gus nodded and pushed his plate away. "Can we go and see if these monks are our answer?"

Jacob nodded. "Leave the dishes, baby. Let's go fix things."

"Leave them?" Walter looked panicked for a moment, and then he focused on Jacob's face and nodded. "Yes, Master."

Gus grunted and stood, hand wrapping around Bastian's. "Yes, let's go."

He would have left the worry that this wasn't going to work behind, but it followed too closely upon his heels. Instead he ignored it. No matter what happened, they would work it out. They had to.

Gemin Temple, outskirts of Bellock, Southern Reaches, Brandish Planet

The travel took most of the day, Coby holding Walt through the entire train ride over the dead land, mind working furiously.

What if it didn't work?

What if it happened again?

Should they move?

Should they stay?

Where was Walt safest?

Was Sebastian trustworthy?

Was Gus?

Gus held Sebastian just as he held Walt, wide face happier than he'd seen it ever in the two months they'd been thrown together, big hands wandering restlessly over Sebastian's body.

Coby looked over, met Gus' eyes, tried to smile. "Walt likes Sebastian."

Gus nodded. "The feeling is mutual, I believe. They share a common bond. Several in fact."

"Yes? They don't seem too alike."

"No? Both subs. Both thrown together in a difficult situation without the men they've grown to rely on. Both have needs that are addressed by their lifestyle. And I'll bet my last paycheck you're thinking of getting rings for Walter's nipples." Gus gave him a wink.

"I think he would find them endlessly fascinating." He grinned. "I will admit, the ability to be acknowledged by the government is tempting. I think it would soothe Walt."

Gus nodded, face serious, all teasing gone. "It made a big difference for Bastian. It's one thing for me to tell him I will always be with him, another for me to put it on paper. Make it permanent, yes?"

"Tell me about how you met him?"

"I saw him at a party. And I knew. I could feel the connection between us and I came on strong." Gus chuckled. "I might have scared him a little, but I only know how to come on strong, you know?"

"No... You? Did he freak out on you?" He tried not to wake Walt up with his laughter.

"I didn't let him." Gus was grinning.

"I imagine there were fireworks." He stroked Walt's head. "I found Walt at a party. He was being mistreated. I wouldn't have it."

"He seems very... he has specialized needs," finished Gus. "I don't mean to be insulting."

"He's special. He loves like no one else, but he needs someone to focus on." Coby knew not everyone could understand his lover, but everyone didn't need to, just him.

"Sounds like that makes you a good match," murmured Gus. "You like being his focus. Perhaps even need to be."

"I love him." It was simple as that. Walt was his life. "What does Sebastian give you?"

"Everything," growled Gus, hands tightening on Sebastian's body. "He is my life. My home." Sebastian shifted, hands reaching up to pet and soothe Gus, still sound asleep.

"He listens to you."

"He knows I love him. Knows I would never steer him wrong." Gus shrugged. "We work. It isn't something I examine."

Coby nodded. He understood that, agreed with it. "I hadn't until the last few weeks. I miss working."

Gus nodded. "Soon, yes? These monks will fix things. And if they don't... well, we know how to make your bodies your own again."

"Yes." The train came to a stop, their station called. "Walt? Baby? We're here."

Walt woke with a jerk, eyes searching him out, body relaxing against him as soon as Walt met his eyes.

Gus woke Bastian as well, and the four of them made their way through the streets to the temple. Belloch was not as grand as T'ven or Rinnalin, but the buildings still rose from the ground like giant, steel animals.

The temple was marble, stunning, a jeweled shrine to the twin gods, Gemin. The light-colored stone was a sharp contrast to the steel structures around it, the jewels that adorned it shimmering in the light of the suns, sending purple and red and blue and green and yellow reflections in all directions.

The monks within all wore metal masks showing dual faces, each lovely, each fierce. Jacob stepped forward, refusing to be frightened. "My twin and I require your help."

He held his hand back for Sebastian, standing tall. Sebastian's hand slid into his, his twin standing with him, their lovers coming to flank him.

"The gods said you would come. You have performed well. You have pleased them."

Jacob growled, shaking. "They have not pleased me."

It was Gus' hand that slid along his back. "Careful, Jacob. Pleased or not, they are the gods and they have the power to change you back."

Coby nodded, swallowed his words. "We have come to ask that our souls return to the bodies they belong to."

"Are you sure that is what you want?" one of the monks asked him.

Gus growled a little, and Walt's hand tightened in his.

Sebastian surprised him by stepping forward. "Please. My body has needs, pains that my twin has not earned."

Gus hummed, pride evident in the sound.

The monk tilted his head. "And your own needs do not enter in?"

"I didn't say that. I want my body back."

Coby nodded. "Please. We need our bodies back."

"Our gods are indeed pleased and will do as you ask. Please come. Just the two of you. The others must wait here."

Gus grumbled but wrapped one hand around Walter's, tugging him to a bench. "We will wait here. I'll take care of Walter."

"We'll be right back." Jacob took Sebastian's hand again, helping him up the stairs.

As they reached the door, Sebastian stopped, met his eyes. "I'm sorry."

"This isn't your fault."

"I don't mean this. I mean, before. When I was using." Sebastian offered him a sad smile. "I'm sorry I hurt you."

He nodded, squeezed his brother's hand. "It was a long time ago, Tanny. We're both different people now."

Sebastian grinned, chuckled. "Yeah, but I *really* want to be a different person in the same body."

"Well, then, come in. Let's put things back to right."

The temple door opened and they went in together, hand in hand.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

When they walked out of the temple, it was the next morning and they were both exhausted, worn.

They stumbled into the little room where Gus and Walt were sleeping. Or pacing.

Whatever.

Gus looked up and shook Walt awake, the bald man stumbling to his feet. They looked at Bastian and Jacob and then Gus growled. "Well?"

They stood, hand-in-hand, looking, the playful spirit of Gemin in both of them. "It's over. It's all over."

Walt's eyes were wide, looking from one to the other, blinking. Gus took a step forward and growled. "Bastian? I want you down on your knees in front of me. Now."

Bastian shivered, lips parting, moving before he could even think, hair soft and silken around his shoulders.

"Damn it, Tanny. You ruined the surprise."

Gus growled. "Fuck you, Jacob. We waited long enough."

Gus' hands guided Bastian to his knees, solid and good on his shoulders -- *his* shoulders. One thick thumb slid into his mouth, parting his lips. "I've been dreaming of this," murmured Gus.

"Yes." He opened eagerly, desperate, hungry for the taste of his lover. "Please." He heard Coby rumble, heard Walt's happy-happy cry.

Gus' prick pushed into his mouth, head heavy and leaking. He took it all, groaning, sobbing, pulling hard on that fat, fine cock.

"Yes! Bastian. Oh, my Precious." Gus' fingers slid through his hair, stroking through it before those big palms cupped his head, held him in place.

He blinked up, eyes wide, watching. His Augie. His body. His life.

"My Precious. Sebastian. I love you."

Gus' eyes started to roll, hips snapping into his mouth, a roar sounding as heat splashed against the back of his throat. He swallowed, drank Gus in deep, throat working. Gus purred, cock slipping from his lips as his lover went to his knees, mouth taking his.

He crowed, snuggling in, so hard, so needy. "Augie. Please."

"I know, Precious, I know." One of those great hands wrapped right around his prick, stroking just like he liked it. It hadn't been this good since... the last time he was in his own body.

"Yours." He arched, hips pushing, glorying in those warm eyes. "Yours."

"Oh, yes. All mine. Inside and out. All mine."

"Yes. Yes," He ached, so hot, so hard.

So happy.

Gus purred, mouth taking his hard enough to tilt his head back. The hand around his cock tightened, Gus moving faster, knowing just what he liked, what he needed. He jerked, coming hard enough that the room went grey, fingers gripping Gus' shoulders. Gus held onto him, kept stroking him, kissing him.

"Take me home. Please, Augie. Let's go home."

Gus nodded. "I've got tickets for the train tomorrow. We'll be home before you know it."

"Private room for the three weeks?"

"That's right. Just you and me and a bed."

"Yes..." He could almost come again, just from that thought.

Coby's voice sounded. "Then you'll need to find us an apartment, Tanny. Close enough that you two can visit each other."

"We're going?" Walt asked, voice happy, a little dazed.

Gus chuckled. "Good job, Jacob."

"Just in case. And somebody needs to keep your ego in line, Gus."

Gus laughed, the sound free and easy, his lover's arms wrapped around him. "Love your hair, Precious."

"It's good to have it back." He held on tight, not intending to *ever* let go.

Gus purred. "Well, Jacob. Will you put us up for another night? Perhaps we can have a celebration."

"One more night, and then you two have to go and find me an apartment." Jacob laughed, the sound almost merry. "Come on. Let's go have a party!"

T'ven

Coby had been serious about the party and Walt was fretting over the ... well, everything.

A bowl of chips had been knocked over onto the floor.

Sauce spilled on the coffee table.

The champagne had exploded from its bottle and had gone everywhere.

Walt was trying very hard -- *very* hard -- not to let any of it bother him, but he'd only had Coby back, truly back, for less than a day, and he was very nearing the end of his rope.

Coby was having such a good time, though, sparring lightly with Gus, getting to know, really getting to know, Sebastian.

Walt sat in his chair and dug his nails into his palms harder and harder, forcing himself not to rock, not to moan, not to let it bother him that no one had vacuumed the rug, or wiped up the coffee table, cleaned the tiny drops of champagne from, well, everything.

He just smiled and smiled because he liked Sebastian and Gus, he did, and he didn't want Coby to think he couldn't handle living close to them.

Coby, though, always saw him.

Always.

"Baby, come here." Sharp, insistent, Coby's voice brooked no argument.

He stood and walked over to the couch where Coby was sitting next to Gus, fingers digging in harder as his feet crunched over the chips. "Yes, Master?"

"What do you need?" Those eyes were so sharp, so focused.

He lowered his head, but whispered the truth. "It would only take a few seconds to vacuum, Master."

"Then vacuum, baby. This is your house." Those eyes caught his again. "Then, when you're finished, I'm going to bind your hands."

"My hands?" he looked down at them, noticing the half moon marks in his palms, the blood. "Oh." He bit his lip and looked hopefully at Coby. "Can I clean the coffee table and the area where the champagne sprayed first?"

"If you do, I'm going to take you into the bedroom after and plug you, too. Your choice."

He whimpered softly. He got to clean up the dirt *and* Coby was going to bind and plug him? Oh, his Master was in a *very* good mood.

He nodded and started to clean, working quickly, but efficiently, scrubbing and scrubbing and vacuuming.

Sebastian walked by, nudged his shoulder. "Need any help?"

He shook his head. "I've got it, thanks." On impulse he gave Sebastian a hug and a kiss. "For helping me."

Sebastian hugged him back, grinning ear-to-ear. "You'll have to make a list of everything you want in a flat, Walt. I want to find a good place."

"Someplace that's easy to keep clean. Not a lot of dust and dirt nearby. And a bed for me and Coby. That's all I need."

He smiled and scrubbed at the side of the couch, wincing as the diluted bleach slid into one of his cuts.

"I can arrange that." Sebastian threw some odds and ends away, then went to sit on Gus' lap.

He smiled over, eyes lingering on Coby. His Master was so beautiful, it made him catch his breath. "Sebastian? Could you put the vacuum away for me? I must submit myself to have my hands bound."

"Sure, Walt. No problem."

Coby watched him, cuffs held in one hand. "Better, baby?"

He nodded, distracted by the cuffs, by Coby's eyes. He held out his arms. "All better. I forget sometimes. That I'm yours. But you remind me and then it's good. It's better." He nodded. "Good."

Coby smiled. "I'll never let you forget, baby."

The cuffs were fastened tight around his wrists, the bondage secure, comforting. He could feel Gus and Bastian watching, and the knowledge that those eyes understood, didn't judge, was precious.

He moaned softly, his own eyes on Coby.

"To the bedroom. I want to plug you."

A shiver of anticipation went through him. "Yes, Master."

Coby stood, smiled at Gus and Bastian. "We'll be back in a few. Make yourselves at home."

Then his elbow was taken and he was led to their bed, his pants unfastened. "Bend over, baby."

Moaning, he did as he was told, bending eagerly.

"So pretty." Coby's hands moved over his ass, touching, stroking. "Are you slick for me?"

He whimpered, shaking his head. He was so out of practice. "I'm sorry, Master."

"Tomorrow? Our routine starts again." The sound of a bottle opening sounded and three slick fingers pushed deep inside him.

He groaned, pushing back on Coby's fingers. "Yes, Master. Thank you, Master."

"You've been left on your own too long." Coby's lips brushed his hip, so warm.

"Sebastian was very good to me," he protested, shivering at Coby's touch, pushing back, wanting more and wanting it enough to risk a punishment for pushing.

"You don't need Sebastian, you need me." Three fingers became four, spreading him wide.

He gasped, head resting on the cuffs that wrapped around his hands and wrists. "Yes, Master." He spread his legs wider, his hips soon rocking back, taking Coby's fingers eagerly.

"Hungry little hole..." Coby purred, free hand reaching for the plug.

"Starving for you, Master." Coby's touch was like magic, filling him.

"Beautiful." A thick, heavy plug was slicked, pressed into his hole, spreading him.

He gasped, cried out and then pushed back, taking it, taking it for Coby.

"Mmm... that's right. Filling you up, then you won't have to think about the mess, just your ass, my will."

He nodded. "Yes. Yes, Master."

His body clenched hard around the plug, a shudder moving through him. "Oh, Coby. Thank you."

His ass was stroked, his balls rolled. "You're welcome, baby. How does it feel?"

"Big. Good."

His pants were carefully pulled up and he was helped by those strong hands. "Come on, now. We have company."

He shivered and nodded, leaned against Coby. "Yes, Master."

Coby took his hand, leading him into the main room again, the plug spreading him wide. It made his hips sway; he could feel it shift with every step. It made him feel sexy.

When they came into the living room, Bastian was between Gus' legs, the thick cock sliding in and out of Bastian's mouth. Walt's eyes widened and he gasped softly.

"Mmm..." Coby leaned against the wall, hand sliding around him, dipping into his slacks. "Aren't they fine together?"

He shivered, eyes riveted. Gus' hands were big, solid, wrapped in Bastian's long hair, guiding Bastian's movements. They both had looks of bliss upon their faces. Walt nodded, whispered, "Yes, Master."

"Tell me what you're thinking." That strong hand circled his cock, started moving.

"They're beautiful. I... I like watching them. It makes me feel good knowing Sebastian has something like that."

"Yes. They love each other." Coby's mouth teased his neck, teeth dragging.

He moaned, head going back. "I love you."

"I love you, baby. Every inch."

He rippled, moaning, rubbing back against Coby.

"Watch them, just feel." Coby wasn't watching, was loving on his shoulders, his spine.

"Yes, Master," he whispered, eyes glued to the sexy tableau in front of him.

Coby's hand kept working him, cock rubbing behind him. Bastian's head moved eagerly, soft little sounds filling the air. Gus' purrs were lovely, almost addictive. Walt could see how they would make Bastian feel special. Walt moaned again, hips moving his cock into Coby's hand.

"My baby..." Coby's whisper was low, rough.

He arched, rubbing back against Coby. "Master. Yours."

"Yes." Coby's thumb rubbed the tip of his cock, working it.

"Master!" Just like that Coby took him from quietly wanton to needy.

"Yes, baby." Teeth skittered across his shoulder. "You can come, if you need to."

"Oh!" With that he shot, heat pulsing from his cock and over Coby's hand, his ass tightening around the plug, which made him shiver and shudder some more.

He heard Gus groan, saw him arch into Bastian's mouth at the same time.

"Oh," he whispered, rubbing back against Coby.

"Tell them goodnight, baby. I want you."

"Goodnight, baby," he murmured, mesmerized by Coby's voice.

Gus looked up and chuckled. "Goodnight, Jacob, Walter. Thank you."

"We'll be in contact, Augustus."

"We'll find you a place. Don't you worry. Bastian will make sure it has everything you need."

"I'm not worried. Come to bed, baby."

"Yes, Master."

Walt smiled, Gus and Sebastian already forgotten, as his hand slipped into Coby's.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Rannalin

Home. Gus purred as they walked in the door.

Not that the train hadn't been fun, but it wasn't home. There weren't any toys or their playroom or their big beautiful bed. Gus would have kissed the floor, but ... well, neither he nor Bastian were Walter and their floors weren't up to being kissed. Instead he locked the door firmly, grabbed Bastian's hand and headed straight for the playroom.

Bastian chuckled, stumbling along behind him, fingers squeezing. "Pushy!"

"That's not all I am tonight. I am going to use you hard and leave you melted and sticky, my Precious."

"Oh. Oh, promise?"

"I promise, Bastian. When I'm done with you, you will not even know your own name, let alone how to stand."

Bastian shuddered, hurrying to press against him, his lover's cock rubbing against his thigh.

He chuckled. "Now who's pushy?"

"Not me. I'm never pushy..." Bastian's laugh was sweet, low, rich.

Laughing himself, he pushed Bastian up against the wall and took that sweet laughter into himself, swallowing it whole. Bastian opened easily, one leg wrapping around his hip.

He kissed Bastian long and hard, deep, and then he backed away. "Not yet. Not now. You wait."

"Augie..." Bastian's eyes were wide, bright.

"You wait." He said it firmly, hand wrapping around Bastian's balls, tugging on them, leading Bastian further into the playroom.

"Mean man." The words were almost purred.

He laughed, led Bastian right to the dresser, pulled out some leather straps and wrapped them around Bastian's balls, around his prick. "You wait."

Bastian's thighs spread, hips bucking. "Oh. Oh, it's been so long..."

"Nearly three months. We're going to make up for that now."

He took out the cuffs,. Bastian didn't fight him, wanted this. Such a difference since the last time he had them out. Those eyes watched him, Bastian relaxing as the cuffs were fastened onto the slim wrists.

"Precious." He leaned forward and licked at Bastian's lips. "You are perfection."

"Just yours." Bastian opened, stepped closer.

He nodded. "Mine. No just about it."

He turned back to the dresser and pulled open the drawer with the whips and the floggers, paddles. "Choose two."

Bastian chose a leather covered paddle and a three-tailed flogger. "These."

He swallowed a groan, hand moving back to slide along Bastian's ass. "Excellent."

"I love you." Bastian arched, pushed into his touch.

"I know. It makes me happy. You make me happy, Precious."

He stroked Bastian's ass a moment longer and then led him to the chains that hung from the ceiling, hooking the cuffs to the chains, adjusting them so Bastian was stretched up onto the balls of his feet.

"I'm not going to gag you. I wish to hear your noises, Precious."

Those pretty eyes danced. "Jacob needed the gags, didn't he?"

Gus laughed and swatted Bastian's ass. "Cheeky brat. Yes. Yes, he did. The man just didn't know how to shut the fuck up."

"He's not a sub, Augie. He didn't need you like I do."

"But he did, Bastian. Your body did. He nearly took it out and did the unforgivable." He growled, the memory of Jacob dressed up and ready to go play with Bastian's body still fresh.

"No. No, I can't. I couldn't have come back. I fought for you. So hard."

"I know, Precious. That's why I didn't let him. I *know* what you need. I gave it to your body that night. Just like I'm going to give it to you now."

"Please." Bastian was trembling now, arching toward him, fingers wrapping around the chains.

"Yes, Precious." He kissed Bastian's lips and then tugged on one of the nipple rings before moving behind Bastian and letting the paddle fly hard.

"Augie!" The cry wasn't a protest, but a plea, Bastian's entire body rippling.

"Yes, Precious." He repeated the words again, moaning himself as he hit the top of Bastian's thighs and then Bastian's ass again, slowly painting Bastian's skin a deep rose.

"Love..." Bastian spread wider, begging for it, for him. "Want you. Want all of you."

"I'm yours, Precious. Right here." He continued to hit until Bastian's ass looked raw, and then he growled, roared, and tossed the paddle back toward the dresser. He didn't even notice the noise of it hitting the ground as he grabbed Bastian's ass cheeks, spread them, and pushed his cock in with a single plunge.

"Augie!" Bastian's head slammed back, throat working, happy cries filling the air.

He loved that sound. Would do anything to hear it. Anything.

Gus worked Bastian's ass hard, pushing in again and again, the heat and silk gripping him tight. So eager, taking him in and in, holding him. He lived for this. He was made for this.

Gus growled and pushed harder, faster, letting Bastian's cries push him higher and higher until he was jerking into the tight heat, filling Bastian's ass with his seed.

Bastian panting, ass squeezing him. "Oh. Need. Need to come."

"You wait," he told Bastian again, voice husky. "I'm going to get a plug, fill you with it. I need you to hold my seed in your body while I get the plug. Understand?"

"Yes. Yes, I will." That fine ass squeezed his cock, going tight.

"Perfect. As always, my Precious." With a moan he slipped from Bastian's body.

He went and found the largest plug they had and brought it over, slid it along Bastian's bound cock, slicking it up with the come that leaked slowly from the red tip.

"Oh. Oh, Augie. Augie. Please. Please. I can't... Oh..." Bastian's eyes rolled, sweat sheening the lithe body.

"You can, Bastian. You *will*." With his free hand, he cupped and squeezed Bastian's battered ass. "I'm not nearly finished with you yet."

Bastian's groan settled right in his balls, hot and sweet.

"Good. My good Precious." He slid the plug along Bastian's crease and then slicked it quickly before setting it at that clenched tight little hole, Bastian keeping his seed inside. "Let it in now, Bastian. You've done so well, let it in, let the plug keep me in you."

Bastian's entire body shook, but he pressed back, hands twisting in the cuffs.

Gus purred. "So beautiful," he murmured, free hand sliding down the long line of Bastian's spine. He pushed the plug in, feeling a moment's resistance before Bastian accepted it, accepted his will.

"Love..." Bastian arched, going up on tiptoe.

"Yes, Bastian. I love you." He fed the plug slowly into Bastian's body, but he gave his lover no quarter, insisting Bastian take it all.

"Full. Augie. Augie. Oh, fuck. So full..." That flat belly rippled.

"Yes. My seed. Yours. Your need. My love. All inside you, Bastian." Once he had the plug seated properly, he began to touch Bastian, fingers loving that fine, smooth skin, occasionally tugging on a nipple ring or stroking over the leather and flesh that was Bastian's bound cock.

The tremors eased, Bastian's sounds constant and sweet, the scent of need heady.

"You know what comes next, don't you," he murmured into the skin of Bastian's neck, licking the salt and sweet from the fine skin. "You chose it yourself."

Bastian whimpered, tugged on the chains a little. "Augie. Love."

"Yes, my Precious?" His fingers moved up to find Bastian's nipples, tugging on the little rings, twisting them.

"I don't know if I can..."

"You can." His voice was as confident as he felt. He would never push Bastian further than he could go.

Those pretty eyes met his, the dark ring almost black. "I can?"

He nodded. "Yes, Precious. You can. You *need* to. I can feel that. Can't you? From down here." He grabbed hold of Bastian's balls, tugged them gently.

Bastian's eyes rolled, thighs parting, opening for his touch instead of pulling away. He purred, almost overwhelmed. What Bastian would do for him, the trust and love and faith his Precious put in him...

He growled and kissed Bastian hard, hand sliding away to wrap around Bastian's hip. The kiss went wild almost immediately, one of Bastian's legs wrapping around him, holding them tight together.

He allowed it for a moment or two and then backed away. "Soon, my Precious. But first we must drive you into a frenzy."

He chuckled and rubbed his nose with Bastian's before reaching for the three-tailed whip and settling behind Bastian. "Ready?"

"Yes. Yes, love. Augie. Hurry."

Oh, there was nothing more likely to get him to slow down than for Bastian to order him to hurry. He weighed the whip in his hand, let it whip through the air a few times, before he laid a triptych of stripes across Bastian's back, hair and all.

A short gasp sounded, Bastian going tight, jerking hard.

"Yes," he murmured, laying down another stripe. And then another, each gasp making his cock jerk, making him love his Bastian more. The moans mingled with the sounds of the chains clanking, making a fine music.

Eventually he moved Bastian's hair to lie over his shoulders and cascade down the front of his chest, allowing Gus to see the welts on Bastian's back, to watch as the next hard crack of the whip split Bastian's beautiful skin. The blood trailed and Bastian screamed, every muscle going tight.

"Perfect," he whispered, laying two more stripes down against Bastian's back.

Bastian's sob echoed, dark head falling forward.

He let the whip fly once more and stood close, the proof of his deep pleasure splashing along Bastian's back. Bastian moaned, swaying, back barely moving with his breath. "Stunning, Bastian. Your need and my love on the canvas of your skin. Simply stunning."

He bent forward to place a kiss on a small patch of skin near Bastian's ass that wasn't marked.

"Love you." The beloved voice was thick with tears, with emotions.

He nodded and walked around to face Bastian, fingers sliding on the beloved face, gathering Bastian's tears as he leaned in and brought their mouths together. Bastian sobbed once, lips burning and damp, opening up to him, letting him inside.

He unhooked Bastian's cuffs from the chains, leaving them locked together and guiding Bastian's arms around his head, so he could support his Precious. Then he loosened the leather that bound Bastian's cock, letting it free. The heavy flesh slapped against his belly, the tip leaving wet kisses.

"You may come for me, Precious," he murmured. "Show me your pleasure."

Heat spread, spraying against his skin, Bastian going limp against him.

"Yes, my Precious. Yes." Purring he wrapped his hands around Bastian's hips and raised him up off the ground, carrying him out of the playroom and to the high, big bed with its pile of pillows and blankets, where he could nest with his Bastian for the first time in months.

"Oh. Oh, my bed..." Bastian shuddered. "Tell me it's real."

"Does your back ache, Precious?"

"Burns like a fire."

"Then it must be real." He gave Bastian a wink and pulled the blankets over them, pulled Bastian on top of him so they were chest to chest.

"Love you, Augie."

He nodded, fingers spreading Bastian's hair around them like a silk blanket. "I love you, Sebastian. Your body. Your heart and your soul."

Bastian nodded. "So good to be home, Love. Never ever leaving again."

He shook his head. "No. Never."

He would not believe the gods could be that cruel.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

T'ven

"Baby! Come on! We've got to go!" Their things were already in transit and the train tickets were in his hands. Now, if he could just get Walter moving.

"There's a stain on the counter. I'm just... trying to remove it." The words were distracted, Walter bent to his task, a frown on his face as he scrubbed at some spot that probably wasn't even there.

"Walter." Coby didn't have time to play, not today.

Walter straightened and blinked at him. "Yes, Master?"

"We're leaving. Now." He held out one hand, face serious.

Walter swallowed and looked down at the sponge in his hand and the spot he'd been scrubbing on the counter. "Okay. I need to just." Walter put the sponge into the garbage disposal, the noise of it being eaten up loud. Then Walter washed his hands and put one in Coby's outstretched hand. "I'm sorry, Coby. I just needed to know we'd left it clean."

"I know, baby, but it's time, now. Let's go." Everything was wrapped up; Gus had even found him work. The images of the new apartment were perfect -- simple and white and clean. Walt should be pleased.

Walt nodded. "I'm sorry. I." His baby looked around, squeezing his hand. "I'm scared."

"You just have to trust in me." He nodded; this had been their home for a long time. Years.

"I do! I do." Walt pressed against him, head on his shoulder. "I do, Master."

"Good. Come now. The shuttle's here to take us. Three weeks together." He winked, trying to ease Walt's nerves. "You think you can manage that?"

Walt's arms went around him, held him tight. "That part sounds wonderful. I hope the train car is sanitary..."

"It will be. You brought our own pillow, yes?"

Walter nodded. "Yes, Master."

"Good." They got into the transport, speeding toward the train station. "What did you think of the new apartment?"

"It doesn't matter where I live, Coby. As long as you are there."

"But we had choices. It's important to me that you are settled." He stroked Walter's face. Besides, he knew better. Walter needed certain things from a home.

"It looked like it could be made nice and clean and kept that way. Very ordered."

He nodded. "Bastian did a good job."

"Yes. He knew what I needed. From being here." Walt's fingers went automatically to the back of his hand, speaking of that time still stressed him out, but Walt stopped himself and sat on his hands instead.

"The new place is in the same building as Tanny and Gus. Seven floors higher."

Walt nodded, smiled. "I like them. Especially Sebastian." Coby knew Gus was intimidating to Walt, but he had a feeling his baby would come around with exposure.

"Sebastian seemed very fond of you." He held out one hand, smiled as Walt took it. "And we'll register. You'll be mine forever in the law."

Walt beamed up at him and squeezed his hand. "That will be wonderful."

"I think so." He grinned back, leaning down and taking a long, hard kiss.

Walt melted beneath him, so focused on his touch, his kiss. The kisses continued until they reached the train station, then they checked in and found their home for the next three weeks.

Walt looked around, making a face, and started to move their suitcases around, finding a cloth and sliding it over every surface. Coby let him putter for a while, getting his own things settled, checking out the vidfeed, checking out Walt's ass.

The bed was remade, their sheets coming out of plastic bags, their pillow placed just so at the top of the bottom bunk. When Walter got out the bottle of disinfectant, it was time to derail him, distract him.

"Baby." He pulled a nice, thick vibrating dildo out of his bag of tricks. "Come here."

Walt's eyes went wide and his baby shivered and hurried over.

"Strip and get over my knees. I want you."

"F...fast or slow, Master?" Walt's eyes were hot, needy.

"Slow. Let me see everything." He leaned back, opened his slacks.

Walt moaned, hands going to his buttons, undoing them one at a time. Those green eyes watched his hands, Walt licking his lips. He wrapped his hand around his prick, stroking nice and slow, teasing Walt. Walt's teeth bit his lower lip, his whimper needy, wanton.

"Show me, baby. Show me everything." Coby loved this, loved watching Walter move.

Walt pulled his shirt up out of his pants, opening it, sliding it off first one shoulder and then the other. It slowly slid down along Walt's arms and to the ground. Walt was moving, need making him slink, coming closer.

"You're beautiful, baby." Coby started pumping faster, showing Walt his need.

Walt gasped, hips pushing at the air, fingers stuttering at his button and zipper. Coby hummed, licked his lips, cock fucking his fist.

"Master," whimpered Walt, fingers trembling now as he undid his pants and slid them down his hips, revealing the bare skin, the long, hard cock. Walt's balls were up against Coby's body, shaved as clean as the rest of Walt's skin.

"Yes, baby?" He pushed harder, faster. "You want this?"

Walt nodded, stepping out of his pants, standing there naked and wanton, clothes strewn about his feet, messy and forgotten.

He pushed his fist to the base, offering his prick. "All yours."

Walt moaned and moved quickly, straddling him and sinking down on the tip, just like that. Oh, yes, his baby was ready for him, oiled up already. It must have been one of the last things Walt had done before he started with his cleaning.

"That's it, baby. Ride me." He leaned back, hips pushing up, pushing in.

Walt's eyes rolled back in his head, and he arched, body taking Coby all the way in, ass settling down against his thighs. "Oh. Master. Master."

"Yeah, Walt." Coby braced himself on one hand, reached tight to tweak Walt's nipples with his free hand. "Gonna get these pierced, baby. Gonna make you fly."

Walt jerked, eyes wide, mouth open on a gasp. The flesh around his cock went tight, loosened just enough to move and then Walt was bouncing on him, riding hard.

Oh, yes. His eyes rolled, feet planted on the floor so he could meet each bounce, thrust up. Walter's hands landed on his chest, Walt all twisted as he held himself up and arched his back at the same time, body moving, sweet little sounds coming every time Coby's cock went deep.

His hand slid down, stroking, pumping Walt's cock, thumb working the tip.

"Master!" Walt's eyes met his, need and love making the green dark.

"Yes, baby. You can come. Show me."

Walt cried out, riding him like he was a bucking bronco, just going crazy. Heat spurted up over his fingers, Walt's body clamping down hard on him. Coby watched all through Walt's orgasm, then took his own pleasure, bucking up and up into the tight body. Walt's hands slid on his skin as he fucked his baby, the touches random, the look in Walt's eyes a little dazed. He grunted when he shot, just filled Walt deep, balls aching with it.

A soft whimper sounded, Walt bending to lie against him, hands opening and closing on his skin.

He tugged a blanket over Walt's back. Last night had been insane -- neither of them had slept well, if at all. "Rest, baby. We have weeks to play."

Hells, if Coby could just keep Walt busy? The trip would go quick and easy.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Rannalin

Everything was back to order. He was working; Gus was working. They were home.

Everything was okay, really. Bastian was spending some time at the library researching the Gemin, trying to understand what had happened to him, why he kept dreaming about waking up as different people, whether it was going to happen again.

He'd never known how many different people went to the territory's main library.

Old people, children, poor people, workers. All sorts of people were everywhere.

It was fascinating.

And much more fun than bad dreams.

As he people watched, Gus came in the doors, looking larger than life against the shelves of books, looking like he felt out of place next to the little librarian who was asking him what he wanted.

Bastian smiled, watching the sunlight in Gus' red curls. His lover was beautiful.

Stunning.

"I'm just looking for someone," boomed Gus, his deep voice carrying in the quiet library. The old lady glared at him balefully, shushing him.

Bastian stopped admiring and stood, waving over the balcony. "Augie."

Gus turned, smiling as soon as those eyes found him. "Bastian." His lover motioned for him to come down.

He nodded, leaving everything behind, hurrying down the stairs to greet his lover. Gus' arms went around him, bringing him in close as Gus kissed him, right there in the middle of the library, not caring who was around to see. He melted, just giving it up. They were registered; he was Augie's. They had nothing to hide.

Gus finally broke the kiss, smiling at him, eyes all for him. "Come home, Bastian."

"Yes, Gus." He slid his hand into Gus', smiling up into the warm gaze.

Gus grinned and led him out, down the street toward their apartment. "You give me ideas, Precious."

"Ideas?" He lifted his face to the sun, relaxed down to his bones.

Gus purred, the sound sending shivers along his spine. "Oh, yes."

"Are you going to share?" He licked his lips, cuddling in as they walked.

Gus' arm tightened around his shoulders. "No, I don't share. You are mine."

"Yes." He shuddered, pressing close. "No sharing."

"Although I was thinking of letting someone else see some very private flesh," murmured Gus.

"What?" His belly jerked, nipples going tight.

"They would have to if you were to get a guiche. Just for a minute, just long enough to do it. In and out and done."

Gus' eyes shone down at him, hot, piercing him.

"I..." He swallowed, steps stuttered. "That... that's behind the balls?"

Gus nodded, purred, eyes intent, not looking away for an instant. He didn't know what to say, what to think; he just stood there, staring, eyes wide. Cock hard as stone.

Gus chuckled and started him moving again, into their building, up the elevator. "Close your mouth, Precious, before I get any more ideas."

"Are... are we really going to... Do you want..."

"Get you a guiche piercing? Considering the way it made you light up and forget everything else? Yes. We are." Gus grinned, and suddenly they were home and he was being pushed up against the wall, Gus' mouth hard and hot on his.

He arched, rubbing furiously, so close to coming, just like that. Gus' hand pushed between them, sliding between his legs and rubbing the skin behind his balls, pinching him through his pants.

He shot, gasping, thrusting into Gus' heat. "Love!"

Gus purred, licked at his lips. "My Precious. You do like the idea. A lot."

"I... Yours." He didn't know what to think, what to feel.

"Yes, Bastian. Mine." Gus growled and picked him up, carrying him to their big bed and throwing him into the middle of it. "I want us both naked. And I want your mouth."

"Uh-huh. Uh-huh." He nodded, stripping as quickly as he could and then reaching for Gus' buttons.

Gus let him undress the muscled body, eyes hot on him, low purrs spurring him on.

He licked his lips, eyes on the hard cock. "How do you want me?"

"On your back," growled Gus. "I'm going to fuck your mouth."

Gus climbed onto the bed, pushing him down onto his back.

"kay. Need you." He reached for Gus' hips, tugging him closer.

"I know," murmured Gus, fingers sliding on his lips. "I love your mouth."

Then Gus was feeding the fat, hard cock between his lips, pushing in deep. He opened, relaxing his throat, taking it all. His fingers played his own nipples as he sucked, tongue sliding. Gus leaned forward and grabbed onto the headboard, growling and moaning, hips almost snapping as he sped up, pushing deep into Bastian's throat.

He reached up, cupped Gus' ass, focused only on taking it, taking everything Gus had to give him.

Gus pushed back into his hands and then rocked forward into his mouth again, the rhythm hard and sure, everything he needed. "Soon, Precious. So good to me."

He looked up, met Gus' eyes. Yes. Please. Need you. *Need* you.

Gus roared, eyes holding his as heat splashed against the back of his throat, Gus jerking in his mouth. He swallowed, taking everything in, pulling everything in. Gus kept moving, softening prick sliding on his tongue and slowly going hard again.

Oh... He hummed, tongue sliding easily.

"I'm going to fuck you, Bastian. Make you scream my name."

Yes.

He nodded, pulling hard, begging with everything he had.

"Good, Precious. Good." Gus kept moving, letting him pull that thick cock back to hardness, the low purrs settling in his balls.

He writhed on the bed, hand stroking his cock, feeling so fucking good.

"No coming, Bastian. Not until I say." Gus pulled out and moved down until he was between Bastian's legs. "Play with the rings, too. Let me see you twist them."

Bastian closed his eyes, fingers playing the rings, tugging and twisting.

He could feel Gus' eyes on him, hot and heavy. "Beautiful," growled his lover, voice rough. One big hand slid along his hip and down, spreading his legs wide. Gus' fingers pinched the skin beneath his balls, a promise.

He twisted, gasping. "Yours."

"Mine," agreed Gus, cock nudging against his hole. "Take me in, Precious."

"Yes. Oh, so good, Augie." So fucking wide.

Gus purred, hands on his hips, helping him, guiding his motions as he rocked onto Gus' cock, taking the thick heat in. Taking it in deep.

"The first time you did this, I thought I'd never... never take you." He bucked up, hips rocking.

"The first time I fucked you?" asked Gus. "Or the first time I fucked you dry?"

"Yes." His shoulders left the mattress, hips rocking.

Gus purred and wrapped one hand around his waist, bringing him down onto Gus' cock.

"Oh. Fuck. More." Bastian threw his head back, throat working.

Gus planted his free hand on the bed, just letting him have everything that big body could give him.

Bastian was just flying, breath huffing from him. "Augie. Please."

"Mine," growled Gus. "Mine. My Precious. Show me."

"Yours..." He came so hard it hurt, entire body tight and shaking,

Gus' heat filled him, spraying deep before his lover's big body collapsed down onto him, pinning him beneath the welcome weight. He gasped, panting, eyes rolling as he relaxed. Soft, wet kisses slid along his neck, his chin, Gus' mouth moving lazily.

"Love you." The words were whispered, rough.

"I know, Precious." His eyes were kissed, his lips. "I love you, Sebastian."

He nodded, smiled, suddenly tired. "I know."

Gus nodded and slid out of him, curled around him, solid and warm, his.

"Stay with me."

"Where else would I be, Precious?"

He smiled, blushed. "I dream now, that you're gone, that I'm gone."

"Bastian..." Gus drew him even closer. "You are here in my arms and I am not letting you go. Soon Jacob and Walter will be here, and if you are switched again it will be a mere matter of going down seven stories."

He nodded, held on tight. "My head knows; my heart is scared."

"I would never let your heart be hurt, Bastian. Never!"

Bastian lifted his face, begging a kiss. "I'm sorry, Augie."

It was given to him, a hard, deep kiss, as if Gus was trying to crawl into him. He whimpered, nodding, taking it all, letting Augie ease him.

Gus' hands slid on him as if they had not just played hard, had not just satisfied their urges. "I am inside you, Precious. Under your skin. You cannot be alone."

He nodded, tears in his eyes. "Yours, all of me."

"Yes, Bastian. All of you. *All* of you." Gus' hand slid to his back, fingers hard on the welts and cuts from the night before. "All of you."

"Yes." He groaned, nodded. "All of me."

"You tell me next time you feel like this, Bastian. I won't have you fretting over such things on your own. There's no need!"

"Yes, Gus. I didn't want to worry you, love."

"Instead you got yourself all worked up. It's my job to worry for you, Bastian. I'm good at it." His ass was pinched.

His squeak echoed. "Who said I was worked up?"

Gus snorted and wiped a tear from the corner of his eye. "Are you saying you are not?"

"I... If I lie, you'll know."

Gus laughed and hugged him hard. "Yes, my Precious. I would."

"I love you, Augie. So much."

Gus nodded. "And I love you, Bastian. You are my life."

He nodded, scooted closer. "Am I worth it?"

Gus chuckled softly. "You are worth three of me, Bastian. But I'm still not sharing."

"No. No, no sharing."

"Never. Mine." Gus' fingers slid down to slide beside his navel. "My mark will go here."

"Yes..." He arched, nodded. Yes, please.

Gus traced the outline of a dragon around his belly. "Mine."

"Yours." His belly rippled, went tight.

"We'll get it done when we get the guiche piercing done. Let them heal together." Gus purred, fingers drawing in his skin, stroking and petting. "I love you, my Precious."

"I love you." He let his eyes fall closed, let himself relax.

Gus purred again, fingers continuing to move on his skin. "Sleep, Bastian. You are safe in my arms."

"Forever. Forever safe."

The room went dark, Gus holding him, keeping him close.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Walt was excited and nervous and sore.

The soreness was distracting. Keeping him from freaking out as the train pulled into the station where they were about to meet with Gus and Sebastian again and start their new life.

It was a good soreness.

Coby had fucked him until neither of them could stand. It was a very good soreness.

He leaned against the solid, lean body, smiling up at Coby.

"We're here, baby. Our new life." Coby hugged him, his hand patting Walt's ass. "You ready?"

He moaned, pressing back into Coby's hand as he nodded. "Yes." And he was. Readier than he'd been in a long time for something as big as the change they were making.

They grabbed their cases and stepped out. He heard a familiar voice, saw two familiar smiles. "Walter! Jacob! Welcome home!"

He had smiles for Sebastian and Gus, didn't even cringe when he was wrapped in a bear hug by Bastian's large lover.

Gus clapped Jacob on his back. "You made it."

"We did. It wasn't as long as I remember the first time." Coby grinned, winked. "Did our things arrive?"

Sebastian nodded. "Yes. Everything's been delivered."

Gus nodded. "In a big pile in the guest room of your new place. So you could put it where you want it, but it wouldn't be messy where you could see it."

"Oh. Oh, thank you." Walt beamed at them. Such good friends. He'd never known anyone but Coby to think about his needs like that.

"We thought you'd like to start getting settled, then you could come up for late meal at our place." Sebastian grinned, all of them moving out toward the transports.

Coby grinned, hugged Sebastian quickly. "Thank you. That would be good."

Walt nodded, focusing on how nice it was to be near Sebastian and Gus, how happy Coby looked instead of how big this was, this move.

Sebastian waved down a transport, the long hair decorated with glass beads and shiny things. It was amazing to see the man happy, relaxed, glowing. Gus also looked relaxed, and, at the same time, puffed up with pride, which was all aimed at Sebastian. And such love. They didn't hide their feelings for each other at all. Walt slipped his hand into Coby's.

Coby squeezed his hand, leaned down to kiss him, eyes warm. "We're okay, baby."

He nodded his head. "Yes, Master." They were. He was. It was good.

They rode from the train station to a mass of tall, glass buildings. Sebastian smiled over. "There's a market in the bottom floor and a swimming pool in the basement. There are all these little shops, too, and you don't have to go out at all."

"A swimming pool? I suppose everyone in the building is allowed to use it?" All those people. All those germs.

"Yes, but it's cleaned every night, and I? Know the custodian and we can swim right after."

His eyes lit up. "Really?" He turned to Coby. "Did you hear, Coby?"

Coby grinned, eyes so warm. "Sounds perfect, baby. We'll have to go often; it's good exercise."

"Yes, Master." He nodded, excitement beginning to take over, making him bounce a little.

Sebastian grinned, curling against Gus. "We're going to have a good time. It's been a long time since I had a friend to visit with, Walter. And my brother, too."

Coby chuckled, nodding.

Walt nodded. "I haven't had a friend who stuck around after knowing me in a long... well ever. Just Coby."

"Well, I lived with you for months and I'm happy you're here."

He nodded again, smiling at Bastian, holding tight to Coby's hand. "Are we going to be there soon?"

"In about... now." The transport stopped in front of a simple, pretty building, neat flower gardens framing the doors.

"Oh, look, Coby. Real flowers." He could even smell them as he got out. So pretty.

Sebastian made a happy little sound. "It's beautiful here. Peaceful. I was so glad there was an empty spot."

"Yes. And this way you two may visit each other no matter the time or weather."

Gus opened the door for him. "We're on twelve. You're on five."

Coby nodded. "What time should we meet you for late meal, Gus?"

"Seven o'clock will give you nearly four hours. Is that enough time?"

Walt looked up at Coby, happy to leave the decision to his Master. Coby nodded. "That sounds perfect. I just want to get us in and a little settled and showered."

Walter waited until they got off the elevator and had found the door to their new apartment. "Settled, Master?"

"Settled, baby. The bed made. Tomorrow's clothes put out. A good hard fuck. A shower."

He moaned. "That sounds good, Master."

Coby nodded, opened the door. The place looked white and bright, and there was a huge mass of flowers on the bar.

"Oh, those must be from Gus and Sebastian."

Walt went over and found the card. "Welcome home."

He looked around. The place was quite pristine, not a mark to be seen, no dust.

Coby looked around, peering out the window, in the kitchen. "Oh, baby. They stocked the pantry and cooler for us."

Walter went, finding everything neatly stacked, all his and Coby's favorite foods. Tears prickled his eyes. "I didn't tell them. Did you, or did Sebastian just remember?"

"I didn't tell them, baby." Coby tugged him into those strong arms. "They're just good friends."

He sniffed and nodded. Sebastian had cleaned things the way he liked, had stocked all the food they liked *and* had done it neatly. He'd even seen cleaning supplies and gloves to wear in the cupboard.

"I'm glad we came, Coby."

"I am, too, baby. I am, too." Coby leaned close, almost snuggling into him.

He looked up, moaning softly as Coby's mouth found his, the kiss soft and slow. The heat didn't flare, just was there -- warm and comforting, almost gentle, Coby's arms cradling him. He let Coby support him, felt the love between them like a blanket of calm and good.

The kisses melted, one into the other, Coby's eyes warm and watching, seeing him. It made him ripple and press closer, opening to his lover. Coby moaned, tongue pressing in deep. He slid his hands up to stroke through Coby's short hair, body bent slightly back, totally supported and surrounded by heat and love.

"Mine. Oh, baby. All mine..." Coby's hands cupped his ass, squeezed.

He nodded, hands sliding to Coby's shoulders and just holding. "Yours. Oh, Coby. Yes." That would never change, no matter where they moved to, where they went, what they did. And he believed in it, believed in Coby.

"Love you." Those eyes burned into him, so hot, so beautiful.

He felt the words down to his toes, eyes gazing up into Coby's. "I love you, Coby."

"I know. You're going to be happy here." Coby started walking him out of the kitchen, down the hall.

"I will be happy where ever you are, Master. I don't think I could be unhappy with you."

"Yes, but now? You'll have family and friends, a pool, my mark on you, forever."

"Your mark?" He shivered, the idea scary and enticing and unbelievably arousing. A mark on his smooth, clean skin. Forever.

"My mark, forever."

They moved into a bedroom, the bed already made, ready. He barely even noticed the further kindness though, his mind taken up with the idea of a mark, no -- of Coby's mark, on him forever.

Coby eased him down, hands working his clothes open, "Where should I put it?"

"Somewhere everyone can see it. Even me."

His hand was taken, teeth scraping his inner wrist. "Here."

His entire body jerked, a fire lighting inside him. "Oh. Yes, Master."

"Yes." Those teeth bit deeper, stinging, bruising him.

He arched, trying to bring his sudden, urgent need into contact with Coby's skin. Coby's hand slid under his ass, tugging him closer. He whimpered as their bodies slid together, clothes suddenly seeming thick and wrong.

"Strip. I want." Coby's eyes were hot, burning.

"Yes, Master." He didn't even ask if Coby wanted it slow or fast, he could feel the need, urgent and necessary between them, felt he knew what his Master wanted, needed.

Coby got rid of his own clothes, cock hard, stiff, ready for him. Walt didn't even fold his, pulling them off and tossing them, eager to feel Coby against him. Coby pushed him flat on the bed, coming down atop him and rubbing, cock leaving wet trails on his skin.

He whimpered, pushing up against each touch, skin aflame wherever they touched. They both moaned, moved, rocked up into each other over and over. Coby's skin was hot, burning, sliding against him. His hands moved over Coby's back, touching, holding on as he whimpered and moaned.

Coby groaned, lips parting. "Yeah, baby. Touch me."

Coby's skin was so hot, smooth, the muscles hard and solid beneath. Coby's hand was so hard, burning around his cock, around their cocks.

"Master. Oh!" He bucked and arched, Coby playing him like an instrument.

Coby nodded, humming, hand moving faster, harder. It felt so good, and he was flying higher and higher.

"Soon, baby. Come on. Show me."

Walt cried out, body bucking and shaking, heat splashing out over Coby's hand and his belly. His eyes held Coby's the whole time, giving everything he felt, everything he was to the man who meant everything to him.

"Yes..." Coby's seed joined his own, spraying over his belly, his skin.

Another shudder was pulled from him with that, his body pressing up into Coby, not wanting to lose the contact for a second.

"Mmm... mine." Coby was beaming, smiling, eyes happy.

That happiness was infectious, filling him. "Yours, Master."

"So, nap or shower?"

"Whichever you want, Master." He found he didn't care right now, as long as he was close to Coby.

He might in an hour, but right now? He didn't.

Gus watched Bastian bustle about the kitchen, “putting finishing touches” on the evening's meal. Bastian had gone all out, making sure the apartment was ready for Jacob and Walter; the two of them had spent the entire morning setting up the bed, cleaning, *organizing*.

He hoped that it was appreciated. He certainly was looking forward to having Bastian's attention to himself again.

"Augie? Augie, did I make the salad right?" He hid his grin. His Bastian? Was *not* a chef.

At all.

Really.

But the man was trying.

"I think the little hard bread bits are supposed to go in as well."

"Yeah? Okay." Bastian stirred them in, tasting one as they went.

"Did you make a sauce for it, Precious?" He set the table for Bastian, frowning at the smell. "Is the food in the oven okay?"

"I think so?"

Bastian pulled out a pot that was smoking a little, the roast in there vaguely... crusty.

He peeked at it and managed not to make a face. He could eat some for Bastian. A bite at least.

"Is it okay? I followed the recipe."

"You could take a taste. See if it needs anything. Chefs do that." No way he was telling Bastian it wasn't good.

Those grey eyes were wide, worried. "Okay..."

"I'm sure it's fine, Precious. And if it isn't? We'll call for something." He stroked Bastian's back reassuringly.

Bastian took the pot over to the sink, sawing off a chunk of meat. "It's done all the way through.

"Excellent. That's important."

He got a grateful look, eyes just shining. "Oh, good. Good."

"It smells... done."

"Yep. All the way through...."

He chuckled and took a fork, picked up a piece and put it in his mouth.

And chewed.

And chewed.

And chewed.

"Is it tasty?"

Jacob was going to tease Bastian into tears.

"Maybe we should order something, Precious. That way I don't have to share this with anyone. We'll just put it in the ice box." He gave Bastian a hopeful look and hoped his stomach would forgive him.

"It's that bad, huh?" Bastian sighed, nodded and tossed the whole thing into the trash. "You call and order, I'm going to shower. I smell bad."

He followed his lover, picking up Bastian's clothes as he dropped them one after the other. He shucked his own clothes, following Bastian right into the shower. "I'm sorry, Bastian. Your heart was in the right place. Maybe something simpler next time?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I guess."

He growled. "You made the apartment welcoming. You set up their cupboards and bedroom. You invited them for supper. They won't feel slighted it isn't a home cooked meal, Bastian, and you are no less a good friend for not being able to cook." He would not have Bastian feel bad about this.

Bastian's eyes flew to his, cheeks going red. "Oh..."

He slid his hand along Bastian's cheek, thumb sliding along the full lower lip. He did love Bastian's mouth. Especially in that shape.

"A very good friend," he murmured, bending to kiss. He could feel it in his bones, when Bastian's focus snapped to him. "That's my Precious," he murmured, hands sliding on Bastian's skin.

"Yours..." Bastian's hands climbed up his arms, wrapping around his shoulders.

"Yes, mine." He slid his hands down Bastian's back, wrapped around that sweet ass.

"Is... Oh, Augie..." Bastian moaned, stepped closer. Distracted. Oh, that would do. He squeezed Bastian's ass, letting his fingers slide along Bastian's crack.

A sweet low moan sounded, Bastian's legs spreading, parting for him. Oh, yes. He purred into Bastian's mouth, finger sliding into perfect silky heat. Bastian melted into him, just moaning.

He took Bastian's mouth with his tongue and Bastian's ass with two fingers, fucking his lover. All of Bastian's tension melted out of him, heat pouring from his lover.

He pushed Bastian up against the shower wall, turning him to face the wall. "Mine," he whispered, cock pushing into his lover.

"Yes..." Bastian stretched up, ass going tight.

"Yes." He pulled out and pushed back in again, growling at the sensation.

Bastian's cry echoed, entire body rippling. "More."

"Always." He started a good, hard rhythm, letting Bastian have the best of him.

Oh, this was what he needed, what Bastian needed. Bastian rode him, head thrown back, happy cries filling the air. His hands were hard on Bastian's hips, the beautiful skin so hot and smooth. He buried his face in Bastian's hair, breathing in the scent of his lover.

"Love you. Love you, Augie. Feel you everywhere..." Bastian's body rippled, milking him.

"Yes, Love." He growled, one hand sliding forward to wrap around Bastian's cock. "Show me. Come."

Heat sprayed, pouring over his fingers. "Yours."

He roared, letting his own pleasure sweep through him and fill Bastian.

Bastian relaxed, breathing hard, panting.

He touched the hot skin he loved so much, fingers moving on Bastian, sliding to trace where the tattoo was going to go. "Love you," he murmured.

"Love you." He loved the lack of tension, of worry, the simple pleasure in Bastian's voice.

"Good. Good." He pulled Bastian back into the spray of the water, rinsing them both off, grinning as the bell went a moment after he turned the water off. "Almost perfect timing."

"Almost." Bastian chuckled, cuddled in. "We should've invited them for tomorrow..."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll be busy tomorrow, too." He kissed Bastian's forehead and then swatted his ass. "Toss on your robe and go let them in, Precious."

"Okay, Augie." Bastian smiled at him, then hurried off, signs of worry gone, the lines of his lover's body relaxed.

He purred softly, smiling as he watched Bastian until he was out of view. Good. This would all be good.

The food wasn't half bad and he didn't even nag Tanny about the distinctive smoky smell or the tell-tale wet hair. Coby was feeling too good. He had Walt in his lap, both of them sharing a glass of wine, Bastian on the floor at Gus' feet.

"So how do you like the new place?" Gus asked, hand slowly stroking through Bastian's hair.

"It's perfect. I appreciate all the time you put into it. You'll have to come for dinner next; Walter likes cooking."

Walter nodded. "As soon as I know the kitchen. I need to know where everything is. Oh, Sebastian, I wanted to thank you for the pantry! Everything was *so* neat."

Bastian beamed. "I wanted you to feel at home."

Coby smiled at his brother, nodded. "You're very good to us."

Gus nodded and purred. "That's my Precious."

Walter smiled. "I like the way you call him that."

"Well, he is."

Bastian leaned into Gus' hands, looking about as at peace as his Walt did. Which, considering they were in someone else's house, was like magic. In fact, Walt was almost purring, warm and pliant in his arms.

Gus chuckled. "This was a good idea."

"It was." Coby petted Walt's belly, hand moving slow and easy. "I forget how isolated things can be. It's good to have friends."

"Friends who understand," murmured Walt, undulating against his touch.

Bastian nodded, almost humming as Gus lifted him onto the strong thighs. "Yeah."

"Oh," murmured Walter. "You're beautiful together."

Walt was right. Gus was all thick muscles, Tanny smooth and sleek, their bodies moving together complementarily.

Sebastian smiled over. "And you both look so... right? Happy? What do I mean, Gus? Like they were meant to be together."

"Perfect, Precious. They look perfect."

Walt's face went a little pink and buried into his chest. Coby hummed, petted Walt's head, the nape of his neck, his shoulders. The wine and company and food made him relaxed, warm.

"You have such fine, pale skin, Walter. What do you use on it?" Gus asked.

His baby looked up at him to answer.

"We have lotions and oils, but mostly? Walter is just beautiful."

Walter gasped softly. "Oh. Master..."

"What, baby? You are. You always have been." He kissed Walt's temple.

"Thank you, Master."

"Have you always had him call you Master?" Gus asked suddenly.

Coby smiled. "Walter picked the word. In fact, when we first got together, he called me Coby or sir. It wasn't until we knew things were permanent that he called me Master."

Walt smiled and pressed against him. "Coby-Sir. I like Master. It reminds me I'm his, gives me something to focus on."

Sebastian grinned at Gus. "Don't get ideas, Augie."

Gus chuckled. "Oh, I think you've got plenty to focus on, Precious."

They all chuckled, even Walter, the sound happy, relaxed.

"I bet you can focus him pretty easily, yes, Gus?" Coby smiled at them, nuzzling Walt.

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with my focus," purred Gus, looking at Tanny with the tenderest look. "Nothing wrong at all."

Walt gave a happy little sigh.

"You think you'll be happy here, baby?"

"I do, Coby. I would be happy anywhere you were, but I think I will be really happy here." Walt pressed close.

"I think so, too, baby." He nodded, kissed Walt's temple.

Walt's face turned up, his baby mutely asking for a kiss. He gave it, willingly, eagerly. Walt whimpered, mouth opening to him, body pressing close.

Gus' chuckle was soft. "You also look very nice together."

"We should go, before things go any farther." His hand cupped Walt's ass, drew them together.

"Unless things went farther altogether," murmured Gus, hand sliding on Bastian's back.

He smiled into Walt's eyes. "It's up to you, baby. You okay right here?"

"Are we... does he mean all of us touching or just side by side?" Those green eyes were wide.

"Whatever you want, Walt, Coby. Bastian and I enjoy your company. The sex was good, too. And we all know that at the end of the day, we're two committed couples, not a foursome." Gus shrugged, casual.

"Or we could just do this. Love each other, watch." Bastian cuddled into Gus, rubbing a little.

"Whatever you want, Master."

Gus rumbled and Walt's eyes got wider, turning to look at the big man. "He asked *you*, Walter."

"I..." Walter blinked, looking back to him from Gus.

"You are a beautiful man, Walter. And so is Jacob. A joy to watch together, I'm sure an equal joy to touch. But we don't want to make you uncomfortable. Won't."

Coby caught Walt's eyes, held them. "Focus, baby. No wrong answers. Just what's in your heart."

"I like watching them. I don't mind them watching us. And I don't mind if you want to touch them and stuff, but I only want you to touch me like that. I'm yours."

He nodded. "Then we'll stay right here, together."

"Okay." Walter smiled up at him, body relaxing, the tension sliding away from Walter's body.

He smiled back, so proud of his baby. It had taken Walt years to learn to speak his mind.

Walt made a soft noise. "It makes me hot when you look at me like that," Walt whispered.

"Does it? Good." He drew them closer together. "You make me hot, baby. Seeing you strong, happy."

"Oh, you make me like that." Walt beamed up at him, hands wrapping around his neck and tugging his head down.

Their kiss was deep and hungry, the action stealing Coby's breath and making his head spin a bit. Walt pressed against him, mouth opening wide, hands tugging him closer still, need strong. They moved together, rocking, making the comfortable couch shift.

A soft cry sounded from Gus and Sebastian, but his baby didn't even register that he'd heard the sound, let alone turn to look. Every touch, every kiss, it was all focused on him, Walt intense. His skin was tight, need riding him hard. He got Walt's pants loosened, got to feel the hard cock against his lower belly.

Walt cried out, hips pushing, fingers shaking as they started on his buttons. "Oh! Oh, Master, may I? Please, I want skin."

"Yeah, baby. Yeah..." He nipped Walt's bottom lip. Hard.

Walt jerked, eyes rolling in his head. His fingers weren't deterred, though, given permission, Walter practically tore the clothes from him. All he knew was Walt beneath him, the soft, silken skin, the heat. Walt rubbed against him, cock hard, leaking along his abdomen. Those trembling fingers found the buttons on his pants, tugged at it.

His hands slid down, pushing into the loosened pants, fingers curling into Walt's crease.

"Master!" Walt's eyes got wide and he moved faster, rubbing forward and pushing back.

"Mmm... yes, baby." He let his index fingers push inside the hot body, fucking in time.

Walt's cry was sweet, body moving faster, hands clinging to his shoulder as the long cock made his skin slick with pre-come.

"So good. Let me see. Want to know now good it is."

"Master?" Walt's eyes met his, glazed with pleasure.

"So beautiful." He loved that look, that hungry, happy need.

Walt smiled. "Love you, Coby," he whispered, body shivering and shaking, pushing and rubbing and riding back against his fingers.

"Yeah, baby." He nodded, eyes watching every emotion as they moved.

Adoration. Love. Need. Want. Happiness. They were all there in green, Walt's pale skin beginning to glisten with sweat as he moved. He groaned, pushing up harder, his own sounds mingling with Gus', Sebastian's. Walter kept moving, moaning and whimpering, soon begging as well.

"Want to ride my cock, baby? Or my fingers?"

Walter's eyes rolled and he whimpered. "Yes. Oh, please."

"Which one. Pick."

Walt whimpered again, body tightening on his fingers. "This, Master."

"Mmm..." He purred, nuzzled into Walt's neck, two fingers becoming four in a single motion.

"Master!" Walt cried his name and rode him hard and fast, hands so tight on his shoulders, soft sounds growing louder and needier.

"Yes, mine." He nipped Walt's skin, leaving little red marks.

"Oh. Oh, please." Walt continued to ride him, pushing into each touch.

"Come for me, baby. Let me have you." He bucked, arched up and pulled Walt onto his fingers.

"Master!" His name was on Walt's lips as Walt came, heat splashing over his belly, his baby's body squeezing his fingers tight.

He took the sound in, tongue pushing deep and his cock sliding through Walt's seed. Walter's fingers slid to cup his face, mouth opening wide, body still moving against him, with him, offering him everything. His hips jerked, rocked, moved desperately, driving his need against Walt's body.

"Master... May I have you in my mouth?"

He groaned, nodding, eyes rolling with the promise of that soft mouth on his cock. Walt slid down his body, rubbing against him along the way. He felt Walt's breath first, hot, damp against his skin, and then Walt's tongue, licking him clean of Walt's come.

He moaned, arching into it, eyes glancing over at Gus and Sebastian. Tanny was sitting in Gus' lap, riding the thick cock, both of them watching him and Walter, eyes hot.

He looked down at Walt, smiling, almost humming. "So good."

Walt beamed up at him, licks coming to an end, and the tip of his cock was taken between Walter's lips, suction slowly increasing around him. He moaned, arching up into the caress, hips undulating. Walt's eyes were closed, a look of bliss on his face as he did this for Coby.

One of his hands curled around Walt's head, tongue slowly pushing into Walt's mouth. A moan vibrated around his cock, Walt taking him in, sucking strongly. Yes. Yes, that was exactly what he needed.

Walt's throat swallowed around the tip of his cock every time he pushed deep, his baby's tongue sliding along the head each time he pulled shallow again. They got into a perfect rhythm, and he could just push in and in over and over again.

Gus moaned, a low, husky sound that he recognized, that he knew meant the big man was about to blow.

Walt's eyes opened, the green meeting his, hot and wanton. He came hard, eyes rolling, heart pounding. Walt took it all in, swallowed him down, and then Walt's mouth gentled, soothed and cleaned him.

He hummed, almost melted all through. "So good, baby."

"I love you, Coby," murmured Walt, grinning suddenly as Gus' roar rang through the apartment. Sebastian's little cries echoed behind, so sweet.

Walt slipped his cock back into his pants, zipping them up before climbing up into his lap again, body languid, melting against him. Walt's eyes found Bastian and Gus. "Oh, they're lovely."

"Mmm... they are." His lips found Walt's ear. "Not as beautiful as you."

Walt moaned softly, pushed even closer. He wrapped his arms around Walt, held on. Perfect. Things were finally perfect.

Though with his luck, the gods would be listening again.

EPILOGUE

Valhal Tower

The gathering still in full swing, the top of Valhal Tower turned, moving from ocean to mountain, the applause ringing out, filling the air.

Winna took a sip of her drink, grinning as the twin gods came in to accept lauds from all corners. They *had* done well in providing most excellent entertainment.

"Well, those pesky humans certainly know of the gods now," noted Terra.

"Well, four do," pointed out Skye.

All eyes turned to the Gemin, wondering how they would respond to the almost accusation.

"And the priests will speak of it to our worshippers, and the story will grow and grow, spreading like a fire. It is the way of things."

"Yes." The deep voice of Maker sounded, people parting to let him into the circle around the Gemin. "You have done well in providing us with entertainment. I have only one question for you."

The two heads bowed in unison, two souls made one. "Yes, Lord?"

"What entertainment have you dreamt for us next?"

End