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Melindo: My Lover



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MELINDO: MY LOVER

by

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Melindo: My Lover

Corey stood in the doorway, watching his friend run his fingers through his two-toned dreadlocks. Adrian's head hung down as he carefully separated the twisted strands from each other, a particular point of his grooming Corey never quite understood—the twists would tangle with each other as soon as Adrian flipped his hair back. Corey had seen many people with dreadlocks, but none of them ever had the trouble with their hair that Adrian did; Corey figured it must simply be his friend's heritage that lent itself to his hair's unruliness. Just like clockwork, Adrian flipped his head back and Corey simply shook his head as the twists grabbed onto each other and proceeded to make the young man grumble. When Adrian turned around, he didn't seem to be overly surprised to see Corey there.

"Why do you bother?" Corey asked him, nodding to the newly tangled twists in Adrian's hair.

Adrian shrugged. "Don't know; I just do. How long have you been there?"

"Long enough to make Jacob and the girls wonder what happened to the both of us," Corey said. He remained standing in the doorway as Adrian fished through the jumble of spare change and such to find his house keys.

"I'm ready," Adrian said as he shoved his keys into the pocket of his jeans and slipped his jacket on.

"Bout time."

The hallway of the apartment building was quite chilly making Adrian grateful that he remembered his leather jacket this time. The last time they went out, he had forgotten it and had to borrow Abby's spare coat. It was December, a time of year that never ceased to make him ache from the inside out. It wasn't an issue of aching joints or other related problems, it

was an ache that resonated deep within him. He often wondered how other creatures could survive in such harsh conditions even though he knew the majority of the animal kingdom bedded down for the winter. He often wished he could do the same—sleep the time away until spring came around once more.

As the two of them walked out into the blistering cold of a Washington December, Adrian pulled the jacket tighter about him. He caught a glimpse of Corey out of the corner of his right eye; the man was shaking his head and grinning.

“Hey!”

Adrian looked up at the sound of the woman’s voice and groaned inwardly. He didn’t think Donna was going with them tonight since she had to work in the morning. Regardless, he smiled at her as they neared Corey’s van.

“Hi, sweetie,” Donna said as she threw her arms around Adrian’s neck in a hug. Adrian hugged her back as best he could. He simply wasn’t in the mood tonight. She didn’t seem to notice his discomfort and gave him a quick little peck on his right cheek.

“Can we go now? It’s fucking cold,” another woman demanded from the dark depths of the van.

“Yeah, yeah.” Corey waved Donna and Adrian into the van and slid the door closed behind them. He walked around, climbed into the driver’s seat, and glanced in the back just as the bench seat reclined amid masculine groans and feminine giggles. He shook his head and started the van.

“Jeez, the least you two could do is get a room,” Adrian remarked dryly as Jacob and Abby made out not two feet from him. He looked up to meet Corey’s concerned gaze in the rearview mirror. Corey shook his head in sympathy and Adrian rolled his eyes.

Donna reached over and slid her hand down one of Adrian’s black and white twists. He bit his tongue and smiled as sweetly as possible.

“I love your hair like this,” she said. “It looks so mysterious, kinda suits you, ya know?”

“That was the idea,” Corey said from the driver’s seat.

Donna was more of a by-product of their friendship with Jacob than anything else. She was Abby’s best friend, and Abby and Jacob were attached at the hip. It wasn’t that Adrian didn’t like Donna (she could be cool when she wanted to), but she annoyed him by hitting on him constantly. Corey tried to explain to Adrian that all he needed to do was come out of the damn closet and she’d leave him alone.

Adrian stared out the van's darkly tinted window and tried his best to ignore the woman fawning over him. Donna wasn't always bad, in all honesty. Adrian knew most of the problem was his own sullen mood. It was winter...the cold—he simply didn't feel like himself. He smiled when that notion came to mind. *If only the others knew*, he thought. He glanced up and looked at Corey in the rearview mirror—he was still switching between watching the road like he should and watching Donna like a hawk...and a rather protective one at that. Adrian was grateful to have him around. Corey, at least, knew him for who he truly was, even when Adrian himself sometimes didn't.

As the van pulled into the parking lot of the club, Donna leaned over and kissed Adrian lightly on the cheek.

"Maybe I can get a dance tonight?" she asked him quietly.

"Maybe," Adrian replied without looking at her. He watched in the window as she stood. Without another word, she jumped out of the van door beside him. A few seconds later, Corey poked his head in and grinned.

"You comin', man?"

Adrian nodded. "Yeah, I'm coming." He unbuckled his seatbelt and stepped out of the van and into the snow shower he hadn't noticed before. "Shit." He grumbled as he zipped his jacket up, then he shoved his hands into the pockets.

"You really don't like the cold, do you?" Corey asked as the two of them followed the others into the club.

"You know I don't."

"Is it that way with all..."

Adrian shot him a glance that told him not to even go there. "Yes."

Corey nodded and gave him a sheepish grin. "Sorry, man. I won't bring it up again."

"Thank you."

The club was hopping, to say the least. As Adrian and Corey stepped inside, it became apparent that the night was going to last for quite a while. It was only ten and it was standing room only. A band with whom Adrian was not familiar was setting up on the stage. He looked around and spotted Jacob and Abby at the bar; Donna thankfully absent from the immediate area. He squeezed through the crowd, Corey close behind him, stepping into the tiny open space near the bar.

"Glad to see you made it inside," Jacob shouted over the blare of the house music.

"What band is playing tonight?" Adrian said as he stepped up beside Jacob. He didn't see the need to yell. Hell, he could have heard Jacob on the

other side of the damn club without him shouting, but he didn't bother to explain that one.

"Don't know," Jacob said, not shouting nearly as loudly this time.

Adrian nodded. He leaned over the bar and waved over the burly man behind it. "Rum and coke," he said. The man nodded and turned away. Adrian started to fish his wallet out but stopped when a strong hand grasped his wrist. He looked up expecting to see Corey, but instead met a steel blue gaze. The stranger smiled and nodded to the bartender before handing him several bills.

"That wasn't necessary," Adrian said, "but thank you." He took his drink and turned to look at the stranger beside him.

"My pleasure. What's your name?"

For several seconds, Adrian found himself at a loss for words. The man's voice was low and soft as if he too didn't see the need for shouting over the music. His eyes though...his eyes were nothing like Adrian had ever seen before. They were the color of blue light reflected on new steel, a sort of metallic blue that was truly unique. His hair was pale and looked more like soft sunrays streaking down from his head than actual hair. He was Adrian's height of six feet, possibly more, and he was slender but nicely toned.

"Adrian."

"Adrian," the man repeated. He leaned close and Adrian felt a lump form in his throat. "You mean that's what they named you."

"What do you mean?" Adrian asked him, suddenly wary of this man, regardless of his beauty. He brought the cup to his lips for a drink, but the man's next words stopped him cold, the liquid barely touching his lip.

"What is your true name?"

Adrian lowered the cup and swallowed hard. "Dûrion."

The man smiled then. He extended his hand to Adrian. Adrian shook it, not entirely sure who this man was and how he could see through such a thick illusion.

"I'm Erik," the man said. Then he leaned forward and whispered in Adrian's left ear. "But in other circles, I'm known as Caunion."

Adrian nearly dropped his cup, but the man caught it with an unnoticed move of his wrist—unnoticed by all but Adrian. He looked up at the man and smiled for the first time in several months.

"It's always difficult, this time of year," Erik said as he set Adrian's cup on the bar beside them. "I promise it passes; you become accustomed to it after a while."

“How did you know?” Adrian asked him, still in shock from finding another like himself.

The man smiled and slid his fingers through the parti-colored twists and braids to reveal the faintest hint of a pointed ear. Adrian dropped his gaze, part from shame, part from embarrassment. Erik slipped his other hand under his chin and lifted his head.

“Don’t hide who you are,” he whispered.

If it had been anyone else, they wouldn’t have heard him, but Adrian heard him clear as day. In an odd twist of emotion, he suddenly felt ashamed for being ashamed. It wasn’t a feeling he was used to. Erik’s next move served only to unnerve him even more. Without another word, Erik leaned forward and opened his mouth on Adrian’s. Adrian’s breath left him when Erik’s tongue slid between his lips, parting them slowly and gently. The kiss was short but left Adrian lightheaded and breathless nonetheless.

“I have to go to work now,” Erik said quietly. He hadn’t released Adrian’s hair and his grip had tightened with their kiss.

“I finally find someone else and now you’re leaving?” Adrian asked him, feeling hurt and utterly confused.

Erik smiled and pulled him close. Adrian gasped as their bodies met and pressed tightly together.

“Not at all,” Erik whispered close to Adrian’s lips. He nodded his head slightly in the direction of the stage. “I’m not going far. Won’t you stay and listen to the band?”

“You-you’re in the band?”

Erik smiled. “I’m the singer.” He kissed Adrian softly, then left him and went to the stage.

“Who was that?”

Adrian turned to see Jacob giving him a rather quizzical look. Abby stood beside him, her arm linked in his, a knowing smile on her face. Adrian grabbed his cup and downed half the rum and Coke in one nervous swallow. *Well*, he thought, *here goes*. He turned to face the two of them and smiled sheepishly.

“I guess I have some explaining to do,” he said as he looked from Jacob to Abby.

“You don’t have to explain,” Abby said, “but we’re more than willing to listen. It’s obvious now why you’ve never shown any interest in women.”

Adrian sat down on the barstool beside Jacob and sighed. “Yeah, I guess that probably is obvious now.” He looked up at them—at Jacob mostly—and said, “I’m sorry. It’s not something I’m extremely open about, but I suppose I should’ve said something a long time ago.”

Jacob shrugged and grinned. "Nah, no big deal, man," he said. "You like guys; so what? You think it's gonna change our friendship?"

Adrian let his gaze slip away, not wanting to confirm that very fear. Jacob's hand on his shoulder told him that all was not as bad as he would imagine.

"Adrian, we've been friends for over ten years. Men or women, it doesn't matter to me; you are who you are."

"You're not freaked out?" Adrian asked, raising a dark eyebrow.

"Not in the least. Although I am curious as to who that guy was," Jacob grinned.

Adrian looked to the stage and remained quiet for several minutes as he watched Erik set up his mic. "I don't know," he said, "but I want to."

"You kissed a guy you don't even know?" Jacob asked.

Adrian shrugged. "It's no different than a man kissing a woman he's just met. I will know him, but it'll have to wait." He nodded towards the stage.

Jacob turned and laughed. "A musician, huh? And blonde? I'd figure you would be more into the dark type."

"Me, too," Adrian said. "But Erik is different than anyone I've ever met before."

"Well," Jacob said, turning back to his friend, "at least you know his name."

Adrian scowled at him; Jacob just laughed.

"Where's Corey?" Adrian asked, suddenly realizing that his best friend had just up and disappeared into the crowd.

"Oh, he's around," Abby said with a soft laugh.

Both men turned to see their friend chatting happily with a pretty young woman down the bar a bit.

"Well, maybe we'll all get lucky tonight," Jacob mused. He let out a groan as Abby's elbow connected with his ribs. "I knew I'd pay for that one." He looked at her and smiled. "Later, man." He patted Adrian's shoulder, stood, and walked away, Abby still attached to his arm.

Adrian turned back to the stage and smiled when he met Erik's blue gaze. The man was exquisite and much unlike what Adrian had always imagined others like him to be. He never really knew what to expect should he find someone else, but it wasn't Erik's gothic metal look, to be sure. Erik's body was perfect, as most of their kind tended to be, Adrian supposed. Erik seemed more at home on a stage than off it and he moved with a fluidity that made Adrian's insides go from tight little knots to puddles of desire. His kiss...dear God, the man could kiss like no other.

Adrian tried to stand and realized the rum and Coke had gone through his system quicker than he had expected. He sat back down, briefly gripping the edge of the bar to steady himself when the room threatened to spin. He shouldn't have drunk the damn thing so fast. The lights in the club dimmed and the crowd quickly gathered close to the stage as the first notes from the bass rumbled through the amps. He watched as Erik took his place front and center. Erik cradled the microphone in his hands and smiled across the crowd to Adrian. Adrian shifted on his stool and smiled back. Somehow, some way, Adrian intended to get his hands on the singer before the night was over.

By the end of the band's first set, the alcohol in Adrian's blood had all but dissipated, leaving his head a bit clearer than before. He didn't move from the barstool as he watched Erik jump from the stage to the tiled floor. By the time Erik reached the bar, Adrian's breathing had become erratic from seeing the longing look on the singer's face. Erik stopped in front of him, slid his hand through Adrian's twisted braids, and pulled him into another kiss. Adrian didn't bother hiding himself any longer. He slipped his arms around Erik's neck and opened himself completely. With his surrender, Erik deepened their kiss, pulling Adrian off the stool and up against the hardness of his body.

Adrian's head swam as Erik's tongue circled his own. He moaned into Erik's mouth, unsure if it was out of frustration or elation. Erik's body was strong and firm, unlike any other man Adrian had ever been with. He had never been with another of his kind, and the prospect of being with Erik enticed Adrian enough to drag a groan from his throat when their kiss ended. Erik smiled at him, the blue of his eyes sparkling in the flashing, glittery lights of the club.

"How long until your next set?"

Erik grinned. "Long enough," he whispered, pulling Adrian harder against him.

A gasp escaped Adrian's lips when he realized the singer was already hard as a rock. He groaned at his own arousal, wanting nothing more than to drop to his knees right at that moment and take Erik into his mouth. He bit his lower lip when Erik pressed him onto the edge of the bar.

"How long are you staying tonight?" Erik asked him.

Adrian threaded his fingers through Erik's golden blonde hair and whispered to his lips. "How long do you want me to stay?"

He felt the singer smile against his mouth before they met in another kiss. When Erik pulled away, he took Adrian's hand in his and led him through the throng of bodies. Adrian had no idea where they were going, but as he watched the singer's body glide through the mass of people, he simply didn't care. He needed to get his hands on him soon.

Erik stopped at a door and pushed it open. It was a storeroom full of mops, brooms, buckets, rags, cleaning supplies, and other things of that sort. Erik pulled his shirt over his head and spread it out on the floor. When he turned around to face Adrian, he smiled. Adrian felt like a schoolboy on his first date, unsure of what to do or how far he should go. Erik took his hand and sat down on the floor, pulling Adrian down to straddle his lap. His hands dropped to Adrian's hips and he leaned back on the floor. Adrian slipped his jacket off, leaned over, and slid it under Erik's head. Before he could sit back up however, Erik had his hands under his shirt and whisked it over Adrian's head with a grin. He pulled Adrian down and took one of his nipples into his mouth, teasing it to hardness with flicks of his tongue. Adrian struggled to stay propped up on his hands as every tug on his nipple sent waves of bliss through his body. He slid the fingers of one hand through Erik's hair and stopped when the point of his ear became visible. Erik released his nipple and glanced up at him.

"You've never been with another, have you?"

Adrian shook his head slowly. "Not with another of our kind," he whispered. He looked down at the man beneath him. "Is it any different?"

Erik grinned and pulled Adrian down as he thrust his hips up. "We tend to be a bit larger than human men," he said.

Adrian nodded; he knew that much just from gym class in high school. Even in the boys' locker room, he was a bit of a legend in that department.

His attention returned to the moment at hand when Erik pulled him down and rolled him over. Adrian gasped as Erik descended on his neck, planting soft kisses over the curve of his throat. He tangled his hands in Erik's hair and moaned when Erik bit down on the nape of his neck. He wondered briefly if maybe Erik was the type to take full control; he prayed to every god he knew that he was. His heart leapt into his throat when Erik grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the floor above his head. Erik's smile was enough to tell Adrian he did indeed take control. He whimpered when Erik ground against him.

"So, you like it rough."

Adrian felt himself grow flush but he didn't attempt to deny what he truly liked. He nodded slowly. Erik growled and thrust up against him,

taking Adrian's breath away with a shock of sweet pain. He chewed on his bottom lip and a whimper escaped his throat.

"And pain," Erik said with a lift of a blonde eyebrow. "Well, aren't you a unique one, even among our kind."

"Please," Adrian whispered.

"Please what?" Erik asked him with a grin. "I don't want to fuck a human," he said as he lowered his face to Adrian's, "I want to fuck you."

Adrian groaned and started to turn his head to the side. Erik gripped his chin and turned it back, forcing Adrian to face him.

"I don't want Adrian," Erik said. His voice had turned serious yet remained thick with his arousal. "You're not with a human now; let it go."

When Adrian nodded, Erik released his chin. Adrian closed his eyes and let the go of the illusion. Above him, Erik smiled. Adrian felt the illusion slip away and when he finally accepted what he truly was, Erik took him in another kiss that moved from his lips and across his cheek. Adrian's heart thundered in his chest when Erik's lips brushed over his ear. Erik's tongue snaked out to trace the curve of it up to the pointed tip. When he moved his mouth back down, his breath warmed Adrian's ear.

"That's more like it," Erik whispered. He slid his free hand between their bodies to grip Adrian through his jeans. "What do you want?"

"I want you," Adrian whispered. "I want to lose myself in you. I want you to take me. I want it all."

"All," Erik echoed. He squeezed Adrian's cock through his jeans; Adrian whimpered in frustration. "Elves mate for life, Dûrion. Are you sure that's what you want?"

Adrian arched his back under Erik's weight and nodded. "Yes, please," he begged quietly, "I need this. I need you."

Erik smiled and covered Adrian's mouth with his as he unbuttoned and unzipped Adrian's jeans. He slid his hand inside them and Adrian felt him grin; he wore nothing beneath the denim. Erik circled his hand around the length of Adrian's cock and squeezed. Adrian moaned into his mouth and strained against his hand. Erik began stroking the shaft and Adrian whimpered. Erik released his wrists and slid both hands under Adrian, pulling his jeans down and off.

Adrian gripped Erik's hair as the singer swirled his tongue around the head of his cock. He tried to pull Erik down, but Erik resisted the pressure on his head and slid his lips down the underside instead. When he sucked one of Adrian's balls into his mouth, Adrian's body jerked from the sensation. Erik chuckled and released him before continuing on his

downward journey. He slid his hands under Adrian's thighs and pushed his legs up.

Adrian's breath caught the moment Erik's tongue touched him. When Erik's tongue slid inside him, Adrian's breath came out in a forced exhale. "Oh God," he breathed.

He had been with many men in the past, but no one had ever done this to him, no matter how badly he had wanted them to. Yet here was another like him, another elf, who was doing the one thing he longed for. Adrian was tired of taking; he wanted to be taken for a change.

Erik dipped his tongue inside Adrian once more before sitting up. Adrian watched him as he stood and shoved his own pants to the floor. When he knelt between Adrian's legs again, he pulled Adrian's hands back up and pinned them over his head again. With a slow, gentle push, his entire length slid inside Adrian's body. He groaned as Adrian raised his legs, letting him slide deeper inside him. When he settled in as deeply as he could possibly go, Erik covered Adrian's forearms with his own and pressed him into the floor as he kissed him.

Adrian felt like his body was on fire; no one had ever opened him up so much before. Erik had been right: sex with another elf was nothing like sex with a human. Adrian wanted so badly to wrap his arms around Erik's neck as they kissed, but Erik held his arms tightly, and in truth, Adrian didn't want him to let go.

"Are you all right?" Erik asked him as he moved his mouth down Adrian's throat.

"Yes." The word was nothing but a hoarse whisper as Erik bit down on Adrian's neck. Adrian whimpered and squirmed beneath him, wanting to feel Erik slide in and out of him, but Erik only chuckled against his neck. He pulled out to the head and impaled Adrian slowly, gently, deeply. Adrian locked his legs around Erik's waist and lifted his hips to meet Erik's strokes. He strained against Erik's hold on his wrists and smiled inwardly when the elf gave no indication of intent to let him go. In fact, as Erik's thrusts increased, Adrian winced as the pressure on his wrists tightened. He pulled Erik to him with his legs and met a particularly deep thrust.

It started with the slightest signal, the smallest twinge, and soon the feeling grew until Adrian felt as if he had been lost at sea, tossed and rolled as wave after wave crashed over his body. His breath left him and Erik quickly took control of his mouth, drowning him in a kiss which left him whimpering and needy. Erik's grip on his wrists tightened even more and his thrusts became more frantic and less gentle. Adrian held him tight as the waves continued to course through his body.

When he felt Erik growing closer, Adrian opened his eyes and held Erik's pale gaze. "Take me," he whispered.

Erik growled and attacked his mouth the moment he came. Adrian bucked under him, pulling him deeper inside his body with his legs. The muscles of his forearms tightened as he strained against Erik's hold. Erik thrust into him again and his body tightened. Erik broke the kiss abruptly and gripped Adrian's arms in both hands.

"Yes," Adrian breathed as Erik buried himself inside him. He was surprised Erik was still hard, but he didn't have long to think about such things. Erik released his arms, leaned up, and gripped his legs. With a final thrust into him, Erik hit the small spot in Adrian's body with such force that Adrian's cock jumped and coated his stomach with his come. Adrian rocked his hips and bucked up against Erik as his orgasm tore through his body inside and out.

When Adrian finally managed to catch his breath, Erik let his legs down and stretched over him to pull him into another kiss. Adrian slid his fingers through Erik's hair and held him close. He never wanted to let this man go.

Erik smiled as their kiss ended. "I have to go back on stage," he whispered.

Adrian nodded. "Last set?"

"Yes, and then I'm taking you back home and making love to you all over again."

"Is that a promise?" Adrian asked him with a grin.

Erik leaned down and kissed him softly. "I told you," he whispered, "we mate for life."

"Tell me," Corey said as he brushed a twisted braid from Adrian's ear, "how come you've never told anyone what you really are?"

Adrian shrugged but made no attempt to pull away. "Who would believe me?"

"Well, for starters, Jacob and Abby would, and Donna probably would, although I dare say telling her would only make her want you more," Corey said with a grin.

Adrian sighed and looked back up at the stage. Erik's band was nearing the end of their final set. When Erik's pale blue gaze met his, Adrian couldn't begin to hide the smile. He had nearly forgotten about Corey altogether until Corey released the braid and let it fall back over his ear.

“Even after being friends for over fifteen years, you still have yet to tell me how you found out what you are.”

Adrian leaned back against the bar and took another drink of his rum and Coke. “I was five when I found out,” he said quietly—too quietly, it seemed—as Corey leaned forward to hear him. “Sorry,” Adrian said, “I forget not everyone can hear like I can.”

Corey sat down on the stool beside him and nodded. “Okay, that’s better. Now, go on.”

“I found out when I was five. It started with a dream. I was with a family, but not the family that I knew. They were all elves: a man, a woman, and three children. I was one of those three children; the other two were twin girls. They called me ‘Dûrion’ throughout the whole dream. At that age, I didn’t think anything about it. I didn’t have another dream like it until I was sixteen. By then, I knew I was far from normal, and not just because my ears were more pointed than most people’s. The dream came back to me, but this time I actually felt sad, like I had lost my entire family. When I woke up, I found a piece of paper on my desk with the name ‘Dûrion’ written on it. It was then I realized that my dreams were actually memories. I’ve been searching for others since then.”

Corey nodded. “Okay, that makes sense, I suppose. So why the hiding in the closet bit? Or do elves suffer from the same fears that humans do?”

Adrian let out a small laugh. “More my own personal fears than anything else, man. You know how my family—well, my human family—is. Marcus Long isn’t the most liberal of senators in D.C.—and don’t even get me started on Sherry.”

“Jeez, you call them by their first names?”

Adrian shrugged. “Why not? I’ve never fit in with them. When they adopted me, I might have only been a newborn, but something in me has always told me they weren’t my true parents.”

“Good point.” Corey glanced up at the stage just as the band finished their last song. “Not a bad group,” he said, nodding to the stage. “I think you’re wanted.”

Adrian made his way through the crowd and into Erik’s arms.

“Your friend knows,” Erik said with a nod towards the bar.

“He always has,” Adrian muttered, too lost in the strength of Erik’s embrace to care much for anything or anyone else.

“Why have you not told anyone else? Are you afraid they won’t believe you?” Erik kissed the top of Adrian’s head as Adrian nodded. “Does it matter if they do? You know what you are and nothing is ever going to

change that. You're an elf and that's something no one can ever take from you, no matter what has happened in the past."

Adrian pulled away slightly and looked up into Erik's calm gaze. "How do you know of my past?"

Erik smiled. "I don't know the details," he said as he smoothed his hand down Adrian's left cheek, "but I know pain when I see it. I don't expect you to tell me anything this soon—we have forever for that—but please don't hide from me."

Adrian lowered his gaze and nodded. "I know," he whispered. "It's so hard to open up after having your heart broken once."

Erik slipped his hand under Adrian's chin and lifted his head. "I understand, but know this: finding another of our kind is rare. When you find someone who feels right to you, you grab on with both hands and don't let go."

Adrian swallowed and nodded. "Because we mate for life."

Erik smiled and took him in a slow, drugging kiss. Adrian slid his arms around Erik's neck, more for support when his legs threatened to give way than anything else.

"Adrian?"

Adrian spun around in Erik's arms just in time to watch the look of realization settle on Donna's face. He started to open his mouth to explain, but she stopped him with a wide grin.

"Well, that explains things," she said with a laugh. "How come you never told me before?"

Adrian settled back into Erik's arms as they tightened around his waist. "Coming out of the closet is never easy, Donna. I'm sorry for not telling you sooner."

Donna shrugged. "It's cool, honey. It at least explains why you've always avoided me like the plague." She glanced up at Erik. "I guess you're taken now?"

Adrian paused for only a second then smiled. He threaded his fingers between Erik's and said, "I am now. Donna, this is Erik. Erik, this is one of my friends, Donna."

Erik reached out his right hand, took Donna's hand, and kissed the top of it. "It's a pleasure," he said with a smile.

Adrian watched with amusement as Donna's cheeks took on a light pink hue. She smiled and left them without saying another word. Adrian wondered if maybe her smile was simply a front since she had always been quite interested in him.

Erik slightly leaned his head down to Adrian's ear and nipped the tip of it gently. Adrian gasped and backed up into him. "Now she, on the other hand, seems rather disappointed."

"Yeah, she's been after me for quite some time."

"Can't say I blame her," Erik whispered.

Adrian shivered as Erik's breath blew across his ear. Erik tightened his arm around his waist and pressed their bodies together, the ridge of his cock hard against Adrian's ass.

"Your place or mine?" Erik asked him. He turned Adrian around and pulled him close once more.

Erik's eyes were clouded with his arousal and Adrian couldn't resist the temptation his lips presented. With his body pressed tightly to Erik's, Adrian slid his tongue between Erik's lips. A warmth stole over his body as the singer moaned into his mouth. When their kiss ended, Adrian slid his hand between them to grip Erik through his pants.

"My place, your place...doesn't matter," he whispered, "just pick one."

Erik grinned and nodded towards the bar. "I suppose you should probably let your friend know at least. I'd hate for him to wait around for you later."

Adrian turned around and waved at Corey. When Corey waved back and grinned, Adrian turned back to Erik. "Done," he said. He slid his other hand through Erik's golden hair and pulled him into another kiss. When he released Erik, he smiled.

"Okay, then my place it is. I live about one block from here, in one of the warehouse lofts," Erik said.

Adrian bit his lower lip and smiled. He let Erik take his hand and lead him through the crowd and out the door. By the time they neared the old converted warehouse, Adrian's entire body had turned to jelly from the mere presence of the other elf. No one had ever made him so weak with desire like Erik did.

Once he closed the front door of the loft, Erik pinned Adrian up against it. He raised his head and met Adrian in another soul-drugging kiss. Dear God, Adrian had never met another who loved to kiss as much as Erik did, and Erik was by far the best. He pulled Adrian's shirt over his head and threw it on the floor. When Adrian tried to do the same, Erik stopped him.

"No, let me just touch you," the singer murmured.

Adrian stilled his hands, perfectly content to give in. Every kiss was like an electric spark on his skin; every movement of Erik's hands left him breathless. Adrian closed his eyes as Erik shoved his jeans to the floor. Erik's hand was sweetly hot as he wrapped it around the shaft of Adrian's

cock. When he began to slide it up and down the length, Adrian's legs nearly gave way.

"God, I love to touch you," Erik whispered.

Adrian looked down and watched as Erik milked his cock slowly, mesmerized by the sight of Erik's hand sliding up and down the silky length of the shaft. The head glistened with a tiny clear drop and Erik flicked his tongue across it, catching the droplet before it could fall. It was a simple pleasure that Adrian had always loved as well, and he imagined Erik would taste sweet and green, like the thickness of the forest or perhaps a dew-covered glade. Before, Adrian had considered the act to be fucking, but now as he took in the sight of Erik on his knees, it turned into an act of lovemaking—the sweetest movement of skin on soft skin, mouths exploring, hands gripping, bodies coming together in the ways only men could ever understand.

Erik slid his thumb over the tip of Adrian's cock, slicking the smooth, rounded flesh with another clear drop as it leaked out. In the same motion, he slid his tongue across his lips. With a movement that seemed more to savor than tease, he slowly rolled his tongue around the head. Adrian moaned softly and slid his fingers through Erik's hair, trying desperately to pull him closer, but Erik resisted the temptation to swallow him fully.

Adrian felt as if his breath was slowly leaving him with every slow slide of Erik's tongue on his hard flesh. Erik was cruel, so deliciously cruel, and Adrian loved every minute of it, no matter how much he simply wanted to be buried in the elf's throat. He held a gentle but firm grip on Erik's hair and tried to pull him closer, but once again, Erik resisted. *My God*, Adrian thought, *he's trying to kill me with his tongue*. His legs felt like jelly the more Erik licked him, and it was by sheer will alone that he remained standing at all. When Erik finally slid his lips over the head and down the length enveloping Adrian's shaft in moist heat, Adrian's legs did give way. Had it not been for Erik's quick reflexes and the sheer strength of his arms, Adrian would have ended up on the floor.

"Oh Christ," Adrian breathed.

His heart pounded in his chest as Erik slid his mouth up and down the hard length of his shaft. With every pull out, Erik stopped to suck gently on the tip; with every slide in, he damn near swallowed every inch. Adrian struggled to regain his footing, but then Erik looked up at him. Adrian's cock was halfway down his throat. It was enough. Adrian didn't know if it was the blowjob itself or the way Erik's blue eyes were heavy with his own arousal, but whatever it was, it was enough to send him careening over the edge. He gripped Erik's head and groaned deeply as he unloaded a torrent

down the elf's throat. When his body stopped shaking, Erik let him down gently and cradled him in his arms.

"That," Adrian whispered in between breaths, "was beyond incredible."

Erik laughed and kissed his head softly. "I would have to agree. You okay?" Adrian nodded. "Can you walk? Or should I simply carry you to the bedroom?"

Adrian lifted a dark eyebrow at him. "You wouldn't."

Erik grinned and stood. In one sweeping motion, he had Adrian in his arms. Without a word, he carried Adrian down the hall and into the bedroom. "You were saying?" he asked as he put him gently on the bed.

Adrian smiled. "Not a damn thing. Come here. Something about you makes me want to kiss you until the end of time."

Erik leaned forward and whispered, "I know the feeling."

Adrian slid his fingers through Erik's hair and pulled him down into a kiss. Erik's tongue made slow, languid strokes over his, teasing Adrian with memories of what that tongue could do. He tentatively slid his hand down Erik's spine, and when Erik offered him no resistance, he continued onward until his fingertips brushed the waistband of Erik's pants.

"I want to touch you," he whispered when Erik's lips slid to his ear to nibble on the tip. A shudder stole up his spine when Erik sucked the point gently into his mouth.

"Please," Erik breathed gently into his ear.

Adrian wasted no time. He slid his hands between their bodies to unbutton and unzip Erik's pants, but found that Erik had already done so himself. He smiled and slid his hands inside them and pushed them off Erik's hips. Erik shifted slightly and the pants slid to the floor. Adrian pulled him onto the bed and rolled over, nestling himself between Erik's legs. With the briefest smile, he lowered his head and drew his tongue up the underside of Erik's shaft in one long, slow stroke. Erik's cock jumped at the attention and Adrian caught it in his hand. He squeezed it gently before sliding his lips over the head. Erik gasped and threaded his fingers through Adrian's twists and braids as Adrian swallowed over half of his length.

"Oh yes," Erik breathed. "My God, that feels so good."

Adrian could hear the catch of Erik's breath. He could feel the pulse of Erik's heartbeat as he slid his other hand over his chest. Erik drew in a quick breath as Adrian relaxed his throat. Then Erik's cock slipped inside until Adrian felt the tip of it hit the back of his throat. When it did, two inches of it still remained outside of Adrian's mouth. Adrian took a deep breath and swallowed. Erik's body surged upwards with his strangled moan.

When Adrian's lips touched Erik's body, he pulled back up slowly. He stopped at the head to suck on it gently, a move that drew a deep-seated groan from Erik as he tangled his hands in his hair. Then, much to Adrian's vocalized disappointment, Erik pulled out.

"If you keep that up, I'm going to come and it's not your mouth that I want wrapped around me."

Adrian bit his lower lip, and smiled up at Erik, as he remained nestled between the singer's legs.

"Dear God," Erik said quietly. "Every time you bite your lip like that, I want to kiss you again."

Adrian grinned and crawled up Erik's body until they pressed together in all the right places. He stroked the side of Erik's face gently and smiled.

"What's stopping you?"

He gasped when Erik growled and rolled him over. He bit his lip again, not to tease, but out of sheer habit. Erik gripped his wrists tightly and pinned them over his head, pressing his arms into the mattress with a force that drew a shiver up through his body. Erik's blue eyes sparkled and Adrian arched his body under Erik, pressing their bodies together even more and causing theirs cock to slide alongside each other slowly.

Erik lowered his head and kissed a line from Adrian's chin, down the curve of his throat, and over to his left nipple. Adrian sucked in a quick, sharp breath at the brief stinging pain as Erik captured the small bit of hard flesh and rolled it between his teeth. When he released it quickly, Adrian jumped from the sudden rush of fresh pain. He strained against Erik's hands; Erik simply grinned down at him.

"Fuck me already," Adrian pleaded.

Erik chuckled softly and bent his head down to slide his tongue along Adrian's already-moist lips. "I want to bury myself so far inside you that not even the air can separate us," he whispered.

Erik settled between Adrian's legs, the hard length of his cock nestled neatly in the cleft of Adrian's ass. With a slight shift of Erik's weight, the tip pressed against Adrian's entrance.

"I want to slide inside you and feel the warmth of your body close around me," Erik whispered as he pushed with his hips.

"Yes," Adrian breathed. He spread his legs farther apart and arched his back, wanting Erik as deep inside him as he could possibly go.

When Erik's cock slipped inside him, poised with only the head in his ass, Adrian whimpered softly. He wanted more; he wanted Erik to take him all at once—no teasing, no gentleness. As if reading his mind, Erik did just that. Adrian cried out as Erik thrust deep inside him. His cry was quickly

muffled by Erik's mouth and he moaned desperately, sucking on Erik's tongue like he had sucked on his cock before. His heart pounded in his chest as Erik's cock opened him up again. His ass—indeed his entire body—was on fire as it enveloped Erik's cock tightly. When Erik began to move, Adrian was right there with him, lifting his hips to match every forceful thrust. Their kisses turned from slow, languid explorations of each other's mouths to needy, drugging kisses matched only by the rhythm of their bodies.

Erik pulled away from Adrian's mouth and stared into his eyes. With his wrists firmly in his hands, Erik began thrusting with all his strength, impaling Adrian over and over with enough force to leave them both breathless. Erik lowered himself and rested his forearms on Adrian's. Adrian's body grew tense as he neared orgasm, and from the way the singer was thrusting in and out of him, Adrian knew Erik wasn't too far behind him. When Erik's orgasm hit, forcing a growl from deep within his chest, he buried his cock to the hilt in Adrian's ass and shoved his tongue down his throat.

Adrian tightened his hands into fists when the first tremors began slow and gentle at first, but as Erik's thrusts became more frantic, the tremors increased until they hit in one big, internal shock. Adrian cried out into Erik's mouth and Erik's cock pulsed in his ass, coating his insides with load after load of his come. Adrian felt tears slip down his cheeks, but when his own orgasm hit, he all but forgot they were there. It felt like an explosion, deep within his body, as his ass clamped down tightly on Erik's cock just as his own pulsed between their bodies.

When breathing was finally an option, Erik softened his kiss, releasing Adrian's mouth slowly. He looked down at the mess coating both of their stomachs and chuckled.

"Guess we need a towel, huh?" Adrian asked as he fought to regain his breath and his senses.

Erik looked back up and grinned at him. He released Adrian's arms and slid down his body until his lips were an inch above the sticky white puddle. With a quick wink at Adrian, he lowered his head and slid his tongue through the pool of semen on Adrian's stomach. Adrian gasped, and slid his fingers through Erik's hair to hold it back for him.

When his stomach was clean, Erik looked back up and smiled. "You were saying?"

Adrian just shook his head and grinned. "Not a damn thing." He slid his hands under Erik's arms and pulled him up and into another kiss. When they parted once more, Erik stroked his cheek gently.

“I never doubted I’d find someone,” Erik said quietly, staring into Adrian’s eyes, “but I never expected him to be so beautiful, so magical.”

“Magical?” Adrian asked him with a lift of dark eyebrow and a rather impish grin.

Erik nipped his cheek gently and blew into his ear. “Yes, magical. You’re truly a creature of magic,” he whispered.

“Hold on tight and don’t let go,” Adrian whispered. He felt Erik nod against his head and he sighed. He slid his arms around the elf above him and held him tight.

“I’ll never let go,” Erik whispered. “You are my *melindo*...my lover.”

THE END

About the Author

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Kay Derwydd is an author of erotic gay fiction. She has several stories published in the online magazine, Forbidden Fruit, and currently has several works awaiting publication through Chippewa Publishing, including her first novel, The Legacy.

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