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A DARK PERFORMANCE



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by

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A Dark Performance

The walls of the club vibrated with every thunderous beat of the last song of the set. Strobe lights flickered to the insanity of the rhythm, illuminating the world beyond the singer's closed eyes. The pulsing beat of the bass, the intensity of the guitar, the thundering of the drums: they all echoed the rhythms of his soul in a dark cacophony. His grip on the microphone was strong—a single hold on the harsh reality outside his mind, a minute piece of his being he let the world see. His voice could be thunderous—full of anger, hate, and power; or it could be melodic—redolent of forbidden fantasies, secret dreams, and the darkest desires. Whatever the mood—the song—called for, he could deliver with ease, becoming either a demon of Hell or the darkest angel from Heaven. This was his world, his passion.

With the end of the song near, Tristan opened his eyes. They were pools of amber, golden and brilliant, that sent everyone they touched drifting into another state of mind. They offered a glimpse into his soul—the dark recess of his being that held many hearts captive but offered no love in return. It was the result of years spent in torment for his love of another man, and for that love, he gave away his innocence and received nothing in return. So he poured his anger and his frustration out into his music. It was the only thing he had left aside from the friends who played by his side and the magic he practiced.

When the final chord of Blake's guitar died away, the lights died down and a roar rose from the crowd in front of them. Tristan smiled—a simple act he reserved only for his fans. With the fluid grace of the sorcerer that he was, he brushed away a sable swath of hair from his brow and turned to his band.

“Damn, Trist,” Mark remarked from behind his drums. “You look like hell. Did you not sleep?”

Tristan cocked a dark eyebrow at him, but made no move to argue. “No,” he said. “No matter what I do, sleep tends to elude me the majority of the time.”

Jason shook his head as he set his bass in its stand. “Tristan, you really need to

try to get some sleep somehow; you'll be dead to the world in few days if you don't."

Tristan nodded absently and jumped off the stage into the dispersing crowd. He groaned as a painfully cheerful young woman bounced over to him.

"Oh, I'm such a fan, Tristan," she cooed, throwing her arms around the despondent singer's neck.

"Thank you," he responded, trying to be as genial as his present mood would allow. The woman, taking no notice of his brooding, beamed as her cheeks turned a bright pink.

"It would be so cool if you'd let me buy you a drink," she offered.

Tristan barely stifled the rare chuckle that nearly escaped his lips upon seeing the quick little wink she gave him.

With a sigh, he gave in, realizing he could really use a drink anyway. "All right, be my guest," he said, waving to the bar across the room. The woman slid her arm into his and nearly dragged him across the club.

As they sat down at the bar, the bartender gave Tristan a wry grin. The singer merely shook his head.

"What can I get for you two?" the bartender asked, obviously amused with the oddity of the pairing in front of him.

"I'll take my usual, Josh—a Mai Tai wine cooler," the woman announced, still giddy and more than happily showing off to her friends sitting at the table behind them. To get as far as buying the lead singer of Cythraul a drink was a remarkable feat, yet *she* had managed to pull it off.

"What about you, Trist?" Josh asked.

Tristan glared at the blonde as she proceeded to stick her tongue out at her friends. He slid his fingers through his hair and glanced at the bottle-lined shelf over the bartender's head. "Something heavy," he muttered.

Taking advantage of the blonde's diverted attention, Josh leaned over the bar and whispered in Tristan's ear. "She doesn't have a fucking clue you're gay, does she?" Tristan shot him a look that could freeze a roaring flame, but Josh simply laughed it off. He chuckled and turned back the bar to get their drinks.

"So," the blonde said, turning back to the singer beside her, "how long has Cy...Cry...Crythroll been together?"

Tristan winced at her mangling of the band name. "It's Cythraul," he corrected her. "It's Welsh for 'demon' or 'devil.' We've been together for over ten years."

"Wow," she said with surprise. "How old are you? You don't look much older than me and I'm only twenty-five."

Tristan resisted the temptation to tell her she acted more like sixteen. "I'm twenty-seven."

"Oh, cool," she said, bouncing slightly on her bar stool.

Josh shook his head in sympathy as he set their drinks down in front of them. "So, you got a girlfriend?" the blonde asked as she took a tiny sip of her wine cooler and grimaced.

Tristan took a hefty swallow of his drink and knew immediately what it was. Josh grinned. "You said strong."

"Aye," the singer said. His mouth, throat, and indeed his entire body were awash with a searing sensation as the herbal liqueur seeped down his throat, setting every inch of his esophagus and mouth on fire. "Green Chartreuse."

"Oh, yeah," Josh confirmed with a grin. "Besides, I thought you could use it, considering you have an unanswered question looming beside you."

Tristan sighed and answered the blonde's question. "No, I don't have a girlfriend." Noting the hopeful glimmer that sparkled in her eyes, he quickly added, "I'm gay." The glimmer died out in record time.

"Oh," she said, her shoulders slumping and her demeanor becoming less and less bubbly.

He leaned over to her and whispered. "It's in the liner notes of the CD." Then he finished off his Chartreuse and slid off the barstool. "Thanks for the drink, though," he said. "It was needed."

"He's not always that bad," Josh said to her as he wiped down the counter top. "Sometimes he actually smiles."

The blonde turned and glared at him, threw the money on the bar, and stormed off in a huff. Josh simply shook his head again and resumed his cleaning.

Tristan slipped behind the stage into the small room set aside for the band's use. He dropped down into the overstuffed leather couch and instantly wondered how the hell he was going to get back up again. Blake, never one to take a break, was strumming away on his acoustic in one corner of the room.

"Where are Mark and Jason?" Tristan asked, looking around for his drummer and bass player.

Blake nodded to the door on the back wall leading out to the back of the building. "I'll give you three guesses," he said, not looking up from his guitar.

"Figures," Tristan remarked. "I hope they don't get too fucked up to play. We've still got one more set to go."

Just then, the two brothers stumbled through the door, their eyes hazy. Tristan groaned.

"Don't worry, Trist," Mark said with the hopeless grin of a pothead. "We can still play."

"I hope so," the singer mumbled. They had a few more minutes until they had to go back on, and Tristan felt himself growing more tired as he sank farther into the leather folds of the couch. With a muttered curse, he stood, wary of the couch's effect on one's level of fatigue.

“Two minutes, guys,” Josh announced, poking his head through the curtain that covered the doorway. Tristan nodded.

“Well, back to work,” Jason said. The others followed him out onto the stage once more.

* * * *

The lights dimmed with only a single spotlight set on the singer, illuminating the rich sable of his hair, the smooth paleness of his skin, the brilliant golden amber of his eyes. Every face turned towards him, waiting for the sorcerer within to come out once more. He did not disappoint; he never disappointed. He gripped the mic stand with his left hand and raised his right, palm turned upward.

With a barely audible whisper, a shimmering orb appeared in his palm, its pearlescent surface glimmering in the soft white light shining down on him. It pulsed with a blue-white light as it traveled up the sorcerer’s arm and set the amber of his eyes on fire as he gazed into it. With a soft exhale of breath from his lips, the orb flickered and the first notes of “*Sugnwr Gwaed*” echoed through the silent club.

The sorcerer turned back to the audience and whispered, “*Vampire.*”

With the haunting melody and the dark sensuality of his words, the sorcerer sent the orb floating over the audience, its color mesmerizing and eerily beautiful. It flickered with his every breath, carrying his voice to the far reaches of the club, drawing out even the most stoic of minds to listen to his song. To everyone who saw it, the sphere was merely a toy—a plaything to satiate the fans when they called for his sorcery. To Tristan, however, it was a beacon, searching for someone—*anyone*—who would understand him.

As the last measure of the arcane requiem ended, the orb stopped, much to Tristan’s surprise. With the last of the song fading into the silence, he watched breathlessly as the sphere descended into a pair of hands. He followed the light’s glow up the figure’s chest, finally alighting on an angelic face. His heart caught in his throat at the sight of the man, whose eyes were as blue as the deepest ocean and spoke volumes to Tristan’s soul.

The crowd didn’t seem to notice the incident, but Tristan continued through the band’s set, gazing at the stranger holding the orb like a starving man would gaze at a feast set before him. Thick chestnut hair draped over the man’s shoulders in silky waves, framing the graceful lines of his face. His lips were full and inviting, and it took all of Tristan’s will to stay on the stage throughout the set. The man was beautiful and his gaze was hypnotic.

At the close of the band’s set, Tristan watched the man turn and walk out the club door, the shimmering orb still cradled in his hands.

As the band put their instruments away, Tristan jumped from the stage and slipped out the front door of the club, searching desperately for the man. He circled around the corner of the building where he stopped cold.

“Noswaith dda.”

Tristan felt his heart nearly cave in, but he managed to mutter a response. “Good evening.”

The man stood against the brick building, sliding the sorcerer’s orb from one hand to the other, stroking his slender fingers over it in a slow, seductive manner. Tristan watched the movements of his hands...his fingers...as they caressed the sphere, bathing the man’s face in intermittent bursts of blue-white light.

“Tell me, Tristan,” he whispered, “do you always make a habit of calling the dead?”

Tristan felt the blood run cold beneath his skin. “I never thought someone would answer,” he replied, unable to take his eyes from the man’s azure gaze.

The man gazed into the orb as he balanced it on his fingertips. With a sweeping motion of his hand, the orb floated into the air and burst, sending blue and white sparkles raining down on the two of them before dropping them into the dark of night. He pushed off from the wall and came to stand before the sorcerer. Every nerve in Tristan’s body stood on edge and he waited with bated breath to see what the man might do.

“I’m Taryn,” the man said. “I want to hear you sing, Tristan.”

Tristan swallowed hard, his fear as tangible and undeniable as his desire for the man in front of him. Taryn brought his right hand up and stroked his fingers along Tristan’s cheek, tracing the line of his cheekbone with the fluidity of a man who knows magic. The fire he left in his wake burned through to Tristan’s soul, setting every ounce of his being alight with a maddening need.

“What are you?” Tristan whispered as Taryn’s lips drew close to his.

“Everything you’ve ever wanted, Tristan, and everything you’ve ever needed. I am a sorcerer, a lover, and a friend. I’m whatever you make me because it’s through your darkest fantasies that I exist.”

Taryn brushed his lips across the sorcerer’s, sending sparks of fire through Tristan’s body. Tristan’s heart raced in his chest uncontrollably from the contact.

“Gods,” he murmured. He was scarcely able to breathe with the man so close.

“Touch me, Tristan,” Taryn whispered. “Feel what you have created.”

With a tremor of nervousness, Tristan raised his hands and ran them up the man’s arm, over the corded muscles of his biceps, and across his broad shoulders. Taryn sighed and Tristan shuddered in response.

“Yes,” Taryn murmured in Tristan’s ear. “Touch me. Pull me to you; feel my body press against yours. You made me, Tristan, with your sorcery, your heartache, and your music.” His breath blew over Tristan’s ear, sending a chill up

the sorcerer's spine.

Tristan moved his hands further up Taryn's body, up to cup the delicate lines of his face, to tunnel through the chestnut thickness of his hair. Taryn raised his head and drew Tristan into a gaze that made the singer's head spin.

"Kiss me, Tristan."

Tristan slipped his arms around Taryn's neck and drew him closer. A soft gasp escaped his lips as Taryn's body pressed to his, backing him into the brick wall of the club. With a low, carnal groan, Taryn's lips descended onto Tristan's. His tongue slid along the singer's, leaving an aching need in its wake. His kiss was like a drug, more addictive than any liqueur, and more potent than any elixir. Want, need, and desire laced his kiss. Tristan drank him in like the barren plains of a desert drink in the rain.

Taryn parted from their kiss and slid his lips softly down over Tristan's throat. "Do you want me, Tristan?" he murmured across the singer's flesh.

Tristan's body and mind were on fire as Taryn layered soft kisses over his neck. "Yes," he whispered. "Gods, yes."

Taryn smiled and flicked his tongue across the tender place where Tristan's shoulder met his neck, causing the sorcerer's breath to catch. Tristan buried his hands in Taryn's hair, pulling him closer in a silent plea for salvation. Taryn brushed his lips softly over the nape of Tristan's neck once more and finally sank his teeth into the singer's flesh. Brilliant blood, as red as a priceless ruby and as sweet as the finest wine, seeped into his mouth, dragging a growl from deep within his chest.

Tristan gripped Taryn's head. His breath came in painfully slow inhalations and his mind was numb from desire as it threatened to overwhelm him. Taryn's sucking sent shocks of pain and pleasure through Tristan's body—from the point where Taryn's lips met his neck to the base of his spine. He grew impossibly hard and knew he had to have this man any way he could get him.

Taryn raised his head from the sorcerer's neck and slid his tongue across his lips to gather a few tiny stray drops of blood. Tristan's amber gaze was glazed over with lust and Taryn knew the sorcerer's darkest desires. With a firm hand on Tristan's shoulder, Taryn pushed him to his knees. The sorcerer looked up at him as a tremor of nervousness stole over him.

Taryn smiled. "Touch me, Tristan."

Tristan let his gaze drift down Taryn's body—over the hardness of his chest to the rippled lines of his stomach and finally to the tautness of his jeans. The singer's mouth began to water with the thought of what awaited him, and with an unsteady hand, he unbuttoned Taryn's jeans and slid them down to his ankles. To his delight, Taryn wore nothing underneath. The hardness of his cock beckoned to Tristan, inviting him to kiss...to taste...to devour.

Taryn threaded his fingers through Tristan's hair as the sorcerer's lips brushed along his length, pressing soft kisses along every inch, his breath suffusing Taryn from the base of his cock to its tip with exquisite heat. Then the sorcerer's lips closed over the head and Taryn groaned.

Tristan slid his hands up the back of Taryn's thighs and pulled him closer, swallowing him with every inch. Taryn tasted sweet and spicy, drugging Tristan's mind with every inch he slipped farther into his mouth. Tristan pulled his mouth back out to the head and swirled his tongue around it, savoring every nuance of Taryn's scent and taste. His skin was exquisitely soft, yet hard as steel. He wanted this inside him, filling him and stretching his body until the pain blended with the pleasure.

"Enough," Taryn groaned, emitting a growl from deep within his chest. He pulled Tristan to his feet and pressed him back against the brick wall, covering the sorcerer's mouth with his own. His tongue darted down Tristan's throat with a force that caused the singer to whimper in response.

Taryn broke the kiss abruptly and turned Tristan around. Tristan's body shook and he placed his palms against the brick wall, waiting breathlessly as Taryn unbuttoned his jeans and shoved them roughly to the ground.

"What do you want, Tristan?" Taryn asked him. His voice was gruff and laced with a burning desire that reverberated through Tristan's brain. He slid his cock along Tristan's ass, the length of it grazing over the puckered hole begging to be used.

"Fuck me," the sorcerer begged. "Please fuck me."

Taryn grinned and pressed hips forward. "Fuck you," he whispered. "Or *use* you, Tristan?"

Tristan groaned and backed into him. "Use me," he growled low.

Taryn slipped two fingers into his mouth and then slid them deep inside Tristan without warning. The sorcerer backed into him, wanting more than what Taryn was giving him.

"Please," Tristan pleaded breathlessly.

Taryn withdrew his fingers and slicked up his cock with his saliva. Then he placed the tip of it against Tristan's ass and thrust inside in one smooth movement. The sorcerer's body tensed immediately and he screamed, backing onto Taryn's cock as it impaled him deeper than anything ever had before.

"Oh fuck!" Tristan ground out, his breath ragged and his body on fire. Taryn buried himself to the hilt, pulling Tristan back against him.

Taryn gripped Tristan's hips tighter and withdrew. Then he thrust back into him with a thunderous growl. Tristan's body shook, every part of his being centered on Taryn's movements—his hands on his hips, his thrusts inside him, Taryn's breath as it caressed his lower back.

Taryn threw his head back, his senses reeling from the feel of Tristan's body wrapped around him, enveloping him in velvet heat and pulling him deeper inside with every stroke. The sorcerer's thighs tightened and his right hand dropped from the wall to stroke his own cock in a desperate attempt to relieve the building pressure within it. With his left hand gripping Tristan's hip, Taryn wrapped his other hand in the sorcerer's long, black hair. He jerked his head back and held him captive as he began to thrust into him.

Tristan stroked his cock furiously, his hand tightening and relaxing, matching Taryn's strokes with every thrust. His mind swam with the overwhelming need for release, and his heart pounded in his chest painfully as he grew closer to his orgasm. His neck ached with a sweet-hot pain as Taryn held his head back, his hand wrapped so tightly, Tristan winced with every movement. The pain was beyond the most exquisite torture Tristan's mind had ever created.

"Cum for me, Tristan," Taryn growled, forcing himself deeper with every thrust inside the sorcerer. Tristan's hand sped up its strokes until his head was spinning and his breath was all but gone. With a fierce sound resembling more that of an animal than a man, Taryn buried himself in Tristan and erupted, coating the inside of the sorcerer's body in a searing torrent.

Tristan screamed as the heat of Taryn's release surged through him. Seconds later, his body convulsed as his cock throbbed in his hand, coating his stomach and the wall as Taryn ravaged his body from the inside. Spasms of ecstatic pleasure arced through him in painful bursts.

Taryn held onto Tristan, remaining buried inside him until they both began to relax. Then he withdrew slowly, turned the sorcerer around, and gathered him into his arms. Tristan's body was limp and his knees threatened to buckle beneath him. Taryn held him close, his strength holding the sorcerer up. He lowered his lips to Tristan's and kissed him softly. The fire in his kiss was more subdued, gentler, and Tristan moaned into his mouth.

When they parted, Taryn smiled and brushed a sweaty swath of hair from the singer's face, revealing amber eyes that glowed with renewed life.

"Are you leaving me now?" Tristan whispered. The idea of losing Taryn—even though they had just met—was a very real and painful one.

Taryn smiled softly and whispered on his lips, "Only if you stop singing."

About the Author

Kay Derwydd

Kay Derwydd is an author of erotic gay fiction. She has works appearing in several publications and a few releases through Chippewa Publishing.

Kay lives in Delaware, USA, with two of her three children and her partner Alana. When she isn't writing, she's busy researching. Some of her favorite topics of research include Welsh history, language, and culture; medieval history; Knights Templar; Christian mysteries; Celtic history; and medieval arms, armor, and warfare.

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