

ESCAPE

A man with a muscular build, seen from behind, is standing on a sandy beach. He is wearing a purple bikini bottom and has his right arm raised, touching a palm tree trunk. The background features a tropical beach scene with palm trees, a blue sky, and a body of water.

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Changeling Press

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Thomas Adler is a stickler for neatness. When his ordered life goes completely to the frogs, what's a man to do? Grab hold of the closest frog shifter and hang on for dear life, of course!

The Frog in the Room

Heavy white snowflakes danced in front of his eyes. Tom sighed, turning away from the window, wishing like hell he could get out of Tot's Toy Store before it became worse. Too bad his boss wouldn't let him clock out until four. At this rate, the roads would be un-drivable, and it would take him two hours to travel twenty miles.

He went back to organizing the new displays that had just come in. Smiling at the funny green frog at the front, he stroked the soft fur. The kids that came in would get a kick out of it. Large enough to grab hold of, the new Frog King plush came equipped with a tiny, gold crown. He was adorable, his quirky lips tilted up in a beaming smile.

"Now, I bet you'd be more fun to hang out with, your Majesty. You'd let me go home early, wouldn't you? Gotta be nice to the peasants or they start to revolt," he said, placing the toy neatly beside the others. They were lined up on the shelf like soldiers.

An hour later, he was finally making his way to his trusty little Mercedes, one of the soft frogs held protectively under his arm. The green Mercedes had gotten him through a lot, and even though a rust spot or two was starting to show, Tom wasn't going to give her up. It took him three tries to start her, but she finally purred to life.

The snow had stopped coming down for the most part, but it was still so windy visibility was shot to shit because of the blowing white stuff. In front of his car the snow moved in sinuous ribbons across the road, snaking back and forth. He shivered, huddling deeper into his coat, glad to get out of this weather soon.

It would sure be nice if he could be on a tropical beach somewhere, having the sex of his life. Wouldn't happen with his savings account, not to mention the lack of available men around him, but a guy could dream.

Glancing over at the green frog sitting on his passenger seat, he laughed out loud. His savings would be more padded if he would stop buying things. He felt like a big kid, but he couldn't resist the goofy grin on the green guy.

Humming to himself, wishing the radio worked, he tried to remember what time he had to be at work tomorrow. Hmmm, ten... eleven?

The wheel jerked to the left, the back side of the car swerving out. He slammed on the breaks, panicking. His little green car fishtailed, trying to find traction where there was none. What the hell? Had he hit a patch of black ice?

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shiiiiit!"

The tree came out of nowhere, heading straight for him. Or was he heading straight for the tree? Either way, he was about to get creamed. He turned his head to the side, seeing the plush frog out of the corner of his eye. Was it just him, or did his goofy grin now look a bit panicked?

He screamed loudly, feeling the jarring thud of the impact. He didn't think he was going that fast but the windshield shattered, raining glass down on his face and the arms he threw up in protection. Something hit his head, bright lights exploding behind his eyelids. He slumped into the passenger seat, falling on top of the frog.

He had no idea how long he was out, seconds, hours? When he opened his eyes, the first thing he noticed was the jackhammer pounding away inside his skull. The next thing he noticed was the soft weight under him.

"Sorry, Mr. Frog. Didn't mean to crush you," he croaked, his voice dry.

With one hand clutching the frog plush, he gingerly sat up, testing to see if anything else hurt. Nope, just his head. Well, wasn't that just a perfect end to his day?

He cracked open an eyelid, confused at the bright light that speared into his sensitive pupils. Wasn't it nighttime? Immediately, he closed his eyes, scrunching his face.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, that's bright!" he exclaimed.

A croak answered him.

He paused, sitting perfectly still. What the hell?

Another croak sounded, a curiously lilting sound.

He cracked open both eyes, blinking into the light until he could see a small green fuzzy dot in front of his face. Blinking again, he cleared his vision, staring with wide eyes at the perfectly smooth frog sitting on his dashboard. It tilted its head, letting out another croak.

Tom sat frozen, unmoving, unable to process the sight in front of him. How the hell did a little green frog appear in his car in the middle of winter? Impossible.

The frog gingerly lifted its legs, hopping onto the steering wheel before pausing to let out another croak. Tom shook his head, trying to decide if this was a hallucination. It was definitely the best damn hallucination he'd ever had. The frog must have taken his movement as a positive sign because it jumped into the air, landing on Tom's chest.

He let out a terrifying yelp, embarrassed to sound like a ninny, but unable to stop his reaction. The frog leaped away, flashing his white belly, scurrying through the hole in his windshield. Tom threw open the door, jumping up and down, crept out despite himself.

"Ugh... no offence, froggy, but you felt awfully real. My hallucinations aren't usually this detailed," he babbled. He stopped, the words he was about to say frozen in his throat.

Lifting up a hand, he felt to see if he had any betraying bumps on his forehead, anything to explain the sight in front of his eyes. There was absolutely no snow to be found anywhere in the clearing. No snow, no road, no familiar sights. His green car was butted up against a tree, sure, but a tree that looked suspiciously like it belonged in the tropics.

Croaks sounded around him, and he closed his eyes. Blowing out a breath, he looked up to see a bevy of frogs staring down at him from the tree limbs.

"Oh Lordy, that can't be good," he whispered, darting his gaze around the clearing. When he looked behind him, he almost wished he was still in the car. The

view opened up, the trees giving way to a clear, sandy beach. Azure blue sky hung overhead, the sun shining brightly from its perch up above.

He turned to peer back at the frogs, sitting in a row on the tree watching him. The frog that had jumped on him was on the hood of the Mercedes. It hopped off the car, landing on the ground before hopping over to stop in front of him. Bemused, he stared back at it.

The frog started to vibrate. A bright light flashed in front of his eyes again.

"Not again," he moaned, fed up with all the flashing lights.

When he opened his eyes, the frog was gone. In its place was a man gorgeous enough to cause his dry mouth to suddenly feel like the Sahara.

"Oh, momma," he gasped, reaching out and poking a finger into the man's chiseled, perfect chest. His skin was a rich tan, with an underlying green tint to it.

He was bald... everywhere. Right down to the hairless groin where his thick, tasty cock rested. Tom licked his lips, intrigued despite himself.

"How did you come here?" the man asked, in a rich tenor.

Tom looked up in shock, his eyes wide when he stared at the man's face. He had a wicked glint in his eyes, probably from seeing Tom's uncouth leer at his shaved crotch.

"Wait, is this even physically possible?" he asked, tilting his head and studying the man in front of him.

Movement at either side made him to swing his gaze around. The other frogs had dropped to the ground, bright flashes of light sparking before men stood tall in their place.

Technically, he should probably be freaked about now, but he figured he was either A) dreaming, B) dead or C) in an alternate universe. Either way, he probably couldn't control anything but his own reactions, so he might as well go with it. Besides, that guy was seriously sexy and seriously hung!

The men were all studying him, confused expressions on their faces. The big guy at the front stepped to the side, poking at his car, caressing the metal with one massive

hand. Tom shivered, half wishing the guy was stroking him like that. He willed his rueful erection down. He shouldn't be turned on in a situation like this. Okay, that settled it, he was definitely dreaming.

"Well, this has got to be the weirdest day I've ever had," he mused, sitting down on the beach. He clenched his fist, realizing with a start that the green frog king was still in his hand.

He set him down on the beach beside him. The big man stopped petting his car, turning to motion the others away. They left with a backward glance or two, looking downcast, leaving the two of them in the clearing alone. Well, three of them if you counted the furry frog beside him. He snorted.

"You have got to explain to me how a two pound frog becomes a two hundred pound man, 'cause my mind just can't figure that out." He licked his bottom lip.

"My name is Eric Odhrán. This is my kingdom, and you have now entered into my keeping," the man said, coming forward to crouch in front of him.

"Well, Eric Oh Rawn, my name is Thomas Adler, and I'm insane. Pleased to meet you, seeing as you're the most fabulous apparition I've ever invented." Tom stuck out his hand.

Eric smiled, a quick tilting of his full lips. His eyes were completely black, he didn't even have whites to them.

"I'm no apparition. Shall I prove it to you?" he drawled.

"Wha --?"

"Everything that enters my kingdom becomes mine to do with as I wish. You called to me. I can do nothing else but respond." With that, he bent his head, touching their lips together. Tom moaned when Eric's tongue pierced his lips, licking the roof of his mouth before tangling with his tongue.

He pulled back. "Wait, I called to you how?"

"I heard you vocalize and I came to find you here."

"You mean when I screamed from hitting the very large tree in front of my car?" Tom asked, confused.

"It sounded like the high-pitched calls we vocalize when we're receptive. I answered your call, as did some of my men. It's a good thing I got here first. You're too appealing to be wasted on my men," he purred.

Eric grabbed hold of the erection currently tenting his jeans, palming it expertly. "Gah!" Tom exclaimed, words escaping him.

"It appears you are very receptive," Eric said with a lusty grin.

He pushed Tom back into the sand, stripping him of the jacket and sweater he had on. He looked curiously at the button on his jeans, nodding when Tom undid it for him. What the hell? He was so hot right now. He might as well go with the flow.

Eric grunted, peeling down his jeans, figuring out how to slide off his sneakers and leaving him completely bare to the sun's heated rays and Eric's heated gaze.

The green man immediately bent over him, sucking a nipple into the moist cavern of his mouth. Tom groaned, bringing up his hands to hold him in place. He bucked his hips, grinding his cock into the hip above him. Eric shifted, arching his back to bring their cocks into throbbing alignment. The sand below him was abrading Tom's back, but he couldn't care less. It was the most erotic situation he'd ever been in and he wasn't stopping for anything.

Eric shifted up, lining up their mouths again in a hot, wet kiss, full of tongue and teeth. His nipple felt raw, aching in remembrance of Eric's talented mouth. He badly wanted that mouth somewhere a little south of the border, so to speak.

"Eric, please," he gasped.

"Do you like this? I can make you feel better." Eric grinned knowingly at him.

"Any better and I might explode," he gulped.

"That's the idea."

Eric shimmied back down his body, ending up with his face hovering over the hard shaft pointing straight up. He grabbed it in one firm hand, squeezing tight before sucking him deep. Tom bucked, yelping when his eyes rolled back into his head.

Eric hummed, clearly enjoying himself when he lifted his head with a swirl of his long, agile tongue. He laved the tip of Tom's cock, placing a sloppy kiss to the slit before sucking strongly.

"Mmm... you taste different, like warm cream soaked in the ocean. Salty sweet. I like it," Eric crooned.

He returned to his cock, sucking strongly, obviously determined to drive Tom out of his mind. At least, that's what it felt like. Tom tossed his head, the sound of the surf in the background vying with the increasing beat of his heart.

"Please, I can't wait," he groaned.

Eric laughed, the sound moving through Tom's cock, making goose bumps appear on his entire body. His laughter sounded like a physical stroke, if that was possible, almost like it had a weight to it. He stretched down, touching the top of Eric's bare head, feeling along his skull. The surface was silky smooth, not a single hair to mar his perfection.

"Are you ready for this? Do you want my cock deep in your body, Thomas Adler?" Eric asked, his lips caressing the head of his shaft with each word.

"Oh..."

Eric pushed up, grabbing Tom's legs in his strong hands. He felt so vulnerable under the bigger man, completely open to him. The green man lined his thick cock up to his hole, teasing him with it.

"Don't we need lube before you put that anywhere near my ass?" he squeaked.

"You require something external for pleasure? Your people must be very deprived of sexual release if you must rely on something." Eric snorted quietly.

He rubbed the tip of his cock against Tom, the surface slick and warm. What the...

Spreading the substantial secretions around, Eric teased the nerve endings around his hole, making Tom squirm with every pass over his anus.

"Enough, please, I need you now!" he cried.

Eric took him at his word, working his shaft inside in increments. He felt achingly full, completely possessed.

When Eric was encased within him, they moved together, entirely in sync. Tom's legs were pressed to his chest, the hard weight of Eric holding him down. He bucked his hips, desperate to come. Eric's cock bumped against his prostate, sending him flying. He was almost there.

He offered his lips to the other man, arching his neck up. Eric bent down, mashing their lips together, moaning into his mouth. He palmed his own cock, pumping in time with Eric's thrusts into his ass. Eric's larger hand joined his, the two men working together to reach their mutual orgasms. Almost there...

Eric thumbed his slit, sliding over and over the little opening. Tom cried out, the sound muffled by Eric's mouth on his. His balls drew up and he came, shooting his seed onto his belly, clamping down tightly on Eric's shaft. Eric growled, a low fierce sound. He froze in place, the cords in his neck standing out. Tom felt the splash of his release deep inside his backside. Tom panted, mewling his pleasure.

Eric shifted, sliding over to his side, holding Tom close. They lay still, curled in each other's arms.

"I would like it very much if you would stay, Thomas Adler," Eric rumbled.

"There's something you haven't mentioned yet," he replied. "I'm sure we're all aware of the elephant in the room. Or should that be the frog in the room."

Eric shook his head, puzzled. Tom giggled, nearly overcome.

"It means that there's something very obvious that you're not mentioning," he explained, chuckling. "The fact that you were a wee little froggy when I first met you?"

"Ah, yes. My people shift shapes. Is that a problem?" He looked very worried.

"Hmmm... it might be. Tell you what, I won't be bothered by the fact that you turn green and tiny, as long as you promise that I'll always get this as often as I want," he grinned, palming Eric's cock in his hand.

Eric blew out a breath. "So, you'll stay with me? Be my mate here?"

“Well, I like my job at Tot’s Toy Store, but trust me, finding a hot guy I can’t stop touching... one who I’m feeling more than a little connected to? Doesn’t happen every day. I’m more than willing to see where this leads us.”

“Why don’t we start here?” Eric suggested, rolling them over until Tom straddled his hips.

He grinned, happily shaping the contours of Eric’s chest with his fingers. “Oh wow, you have no idea how much I like that idea.”

“I think I have some idea,” Eric teased, wiggling his hips so his cock rubbed against Tom’s ass.

Tom leaned down for a kiss, catching sight of the green plush frog off to the side. If he wasn’t mistaken, that was one very horny leer on the little guy’s face.

Definitely strange, but he wasn’t complaining. Not at all.

Jade Buchanan

Jade Buchanan was born in the summer of 2006, out of a slightly shy but definitely warped mind. Jade's alter-ego spends her days working in the world of safety management consulting, but at night she lets Jade out to play. Preferring to live in the world of fiction in which she was born, Jade can be found wandering through fields of words whenever she can. Now if only she can find her dream man -- a time-traveling Scottish laird who was born a werewolf that became a vampire and lived on a pirate ship, only to make his way to the new world and work on a ranch in Montana (with a brief foray in the Navy SEALs), before conquering the space time continuum and becoming a space marauding pirate and ruling the galaxy -- she'd be a very happy lady.

Jade would love to hear from you. She can be reached at jade.buchanan@yahoo.com or come visit her at <http://www.jadebuchananbooks.com>