



Loose Id

# *Rites of Spring*

WILLA OKATI

ONCE UPON  
A LIAM

an erotic interlude set in the world  
of *The Brotherhood*

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An erotic interlude with the characters of  
THE BROTHERHOOD

Willa Okati

Loose Id.®

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# Once Upon a Liam

Willa Okati

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*God, but work was a nightmare today. I should have known way back when to go for the Mythology degree I wanted instead of Business Accounting. Screw “responsible choices.” I want to get lost in fantasy again.*

The first day of spring, and Jordan had spent every second so far locked away in his own private version of Hell.

Jordan irritably shrugged out of his wrinkled blue blazer the moment his apartment door slammed shut, letting the uncomfortable garment drop to the floor without ceremony. As he moved he caught a whiff of himself, and wrinkled his nose at the acrid smell of sweat.

Damn, what a waste of a day! He’d been dragged through the wringer sideways and backwards, starting before he even had a chance at sipping his first cup of coffee, and going on until well after the sun went down, all over a few transposed numbers in a spreadsheet.

The big cats had finally decided the errors in this month’s budget weren’t his fault -- which he’d been trying to tell them all along -- but then he’d gotten his ass chewed out for not keeping better track of the flunkies in his department.

And would the company pay him overtime? Ha! Not likely.

*Mythology*, Jordan thought longingly as he wrenched off his tie. *Today's not just the first day of Spring, it's the vernal equinox. A time of new beginnings. But here I am, stuck in the same old, same old.*

Jordan tore off his shirt next, fingers impatient on the buttons, then discarded the corporate-approved article in the growing pile at his feet.

Pants, too? Why not? Jordan toed out of his neat business loafers and black socks. He clicked open the fastening on his suit trousers and let them glide down his legs. For good measure, he shoved his boxers down and stepped out of the whole mess.

*Ohh, that's good.*

A shower should have come next, nice hot water pounding away at his tight, knotted and sore muscles, but Jordan discarded the idea. So he smelled a little musky. Wasn't like he'd have company to complain, right? His sex life was going through a spell drier than the Sahara. His fault, really -- the job wore him out too hard and too often for the idea of going out to gay clubs, bars or gyms flat to appeal at the end of the day.

Although he couldn't call himself entirely alone.

Sometimes, there was ... him.

Jordan cautioned himself. *He comes and he goes. It's in his nature to be free, and I've accepted I can't make him stay. I can't count on him to come every time I need a hand.*

*Damn, do I need his hand tonight, though.* Jordan ached for the touch of his occasional lover's light but firm hands on his legs, his shoulders, his back. But that guy, he was a wild card. Better for Jordan to take care of himself.

Bed, Jordan decided. A quick nap would ease away some tension and leave him feeling more like a human being.

Stumbling instead of striding, Jordan headed for his bedroom. Like the rest of his apartment, he hadn't done much with the place. Work took up all his time and the suite of rooms were more or less just a place to crash.

Shame. It would have been nice to come home to some splashes of color and a few reflections of the personality that lurked inside him, hidden on the day job. Books, throw blankets, pillows, Jordan didn't care. Blue, green, red, or gold, didn't matter. Anything would help. Something that made this place look more like a home and less like a hotel room.

Now he'd gone and gotten discontented on top of being cranky and sore. Thoroughly disgusted with himself, Jordan kneed up onto his bed and spread out over the tidily made-up covers. They bugged him too. A bachelor, a guy-type-guy, should have left the blankets and bedspread in a mess, his pillows un-plumped and indented by the weight of his head.

*I have got to chill out*, he decided, wriggling until he got comfortable, or as close to comfortable as he could manage. *Ohh, yeah. S'good.*

Jordan *whoofed* out a sigh and let his eyes fall closed. *Sleep*, he willed. *Sleep, sleep, sleep.*

Which, naturally, did not happen.

He pounded the mattress in aggravation. Still too wound up, he guessed.

Fine. Okay. He still had one thing left to try, and if that failed to relax him Jordan didn't know what would. God knew he wasn't in the mood, but hey, he was a guy. The "mood" didn't need much more spark than letting his fingers do the walkin'.

Jordan stretched out, spreading his legs as wide as a ten-dollar whore's. No shame, though, right? No one watching. The cool air of the apartment felt good on his shaft and balls, tickling the delicate skin. Floppy started perking up, just like he'd hoped.

*Now we're talkin'* Jordan grasped his dick in a loose fist, running up and down the length, nudging his tentative erection toward what he hoped would be a full-blown hard on. From the way his cock reacted to his touch, stiffening and lengthening, looked like things were going pretty good in that department.

Now what he needed was some good jerk-off material, and he had a whole warehouse of fantasies stored up. Some were ordinary, like the young buff hotties he saw in magazines.



Others were kind of outlandish, drawn from the days when he'd drowned himself in myth and folklore.

Gods with the bodies of beasts chasing him down and forcing him to submit.

Centaurs with good hard cocks at the joining of their male and equine bodies.

Incubi.

*I shouldn't ... fuck, though, the thought is tempting.*

*Oh, what the hell.*

Jordan kept his eyes closed as he summoned up images of the insatiable sex demons. Succubi, the female version, didn't do much for him. And granted, incubi were usually after the ladies, once again leaving him out.

A guy could dream, though. And sometimes dreams really did come true.

Jordan stroked his nicely hard cock in satisfaction. He pretended the hand on him wasn't his own, but a familiar lover's, warm and exciting. Someone who knew exactly how to work him. A beast made specifically for churning up enough sexual energy to feed.

Oh, yeah.

A tingle of excitement shot through Jordan's balls. The danger in tangling with otherworldly creatures lent spice to his fantasy. If any of the stories were true, a man wouldn't know where he stood with one of those creatures from the dark. They could go nice and slow or attack like a five-gale hurricane, leaving their victim gasping.

Sexual vampires ... not exactly standard jack-off material, but they pulled Jordan's trigger.

Jordan drew out the simple pleasure of leisurely stroking his cock, diverting only now and then to cup and roll his balls. He let himself imagine he wasn't alone, that he had another man in bed with him, lavishing all his attention on the goodies being displayed.

*God, I wish. I wish. I wish.*

“Liam,” he breathed, his hand drawing to a standstill. His imaginary partner developed a face, almost androgynous and fucking gorgeous. A head full of autumn-colored curls topping a slender body able to perform a thousand and one tricks that should be illegal -- and probably were in more than a few states. “Liam.”

And just like that, Jordan knew with a sudden certainty he was no longer alone. *Ahh. There we go.*

Warm fingers closed over his own, tightening Jordan’s grip on his shaft. “Stubborn man,” a lilting voice chided him. The words were spoken in a blend of accents which made the sound absolutely unique. “You might have called on me earlier. I would have come.”

“Can’t depend on you,” Jordan said, not opening up to look, but arching into Liam’s touch. “A man’s got to take care of his own needs.”

“Not when there is someone willing to double the pleasure by sharing. I have promised you, Jordan. When you call, if it is at all possible, I will come.” Liam thumbed the tip of Jordan’s cock. “You are special to me.”

“If I’m so damn special, why don’t you ever stick around too long after the party’s over?”

“If I could tell you, dear heart, rest assured I would.”

“Right. Incubus. Places to go, people to fuck.”

“I feed as I must.” Liam touched Jordan’s stomach, nails scratching lightly at his six-pack. “But I come to you for more than just a sup or a drink.”

“Watch yourself. You’ll make me start to think you care.”

“Ah, but I do. I have much business to conduct, and my particular skills are needed in many places, but you alone have the power to draw me to your side. Use it more often, Jordan. I crave the comfort I find in your presence.”

“Just comfort?” Jordan thrust up into the joining of his and Liam’s hands. “I can’t offer you anything else?”

Liam chuckled. "Oh, yes, you can. Delectable man. It is good you summoned me this evening. I sense ..." He caressed Jordan's chest. "You need. As do I."

"Then what are you waiting for?" Jordan blinked his eyes open at last and drank in the sight of Liam, temptation incarnate -- literally -- nestled between his sprawled legs. The incubus with a taste for men was naked as himself, excepting the blue crystal pendant he wore on a chain around his neck, sporting a thick cudgel of an erection.

The sight made Jordan's mouth water.

Liam ran his nose down one of Jordan's thighs. He hummed in appreciation. "Such a wonderful scent."

"You've got to be kidding. I sweated all day. I reek."

"No, no. You smell raw and primal. Earthy." Liam's tongue painted a stripe down Jordan's skin. "Pure man. Exactly what I crave." He tightened his grip over Jordan's hand, applying pressure to his cock. The cock in question reacted to the feel of Liam's touch, jerking in their fingers and nudging insistently further upward. "Let me do what I wish with you this night. I crave your taste, your smell, your cries of pleasure. Whatever you can give me."

Jordan felt the tension drain out of him just like snapping his fingers. The bad tension, anyway. A new sort of tightness invaded his muscles, but he welcomed this.

Anticipation.

"Do what you want." His voice came out husky. "I'm yours."

"Yes, you are. Wholly. Others may come and go, a pretty body may catch your eye, but it is *me* you call on." Liam rearranged himself in the bed, dropping down in prime position to suck Jordan's cock. "Feed me, Jordan."

Jordan sighed happily. "Yes. God, yes."

Liam made a noise of satisfaction, and then the tight, wet heat of his mouth closed around Jordan's dick. Jordan let out a ragged cry and arched up between the incubus' eager

lips, shoving his cock deeper. An ordinary man might have choked on the invasion, but not Liam. Liam let Jordan push as far as he wanted.

Jordan knew Liam loved this. And fuck, what a thrill of power, of sexual excitement. Liam craved Jordan's cock like a thirsty man burned for water, and Jordan was more than happy to let Liam take what he needed. Especially when he -- fuck! -- did that twisty thing with his tongue.

"Yeah," Jordan encouraged, fisting his hands in Liam's curls. "Harder. Harder. More. Oh, God. Yeah." He'd always been a talker during sex, a noisy lover, and Liam ate it all up. "Let me fuck your mouth."

Liam hummed around the cock between his lips.

"Hold your head still," Jordan directed. "Let me."

Liam froze in place except for the slight trembling of his muscles from his own arousal. Jordan held Liam's curly noggin in place and began to flex his hips, sliding his cock in and out of the tight seal of the incubus' mouth. He groaned, a deep sound from the bottom of his gut, as the pressure tightened on his cock and Liam's tongue kept working away.

"Gonna," Jordan warned. "Coming."

Liam's eyes closed blissfully. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked fiercely and his tongue pressed on the sensitive underside of Jordan's cock.

That was all she wrote.

Jordan came with a holler, emptying his balls down Liam's throat. Liam slurped and swallowed, a messy sound, but damned if he lost a single drop. Jordan held on to Liam's curls as he bucked and shouted, riding the immortal's mouth like a bronco bull.

If it had been any other man giving him a blow job, Jordan would have gone boneless right about then. He'd have roused himself enough to get the other guy off, sure, but he'd have needed to gather some strength.

Not with Liam. As the incubus drew off, his lips glistening with saliva and spunk, Jordan's energy ratcheted up a few notches. His cock stayed hard, ready for whatever might come next.

A little side benefit of being with a sex demon -- they liked you ready to go, and their magic made sure a man's gun stayed cocked.

So to speak.

Liam looked a little drunk as he licked his lips for the last bits of Jordan's taste. "Better," he murmured. "Ever so much better."

Jordan drank in the sight of Liam's lithe, mobile body and knew what he wanted to do next. "We're not done yet. Let me take charge and you'll just go up from here."

"You have something in mind?" Liam's eyes sparkled, as if he had a suspicion and some hopes.

"Damn right I do. Crawl up beside me and turn over. I'm going to fuck you, Liam. Drive right into your hole and make you come."

"Oh. Oh yes, please. Please." Liam scrambled up into position, body falling easily into the most tempting shape with his knees beneath him and his ass raised in the air. "Fuck me. Have me. Hurry, Jordan."

Jordan smacked one creamy-white ass cheek for the pleasure of watching a red handprint form. "No. On your back. I want to see your face."

Liam gasped in pleasure as he flipped over. He reached up and out for Jordan, who, in the interest of wasting no time, got busy with his own preparations. Liam's small, hot hands danced over Jordan's skin while he knelt in front of the incubus and grasped the massive erection he'd been eyeing earlier.

"Prime meat," Jordan said in appreciation. "This all for me?"

"Only for you." Liam arched under Jordan's touch. "Ah! Your hand, so good --"

“Can you hold out?” Jordan loved fucking a man with a hard on. Liam should have the stamina. But he had to make sure. “Gonna keep it locked down until I say go?”

He lifted Liam’s slender legs and hooked them over his shoulders, raising his lover’s ass to just the right angle. They fit together so well. God, Liam was perfect for him, just perfect.

Liam gasped as Jordan manhandled him into place, then managed to chuckle, albeit breathlessly. “If any man could make me lose control, it would be you. You tempt me almost too much. But I will last for a bit.” He rubbed Jordan’s arms, digging deep into the biceps. “Hurry. Please, have pity. Fill me and feed me.”

“Your wish.” Jordan stretched out to open his bedside drawer, rummaging through the contents. He didn’t bother with a condom. Another bonus of sleeping with a creature of legend -- no worries about disease.

*Where are you ... ah, there.* He grunted in satisfaction when he found a nearly new container of lube, a good brand that went on slick and stuck with a man for a smooth ride.

Squeezing a thick dollop on his fingers, Jordan thrust two directly into Liam’s exposed hole, no warning, no working up to the stretch. He knew what his incubus liked.

Liam wailed and thrashed on Jordan’s fingers. “Yes, yes! Oh, Jordan. Yes!”

The incubus’ ring of muscle felt tight as if it belonged to a virgin. Jordan grinned, feeling wicked, as he thrust a third finger in and spread them wide. The incubus began to gasp and grind down, his muscles clenching at the intrusion.

“Ready for my cock? Want me to split you open?”

Liam’s mouth opened and closed as he struggled for words. He gave up and nodded enthusiastically, his curls tossing on the pillow. His legs locked down tightly, urging Jordan closer, out-and-out desperate for Jordan’s dick.

“Your wish,” Jordan repeated in a whisper. He guided himself to Liam’s entrance and thrust in, his push hard enough to breach the first tight ring with ease and then, oh, God, yes, a long, smooth slide until he was balls deep. “Good?”

Liam's eyes rolled and he let loose with a string of liquid syllables that made no sense. Jordan's buzzing excitement rose higher still. Making Liam forget his English had only happened once or twice before, and oh, hell, those had been the rides of his life.

Looked like he'd gotten third time lucky.

Jordan drew out, tantalizingly slow, making Liam whimper. "Don't you worry. You're going to get as much of this as you can take," he swore. "Like so." His dick glided back into Liam's engulfing channel, so slick and hot he felt as if he were flying through lava. "Slow?" Jordan teased, pulling back a fraction at a time. "Or fast?"

Liam growled and bore down, his muscles squeezing Jordan's cock like an anaconda. He snarled something Jordan couldn't understand, but the way he humped against Jordan made his meaning clear: *get on with it!*

One hard, bruising kiss to the side of Liam's thigh and Jordan did as he'd been told, plowing in and out with all the strength in his body. The rough fucking would have hurt a mortal man, might have damaged him in some way, but Liam? Hell, no, Liam could take the pounding.

Liam loved this.

Great drops of sweat formed on Jordan's forehead as he plowed Liam's ass, the pressure and friction on his cock intense. His balls ached with the need to blast out another load, but he wouldn't, not until Liam was ready.

Jordan dug his fingers into Liam's legs. "Let me see you lose it," he urged. "Want to see that face of yours when you come."

Liam moaned something else in that foreign language, then shook his head hard, droplets of his own sweat flying, and looked Jordan directly in the eyes. "Touch me," he begged, raspy with need. "Your hand."

"Oh, yeah." Jordan kept up his rhythm of in and out, in and out, but reached for Liam's twitching cock as well. He got a good, firm hold and milked the organ for all he was worth,

punishingly tight in his grip, but knowing Liam craved this. “Come for me.”

“Ah, ah!” More of the language, a slippery stream of words rolling into one another. “Jordan!”

Liam arched up, shoulders clearing the bed as he came. Thick stripes of semen splattered over his chest, decorating his skin. The sight of Liam covered in his own come and the feel of those muscles clenching around his cock drove Jordan over the edge before he was completely ready. He let out a ragged shout as his cock fired rounds of come deep in Liam’s ass.

He didn’t black out, although the idea tempted him. No. No way. He rode that tiger, hanging on by the short hairs, topping height after height until he coasted to a rough, choppy stop.

They clung together for a moment, both dragging air into their desperate lungs. “That what you needed?” Jordan asked.

Liam gave him a beatific smile. “Yes. You were perfect. Better than.”

Jordan felt his wood start to go down. Kind of a shame, but if Liam had had his fill, he couldn’t complain. Two rounds of bliss were more than most men got a chance at.

He slipped out of Liam’s ass and lifted the incubus’ legs off his shoulders, easing them down on the comforter. Then he curled up beside his lover and got a good armful, pulling Liam tight against his chest. He knew the moment wouldn’t last long, but he’d enjoy it as long as he could.

Liam sighed with seeming contentment. “I am so glad you called to me,” he whispered. “I should have known to come regardless.”

“Yeah?” Jordan stroked Liam’s thick curls. “Had a bad day?”

“It was ... trying.”

“Yeah. Mine sucked too. Better now, though.”



Liam laughed. "You charm me without effort. Ah, Jordan, would that I could stay with you all the night through."

"You can't?" Despite knowing better, Jordan still felt a stab of disappointment. While the sex was fabulous, he adored holding Liam, touching a bit of the mythology he loved made flesh.

"I must go." Liam freed himself and sat up. He reached for the blue crystal hanging at his neck and gave it a tug. Jordan recognized the gesture as a need for self-reassurance. "There are matters that demand my attention. But Jordan, know this -- if I were free, I would be yours."

"You are mine," Jordan said in sudden, firm decision. He nudged Liam's knee insistently. "Someday I'll figure out where you go, you know. And then I'll come after you so if you call me, I'll be right there."

Liam looked thoughtful. "I am hard to trace. Yet if your love for me is strong enough, perhaps you *can* follow where I wander. And I may well have need of your body, your fierce strength, your -- love -- before very long. Here. I will give you a gift." He brushed his fingers against Jordan's temple.

Jordan flinched as a shock of static zapped through his skull. "What did you just do?"

"I gave you a map. You will not be able to access it unless I am truly in need of you, but if you hear me calling for you, then come, Jordan. Follow the directions to my side."

"I swear I will." Jordan tested his brain and found something like a memory hidden behind a wall. Almost there, but slipping out of reach every time he tried to get a hold. Finally, he gave up. "I'll wait for you to call."

"I know you will." Liam bent and kissed Jordan, a light brush across the lips turning ravenous and eager, each man eating at the other's mouth. When Liam drew back, his lips were swollen and his face alight with pleasure. "Happy Equinox," he said quirkily. "I would say we have celebrated the Rite of Spring quite well. And now, I go."

“But we’ll meet again soon.”

Liam tapped the side of his nose. “Yes. Very soon, Jordan.”

He tugged at his necklace and vanished. No puff of smoke, no big light show. Just gone.

Jordan sighed, but not unhappily, and flopped onto his back. He stretched his arms and legs and wallowed in sexual satisfaction. Bad day, great ending. And a promise that he’d see Liam again soon. Definite bonus.

Then, Jordan frowned. Something about Liam’s parting words started to bother him. He had a nasty suspicion his incubus was heading for something big, some place he knew he’d need a helping hand.

Well, shit.

Now he had Jordan worried.

*I’ll find you, Liam, he promised. But don’t forget to call! Don’t forget ...*

 THE END 

## Willa Okati

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

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

She is owned by far too many cats, all of which have serious attitudes, and addicted to anything made out of chocolate or involving coffee. She is quiet, but has a very wicked sense of humor that springs out when you least expect it.

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

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *The Brotherhood series* by Willa Okati:

The immortal incubus Liam's friends call themselves "The Brotherhood". The Brothers have the perennial problem of gay men everywhere: finding a hottie who's a great lay but doesn't turn out to be a loser or abuser afterwards. They're down on their luck, and looking for love in all the wrong places.

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