



Eternal Souls

Book 3

WANTON RENEGADE

D. J. MANLY

ETERNAL SOULS-BOOK 111

WANTON RENEGADE

BY: D. J. MANLY

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Eternal Souls III – Wanton Renegade

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RUBY CITY

Ruby City was located on Planet C12, the richest planet in the Solar System. C12 was a small planet, surrounded by a hilly terrain filled with flowing streams.

Internally guarded by the Sky Police, Ruby City was considered the most desirable place to live in the universe. Even the common labourer had a standard of living unsurpassed anywhere else.

Sentra, a military outpost on the planet Caramel, named so for its caramel coloured sunsets, policed the borders of C12 from hostile invaders who would do just about anything to get to the Ruby Miracle Cooperation.

People living in Ruby City were descendants of the original prospectors, who had come in the early twenty second century looking for ways to save the ailing environment on earth. What they found was far more valuable.

Scientists among the pioneers discovered that the planet was covered with ruby coloured berries containing amazing properties. These properties

could cure all manner of disease and expand the human life span to over two hundred years. As a result, decedents of those scientists would hold sway over the entire universe.

People who lived in Ruby City were either employed by the Corporation, or worked in the service industry. Since most of the inhabitants were wealthy, residents were always trying to come up with new ways to entertain the easily bored citizens.

One of those “bored” citizens was Tyler Rose; the nine-teen year old grandson of the president of Ruby Miracle. Tyler had no interest in the cooperation and was one of the few inhabitants who longed to leave Ruby City to explore other planets. Of course, that was out of the question.

As the grandson of Jack Rose, the richest man in the universe, he was in constant danger of being kidnapped and held for ransom. Given that his father had been taken hostage when he was a small boy, his safety was of great concern.

At one o'clock on a Saturday night, Tyler sat with his two friends, Ryan and Pete in the “Manbar.” Both Ryan and Pete’s parents worked as transporters. Escorted by Sky Police, they delivered the Ruby Miracle to other planets in the Galaxy.

It was Tyler’s nineteenth birthday and so far, the evening had turned out to be a total

disappointment. “Let’s ditch this place,” Tyler announced suddenly as he stood up to his full five eleven height and stretched like a young leopard.

Several pairs of eyes turned his way, most of them men he’d already had – what Ryan jokingly called his ‘flavour of the week.’

With his curly dark hair softly framing his boyish face, Tyler Rose was quite stunning to look at. He had large sherry brown eyes and the face of an angel. He was slender and well toned, with a body he loved to show off to distraction.

Tonight, he wore his famous tiger striped pants made from a special material which enhanced his curvaceous buttocks and amply endowed manhood. He topped that off with a see-through tank top in the popular nude color that was all the rage, and made sure his nipples stood out by rouging them.

Only men who were looking for action dressed like that, and Tyler was always looking for action. Problem was, anything worth having had been had. With a population of only five thousand people, the pickings were getting mighty slim.

Ryan was on his feet. He told Tyler that since there there wasn’t much kicking around, he was hoping that Tyler would throw a bone his way tonight. He was dying to run his hands all over Tyler’s cute little ass.

Tyler took one last look around the bar. A

naked man with his cock bound, danced in the corner.

He'd had most of the dancers, including that one. They looked good, but most of them were so damn passive. He was looking for the man who could dominate him, who could make him get on his knees. He had yet to meet him.

The bar was quite crowded. Men sat around drinking. Some moved their groins together on the dance floor. Most were intoxicated on Ruby Liqueur, nicknamed 'rub.' It was a harmless, flat tasting beverage that made you horny.

"You didn't drink enough Rub," Pete said, reluctantly following Tyler and Ryan out of the bar. "I want to stay and take a crack at that cock bound dancer in the corner." Tyler glanced over at Pete, whose waist length blond hair flowed down his back in a giant braid. "I didn't drink any Rub tonight, Pete. I'd rather smoke some ID."

Pete gasped as they made their way to Tyler's sky mobile.

"Hey," Ryan poked him, "where in hell you get that? I thought the sky police confiscated it all."

"Not all of it," Tyler smirked, pulling a tubular shaped object out of his pants. "Don't forget, I have friends in the transport business. They have this shit on other planets. Anyone can get it, for a price." ID was a powdery substance which made

you horny as hell.

Pete laughed out loud.

The sky was filled with stars tonight. There were two purple moons on the horizon. "Going to be a great day tomorrow," Ryan announced, anxiously looking over at Tyler as he played with the ID. "Come on, let's taste it," he pleaded, as they all crawled into the vehicle.

"Yea, Tyler," Pete insisted, reaching over to nudge his shoulder. "Let's end your birthday with a bang."

Tyler gave them both a slow smile. "Alright boys, but not here," he said.

"Back in your room?" Ryan eyed him, licking his lips. "Umm. Looks like we're going to get some tonight."

Tyler regarded them both. A little fun with these guys couldn't hurt. He'd done it before. If he smoked a little ID, he'd get off. Both were fairly good looking. Ryan had a huge cock which was one of the qualities in a man he greatly admired. Pete did sensational things with his tongue. Between the two of them, his birthday could be quite memorable.

When Tyler didn't reply, Pete said, "So, are we going back to your room, or not?"

"On one condition," Tyler told him, turning around to look at Ryan.

"Tease," Ryan groaned. "What?"

"You do exactly what I want," he announced.

Pete leaned over and put his tongue in Tyler's ear. "I know what you want, baby."

Tyler laughed, slapping him away.

"Alright," Ryan said, tilting his dark head. "But it means I get to bite those luscious nipples of yours and play with your cock."

Tyler smiled, "Maybe. But, no touching until we get home."

"But you have to take me home later, Tyler," Pete piped in. "I promised to help my Dad tomorrow at the warehouse."

"No problem," Tyler said, turning on the computer and commanding the vehicle to take flight.

"Looks like we're going to do your birthday in style," Ryan growled.

"We're going to do more than my birthday," Tyler grinned, lifting off the ground. "Go at maximum speed," he commanded. With one hand on the steer shaft and the other playing with the ID, they flew off in the night sky at a dizzying speed. Tyler had the most powerful flight vehicle available. He often drove it at maximum speed, speed only intended for hyper space, which was where he was forbidden to go.

Pete and Ryan were shouting now, as they hurled past others at breakneck speed. "Yea, yea, baby...let's rock this thing."

“Music on,” Tyler commanded. “Play ‘I want to suck you off,’ by Sex Craze.”

They all sang along, as the Ruby Miracle Estate came into view. He would land this thing on the roof parking lot and sneak the two guys into his room on the seventh floor. It wouldn’t be the first time. He was going to have a great birthday after all. ID would ensure it.

SKY POLICE HEAD QUARTERS: RUBY CITY

Bryce Donovan took off his helmet and strode into the Sky Police Headquarters, which was situated on the northern extreme of Ruby City. He was tired. He had just pulled a twenty four hour shift guarding the outlying regions of the city borders. There had been a lot of activity there lately, unwelcome activity.

He had no idea what in fuck Jack Rose wanted with him. The voice on the phone told him it was high priority. It had been the very first time he had been this close to Ruby City.

"I don't take my orders from Jack Rose," he had told the voice on the phone, in no mood to be given a summons tonight.

"Come on, Donovan," came the reply, "don't be so cocky. It's the big man himself who wants to see you, the reason you are the Commander at the Sentra Military Base. So if you want to keep your

job, get that ass of yours in here.”

Sentra was on Caramel, the planet where he'd been born and raised. Its sole purpose of existing was to keep Ruby City safe from invaders. He had come from a long line of military, and at the age of twenty-five, he had been promoted to high Commander. He was not used to being ordered about.

So, the big man himself wanted to see him, Mr. Jack Rose. He didn't think Jack Rose saw anyone.

Standing there now in front of two female sky police officers who gawked at him curiously, Bryce issued them a frosty look.

Bryce Donovan was used to getting attention. This damn uniform, which clad his broad six foot four frame entirely in leather, from his knee high black boots to his short leather jacket, was enough to earn him a second look. Couple that with the emblem 'Sentra Military Commander,' planted on the sleeve of his rather battered looking jacket, and people tended to sit up and notice when he walked into a room.

Those black leather pants, plastered to his thighs and hugging his slim hips did nothing to hide the fact that he was generously endowed. And this wasn't even to mention his face... which he'd been told was handsome, with its square jaw, presently covered with stubble, huge chocolate velvety eyes, shoulder length glossy black hair

and a mouth, which lovers often said, begged to be kissed.

He blinked at them now. This was not the time. "Are you going to just stand there staring at me, or take me wherever to hell it is that I'm supposed to go? I'm Commander Donovan, here to see God," he sneered.

"God?" one of them blinked.

Bryce sighed. Not too swift, these two. "...a joke, ladies."

The other one opened her mouth to speak but just then a middle aged man entered the room. He wore the stripes of a superior officer. Running his gaze over him a little more deliberately than was polite, he barked at the other two, "Go back to work. I'll take care of the Commander."

The two police officers busied themselves immediately behind the desk.

"I'm Captain Smart," he said, saluting. "It's a pleasure, Commander."

"Well," he drawled, omitting the salute, "I'm glad it's a pleasure for you, because it's a pain in the ass to me. I have been awake for twenty-four hours."

"I'm sorry," he said briskly. "Please, follow me," he bid, leading him down a long narrow passage way to a huge room that was furnished in leather and hard wood.

"Must be the VIP room," he muttered.

He directed him to a seat.

"I'll stand, thanks," he replied with a sigh, walking over to take a look at the night sky through the window which ran from the floor to the ceiling.

He hesitated for a second, than smiled at him. "Nice to finally meet you, Commander," he said, and then left the room. He lifted his helmet up and sat it on the window sill. He was still perplexed as to why he was being called to Ruby City. Even the military were forbidden to enter Ruby City unless there was a full fledged attack.

"Commander Donovan," a voice boomed suddenly.

He turned now to see a man, definitely over a hundred years old, stride into the room. He was slightly built, with grey hair and shrewd dark eyes. He immediately went to take a seat at the desk, two robot-like bodyguards at his side.

Bryce came to stand in front of the desk. "Mr. Rose," he said. He had seen the man's picture enough.

"That's right," he nodded. "I will come straight to the point, Commander," Rose said. "This is your lucky night."

"Really?" he met his gaze, placing his hands behind his back. It didn't feel lucky. "And why is that?"

"I'm going to offer you citizenship in Ruby

City."

Bryce laughed harshly. "Now, why would I want to live in Ruby City?"

He narrowed his dark eyes. "Everyone wants to live in Ruby City."

"I'm not everyone." He smiled tightly.

Rose tilted his head. "I see. Well, it doesn't matter. You are about to become a citizen of the most desirable place to live in the universe."

"I live on Caramel. I run the military that protects your planet from invaders."

"I'm aware of that. I've read your record." He inclined his head. "Impressive."

Bryce waited.

"Unfortunately, we have a few problems here on Ruby."

"No?" he mouthed, giving him a look of astonishment. "Not on the most desirable place to live in the universe?"

Rose gave Bryce a faint smile. "You have an unusual kind of humour, Commander. I believe they call it dry wit." He made a face.

Bryce shifted his weight. Sleep. He needed to sleep.

He looked up at him now. "I want you to run Sky Police."

"Sky police?" Bryce repeated. "I'm not a police officer. I'm a soldier."

"Our domestic problems have grown,

Commander. We have a thriving illegal drug trade and..."

"ID," Bryce nodded.

"Yes. I know you've confiscated some of it on route. I need you here. The problems are internal."

"Meaning that the importers live in Ruby City," he said, stifling the urge to yawn. Hell, the military had been aware of that for years.

Jack Rose nodded gravely.

"I take it that I have no choice in the matter?" Bryce raised an eyebrow.

Jack Rose looked perplexed. "I don't understand why you wouldn't want to live here. Generations of your family have protected C twelve. It's time you were rewarded for your loyalty, Commander."

"Come on now, Mr. Rose," Bryce coaxed softly, "that's not what this is about."

"You're right. It isn't," he said, coming out from behind his desk. His bodyguards stepped forward with him. "Of course I will make it worth your while. You will retain your rank, have full discretion to do as you see fit with the police force, and your lifestyle will be greatly embellished."

"Umm," he nodded, "the utopia of Ruby City, vice for every taste."

Jack Rose cleared his throat. "And one more thing, Commander...I want you to keep a special eye on my grandson, Tyler. He's a little...wild and

I'm afraid he might be in with the wrong crowd."

Babysitting as well! Splendid.

"The Sky Police Captain will fill you in."

"Captain Smart?" Bryce raised a dark eyebrow.

"Yes. Get your things. You start tomorrow night." He motioned to his body guards, and then before Bryce could say anything else, he quickly disappeared from the room.

Bryce's jaw tightened. He swore under his breath. Well, it looked like he was moving to Ruby City and he was going to take up babysitting to boot. Yahoo!

TYLER'S BEDROOM AT THE RUBY MANSION

Tyler lay back on the four-poster bed and lit the slender cigarette that he had taken out of the silver cylinder. He took a huge drag of the ID while Ryan and Pete looked on in anticipation. ID was a very special drug that produced a euphoric effect with just a few drags. It was also an aphrodisiac. But unlike Rub, it lasted for hours. It was illegal because it was highly addictive and could be lethal if administered in concentrated doses.

Passing the cigarette into Ryan's eager fingers, Tyler looked around his room and smiled. He had opened the windows but it wasn't for the smell. The beauty of ID was that it was odourless.

"Music on," he said and a stream of his favourite tunes began to surround the soundproof room. His window faced the back of the house. The only ones who could possibly hear them were

the people working night shift in the processing plant two miles away.

Ryan was passing the cigarette to Pete now, and Tyler could tell that he was ready for action. There was a tent in his black satin pants which testified to the fact, a big tent.

Tyler laughed as Pete took a few puffs, and handed him the ID. Tyler jumped up off the bed and snuffed it out, putting it back in its elegant silver holder.

Ryan stretched out on the bed. He had taken off his shirt and was running his hand over his nipples. Pete was eyeing his groin.

"Get naked," Tyler said, pulling off his tank top.

Ryan got up off the bed and took a step towards him.

Tyler held up his hand. "Hold on. Remember, I said that I was calling the shots tonight. You can't touch me until I say so."

"Aw, come on, Tyler," Ryan pretended to pout as Pete laughed unnecessarily.

"You heard me," Tyler said. "Get naked, you too, Pete." He watched as they took off their clothes, wetting his lips. The ID had done its job. His sex practically jumped out of his pants as he wiggled out of them. He wanted to do everything; or rather he wanted everything done to him.

He ran his gaze over the two naked males in

front of him now. He concentrated on Ryan's erect eight inches for a second. Overall, they were both good looking enough, but they were on the skinny side and not nearly male enough. But tonight, they'd have to do.

"Alright," Tyler said softly. "I want you to tie me up. I want you to torment me. I want you to..."

Ryan began to laugh. "Tie you up. Come on, Tyler. Not this fantasy stuff again. I just want to..."

Tyler sighed in frustration. "You're ruining it. You're ruining the mood, Ryan."

Pete stepped forward, undoing his long blond hair. "I'll tie you up, if that's what you want. With what?"

"There's some rope in the closet," Tyler said breathlessly, his cock starting to twitch.

Pete went to the closet.

Ryan was beginning to masturbate.

"Don't," Tyler said. "Stay hard. Not yet."

Ryan sighed and placed his hands in the air.

Pete produced the rope, looking uncertain. "Where, where do you want me to...?"

"Arrrgggg..." Tyler cried. "Don't you have any imagination, stupid? Pretend you surprised me. You came into my room and you intend to rape me. Pretend you are invaders from the planet of the damned. Vampires."

Ryan lay down on the bed now, groaning. "Vampires again? Tyler, there are no vampires on the planet of the...on C-thirty five...it's a myth. Damn it, I'm horny. Just come over here and fuck me. I don't want to play any games, okay?"

Pete came forward with the rope. He deepened his voice. "I'm an invader and I plan to rape you," he said. "I want to suck your blood," he cried out.

He looked ridiculous with his teeth protruding over his jaw. They all burst into laughter.

Tyler shook his head. "Forget it. This isn't going to work. You guys aren't man enough for it."

"What do you mean, not man enough?" Ryan sat up now, still hard as rock.

Pete looked hurt.

"I'll show you, damn it," Tyler said, coming over and yanking him upright. "Give me the rope, Pete," he demanded.

Pete handed him the rope.

"Help me. We're going to tie him up. I'll show you how it's done."

"What...what are you going to do?" Ryan stammered.

"Shut up, bitch," Tyler told him. "Get me something to plug up his mouth," he told Pete.

Pete picked up Tyler's shirt off the floor and handed it to him.

"No way. I don't want him drooling all over my good cock-hunting shirt. Give me yours," he said

to Pete.

After stuffing his mouth, Tyler and Pete tied both his hands over his head and secured them to the steel curtain rod on top of the window. Ryan stood there stretched upward, his nipples hard, his erection standing straight up in the air. He looked petrified.

Damn it. This was his birthday, but it looked like Ryan was going to have all the fun. How he longed for a man...a real man, who wasn't afraid to make him his completely. He had dreamt of it. And by the looks of it, he would have to go on dreaming.

He began to play with Ryan's nipples, pinching them and rolling them hard with his thumb and his finger. "Pete, you work on that ass of his. I want you to give him an orgasm without even touching his cock."

"How can I do that?" Pete asked, getting behind Ryan and squeezing his buttocks.

Tyler continued to work on Ryan's nipples as he uttered a muffled protest behind the gag.

"With your finger, stupid," Tyler sighed, giving Ryan's big cock a good slap. "After that, we are going to take turns fucking him, how does that suit you, Pete?" Tyler smiled.

Pete smiled back. "Suits me fine."

"What about you, my fine slut?" Tyler demanded, fondling his testicles. "Do you like the

thought of being ridden all night?"

Ryan smiled through his gag.

* * * *

By the time the sun had risen in the sky, Ryan and Pete were back at home and he was in his bed. He was feeling as he always did after sex, deeply unfulfilled. It wasn't the first time he had asked his friends to role play with him. They just didn't get it.

He sighed, stretching his tired body in the bed. In his mind, he pictured a tall, dark haired man. Although, he couldn't see his face clearly, he knew it was beautiful. And his body was hard and muscular, his skin bronze, his cock big and thick. He was trembling with lust. His body was on fire.

"You are mine," a deep voice whispered to him.

"Yes, yes," he breathed. "I've always been yours. You've been in my dreams forever."

And although he couldn't see him, he felt him. He felt his hands move roughly over his flesh, felt him being pushed to his knees. His hands were folded behind his head. He was completely naked, completely at his mercy.

He moaned. "What are you going to do to me?"

There was no response. His eyelids fluttered closed. He saw eyes flashing red. He was asleep.

He awoke feeling restless. He knew his mother

was going to question him about what he did last night. Lately, he had the feeling that his mother and grandfather were more curious about him than normal. He didn't like it.

"You must develop an interest in the company," his grandfather told him before he had left last night. "It is your legacy."

"I will," he had protested. "I'm too young."

"You're nineteen," his mother volunteered. "You have to do something with your life besides run around with Ryan and Pete all the time. We don't intend for your education to be wasted."

As Tyler put on his clothes this morning, he was thinking of that conversation. He knew the day was coming when he was going to be stuck in that stuffy office at The Ruby Miracle Cooperation. He intended to hold off on that for as long as he could.

MANBAR: 10:30 P.M.

“**W**hat in hell have you been drinking, Tyler?” Ryan asked him as they danced together on the dance floor.

Tyler was acting like a real slut tonight. He had taken off his shirt, rouged up his nipples to high heaven and wiggled himself into red leather pants that left nothing to the imagination.

Tyler laughed, running his hands over his nipples to make them stand out more. “What’s wrong. Ryan, are you feeling self conscious because those men over there are looking at me as if they want to eat me?”

“You’re streaking rouge all down your chest,” Ryan said, clicking his tongue.

“Want to lick it off?” Tyler invited. “It’s cherry flavoured.”

Ryan laughed. “Frankly, yes, I do but...you didn’t answer the question. What are you drinking?”

Tyler tossed back his curly dark hair that he

had highlighted with silver glitter. He opened the palm of his hand to reveal the cylinder.

Ryan gasped. "You had some more of that?"

"I have lots of it," Tyler replied with a grin. "I'm ready to be the biggest slut you ever saw but I have to find a man who's up to the task."

Ryan came closer, "Tyler, I..."

"Not you," he pushed at him. "You're not what I need."

"Fine," Ryan quipped. "You shouldn't be doing that stuff here. The sky police..."

"Screw those little worms. I need it. I had a shit day."

"What happened?"

"Mother and Grandpops," he spat. "They are on me about my future and my legacy. I don't want to talk about it." He had had a wicked fight with both of them before coming here.

"Tyler, you know that sooner or later..." Ryan began.

"Oh, not you too," Tyler sighed. He looked around. "There, that one. I'm taking that one," he announced, marching over to a big tall man with sandy blond hair. He wasn't exactly what one would call a hunk, but he would do.

"Hey," he said, gazing at him, "want to come for a ride in my dream machine?" he asked him, eyeing the substantial package in his pants. "I have candy," he whispered, close to his cheek,

giving him a peek of the ID.

The man stood up. "Umm, that's not the only candy I see," he murmured.

Tyler laughed.

* * * *

Ryan and Pete stood watching the scene unfold. They'd seen Tyler behave like this before. It was always after having a fight with his family. They wouldn't try to stop him because it was useless. He would go off with some man, fuck his brains out, and not remember any of it the next day. They both knew that if he wasn't high, he wouldn't have looked twice at this one.

SKY POLICE HEAD QUARTERS: MIDNIGHT

Bryce sighed as Captain Smart took the electrodes off his head and laid the Information Input Machine on the desk.

“So, what do you think, Commander?” he asked him, meeting his gaze.

“I think that’s a shit-load of information for my brain to handle in one session,” he growled, standing up and stretching his long legs.

* * * *

He wiggled a bit on the chair as he watched him, adjusting his cock with his hand. If “hot flashes” weren’t supposed to just be for women, he would have thought he was having them. What a shame this man had been hidden away on that wasteland of a planet of his. He was something to behold.

For the last two hours he had been trying to get

his attention by brushing up against him and meeting his eyes. He was all business.

"We tried to include as much information about Tyler Rose as possible," he told him as Bryce went to sit behind the desk again.

"I noticed," he said deeply, "but was it necessary to show me photos of his sixth birthday party?"

"It is important that you get the entire picture, Sir," he said, coming to stand closer to him. He placed a hand on his bicep and massaged it slowly.

He blinked and looked up at him. "Captain, are you trying to seduce me?" he asked him, meeting his eyes.

He tried to look innocent. "Well, I...no...I..."

* * * *

He was no mood. Over the last few hours, he had transferred all his belongings to a housing unit in Ruby City, met the new men and women under his command either in person or by phone, and was expected to assimilate a bunch of mundane shit he could care less about.

As for Tyler Rose, well he was this spoiled little rich snot head who liked to think he was a bad boy. The problem was simple, because he was Jack Rose's grandson and the heir to the throne, so to

speaking, the police allowed him to get away with murder.

That was about to stop and so was this shit with Smart.

Bryce stood up to his full six foot four height. He ran his eyes over Captain Smart, who looked like he was about to cum in his pants. "This is work. You're a cop and you're under my command. I don't normally fuck my subordinates, so I guess you're just going to have to deal with it. And fucking me won't get you your command back, Captain. Hopefully, I will do whatever it is Rose thinks I've been put here to do, and then move back home where I belong."

He was about to protest when he added, "Now, I suggest you go into the bathroom and jack off, because that's all the action your going to get on this shift."

Hastily, he busied himself with some papers on the desk. "Yes, Sir," he said softly.

He came out from behind the desk and picked up his helmet. "I'm going on patrol. I want a meeting back here at the end of shift with the others, O400."

"Yes, Sir," he said again, not meeting his eyes.

"And Captain," he smiled at him before he left the office, "I'm sure if you put your mind to it, you could find someone willing to play with your cock. But given that you will probably get your job

back eventually, do it discretely okay?"

He watched him leave, swearing softly under his breath.

ONE THIRTY A.M. RUBY CITY SKIES:

Tyler took another drag of the ID and passed it to the stranger beside him. He had taken both hands off the steering staff and put the sky mobile on automatic. When the stranger had started fondling him, he had placed his hands behind his head, so it would felt as if he were completely at his mercy. In this position he could fantasize all kinds of things.

He closed his eyes while the stranger smoked with one hand and played lazily with one of his nipples with the others.

Tyler bit his lip, bucking his hips forward. He wanted him to undo his pants but he'd have to be patient. He had to remember that he was at his mercy. He wasn't calling the shots. This man could do anything he wanted to him.

The man reached over and fiddled with something now, causing Tyler to open his eyes.

"How do you get the music going in here?" he demanded.

"Music on," Tyler said, his voiced irritated. Forget the music, his mind screamed. "Let's land her somewhere, okay?" Tyler breathed, not wanting to put down his hands.

"We need to find a spot," the man murmured, leaning over to kiss his throat.

Tyler sighed, placing his hand on the steering shaft, "Let me," he said, putting the throttle into maximum drive. "Don't stop playing with me," he insisted. "I'll be anything you want. Imagine I'm your sex slave."

The man chuckled, finally reaching for the snaps on his pants. Tyler spread his thighs wider, desperate to find a place where he could land this thing. He went faster now, searching the night sky as the man's hand crept inside his open pants, and finally found its way to his erection.

Hovering in his Sky Police Craft, Bryce Donovan saw the approaching vehicle show up on his radar tracking. "Whoa," he drawled, "where's this guy going?"

Although this was the first time he had ever actually been in the "Forbidden City;" as he liked to call it; military had to know it inside and out in the event of a full flown attack. The irony was he probably knew it better than most of its residents. He had flown through it in flight simulation a

million times.

If this guy thought he could outrun him, he was kidding himself.

“Give me a make on a sky vehicle, model number one thirty four, registration number seventy eight, ninety,” he said into his broadcaster.

Captain Smart appeared on the screen in front of him. He smirked. “That’s registered to a Tyler Rose.”

He sighed. “Oh really? Seems I’m going to get to meet the wanton renegade sooner than I expected.”

“I didn’t copy that, Commander. Can you repeat, please?”

“No, I can’t repeat. Forget it,” he said, switching him off.

He laughed. After being exposed to all that data on Tyler Rose, Wanton Renegade was the only name he could come up with, to describe him. He was certainly wanton. He dressed like a whore and panted after every man he saw. And he was a renegade, defying his entire family and playing the bad boy after dark. Well, Tyler Rose’s glory days were about to come to an end.

Putting on his flashing lights, he darted out into the night sky over Ruby City.

* * * *

At the same time, Tyler let out a whoop as his vehicle spun by a skyscraper, nearly missing the top.

The man in the passenger seat howled with laughter.

"Don't stop, baby," Tyler told him, one arm over his head and the other steering the drive shaft.

The song 'Give It To Me Hard and Fast' was blaring into the vehicle as the stranger, whose name escaped him at the moment, moved his lips down to his open pants.

The flashing lights of the Sky Police Mobile only added to the excitement. "Fucking great, there's the sky police," he laughed out loud. "Okay, baby," he grunted, lifting his hips off the seat, "come and get me if you're man enough sky dog!" He certainly hoped he was man enough because this guy trying to suck his dick was solely lacking!

How many times had he been pursued by the Sky Freaks? How many of them did he seduce in the back of this very vehicle? They couldn't do anything to him anyway. They wouldn't dare!

Come on, come on, he urged in his head. "Look," Tyler sighed, pushing the man's clumsy mouth away from his cock, "Can't you be a little more forceful, you know...I'm giving you enough

clues.”

“What do you mean?” He blinked.

“First, we get this freak off our backs,” Tyler hissed, “and then I’ll show you, okay? You can follow basic instructions, right?”

He nodded.

“Smoke a bit more ID,” Tyler told him, passing him the tube. “Wouldn’t you like to role play with me, be really in control? Wouldn’t you like me to do anything you want?”

“Sure.” He shrugged.

Tyler started to laugh. “Any more enthusiasm and I’ll cum right now.”

He grinned at him.

Suddenly, the music stopped. Tyler bore down on the shaft and rose up higher in the air. That Sky Freak was right on his tail.

“PUT THE VEHICLE DOWN IN THE NEAREST LANDING LOCATION,” a deep voice blared over his broadcaster.

That bugger. He’d intercepted his broadcasting device. “Hey, freak, how did you get this frequency?”

“My secret,” the voice replied, a male voice, deep and mysterious.

Tyler shifted in his seat. “You have a sexy voice. What do you look like?”

The man next to him shook his head. “Don’t, that’s a Sky Cop.”

"I know it's a Sky Cop," Tyler replied, lifting up his eyes to watch him dive after him in his vehicle.

"Why don't you land this thing and then you can find out," the voice replied in invitation.

"Ah," Tyler mocked. "I don't think so. And I've seen you guys, it would hardly be worth my while, unless of course you know how to suck cock real good."

His companion burst out laughing.

* * * *

Bryce did not share his amusement. "Listen, Rose, you either put down your vehicle within the next five minutes or I'm going to take you down!"

"Ooh, I'm shaking. You going to shoot me out of the sky, lover?"

"Don't tempt me," was the response. "Five minutes, and I'm starting to count."

"I didn't know you guys could count," Tyler slurred.

Bryce didn't bother to respond. He watched the clock beside him, keeping close to his tail. He had spoken to Jack Rose on the phone before he went on shift tonight. In fact, he had insisted on interrupting him. He had told him in no uncertain terms that no one was above the law, not even his own grandson.

Rose had contemplated his words for a second.

"I understand," he replied on the phone. "He needs taming. He's out of control. I know that the others have let him get away with a few things."

"A few things?" Bryce had countered. "His input file was filled with numerous crimes, including lewd behaviour, illicit drug use, and so many traffic violations, I couldn't even keep track; none of which he was ever disciplined for."

"You do realise though that he cannot be imprisoned with common criminals. Because of his future obligations, any punishment he would receive would have to remain confidential."

"That does present a problem," Bryce conceded. "So, you want me to get him under control, yet there is to be no consequences for his actions."

"I didn't say that," Jack Rose replied demurely. "From now on, you will punish him for his crimes, privately. If you have him in your custody, call me and I will tell you where you can bring him."

"Now I'm a disciplinarian?"

"You are whatever I say you are, Commander Donovan," Jack Rose said stiffly. "My grandson is a priority. He must assume his rightful place as head of this corporation one day, and you are going to help me make sure he does that."

Bryce Donovan sighed. What a shit assignment this was. He checked his clock again. One minute left. That asshole had no intention on landing her. In fact, he was having one hell of a good time.

Luckily, he had managed to force him out of the heavy traffic area. Tyler was now running the machine around in circles over the Ruby Processing Plant.

Bryce broke in on his transmitter again. "Okay, Rose. Time's up. What's it going to be?"

"Fuck yourself, sky freak." Tyler laughed.

"Whatever you say," he replied, punching in the code which would release the automatic tow apparatus he had at the back of his vehicle. Doing a one eighty in the night sky, he aimed and then fired the flexible magnet that was attached to a thirty feet line directly at the front of Tyler's space mobile.

Bull's eye!

"HOLY SHIT," Tyler cried out as he saw the vehicle turn itself around at lightning speed in front of him. "What in hell is that guy doing?"

His entire body jerked forward as a loud bang sounded against the front of his vehicle. Suddenly, he felt himself being pulled forward. Out the window, he saw a hand emerge, and then slowly the middle finger shot up in the air.

"Shit, this guy is insane!" Tyler cried out as the passenger beside him slumped forward on the seat. He had passed out.

Tyler attempted to use his brakes to operate his controls. It was no use. As his machine flew forward at breakneck speed toward a shopping

stop landing surface, totally vacated for the night, Tyler clutched the ID in his hand. What in hell was he going to do with it? He didn't want to waste it. It was half full. On impulse, he shoved it down his pants, and quickly did them up.

He leaned back now, his arms folded across his chest, grinning. There was nothing they could do to him anyway. He was Jack Rose's grandson.

BUSTED

He landed with a thud. "You better not have broken anything, Cop," Tyler complained under his breath as the door of his vehicle was wrenched open.

"Get out," a deep male voice demanded.

Tyler crawled out of the vehicle, running his gaze over a tall, muscular leather clad hunk of man.

The man removed his helmet and thick black hair tumbled down around his shoulders. Tyler ran a hand instinctively over his naked chest. He knew the rouge was smeared all over. "If I knew you looked like that, I might have slowed down," Tyler smirked.

He didn't smile. Beautiful chocolaty brown eyes were filled with anger. "Do you know how fast you were going?"

"Not as fast as I would have liked," Tyler drawled, glancing over at the passed out passenger in the vehicle.

“Who’s he?” Bryce demanded.

“Never mind him, baby,” Tyler replied. “Who are you? I swear I’ve never seen a sky cop who looked this good, and I’ve had most of them. Did my pals set this up?”

Bryce walked over to the passenger side of the vehicle and pulled open the door. “Hey, buddy,” he said, nudging him. “Wake up.”

The man moaned and curled up into a tight little ball. “What’s he on?” Bryce asked, looking up at Tyler Rose, who stood shivering in the night air across from him.

“Hell, I don’t know.”

“What’s his name?”

“I don’t know that either,” he told him.

“Looks like you don’t know much,” he scoffed. The Sky Cop walked back around the car again, his high black boots echoing on the pavement. Switching his phone on, he said, “Smart, this is the Commander; get a patrol vehicle out here to landing pad sixteen, three miles north of the plant. We got a pick up.”

“Commander?” Tyler gave him a look. “Woo hoo, and I bet you’re good at it too.”

He glanced at him, dialling another number. While he was speaking, he reached into the vehicle and retrieved Tyler’s shirt. He threw it at him. ‘Put it on,’ he mouthed.

“First time a man has asked me to put my

clothes on," Tyler mumbled, struggling into his top.

He ignored him. He'd wait until they picked up Mr. Strange dick and then he'd take Tyler to the special facility that awaited him.

He closed his phone just in time to hear Tyler say, "You know, you can't arrest me," he told him, letting his gaze linger on the curve of his ass.

"Oh yea," Bryce came closer to him, glaring down at him, "and why's that?"

Tyler backed up a little. "Well, because... because I'm... do you know who I am?" Tyler placed a hand on his hips.

"Yea, I know who you are, you're a full of yourself little rich boy who thinks you're going to get into my pants before the night's through."

Tyler glared at him. "You'll pay for that remark. My grandfather will drum you off the force. You'll be picking berries in the field, my friend."

Bryce laughed. "Really, well, isn't it a shame you won't be around to see me, because you're under arrest." Roughly he grabbed him and pulled him around, slapping the cuffs over his wrists.

"Hey," Tyler protested, "I know my rights."

"You have no rights at all, so I'm not going to waste my breath reading them to you. You've been getting away with far too much, for far too long. That's all over now."

He turned him around.

Tyler struggled out of his grasp, his face flushed. "What am I accused of?"

"You want a list?"

"Yea, I want a list," he mocked.

"Well, failure to yield to a direct order from a peace officer for one, recklessly endangering sky traffic for another," he counted on his fingers. "And," his gaze washed down over his chest to the definite bulge in his pants, "transporting an illegal substance in your pants. Need I go on?" He raised an eyebrow.

Tyler flushed. "I have no illegal substance in my pants. I..."

Bryce grabbed him by the arm and undid the top of his pants with his other hand. Scooping his hand down inside, he withdrew the slender vile of ID. When he did, his fingers brushed the top of his naked sex, sending shivers through his body. "It's a shame," he studied the vile, "and all the while I thought you were happy to see me."

Tyler gave him a cold smile.

Overhead, a Sky Patrol vehicle hovered, preparing to land. When it did, two female sky cops emerged, dressed in similar leather outfits. One of them walked over to the Commander and smiled. "We came as soon as we could, Sir."

"I'm sure you did," Bryce replied dryly. Impound the vehicle and take Mr. No-Name here

to a holding cell. I'll deal with Mr. Rose."

The faces of the two officers registered surprise as they glanced at Tyler, but they didn't say anything.

Grabbing Tyler's arm, Bryce practically dragged him over to the passenger side of his vehicle. He clipped him into the seat with a special security belt that could only be unlocked with a computer code.

Tyler knew what these were. He had had friends who had been arrested. He couldn't believe this. He couldn't believe that this guy had the balls to arrest Jack Rose's grandson.

"I demand to know where you're taking me," he sputtered as Bryce watched the other sky mobile take flight, dragging Rose's machine with it.

"What?" he demanded, crawling in beside him and replacing his helmet.

"You heard me. And by the way, what is your name? I'm going to need it when I fry your ass," Tyler threw at him.

"Ouch, sounds painful," he muttered, putting the craft into flight mode and taking off into the sky. "My name's Donovan, Bryce Donovan. Anything else you want to know?" He gave him a lazy look.

"Yes, one thing. Where are you taking me and where are you taking my vehicle? If there is one

scratch on her, I'll..."

"I believe that's two questions, Mr. Rose."

"Technicality," Tyler growled.

"Your vehicle will be impounded until I decide to release it. And as for you, well you are going to a very special place," he said. "You'll love it."

Tyler sucked in some breath. "You're in deep shit. I think I've got whiplash or something."

Donovan ignored that comment completely, then glancing at him, he asked, "And by the way, what's with all the lipstick on your chest?"

"It's not lipstick, it's rouge and it's all the rage," Tyler threw at him.

"Rouge, all over your chest?"

"It's supposed to go on your nipples, not your chest. It got...displaced. And if you even belonged to this century, you'd know that already."

He laughed, a deep attractive very male laugh. "That in itself should constitute a crime," he mumbled.

Tyler fell quiet.

"And so, does it work?" he mused.

"Does what work?" Tyler sighed.

"Rouging your nipples?"

"Never mind," Tyler snapped.

He shrugged his broad leather clad shoulders.

"I want to call my grandfather."

"To tell him what, that you were caught transporting illegal drugs in your pants?" he

asked, holding up the half filed silver cylinder for his inspection.

Tyler set his face into a scowl and looked away. After a few minutes, it dawned on him that they were flying towards the mansion. "Hey, I knew this was bullshit. You're taking me home, aren't you?"

"Actually, I'm taking you to jail but you can call it what you want," he muttered.

He narrowed his eyes, watching as the Sky Commander lowered his craft unto the roof of his house.

He was surprised to see his grandfather standing there. The Commander got out and went over to talk to him.

"Grandfather," he called, trying to get his attention through the window. He didn't look at him once. He said something to Donovan and then turned and walked away. "Grandfather, help me," he cried out. "I've injured my back. He's got my vehicle. Don't leave me here with this jerk off!"

The "jerk off," was at the door now. He opened it, pressed some numbers into a pocket computer he carried and the belt slipped off. "Get out," he barked. "Hurry up."

Tyler scrambled out of the craft, glaring at him. "I want to go to my room. I want to go to bed."

Bryce grabbed him by the arm and marched him across the roof. They went in the parking door

and then through a narrow passageway Tyler had never seen before.

“Hey,” he protested, “where in hell are we going? The elevator down is that a way,” he jerked his body around only to be roughly turned back again.

“Yes, but your prison is this a way,” Donovan said, showing him a flash of white teeth.

“I’ve never been here before,” Tyler grunted.

“It’s an emergency escape route in case you are ever attacked. It leads to a room under the structure, a room no one can get into or out of.”

He pulled him along to the end where they faced a concrete wall.

“Think you need a lesson in directions, Commander. We seemed to have reached a dead end,” Tyler snickered.

Suddenly he gasped as the wall slid open. A secret elevator appeared. Donovan pushed a code and it opened. “Get on,” he growled, pushing him into the elevator. They began to descend at a dizzying speed. Tyler swayed a bit. Bryce placed his hand on his shoulders to steady him.

When the door opened, a large room appeared. A huge bed, a viewing screen and a well stocked supply of food and drink. Off to the side was a bathroom with a shower and a toilet.

“Gee, all the comforts of home,” Tyler quipped.

Bryce removed the handcuffs and threw them

aside.

"All right, joke's over now," Tyler said. "I learned my lesson."

A concrete wall slid over the elevator. Tyler shivered.

"Take your clothes off," Bryce told him.

"What?"

"You heard me, take them off. You're used to parading your wares so it shouldn't be too much of a leap for you. Come on, let's go. I don't have all night."

Tyler's cock twitched. He grinned. Now, he got it. Ryan and Pete had set this up. They had found the perfect man and wanted to treat him to something special. He relaxed. It was a belated birthday gift.

Bryce removed his helmet and unzipped his jacket. Underneath he wore a snug fitting white tee-shirt that hugged his bulging biceps and pectorals.

As Bryce removed his jacket, Tyler licked his lips. "Now that should be illegal," he said, running his gaze over his chest.

His muscles rippled across his broad chest as he stretched out his arms. "What should be illegal?" He lifted an eyebrow.

"You in that tee-shirt," he replied with a groan.

"Never mind. Take off those pants and that shirt, the underwear too."

"Well, if you were more observant, officer, you'd have known that I'm not wearing underwear. It ruins the effect of the pants."

He sighed. "Whatever."

"So," Tyler smiled, pulling the pants down over his hips and stepping out of them. "What are you going to do to me?" When he saw Ryan and Pete, he was going to give them the biggest kiss ever. All the time he thought they had no idea what he really wanted, but here he was...a gorgeous hunk who was actually man enough to dominate him.

"Put your hands against the wall and spread your legs," he demanded.

He was now officially hard as rock. Trembling with lust, he swallowed, walking over to the wall and placing his hands against it. He spread out his legs and waited.

When his hands touched his flesh, he let out a moan, which caused Bryce to pause. "Are you in pain?"

"Shit, yea," Tyler whispered breathlessly.

Hands moved over his buttocks and then spread the cheeks apart.

Tyler wiggled.

"Stand still," he said.

"I'll do my best."

Fingers began to probe him, none too gently, going deeper inside of him. "Are you going to tie me up, baby?" he asked him, licking his lips.

"Tie you up?" he threw back at him. "Handcuff you later maybe, but I don't think you could run anywhere."

"But what if I want it?" He moved his buttocks seductively in front of him.

* * * *

Bryce took a step back. He took a breath. Shit. Tyler Rose was one hot little number; and he couldn't deny that the way he was moving his ass in front of him right now was rather distracting.

He stopped. "Okay," he said gruffly, moving away, "you can get dressed."

Tyler blinked. "You got to be kidding," he said, turning around.

Bryce threw himself on the bed. "I never kid."

"You're going to leave me like this?" He indicated his erection.

"That's not my fault," he told him.

Tyler's jaw fell. "Then you weren't sent by Ryan and Pete?"

"Who?" He blinked.

Fuming, Tyler pulled on his pants. "Was that really necessary?" He tried to hide his erection now.

"It's procedure," he tossed at him, then zeroed in on his erection for a moment and smiled. "You don't have to be embarrassed. Lot's of guys get

hard when I search them. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"If I had something to throw at you, I would. Smug bastard." Tyler folded his arms across his chest. "How long do I have to stay here with you?"

"Until, I say so."

"So, my grandfather is party to this then?"

"He wants to reform you."

"Right," Tyler replied, taking a seat on a chair near the bed. "So, what naughty thing did you do to get this assignment?"

Bryce raised a dark eyebrow, stretching out on the bed. "What makes you think I did anything...ah, naughty?"

* * * *

Tyler grinned. How in hell could he stay mad at him? He was so damn gorgeous. "Because, this is a babysitting assignment and a cop like you..."

"I'm not a cop," he corrected, "I'm a soldier."

"Umm, a military man. From Caramel?" Tyler lifted an eyebrow. He couldn't begin to tell him how many fantasies he'd had about being taken prisoner by the military. Now, those were men.

"That's right. I was recruited to run the Sky Police, and bring you under control."

Tyler howled with laughter. "So they brought

in a big macho soldier to do the job?"

"Something like that," he replied.

"Good luck, baby," Tyler grinned, watching him for a minute. "But that's not the only reason, is it?"

He shrugged.

Tyler nodded, studying him. There was something familiar about him. "We've met somewhere before, haven't we?"

"Nope," he said, lifting his head off the pillow to glance at him.

"I feel as if we have."

"It's impossible. This is the first time I've been given permission to set foot on the forbidden planet."

"Forbidden planet?" Tyler wrinkled his nose.

"Private joke," he said.

"Are you sure you haven't...?" Tyler cocked his head.

"I would have remembered you. I assure you, I'm not one of your Mr. Nameless Dicks."

Tyler grinned. "You have an interesting way of expressing yourself, Mr. Donovan."

"Commander Donovan," he growled.

"Your not jealous of Mr. Nameless Dick, are you, Commander?" Tyler cooed. "Not jealous of what I let him to do to me in the vehicle, are you?"

"Extremely," he said softly. "In fact," he said, closing his eyes, "I'm mad with jealousy. Was he

good?"

"Excellent."

He sighed. "And what number is he?"

"Who counts," Tyler shrugged, running his gaze over him, pausing at his groin. "So, is it impressive?"

"Is what impressive?"

"Your cock?" he asked him.

"I'd like to think so," he told him.

"Would you like a second opinion?"

"Not from you," he said.

Tyler sighed. "So, what are we going to do in here then?"

"Right now, you're going to sleep, and in the morning, you're going to start making amends for your crimes."

"Amends," he repeated blandly. "And how am I going to do that?"

"Community service," he grinned.

"Eh?"

"Community service."

"I don't get it."

He stood up now. "Tomorrow, you're going to start two weeks of work as my personal assistant."

"You got to be kidding."

"Not. At the same time, we'll talk about what it means to respect the law. So, I suggest that you hit the bed," he invited, opening the sheets.

Tyler stood up. "I'm not going to be your

servant. Your sex slave maybe..." he grinned at him.

Bryce lifted one corner of his mouth. "Oh no, you'd enjoy that too much."

"A little full of yourself, aren't we, Commander Donovan?" Tyler mocked.

"I'm very observant," he returned.

"And where are you sleeping?" Tyler paused, before getting into bed.

"Right there, beside you," he said. "Now get in the bed and lie down."

"Do you expect me to sleep with my clothes on?"

"Actually, yes," Bryce said.

"Afraid you could lose control?" He moved his face closer to him.

"Not really. But I'm not taking any chances. Lie down and raise both hands over your head."

Tyler blinked. "Sounds interesting," he replied, doing as he asked.

Bryce walked over to pick up the handcuffs. He grabbed Tyler's hand and placed the cuff around his wrist, then the other, including one rung of the bed.

"Come on," Tyler protested, moving around, "I won't be able to sleep like this."

"You won't be able to get into any trouble, either," he replied, pulling his tee-shirt over his head.

Tyler's eyes widened at the sight of his muscular chest and forearms. Then he leaned down and took off the boots. He turned towards him and smiled, reaching for the snap on top of his black leather pants.

Tyler ran a tongue over his lips.

Bryce seductively undid two snaps, looking at him the whole time. He could see his hips strain upwards, his chest begin to move visibly up and down.

Then he stopped. "Guess I better keep them on. What do you say, Rose?"

"I say you're an evil son of bitch, Donovan," Tyler muttered, which caused Bryce to laugh heartily.

"Nightie night," he mocked, sliding onto the bed beside him. "Oh and by the way," he said as Tyler fumed, "you have a great ass. If you weren't a common criminal, I might have considered giving it a ride tonight."

Tyler swore under his breath, and yanked at the cuffs in frustration.

Bryce Donovan tucked his hands over his head and looked up at the ceiling. "It's a shame, isn't it, Rose, the one time you are put in a position that really peaks your interest, it's going nowhere."

How in the hell did he know that being cuffed like this really excited him? "You presume a lot," Tyler spat.

"I presume nothing. I was subjected to a fast forward brain scan of your life before we met tonight. I know the age you were potty trained, and I know what really turns you on. Problem is, you can't find a man who can scratch your itch."

Tyler's jaw dropped.

Bryce moved his head on the pillow so that he was looking right at him.

Tyler brought his legs together, and issued him a dirty look.

"Are you horny?" he asked him softly.

"Not at all," Tyler snapped.

"Umm, your body says otherwise." His eyes lighted on the conspicuous bulge in his pants. "Do you want me to undress you?" he asked him softly.

Tyler tore his gaze away from him. He glanced down at himself. Damn.

Bryce sat up on the bed and leaned over him. Tyler looked up into his face. Shit. If only he wasn't so gorgeous. He held his gaze as he felt his hand move over his thigh.

"There's... there's a law against this... somewhere..." he muttered.

"And what law would that be, Tyler?" His voice was deep and silky smooth.

"Sexual torture...I...think..." Tyler retaliated.

Bryce grinned and removed his hand. "Well, in that case, I'll stop. It's too bad because I was going

to take off your clothes and use your body to satisfy my deepest desires. In fact, there's no end to my sexual imagination."

He lay back down. "Good night," he said. "Sweet dreams."

Tyler swallowed. His sex throbbed and he couldn't even reach down and relieve its insistent need.

After a few minutes, Tyler said, "Were you really going to...?"

"Was I really going to what, Tyler?" he murmured, falling asleep.

"You know...take off my clothes and...?"

He laughed softly, rolling over on his side. After a few minutes, he was asleep.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT IN RUBY CITY

What a bastard! He was in the shower now and he had left him handcuffed to the bed. What a sadistic monster!

Suddenly he emerged from the bathroom, dressed in nothing but a skimpy white towel tucked casually around his slim waist. His chest and his hair still damp, exquisite brown nipples taut from the stimulation of the shower.

As he walked over to him, Tyler caught a glimpse of his muscular thigh and craned his neck so that he could admire the way the towel outlined the bubble shaped curve of his incredible ass.

Bryce shook his head, lifting his hand to smooth back some damp hair off his forehead. "Honestly, Tyler, is that all you ever think about?"

"How in hell do you know what I'm thinking about," Tyler threw at him. "You're a real bastard."

I didn't get any sleep at all last night."

"That's funny," he grinned. "I slept like a baby." He picked up the keys to the handcuffs and threw them on the bed. "There you go."

"Very funny," Tyler scowled, eyeing the key. "You're a real laugh riot, aren't you?"

Bryce chuckled. "Well I considered a life as a comedian at one time but unfortunately, my life was mapped out for me."

Tyler eyed him. "Please, Commander, Sir," he sneered, "undo these cuffs. I have to piss."

Bryce came over and picked up the key. He slipped the key into the lock and undid the cuffs.

Tyler let out a sigh of contentment as he lowered his arms and rubbed his wrists.

Bryce moved away from the bed. "Go do what you have to do in the bathroom. I'm going to get dressed."

"Then what?" Tyler eyed him.

"Then you're coming with me to the Sky Station."

Tyler got out of bed. He yawned. "I'm not exactly dressed for duty," he told him mawkishly, indicating his skin-tight pants.

"Don't worry," the Commander told him. "I'll find you something appropriate to wear." He smirked.

Tyler disappeared into the bathroom.

Bryce put on his clothes, then sat in the chair

and waited for him to come out.

When he emerged from the bathroom, he threw his shirt at him. "Come on, let's go," he barked.

A few minutes later, they were in the police vehicle heading for the sky patrol station.

"I get one phone call," Tyler pointed out as they landed on the roof of the police facility.

Bryce pulled him out of the vehicle and clamped a hand on his shoulder. "Right, whatever, come on," he propelled him through the door and onto the elevator.

This was the first time he had ever been here. He hoped it would be the last. The open glass elevator glided down eighteen floors where various divisions of Sky Patrol operated. Tyler gazed absently out at the uniformed men and women who were slumped over desks or answering phones, or scurrying around the open carpeted spaces.

"So people actually work in these places," he muttered as the elevator announced, "Command Floor," and came to a stop.

Bryce stepped out, pulling Tyler with him.

"You can stop manhandling me now," Tyler told him. "It's not turning me on anymore."

"Come on," Bryce growled, hauling him down the hallway to his office.

Several officers walked past them, nodding at the Commander but no one said anything. They

knew that he was Jack Rose's grandson, and that he wouldn't be here long.

In the office, Bryce closed the door and Tyler fell into a chair. "My phone call now," he said.

"Be my guest," Bryce told him, passing him the phone.

"May I have some privacy please?" He raised his gaze to him.

"Certainly," Bryce replied, standing up and opening a cupboard to the left of his desk. "And when you're finished, put these on," he instructed, throwing him a pair of standard issue incarceration pants and shirt in basic tan.

Tyler held up the pants and shirt and studied them. "You got to kidding. I wouldn't be caught dead in these. What if someone saw me?"

"I don't give a flying fuck," Commander Donavan replied flippantly. "You have five minutes." He indicated the phone with his head and left the office.

Tyler called home. Ethan answered, his grandfather's personal assistant, which was great because Ethan would do anything to get his attention.

"Ethan, just the person I wanted to speak to," he said, giving him his most charming smile.

"Tyler, Tyler, how are you?"

"Right now, not too good. I am in need of someone as intelligent and resourceful as you at

this moment."

Ethan flushed.

"You need to let my mother and my grandfather know that I'm being treated like a common criminal. I'm in the sky patrol station, being brutally manhandled by a Commander Donovan."

"Oh my, are you alright?"

"I'm extremely distressed, Ethan."

"Don't worry, Tyler. I will take care of it right away. Hold on," he said.

A few seconds later, his mother appeared on the phone. "Tyler," she looked worried, "my God. Your grandfather is contacting the Commander as we speak. This is outrageous. We're sending the driver to bring you home."

"Thank you, Mother." He lowered his head, pretending to sniff.

"Don't worry, son. Just hold on. I'm coming with the driver. I want to see this Commander face to face."

Tyler wanted to laugh. He couldn't wait to see that. He said goodbye and placed the phone back on the desk.

* * * *

When his personal phone rang, Bryce wasn't too surprised. It was Jack Rose himself who appeared

in front of him. “Mr. Rose,” he said. “What can I do for you?”

“You can tell me why my grandson is in the Sky Patrol Station with a bunch of criminals?”

“He is not with a...” Bryce began.

“And Tyler’s mother says that he’s been beaten,” Rose continued briskly.

“Beaten?” Bryce repeated, his jaw dropping. “He told you that?”

“He told his mother that. When I told you to discipline him, I didn’t mean to beat the crap out of him, Commander.”

“I assure you, Mr. Rose,” Bryce began, “I did not...”

Jack Rose cut him off. “Our family has a reputation to uphold. I thought I made this clear.”

“So, you actually wanted me to keep him in that room and...?”

Bryce’s temper was just about ready to explode.

“I thought that maybe if he was kept away from the vices for awhile, he’d...”

Bryce sighed deeply. “Mr. Rose, with all due respect,” he began.

Rose shook his greying head. “Release him. I’m sure he’s learned his lesson. Release his vehicle as well, and don’t make me regret bringing you here, Commander.”

Bryce bit his tongue. He never asked to come here in the first place.

"Also, I still expect you to keep an eye on him. If he misbehaves again, then bring him to the room."

And beat him? "And keep him there how long?" he said, instead.

"I will leave that to your discretion, Commander," he replied. "Oh and I guess I should warn you, my daughter-in-law is on her way to get Tyler, and she's hopping mad."

'Joy,' Bryce mouthed.

Jack Rose's face disappeared.

Infuriated, Bryce barrelled down the hall toward his office.

* * * *

When the door flew open, Tyler looked up from his chair, a curious little smile on his face. "Things not going as expected, Commander?" he mused.

"You told your mother I beat you?" he growled.

"I never told her such a thing," Tyler protested, but he wanted to laugh. He was enraged and damn, he was even sexier if that was possible.

"Well, you told her something because she's on her way here and she's on the warpath."

"Her bark is far worst than her bite," Tyler shook his head, giving the Commander a soft smile. "Besides, a big strong boy like you shouldn't have to be afraid of a tiny little woman."

She's half your size."

That was met with a cold stare.

Tyler got up and handed him the clothes. "I guess I won't be needing these. It's a shame because I might have started a new fashion trend."

Bryce ignored the clothes and went to sit behind his desk. "You know, you think you've won, but you haven't."

"I wasn't aware that we were in competition." He met his gaze.

The Commander folded his arms across his chest and regarded him with a look of pure contempt.

"Should I wait outside?" Tyler winced. He couldn't help but enjoy himself a little bit.

"You wait right here. Mommy is coming," he sneered.

"As you wish," Tyler shrugged, sitting down in the chair across from him.

The Commander didn't say a word as they waited.

Tyler looked down at his hands.

When his phone rang, Bryce picked it up and said, "Yes, yes, alright, send her in."

He closed the connection and stood up as the door burst open.

The woman who stood there was no taller than five foot five. She was a very delicate little thing with dark curly hair like her son and large brown

eyes. But for a woman that size, she had a big voice.

She walked immediately over to Tyler and grabbed him to her, checking him for bruises. Then she turned to Bryce who stood waiting for the assault to begin.

"Commander Donovan, I believe," she accused.

"Yes, Madame, I am Commander Donovan." He held out his hand.

She ignored it, clutching Tyler to her who laid his head on her shoulder, trying to hide the fact that he wanted to laugh. "Don't you ever touch my boy again or I will make sure that you are demoted to Private Donovan. Is that clear?"

"Crystal," he said between clenched teeth. "But, Madame, I assure you that I did not lay a hand on your..." he paused, "little boy."

Tyler raised his head at the word boy and gave Donovan a dirty look.

"My son doesn't lie," she asserted, turning on her heel. "Come on, Tyler, let's get out of here," she said, pulling on his arm.

Tyler looked at Bryce and shrugged. He laid the clothes on the chair, and then followed his mother to the door. As an afterthought, he turned his head and blew him a little kiss, which caused Bryce Donovan to literally bristle with infuriation.

Tyler burst into laughter as soon as he was in the elevator.

His mother glanced over at him. "What is it, dear?"

"I'm just," he laughed again, "relieved to be out of there, Mother," he said.

She nodded. "He looks like a real big brute," she told him.

Again Tyler smiled. Umm, he thought, just the way I like them.

* * * *

When Captain Smart came into the office a few minutes later, he could literally see the steam coming out of the Commander's ears. "Sir?"

He sighed. "What?" he barked.

He flinched. "Did you want me to finish an intake on Tyler Rose?"

He stood up. "Don't mention that name to me again," he snapped. "Forget the intake. And I want it on record if that ass gets into trouble; I am to be notified immediately. No one is to touch him, except me. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir," he nodded. "Guess he really got under your skin," he murmured.

"Yes, and for some reason," he paused, "I have the feeling it has happened before."

"What do you mean?"

"Like...I don't know. It's strange. Never mind," he waved him out of the office.

After he had left, he leaned back in his chair. It was odd but he had the strangest sense of déjà vu when he was in the office today. He was looking at him and this feeling of frustration felt so familiar. It was probably nothing.

He took a breath, then after a few seconds, he actually smiled. Tyler Rose thought that he had won. He was really enjoying himself at his expense today. But what he didn't know was that Grandpa had given him permission to take him to that private room, and keep him there for as long as he wanted. Bryce Donovan started to laugh. Well, if that's what the old man wanted, that's what the old man would get, in spades!

AT YOUR MERCY

Ryan and Pete sat on either side of Tyler as he looked through the virtual reality catalogue at the Sexual Catering Industry. “That’s a great cock,” Ryan pointed to the screen as Tyler was prepared to pass it by.

“Too thin,” Tyler shook his head.

“The one before it was thick,” Pete chimed in.

“Too short,” Tyler remarked absently.

The Sexual Catering Industry allowed you to handpick your sexual partner, who would then materialize on the screen. By voicing a number of commands in a private booth, you could do anything you wanted to the imaginary lover. Unfortunately what they could do to you was limited.

For some reason, Tyler hadn’t told Ryan and Pete about Commander Donovan. He didn’t want to share him right now. And halfway through the process of choosing body parts, he realised that he was actually trying to recreate him. He was having

some problems.

"What's with you tonight?" Pete inquired. "Usually, you're in and out by now. I'd rather go rent some whore boys at the Stimulation Club."

Tyler nodded. "Alright, let's go. This is getting me nowhere." He looked at the woman sitting at the desk. "I might come back later," he said.

She nodded at him.

They walked down the main street of Ruby City. All three of them were dressed for cruising. Tyler wore a beige tank top with cut outs around the nipples. He had put on pants that exposed the cheeks of his buttocks. Evan Ryan had roughed his nipples.

Everywhere were large neon signs. Some of them were talking signs. One said, "Hello Tyler, would you like to smell like a dream? Buy 'What's Happening Cologne' for men and leave them wanting more."

He laughed and pointed up at the face of the billboard which suddenly changed to reflect his own. He had tons of that stuff at home.

They turned onto Decadent Avenue where there were clubs for all tastes. There was one in particular which always caused him to stop and stare. It was called, "At Your Mercy." It was a club for people who liked to play submissive or dominant roles. He never had the guts to go in there but he had thought about it often.

He stood there for a little longer tonight. Ryan looked at him and laughed. "Not that place again!"

"Let's try it, Ryan," Tyler appealed, looking over at Pete. "What about you?"

"I want to rent a whore boy," he said. "It's rough in there."

"Ryan?" Tyler looked at him.

He shook his head. "I'm going with Pete. Are you really going in there, Tyler?"

Tyler nodded. "Yea, I am. I'll meet you at Stimulation later."

Ryan and Pete watched as he crossed the street. He paused for a second, then pushed open the door.

It was well lit inside the lobby. A man sat there behind the desk, looking sleepy.

"Hi," Tyler said, not looking directly at him.

"Hello. What you looking for?" he asked.

"Ah..." he paused. "I...I..."

"Well, spit it out," he grumbled.

"I would like to be..." he lowered his voice softly, "I would like to be dominated...I guess."

"You guess?"

Tyler took a deep breath and then shook his head. "Sorry, I...I changed my mind."

He went tearing out the door only to find Pete and Ryan standing out front.

"We knew you'd chicken out," Pete pointed at

him, slapping Ryan's palm with his.

"I wouldn't have chickened out if he'd been in there," Tyler muttered.

"He? He who?" Ryan demanded.

"Just the most gorgeous man you've ever seen," he grinned sheepishly at them.

"Who?" They both chimed in unison.

"Commander Donovan, of the sky police."

They both made a face.

"He arrested me last night," Tyler laughed. And as they walked, he began to tell them the entire story.

By the time they reached the Stimulation Club, they were all horny as bulls.

"We need a man," Ryan announced to the doorman, who pointed to the information booth inside.

"We have only one left," the young man said. "He's new."

"Alright," Tyler said. "As long as he's got the right equipment, he's in."

"Fifty debit points. Room six, one hour. You know the rules, you can do what you want...but no violence."

They all nodded as Ryan grabbed the key to room six.

In the club, the music boomed and men and women danced wildly on the dance floor. All the rooms had lights on except for six.

“Hope we don’t get the scrap,” Pete complained.

They walked in and shut the door. It locked automatically behind them.

A young man stood there, totally naked. He had reddish brown hair, and blue eyes. Nice face. Long, thin body but nicely toned. And the cock was exceptional, thick and long, maybe seven inches.

Ryan made an appreciative sound in his throat.

“Hi,” Tyler said.

“Hello,” he replied. “I’m Six.” They never gave their real names.

Pete looked around. There was an array of sex toys lying on the table. He picked up a huge two headed vibrator.

“Get on the table, Six,” Tyler told him, moving the toys aside.

He walked over and got up on the table. There were two movable leg rests at the end.

“Put your legs in the stirrups,” Tyler told him, standing at the end of the table watching him.

He did.

Tyler walked over and pulled down the wrist fasteners which hung from the ceiling. He buckled one, then the other over his wrists.

“Umm, nice,” Ryan said, coming closer. He reached out and began to lazily play with his cock.

Tyler clicked his tongue. “That’s exactly what I

would like you to do to me. How come it's nice with him, but you never want to do that to me?"

"I don't know. I couldn't do that with you. He's a whore," Ryan shook his head, concentrating on fondling Six's testicles.

Pete started playing with his nipples.

Six ran a tongue over his lips and closed his eyes.

Tyler imaged that it was him on that table and Bryce Donovan was playing with his body. A surge of pleasure shot through him.

Ryan and Pete were naked now.

Number Six was moaning with pleasure.

Pete had that vibrator in his hand and he began to insert it.

Number Six's hips began to undulate.

Tyler undid his pants. He closed his eyes again. In his mind, it was him on that table. Bryce came into the room, wearing that towel he had on yesterday morning. Only this time it melted away from him, revealing a gorgeous cock, a scrumptious ass.

He saw himself withering on that table. "What are you going to do to me, Commander?"

"I'm going to use you, Tyler. I'm going to use your body. You like to act like a whore; I'm going to treat you like one."

He licked his lips. His pants were on the floor now. He let out a cry and exploded. Number Six

on the table cried out with him as Ryan got up on the table and began to thrust into him.

Pete had his cock in the Six's mouth, who was sucking it with enthusiasm.

Tyler pulled up his pants. He knew what he wanted, but now it was more complicated. Not only did he know what he wanted, he knew who he wanted it with.

RESTLESS DREAMS

Bryce squinted at the wall where he had positioned the time screen. It said four twenty-two P.M. He had only been asleep for three hours. The sunlight was streaming in through the window, but usually he had no problems sleeping in the daytime.

It was those damn dreams he'd been having, ever since he had moved to this place. Last night, he had dreamt of vampires. Although he couldn't make out any faces, he saw sharp teeth, blood and sex, lots of sex and it was hot. He knew he was in the dream but it was foggy. Then he could have sworn that he saw Tyler Rose. And for some reason, he was happy to see him, which of course didn't correspond to reality at all.

Bryce yawned and sat up. He needed a night off, but he wouldn't be able to take one yet. No wonder Ruby City was full of crime; the sky police were totally undisciplined. They were not above crawling into a vehicle with some suspect and

having sex. They were very easy to bribe and unless they were dying of boredom, they basically turned the other way when a crime was being committed.

Although he had only been in command a little over a week, he had seen it all.

Getting up, he walked naked into the bathroom and took a shower. His phone rang as soon as he got out. He rubbed his hair with a towel and clicked it on.

It was Smart. "Hi Sir," he murmured.

"What?" he asked.

"Ah, just wanted to know if you want me to schedule extra patrols tonight? It's the weekend and Ruby Miracle gave everyone their yearly bonus today...will probably be one hell of a party."

He sighed. "Great. Okay, do it. I'll be in at four."

"I'll hold down the fort, sir," he said and rang off.

Several of the other sky officers stood around Smart as he closed his phone, two young men who were desperately trying to get the Commander to notice them, and a few women who were now describing the Commander's gorgeous chest. "You were not supposed to be peering over my shoulder into my phone," Smart chastised them. "Get back to work." Besides, he thought, he had

plans for Commander Donovan, plans that did not include anyone else but him.

Bryce lay back down on his bed and closed his eyes. Maybe he could catch another hour of sleep. He saw a great ship. He saw a young man, Tyler, only different, his hair was different, he was dressed...in clothes.

"Daniel," he said softly.

"My love," he heard himself moan. Love?

Then blood, a blade slicing through the air. "No," he called out, bolting upright in bed. He was shaking. What in hell was that? He shook his head, and got up. That freaked him out. He didn't want to try and sleep anymore. He arrived at the Sky Station early.

Smart walked into his office without knocking, which caused him to turn around sharply and glare at him. He was in a foul mood again so it seemed. He'd been like that most of the week.

"Hello. Sorry to disturb you, Sir."

"Yes?" he lifted an eyebrow.

"I don't mean to be intrusive but..."

"Well, apparently you do mean to be intrusive or we wouldn't be having this conversation," he said, taking a seat behind his desk.

He cleared his throat. "It's just that you've been so tense and..."

A ghost of a smile played across his lips. "And you think you might have the solution, Captain?"

“Well, I was wondering if you wouldn’t let me show you the pleasures of Ruby City this weekend? I have some time off and you are due some.” He waited.

“Well, I’ll say one thing for you, Captain, you’re persistent,” he commented dryly.

He grinned. “So, what do you say?”

“I doubt I will have the time but I’ll take it under consideration,” he told him.

His grin broadened. “You won’t regret it.”

He nodded. “Good. I don’t like regret. So, I’ll be going out on patrol in an hour. Bring me the input file on last year’s event.”

“Right away,” he beamed, racing out of the office to get the equipment.

GRANDFATHER

“**A**re you listening to me, Tyler?” Tyler awoke from his daydream and gazed over at Jack Rose. “What? Yea, I’m listening. You said you wanted me to...ah...?”

“You weren’t listening,” he growled. “Damn it, Tyler. It’s time you got serious and stopped running around with those two boys. What are their names...Josh and Paul?”

Tyler sighed, “Ryan and Pete.”

“Well, whatever.” He threw up his hands. “They’re bad news. They distract you from what you really should be concentrating on, running Ruby Miracle.”

There was silence. He didn’t know how many times he had told his grandfather that he didn’t want to run Ruby Miracle. He was the kind of man that always chose to ignore whatever didn’t fit in with his way of thinking. He had given up telling him that.

Every morning, he was subjected to sitting in

this stuffy little office and doing what his grandfather called “learning the business from the ground up.” He felt as if he were on a collision course with hell.

“Do you think I’m proud that I had to rescue you from a prison term last week?”

“I wasn’t going to jail,” Tyler protested. “I was going to be Commander Donovan’s personal...” he paused, then grinned, “slave.”

His grandfather made an irritated sound in his throat. “I’m not getting any younger, Tyler. Your father is...” he choked, “dead. Someone has to carry on after I’m retired.”

“Recruit Sanderson. He’s been working for you for the last thirty years. He deserves to run Ruby Miracle.”

“You’re the legal heir, Tyler. You will run the company. And from now on,” he raised a finger at him, “you will come in at a decent hour.”

Tyler’s eyes widened. “I’m an adult man. I won’t be subjected to a curfew!”

His grandfather stood up. “You will do as I say or by God, I will have you locked up.”

Tyler narrowed his eyes. Without another word, he headed for the door. He paused for a minute and turned around. “You may run everyone else’s life, but you’re not going to run mine.”

He didn’t wait to hear his grandfather’s

response.

* * * *

The phone woke Bryce out of a dead sleep. It had been a crazy night out there last night, what with everyone wanting to celebrate their yearly bonus. By the time all the reports were done, it was ten in the morning.

He clicked on the phone and tried to focus on the image in front of his eyes.

It was Jack Rose. Oh God, what did he want?

"Commander," he said briskly, looking as if he were about to murder someone, "my grandson is out of control. He won't listen to reason. I want you to pick him up, take him to that room and don't let him out until he listens to reason."

Bryce yawned. Stretching, he threw his long legs over the bed and sat up.

"Looks like you just got out of bed, Donovan," Rose clipped with disapproval.

"Actually, I just got into bed," Bryce returned, pushing some of his black hair out of his eyes. "Now, what's the problem?" He was beginning to feel like some head doctor. What in hell did he know about these things?

"I said, pick him up!"

"For what?"

"Make it up, I don't care. I don't want him

running with those freaks he calls his friends. I want him to grow up, take some responsibility for his future."

"I'll do what I can. He's bound to do something stupid sooner or later. But, Rose, I can't babysit him twenty four-seven. I have a police force to run."

"Smart will assume his duties for as long as it takes."

Bryce sighed. "Sir, I really don't think that...."

"I don't pay you to think, Commander!" He barked at him. "Just do it."

Bryce opened his mouth, than closed it. As always, the infamous Jack Rose had simply vanished, severing the connection.

Shit. Why in hell couldn't Rose handle his own family troubles? He hadn't heard a peep from Tyler Rose since he'd hauled his ass into the Sky Station. Even though he had to have his mommy come and rescue him, he thought that he'd learned his lesson. Apparently not.

He was in the shower when he heard the doorbell sound. He swore. Damn. Was he to get no peace at all?

Wrapping a towel around his waist, he walked out into the tiny living room area. He hadn't pushed the bed back up into the wall yet, his sheets were tangled, lying half on the floor.

He opened the door only to see Captain Smart

standing there. He opened his mouth, and then ran his gaze over his sculptured muscles, before he found the voice to speak.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"I...well...you weren't answering your phone. Can I come in?" he inquired, curiously eyeing the rumpled bed.

He flung open the door. "Why in hell not?"

Smart walked in, closing the door behind him.

"Well?" he asked, placing both hands on his hips.

"Ah...well, it's about Jack Rose, Sir. He called me today. He says you will be busy on assignment and..."

"Does he now?" Bryce's eyes sparkled with anger.

"I think we need to go over a few things before you...I mean, maybe we can do our weekend together before you have to go. When will you be leaving?"

"I'm not going anywhere yet," he replied. "Was it necessary to tell me this now? Couldn't it have waited until I got to work?"

He ran his gaze over him again. "Sentra must really miss you," he drawled.

Here we go again, Bryce thought, mentally rolling his eyes.

Smart took a step towards him. "You must know that I want you."

Bryce met his gaze. "Captain, we've had this discussion before."

"No one has to know," he began to undo the buttons on his uniform. "What with your new assignment, we may not get another chance."

Bryce held up a hand. "Okay, that's enough."

He looked up at him with the smile like a panther. "Come on, Commander; don't tell me you're a virgin."

Bryce's eyes widened.

Smart removed his shirt, revealing a smooth taut torso with diamond hard nipples.

Standing directly in front of him now, his gaze moved to the towel. "I want to see you naked," he whispered, reaching around to release his long blond hair from its ponytail.

The last time he had sex, was on Sentra, over three weeks ago. It had been with two other soldiers, and it had been hot. As tempting as it might be, under no circumstances was he going to have sex with Captain Smart. Every instinct in his body told him it would be a bad move.

The Captain's hands were on his chest and he was pushing him up against the wall. He reached for the towel. Bryce caught his hand. He realised that his breathing was a little laboured. He was beginning to get to him. He said, "No," loud enough to startle him.

Bryce released his hand. "We already had this

discussion. Captain, I'm not going to sleep with you. And if you make this kind of advance to me again, I'll have you up on report."

Smart stiffened, and then began to put his shirt back on. When he looked up at him, his eyes were dark with fury. "You know that everyone at work is calling you an ice god."

"Really?" he laughed. "That's interesting."

"Maybe you're not man enough for someone like me," he spat.

"Maybe not," he replied. He folded his arms across his chest and waited.

He met his gaze. "You will pay for this, Commander. I will make sure of it."

Bryce narrowed his dark eyes. "Are you threatening me, Captain?"

"No," he shook his head, trapping his hair into a ponytail again, "I'm promising you. I'm well connected."

"Really?" he lifted an eyebrow.

"Jack Rose is my Godfather," he told him.

He took a breath. That wasn't good.

He issued him a smug smile. "When the timing's right," he told him, "I'll not only get what I want, but I'll have you on your knees."

He laughed. "It takes a lot to get me on my knees."

He marched out the door, slamming it behind him.

Lovely, he thought. That was all he needed. He sighed and began to get dressed.

ONE ENCHANTED EVENING

Tyler had slept most of the afternoon, so when the evening arrived, he was ready to go. He called Ryan and Pete and told them to meet him at the Manbar.

He took a shower, taking his time soaping himself. He put the discussion with his grandfather today out of his mind. Tonight, he didn't want to think about anything but having fun.

Once out of the shower, he called Ethan on his personal phone. "Ethan," he said into the phone, "I need to talk to you. Can you please come to my room?"

Ethan was there in seconds, looking like an anxious puppy.

Tyler had slid into a pair of black second skin pants. He left two of the snaps undone.

"Close the door, Ethan," he said, running a hand through his damp curly hair.

Ethan cleared his throat and closed the door.

“Lock it,” Tyler said.

He turned around and clicked the lock.

“I’m having some problems putting on the rouge. I thought that maybe you could help me.”

Ethan’s jaw dropped.

He wasn’t a bad looking guy. He was slender and about five nine in height, and no more than thirty, with auburn hair and green eyes. He was no swinger though, dressed conservatively in a light blue Ruby Miracle pant suit.

Tyler motioned to him.

He came forward tentatively.

Tyler handed him the container of rouge. “Here, put it on my nipples, will you?”

Ethan dipped his finger in the pot. His hands were shaking.

Tyler smiled at him. “I’ll lie on the bed. Will that help?”

Ethan mumbled something, following Tyler to the bed.

“Rub it in good,” he said as he got onto the bed.

Ethan began to delicately dap on the rouge.

Tyler tried not to laugh as he spread it well past the nipple onto his chest.

“That’s very good, Ethan,” he cooed, closing his eyes. “Feels good. Do them both at the same time.”

Ethan’s two thumbs began to massage his nipples. Tyler could hear his breathing coming fast

and heavy.

"You know, my grandfather is trying to keep me prisoner in here and if I go out tonight, he will know."

"That's not right, Tyler." He was practically moaning. He began to twist his nipples now, smudging the rouge as he did.

Tyler licked his lips. "Nice," he said to Ethan. "Keep it up. Twist them harder."

He began to roll each nipple between his finger and thumb, and then tug on them, pinching hard.

"Ooh," Tyler said, feeling his cock twitch. He looked up at Ethan, then down at his groin. "Do you want to play with it?" he whispered.

Ethan's eyes were glazed over. He continued to play with his now swollen nipples. "Yes, please."

"On one condition," Tyler said, reaching down to undo another snap on his pants.

"Anything," he breathed. "Baby, you're so hot."

Tyler smiled. "You must tell my grandfather that I am in my room tonight with a headache, and I'm not to be disturbed."

He nodded. "Alright."

Tyler undid the rest of the snaps and lifted out his sex, already semi-erect.

"Beautiful," Ethan breathed. "May I touch it?"

"Oh, you're going to do a hell of a lot more than just touch it," Tyler told him. "Keep playing with my tits, and take my cock into your mouth."

Ethan pinched his nipples harder, causing Tyler to suck in some breath, then he lowered his mouth to his cock.

“And Ethan,” Tyler breathed, placing his hands in his hair, “I want to feel the back of your throat, you understand?”

He nodded, moving down further onto his sex.

Tyler clutched his hair as Ethan continued to eat his sex. He closed his eyes. Bryce Donovan smiled back at him. Elusive bastard, he thought. He tried to put the image out of his mind, but it returned, this time, he was handcuffing him to the bed in that room.

Tyler moaned, pushing Ethan’s hands away from his chest. “Bryce,” he cried out.

Ethan tried to move away but Tyler held his head in place as he came. Ethan looked up at him now, his face content.

Tyler caressed his hair, then sat up. “Okay, now go and do as I asked you.”

“Can we do this again?” Ethan asked him, standing up.

“Maybe. Maybe next time, I’ll let you fuck me,” Tyler told him. “Now, go on,” he said, pushing him towards the door.

* * * *

The sky officer with him tonight was called Seth

Murdock. He had only been on the force a few months. This was his first night out, and he was jittery.

"I hope I can live up to your expectations, Commander," he said, sliding into his seat in the patrol vehicle.

Bryce cast him a look. He was a slim fellow with blond hair and blue eyes, and he had caught him checking out his package a few times when he thought he wasn't looking. He had never gone so long before without having sex. If he hadn't been on the force, he might have considered giving him a go after work.

"You'll do fine, Murdock. Just keep your eyes open and do as you're told," he heard himself saying. The military training kept him focussed, even when his body was demanding other things.

"I will, Sir. I'll obey your every command."

Now, there was a definite message in that. Bryce cleared his throat. "Tonight, we're going to check out the clubs. I'm looking for this man," Bryce pointed to a picture on the screen in front of him. "He's a drug dealer. Do you know how to recognise ID?"

"Ah, silver cylinder and ah, the butts leave a fine dust. But there is no smell."

"Right. Okay, we'll go in. I'll stake out the place, have a look around, and you check out the bathrooms and the backrooms."

“Yes, Sir,” he said, as Bryce lifted off the ground and flew toward the main drag of Ruby City.

* * * *

Tyler was slugging back some Rub as Pete and Ryan walked in. Ryan whistled as he saw Tyler standing there in his black second skin pants and bright red silk shirt which left holes where his nipples were.

“Thank you kindly, Sir,” Tyler grinned, lifting a hand to Pete.

Tyler looked around. Ethan had whetted his appetite for some hot action tonight. Too bad he didn’t see anything that interested him. He ordered some more rub, trying to concentrate on what Pete and Ryan were talking about.

He scanned the room, pinching his nipples once in awhile discretely, so that they would stand out. The contact just made it worst. His hard-on was more than visible in his pants.

“I’d love to wear those,” Pete was saying, indicating the pants. “I don’t have the body for it. It reveals everything.”

“Yea,” Ryan said. “Turn around and let’s see that ass.”

Tyler turned his back.

Ryan stuck his fist in his mouth and bit it. “Baby,” he moaned. “Won’t you let me fuck that

ass tonight?"

"Maybe," Tyler shrugged.

Pete glanced down at his groin. "You're hard as hell. I could take care of that for you."

"You guys," Tyler said. "You don't give me what I want."

"Like at that S and M place?" Ryan laughed. "You were too chicken to even go in there."

"I know, but I will." Tyler met his gaze with determination.

He turned around at the bar. Again he scanned the room. Two naked men were fuck-dancing on the stage. One of them had his cock inside the other and they were moving to the rhythm of the music. Boring.

Then his heart began to pound in his chest. His hard cock stiffened even more. There in the corner of the room was Commander Donovan, dressed in his black leather pants and jacket. His shoulder length black hair was loose. He held his helmet in his hand.

"What a hunk," Pete was saying suddenly, having spotted Bryce across the room.

Tyler pushed his back against the bar, making sure his hard on and his nipples stood out. He didn't have to pinch them this time; they were almost as hard as his cock. "That's Commander Donovan, the cop who took me hostage two weeks ago and handcuffed me to the bed."

Pete and Ryan gasped.

“Really? Holy shit,” Pete cried. “You said he was hot. That guy is more than hot, he’s a raging inferno.”

Ryan literally smacked his lips.

“Well, calm yourself, because he’s mine,” Tyler said. “Excuse me, boys.” He grinned and walked over in the direction of the Commander.

* * * *

Bryce saw him coming. The pants he was wearing were the new kind which left nothing to the imagination. They clung to his ass, his thighs and the more than obvious need he had going on between his legs. The shirt was skin tight as well, sectioning off his nipples. His entire body was an invitation, and it was an enticing one.

“Put your eyes back in your head, Commander,” Tyler told him playfully. “I’ve just come to say hello.”

Bryce let his gaze linger on his groin. “It’s a substantial hello.”

Tyler laughed. “Why thank you, soldier,” he met his gaze. “To what do we owe this dubious pleasure? Are you looking for me?”

He cocked his head, his gaze lighting on his nipples. “No rouge tonight?”

“It got dislodged,” he grinned.

"Oh," he replied, feeling the urge to reach out and run his tongue over one of them. He gave himself a mental shake.

"If you like it, I can put some on. You can lick it off, any flavour you want," he told him, running his gaze down the length of him.

Bryce smiled tightly. "I'm working, but thanks anyway."

Just then another Sky officer approached. He was young, blond and definitely hot for the Commander. Tyler could see it in those clear blue eyes of his. "Working eh?" Tyler's eyes accessed the newcomer.

"Murdock," Bryce ignored the innuendo. "This is Tyler Rose, Jack Rose's grandson."

Murdock ran his gaze over him, than dismissed him. "Sir, I need you in the bathroom."

* * * *

"In the bathroom?" Tyler mocked. "I could think of a far better place to need him in."

Bryce hid a smile. "If you'll excuse me," he said to Tyler, who nodded.

He watched them walk towards the bathroom. Damn. He didn't need any competition, especially some uppity sky patrolman. After a few minutes, they emerged, discussing something in the hallway. Tyler suddenly felt odd. His head spun a

bit and he blinked towards the two men. "My love," a voice said in his head, "we're together again. It's me. I can't wait to hold you. It's always been you, my eternal lover."

Tyler reached out for the back of the chair. Suddenly, Ryan and Pete were there to steady him. "You alright?" someone said.

Tyler looked up to see Bryce Donovan standing in front of him. For a second he could have sworn that the Commander's eyes blazed red. When he looked back at them they were brown again.

Tyler placed a hand on his chest. "You're my eternal love," he whispered, then collapsed on the floor.

When he opened his eyes, he was lying on a sofa in the back room of the Club.

Ryan and Pete sat next to him.

"Where's Bryce?" he asked.

Ryan gave him some water. "Who's Bryce?"

"The Commander?" Tyler clicked his tongue, pushing him back so that he could sit up.

"He's gone. He left. Why?"

"How did I get in here?"

"He carried you in here," Pete smirked.

"We're connected."

"What?" Ryan asked, watching him cautiously as he stood up.

"We are connected. We were lovers in a past life," Tyler told him.

Ryan laughed. "You wish."

"Are you sure you should be walking around, Tyler?" Pete asked.

"Did you hear what I said? That's why I'm so drawn to him."

"You're drawn to him for the same reason any sane person with eyes would be drawn, he's a gorgeous hunk of man," Ryan told him.

"No, it's more than that. I can't explain it," Tyler shook his head. "Let's go home, okay?"

* * * *

Seth Murdock observed the Commander curiously. Finally he said, "Are you alright, Sir?"

Bryce considered the question. If he was to be honest, he would have said, no. Actually, he would have screamed NO at the top of his lungs. Instead, he said, "I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"Well frankly, Sir, you look like you've seen a ghost. What was it that Rose said to you before he passed out?"

You are my eternal love. "I don't know," Bryce said impatiently. "It's not important. What's important is this guy," he pointed to the picture on the screen.

"He wasn't in there. What's his name anyway? You didn't tell me?"

Bryce gazed at him. "He goes by many. A lot of

people know him by Modem."

"Modem?"

"Yea. It makes sense if you think about it awhile." You are my eternal love. Shit. Why in hell had he said that? And he had looked so weird.

"Commander?" Seth said. "I don't understand."

"Doesn't matter. Let's move on. We need to comb several other clubs before daylight."

"Yes, Sir."

* * * *

Tyler crawled into bed that night feeling as if he'd run a marathon. He was exhausted. He closed his eyes only to see those fierce red eyes blazing at him. "I love you, Joey," a voice whispered. "Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," he said in his head. "Who are you?"

"You know...you know...." the voice returned, seeming very far away.

Then he was lost in a fog.

* * * *

They found nothing, but then, Bryce had expected as much.

Landing the craft on the parking space above

Seth Murdock's living quarters, he took off his helmet and rubbed his tired eyes.

Seth looked over at him tentatively. "You wouldn't want to come in for a drink, would you?"

Bryce blinked at him through the murky light inside the vehicle. Sure, he would love to come inside...for a ...drink... But he wasn't going to. "I can't. It's late." Seth looked disappointed, but he didn't say so. "Well, we'll find that Modem guy next time."

"Will we?" Bryce asked, raising an eyebrow quizzically.

"Commander?" Seth narrowed his eyes.

Bryce fell quiet. It had been a strange day. Not only had Tyler Rose's comment thrown him for a loop, all his worst suspicions about the drug trade in Ruby City had been confirmed. There was a mole inside the Sky Police.

"Go home, Murdock," he told him. "I'll see you later."

Seth nodded and crawled out of the machine. He raised a hand to him as Donovan lifted off into the predawn.

CASTING OFF SHADOWS

Tyler was angry when he woke. His sleep had been greatly disturbed by these stupid dreams, dreams of Bryce Donovan. And worst, they didn't make any sense. Last night, he was sure that he saw the Commander's eyes glow red. And he knew he had blurted out something quite idiotic before he passed out. Shit. He'd never met a man that had that effect on him before.

Anyway today was a new day and he was determined to stop this nonsense. He had to put things into perspective. Fact, Bryce Donovan was gorgeous. Fact, he would love to get down and dirty with him. Fact, it probably wasn't going to happen. Stupidity, he and Bryce had some sort of weird connection that had its origins in another life. Wow. He was losing it.

That morning after dressing, Tyler made his way to the main office. He had promised his grandfather he would take more interest in the company, and if it would get him off his back for

awhile, it was worth it. As he walked through the processing plant toward the main administration office, he was thinking that the best thing he could do was stay away from Bryce Donovan. The thought didn't appeal all that much however and he knew he was making false promises to himself. It wasn't the first time he had done that.

Suddenly, he gasped as he felt someone reach out and grab him from behind, pulling him back amongst a pile of shipping boxes. A hand smothered his mouth as another ran down his flank and settled on his buttocks. He struggled, then he heard laughter and he was released.

He turned around to see Ethan standing there, a finger to his lips. "Hello, Tyler."

"What in hell is the matter with you, Ethan? You scared me half to death," Tyler snapped, none too happy at being ambushed like that.

"I miss you. You said we'd get together again. I was wondering if later today...?" He trailed off, looking hopeful.

"I'm busy today," Tyler said stiffly, regretting that he had ever engaged Ethan in that little encounter in his bedroom.

Ethan looked hurt. "When then? You said that I could..."

"I know. I know what I said," Tyler sighed. "But now I'm trying to apply myself to the company. Grandfather is on my back. Mother too."

I don't have a lot of time, Ethan."

"So, this is a brush off," he muttered, looking at the floor.

Tyler tried to hold on to his patience. "I never promised you anything, Ethan," he said. "Now, I have to go. I'm late already thanks to you." With that, he quickly walked away.

When he was sitting in the office, looking over the newest files, he felt the guilt creep up onto him. He knew that he hadn't been very nice to Ethan. He had used him, and blown him off. Well, better to hurt him now than later. He'd never make that mistake again.

By the time the lunch hour came, Tyler decided that tonight he was going to go back to that No Mercy Club. And he was going alone, without Ryan and Pete. He was going to try it once. Maybe it was just the thing he needed to fill this void he'd always had deep inside.

“LOOKING FOR MR. MODEM”

Seth Murdock thought that the Commander looked a little distracted tonight as he walked into the briefing room. He gave each one of them a close inspection, then spoke, his deep hypnotic voice filling every crevice of the room.

“I want all available officers to accompany me tonight on a raid. We are going to the “At Your Mercy Club,” on Decadent.”

“Which role do you play, Sir?” someone called out from the back of the room.

Bryce raised an eyebrow. “We’re not going there to play. Although, whatever you choose to do on your own time officer, is your business.”

The room erupted into laughter.

Smart gazed up at him now. “With all due respect, Sir,” he said snidely, “don’t we have to have a pretty good reason to raid a legitimate establishment like the N.M. Club?”

Bryce gave him a chilly smile. Ever since their encounter at his apartment, they kept their

exchanges to a minimum. "I assure you, Captain, I have my reasons. I don't choose to disclose them at the moment."

He nodded.

"Alright," he continued. "I want you to move in on my orders and secure all persons in the establishment and within a one mile radius. You will bring them all into the lobby and keep them there until I give you further orders. Is that clear?"

There was a round of "yes, Sir."

"Alright, all units move out except for unit twelve who will maintain the routine watch."

"That's my unit, Sir." Smart stood up, ready to protest.

"That's right," he said, meeting his gaze.

"I am a senior officer. If anything significant is taking place, then I should be involved," he offered stiffly.

"You are an experienced officer. I need you to hold down the fort while the rest of the patrol is utilized elsewhere."

"But," he said, "one of my immediate subordinates like..."

"Captain, are you questioning my orders?" He cut him off briskly. He had no time for this shit.

"No, Sir," he said, his voice as sweet as syrup. "I feel honoured that you have so much confidence in me that you would leave me in your stead."

He laughed. "Bullshit," he told him. "But I don't give a shit."

* * * *

Tyler was trembling as the woman zipped him into this skintight leather suit. There were zippers everywhere, down the legs, across the chest, down the length of his buttocks. When she put on the mask with only two slits for the eyes and an opening for the nose, and a zip across the mouth, he found it hard to fight the panic.

"Don't worry," she said, patting his shoulder. "Remember that green light is 'Go' and red light is 'Stop'. If it gets too much, yell red light. Now, you've filled out all the information on the form. The Dom knows what it is you want. Are you ready?" she asked him, making sure the wrist and ankle cuffs were secure.

"Yes," he said softly.

She grinned, zipping the mouth closed. "Have a great time," she said, waving at him.

She closed the door. It was dark. He stood there clad in this tight leather thing, bound and gagged, and he wondered if maybe he'd lost his mind. He knew it was safe. He knew nothing would really happen without his permission. But what could he do about it if it did? He sighed, waiting, reminding himself that the idea of being

completely at someone else's mercy was the whole point. Still, his stomach twisted into knots as he watched the door.

* * * *

"So, who are we really looking for, Modem?" Seth inquired as he strapped himself into the craft.

Bryce cast him a glance as he lifted off the landing pad. "Why do you ask that?"

"Come on, Commander. You were very evasive in there," Seth joisted. "I might be green around the edges but I'm not stupid. You got a tip that Modem might be at that place tonight."

"Maybe," he said softly, watching the night sky with his dark eyes.

After that, Seth fell quiet.

* * * *

When the door clicked open, Tyler gulped some air.

The man was dressed like him, only his zippers were all undone. He was slim, of medium height, and his face was hidden behind a mask that was similar to the one he had on.

"Hello, Tyler," he cooed, his voice sounding scratchy, as if he was just getting over a cold. "Waiting for me?"

Tyler nodded, breathing deeply.

“Umm, I’ve been anticipating this moment, the moment when I could finally make you mine. You know that you are my slave.”

Tyler took a breath. He nodded again. He was trembling as the man walked around him slowly, running his gaze over him. He waited a second, then moved around in back and tore the zipper down that ran over the middle of his ass. A hand moved inside the suit, roaming over one of the cheeks. “Nice. This is what I want. I want that ass. I plan to fuck you until you can’t walk, you whore.”

That didn’t sound all that pleasant.

Fingers moved up inside of him; one, two, three. They weren’t gentle. He was going to say something, but his mouth was zipped. He began to try and speak behind the mask but it came out muffled.

The man removed his fingers and came to stand in front of him. He looked into his eyes. “What’s the matter, Tyler?”

Of course he couldn’t respond.

“Cat got your tongue?” He laughed, unzipping the zipper that ran across his chest.

Tyler felt his fingers pinching his nipples. It brought tears to his eyes. This was not what he wanted.

“Let’s see that cock of yours, let’s see how much

torture you can take. We have all night long, maybe longer,” he breathed, leaning forward and licking his chest.

Tyler recoiled.

The man stiffened. He reached over and picked something off the table.

Tyler squinted in the darkened room, trying to make it out. His eyes widened. It was a whip.

“Don’t you ever back away from me, Tyler, you understand me?” He cracked the whip on the floor.

Tyler tried to scream.

The man laughed, showing him the handle of the whip, a thick solid handle that was at least nine inches in diameter. “See this, guess where it’s going to go, beautiful boy. And you can scream all you want. No one is going to hear you.”

* * * *

When Bryce walked into the Club, the woman at the desk stood up. “Whoa, baby,” she said, “what wet dream did you just walk out of?”

He issued her a tight smile and pointed to the insignia on his shirt sleeve. “Sky Patrol. I’m Commander Donovan.”

“Oh,” she licked her lips. “Where can I rent that dream?”

“I have no idea,” he replied. “This place is

being raided tonight. If you cooperate, nothing will happen. We intend to bring everyone down into this room. And if they check out, they can go."

"You know, sexy, I really don't give a shit. I just work here."

"Where's the owner?"

"Damned if I know. I can get the manager if you like."

"That would be a good idea. Bring him into the lobby," Bryce said, clicking on his phone and pressing the button for collective transmission. "Alright, move in. And remember, no one does anything without my authorization."

The young woman was still standing there looking him over.

"Are you going to get the manager or what?" he asked impatiently.

"That depends, are you going to strip search me?"

Bryce ran a hand through his hair. "Darling, I have neither the time nor the inclination. Get the manager."

She shrugged and hurried out of the room.

Bryce walked though the lobby as he heard his officers begin their search. He opened the first door on the left and peered in. It was then he heard this muffled cry.

Light flooded into the room and Bryce walked

in, his gun drawn.

* * * *

Tyler gasped when he saw him. Oh my fucking God, no. Donovan was the last person he wanted seeing him like this.

Bryce lowered the gun and came closer. He ran his gaze down the length of him and then started to laugh.

“Well, well, if it isn’t Tyler Rose. A little tied up, are we?”

Tyler scowled under the mask, making a sound of protest. His suit was open to the waist as well as down the back. His sex had been pulled upward over his belly so that the tip of it was visible.

Bryce made sure he knew where he was looking. Then he met his gaze and said, “What? What did you say? You’re happy to see me?”

Tyler closed his eyes.

Bryce folded his arms across his chest and regarded him through half closed eyes.

Tyler tried to tell him to unshackle him. He moved around and made sounds through the mask. Bryce leaned over and unzipped his mouth.

“You prick,” Tyler spat. “Get me out of this mess.”

“I knew I was going to regret that,” Bryce

sighed.

"Come on, Donovan, what if someone should see me like this?"

"Did anyone ever tell you, Tyler, that you are overly concerned with appearances?" He lifted an eyebrow suggestively.

"Yea, you did," Tyler replied with a sigh. He was going to play this for all it was worth.

Bryce cocked his head. He walked around to the back of him, admiring the curve of his ass, at least the part he could see.

Tyler sucked in some breath. "What are you doing?"

There was no reply.

Tyler's heart began to beat heavy in his chest.

"You want me to undo the cuffs?" he asked him softly, too softly. Tyler could feel his hip brush against him. He closed his eyes, swallowing.

"Bryce," he said, his voice shaking. Instantly, his cock was hard.

"Tyler," he said in reply. "What do you want, Tyler?"

Suddenly he felt Bryce's body move closer. Then one hand slid inside the suit, caressing the curve of his ass.

Tyler laid his body back against him, wishing he didn't have on this stupid suit.

Another hand moved up around to his chest. He felt his fingers tantalizingly brush across one of

his nipples as the other continued to caress his ass. Although the clothing between them created a buffer so that he couldn't feel the contours of his beautiful body, he could feel the pressure of it against him. It was driving him wild.

Bryce backed away suddenly, coming around to the front. He undid his mask and drew it up over his face. He ran his gaze over him again as Tyler gave him a look of longing.

"Those nipples," he whispered softly, reaching out and flicking his finger across one of them, causing Tyler to moan a little. "You have tormented me with those nipples of yours," he let his gaze travel over his chest. Moving closer, he placed his hands on Tyler's hips and then bent his dark head to his chest.

Tyler felt his tongue move rapidly over his left nipple, sucking on it before giving it a gentle bite. At the same time he moved his thumb over the swollen head of his sex.

Tyler swerved. Bryce strengthened his hold on his hips and steadied him. He looked up him and smiled. "I want to kiss you," he said softly, searching his face.

Tyler swallowed. "Yes, yes," he said, breathing deeply. "Do anything you want. I've wanted you since the moment I saw you. You know that, don't you?"

He nodded, running his hand over his hair. He

lifted his chin up with his thumb and his forefinger and lowered his mouth to his. At first, he teasingly licked his lips, tasting one than the other, than he forcefully separated them with his tongue, squeezing his ass cheeks in his hands at the same time.

Tyler thrust forward in his restraints, widening his mouth so that he could take his tongue deeper. Their tongues did a sensuous battle inside their mouths, their kisses coming in gulps now, both of them making sounds of pleasure as the kiss continued.

Bryce caught his hair and pulled his head backward. Tyler gasped as he moved his mouth over his throat and his chest, and then moved it back to his mouth again.

"Jesus," Tyler cried out as he felt his entire body fill with an aching need for him.

When his hand brushed against his throbbing cock, Tyler let out a deep moan.

Bryce moved behind him now, reaching for the zipper down the side of the suit. "Fuck," he growled impatiently, "how in the hell am I supposed to get you out of this thing?"

Tyler thrust his hips forward. "It doesn't matter how you do it, just do it," he breathed. "I want you to fuck me."

Bryce increased the effort, almost frantic as he fumbled with the zipper. Then suddenly, his hand

came into contact with something lodged in the leg of the suit. It was square and solid.

He removed it, and stood looking at it for a second, dumbfounded.

“Christ, don’t stop,” Tyler pleaded. “What is it? Why did you stop?”

Bryce backed away, holding the small container in his hand. It was silver. It was filled with ID.

“Bryce,” Tyler said, trying to turn around so he could see what was happening.

Bryce came around to stand in front of him. He held up the container.

“What in hell is that?” Tyler asked, his frustration quickly turning to anger.

“You tell me,” he mused, looking at it, then back at Tyler.

“I don’t know,” Tyler snapped.

“Who were you in here with, before me?” he inquired, forcing his voice to remain calm.

“Some guy, I don’t know. He was strange. He wore a mask and I really didn’t appreciate his idea of...pleasure,” he remarked. “Why?”

“Because he left you a present,” Bryce commented, running a hand through his disarrayed hair.

“What is it?”

“You know very well what it is,” he snapped. “What do you have to do with Modem?”

“Modem,” Tyler sighed. “I don’t understand.”

"He's a drug dealer. And I know you've used this drug. I found some in your pants, remember?"

"Oh yea," Tyler smiled.

"You think this is a joke?" Donovan raised his voice.

"No," he shook his head. "But seriously, you don't really think I have anything to do with drug trafficking, do you?"

He pursed his lips, and studied the box. He flipped off the top and looked. There were at least fifty little cylinders inside. That was a sizable profit.

Tyler narrowed his eyes, and swallowed. He couldn't believe that he thought he was involved in this. It hurt. It hurt a lot. "I know we don't know each other well, Bryce but..." he began.

"We don't know each other at all," Bryce replied coldly, meeting his eyes. "And that's the way it's going to stay."

Tyler lowered his head.

Abruptly Bryce reached up and released his wrists, than he bent down and undid the holds from his ankles.

Tyler stretched out his arms and rubbed his wrists. "So now what happens?"

Bryce shrugged. "You stay here until I come and get you. We need to talk. Either you're involved with Modem, or he decided to leave his

precious cargo with you for some reason. Either way, he was here in this room."

Tyler bit his lip.

Bryce opened the phone. "I want you to make doubly sure that all exits are blocked. If someone got out of here tonight, there's going to be hell to pay," he growled. He closed the phone now and issued Tyler a dirty look. "Don't go anywhere. You stay right here."

"I'll be here," Tyler told him miserably.

After he'd left the room, Tyler closed his eyes. Damn. How close they'd come. Damn this Modem guy. He had just put a serious damper on things, whoever he was.

* * * *

Bryce personally searched all the clients and the staff of the Club. He double checked all possible escape routes. Either this Modem guy was the invisible man or he had been right under their noses the whole time.

Seth Murdock saddled up beside him suddenly, and asked him what he wanted to do with the people they had detained.

"Take their names and contact info, then release them," Bryce told him.

"None of them matched the description, Sir," he said, seeming to be in no hurry to proceed.

"I didn't expect them to."

"Well, the photo up on the screen at..." he began.

Bryce gave him a look.

"That's not him, is it?"

"No. Modem is a master of disguise. He never appears the same way more than once."

"You have been on this guys trail before," Seth stated.

Bryce nodded. "The military has a file on him as long as your arm. Most of it is bogus."

"Did he know we were coming tonight?"

"Maybe," Donovan narrowed his eyes. "Anyway, go on, let's clean this up. Hitch a ride with someone else. I have some stuff to do."

"Yes, Sir," Seth nodded and began to communicate the orders to the others.

* * * *

When the door opened, Tyler looked up expectantly from where he was sitting along side the wall.

"Come on," the Commander motioned to him with his hand.

Tyler rose, eyeing the gun that hung off his hip. "You going to shoot me now?"

"No, I'm not going to shoot you...yet," he told him between clenched teeth.

As they left the club, Bryce steered him outside by laying a hand on his shoulder, a hand meant to convey that he had no intention of letting him go.

Tyler sighed as he crawled into the craft. He could only imagine what was going to happen now. Whatever it was, he probably wasn't going to like it. "Are you going to tell my Grandfather about this?" he asked him.

"About the drug dealing, or the kinky sex?" Bryce glanced over at him.

"I'm not a drug dealer and you know it," Tyler told him. "I would have been stupid to put those drugs there and how in hell could I have anyway, with my hands tied?"

"Umm, you have a point."

"You're not a very smart cop," Tyler told him.

"I'm not a cop, remember? I'm a soldier."

"Well, you're not a very smart soldier," Tyler threw at him.

He chuckled.

Tyler's eyes widened. "You bastard. You just said that to..." He stopped. He was too frustrated to continue.

The night sky was filled with stars. If he hadn't of been so angry, he would have taken time to appreciate it.

"I know you didn't put those drugs there, Tyler," Bryce told him, looking straight ahead. "But that man you were with tonight was Modem.

And he left a very profitable amount of drugs with you. The question is why?"

Tyler fell silent.

"What did he look like?"

"I told you, he had a mask on, like the one I was wearing."

"Right. So, how tall was he?"

"Not tall, five ten maybe."

"Thin or...?"

"Slender."

"What about his eyes? Did you notice what color his eyes were?"

"It was dark in that room," Tyler sighed. "I couldn't say."

Bryce nodded.

"You're taking me home?" Tyler gasped as he saw the Ruby Mansion come into view.

"More or less," he said.

"Are you going to tell my Grandfather where you found me tonight?" he probed.

"Why?" Bryce looked at him and smiled. "You don't want Grandpa to know you were at the At Your Mercy Club? Surely, he doesn't think you're a virgin?"

"Always the comedian," Tyler clicked his tongue. "No, Commander, I doubt he is naïve enough to think I'm still a virgin, but he doesn't need to know the details."

Bryce laughed. "So, what were you doing

there?"

Tyler sighed. "You know the answer to that, don't you? You guessed it the night you took me to that..." he stopped. "You're taking me back there, aren't you?"

"Disappointed?" he asked softly.

He sighed. "Grandfather's idea again?"

"Maybe. Anyway, I'll tell him you were arrested for another traffic violation."

"Shit. There goes my vehicle. He told me he'd take it away the next time."

"Well, it's either that or I tell him you were handcuffed to a..."

"Never mind," Tyler cut him off. "Tell him I was speeding."

They landed now. When they got out, his grandfather met them at the door. He gave Tyler a cool look of disapproval. "What is it this time, Commander Donovan?"

Donovan paused for a minute, looking over at Tyler. Then he said, "Speeding again."

"That's it," his grandfather snapped. "No more vehicle until you can learn to use it responsibly."

Tyler nodded.

"Do what you have to, and for as long as you have to," he told Bryce. "I'll make sure the place is stocked with provisions."

With that, he disappeared inside.

Tyler scowled. "Sounds like he's throwing me

to your mercy.”

“Tyler,” Bryce mocked. “Is there a hint in there somewhere?”

Tyler suddenly realised the joke as Bryce pulled him inside. They walked down the long corridor to the hidden elevator. Soon they were back inside that room again. The wall slid back into place behind them.

CONVERSATIONS IN THE NIGHT

“Where is Donovan now?” he demanded, pacing the floor of his living space. He raised a hand and waved it twice in front of the television wall screen, turning it off.

“I don’t know exactly,” the voice replied. “He’s with Tyler.”

“Tyler? I thought that’s exactly what you didn’t want,” his voice sounded peeved.

“Doesn’t matter. I made sure that Tyler won’t get any.”

“When do we make our move?”

“Patience, patience,” he cooed. “My, but you’ve got it bad. You really want in his pants, don’t you? I’ve seen him a few times, can’t say I blame you.”

“Never mind. We had an agreement. What’s in those pants belongs to me.”

“No worries. Donovan is too macho for me. I like them tender and submissive. I almost had

what I wanted too. Next time, you give me more warning. I almost didn't make it. I had to leave a profitable amount of merchandise with Tyler Rose."

"Tyler Rose? You mean you planted drugs on him?"

He laughed. "Yes and it was worth it too. The Commander will be suspicious of his connection to me. He knows I was there tonight. That's why I'm sure Tyler isn't going to get any."

"Genius."

"Maybe. But remember what I said. You are supposed to warn me when the Commander is getting hot."

"I just found out what he was up to at the last minute. He didn't advertise it like last time. He suspects a mole inside. He's no fool."

"Beauty and brains," he clucked, "lethal combination. No wonder Tyler is so desperate to have him."

"He's mine," he returned. "That little twit better keep his greedy hands off of him."

There was laughter. "Alright, you just sit tight. I'll let you know when we move. We'll both have everything we want real soon."

"You are going to give me some time before you..."

"I promise you that you can live out every warped little fantasy before I put an end to the

bothersome Commander Donovan.”

He was about to say something else when the line went dead.

MEMORIES MOST ACUTE

Tyler watched Bryce from out of the corner of his eye. He hadn't said a word for hours. Eventually Tyler had passed out on the bed. When he opened his eyes, he was still sitting in the very same place, staring off into space.

Tyler sat up on the bed and yawned. "What time is it?"

"Late," he said.

"I'm starved."

"There's food in the fridge. Your grandfather sent over enough food for an army, pardon the pun."

"I guess he figures we're going to be here for awhile."

"Umm."

Tyler got out of bed and went to rummage in the fridge. "There's some good stuff in here. Do you want something?"

"No," he shook his head. "Maybe later."

"So, are you going to stay with me here around

the clock?" Tyler asked him, sinking his teeth into a succulent roast chicken sandwich.

He sighed and looked over at him. "No. Sometimes you'll be on your own."

"Aren't you afraid I'll escape?" Tyler prompted, taking another bite of his sandwich.

"Where are you going to go? This place is escape proof."

"Then handcuffing me the last time was completely unnecessary."

"I did that for my own protection, so I could sleep in peace." His mouth twisted.

Tyler laughed, taking a bottle of cold water out of the fridge. He came to sit on the bed now across from him. "A big strong soldier like you...afraid of me?" He stuck a finger in his chest for emphasis.

He didn't answer.

"Were you afraid of me, or afraid of yourself?" Tyler scoffed.

Bryce looked over at him. "Meaning?"

"Meaning that you were afraid I'd seduce you," Tyler said softly. The words floated on the air for a moment and then disappeared.

There was no answer.

"You feel this connection we have. I know you do."

Bryce watched Tyler drink down some of the water. It was true. He did feel it. Sometimes, it was

strong, this force without any name, like earlier tonight in that club. Sometimes, it wasn't so powerful, but it was always there.

"Tonight, if you hadn't of found those drugs, how far did you intend to take it?" Tyler studied him.

"Well," he stood up abruptly, "we'll never know, will we? And now that you brought it up, did you recognize the voice of the man in that room?"

Tyler put his empty bottle on the floor beside him and finished the last bit of his sandwich. He shook his head solemnly. "I told you, I have no idea who that was. He was scary, that's all I know."

"It's odd because the girl at the reception told me that they pair the client with a staff member. That guy was not a member of the staff."

"Then how did he get in there?" Tyler demanded.

"I don't know. He must have just walked in, put on the costume and..."

"But was he there for me?"

"I think so," Bryce nodded.

"But, why me?"

"That's what I'd like to know. You tell me." Bryce came closer, placing his hands on his hips.

Tyler glanced over him and swallowed. He had taken off the jacket. The form fitting navy blue tee-

shirt he wore was tucked into tight black leather pants that hung low on his narrow hips. He let his gaze linger for a moment on the intriguing bulge between his muscular thighs, then moved back to his face. He was tired. It showed in his eyes. He wanted to help him, but he didn't know how.

"I...I...don't know who in hell he was," he stuttered.

"Well, he knows you. Either you agreed to meet him in that room, or he sought you out."

Tyler stood up. "I didn't agree to meet anyone there, Bryce." He moved closer. "Christ, don't you get it by now? It's you I want."

Their eyes connected. Bryce felt himself moving irresistibly toward him. Voices whispered in his head. Promise me, Dino. Promise me we'll be together. We will be immortal again. He stopped. He put out his hand. "No," he said. "I have to keep my head. This is too important."

"You hear it, don't you, my love?" Tyler reached up and took his hand, bringing it down to his side. He squeezed it. They were standing chest to chest.

Bryce met his gaze.

"Make love to me," Tyler urged. "Finish what you started earlier."

"I can't," he shook his head firmly. "You are my prisoner. I don't know what possessed me to...tonight...earlier, it wasn't right. I..."

"It was more than right," Tyler moaned, pressing his forehead against his chest. "It was meant to be. You are my eternal love."

"Why do you say this to me?" Bryce asked, reaching up and stroking his hair, in spite of himself.

Tyler raised his eyes to him. "I just know. I've dreamt of you. We were together before. You know it too."

He nodded slowly. "Yes," he whispered.

"Then it's not wrong," he told him.

Releasing his hand, he walked over and picked up the handcuffs Bryce had placed on the table. He secured one on his left wrist, then crawled onto the bed. He lay down on his back and secured the other wrist to a post in the middle of the head board. He looked over at him. "You know what I want. You already told me you knew, that very night. You tormented me enough," he smiled seductively. "I want to be yours. I belong to you. And all this time I've looked for the man who could do it, who could possess me completely. It's you. Release me from this ache."

Bryce sucked in some breath. He slowly pulled his tee-shirt out of his pants and dragged it over his head.

Tyler traced the shape of his perfectly carved pectorals, and mouth watering waves of his

bronze rippling biceps.

Bryce threw the shirt aside, lifting his face up to give him a wicked devilish smile.

He reached down to pull off one boot, then the other before taking a few steps to the bed.

"I'm hard as rock already," Tyler murmured, looking down at his groin. "Look what you do to me."

"That's nothing compared to what I'm going to do to you," he drawled, looking down at the zipper on his leather pants.

It was almost painful to watch the slow procession of that zipper as it slid over the length of his swelling organ. When finally it was down, his cock almost leapt out of the opening.

"Now who's happy to see who?" Tyler mocked with a grin.

Bryce laughed softly.

Tyler licked his lips, studying the delicious curve of his thick engorged cock. "You're beautiful," he breathed, watching as he pulled the pants the rest of the way down over his hips and stepped out of them.

He stood there completely naked now, just beyond his reach.

"Turn around," Tyler said. "I have to see it. I've dreamt about it."

He shook his head. "All in good time. But you're not in control, remember?" He lifted an

eyebrow. "You're mine. Your body is mine to play with as I choose."

Tyler moved his hips upward, his words causing his cock to throb.

Bryce crawled onto the bed. "Now," he whispered, "my wanton renegade, I get to find out exactly how much of a slut you are."

Bryce pulled the bottom of his shirt out of his pants, and then tore it up the middle. He pushed it aside.

Tyler could hardly breathe.

Straddling him, he ran his hands over his chest, then slowly began to play with one nipple. He tweaked it gently, his eyes boring down into his. "Proud of these, aren't you?"

"Do you like them?" Tyler gazed deeply into his eyes.

"Umm, yes," he murmured, leaning down to lick the one he was playing with. The other one was now being severely abused, pulled and pinched.

Tyler's hips thrust forward again. Bryce pushed them back down by rubbing his buttocks against his crotch.

"Ah," Tyler groaned.

Bryce smiled. He moved downward and began to undo his pants.

Lifting them over his hips and down to his knees, he pulled them all the way off and threw

them aside. He wasn't wearing any underwear.

Bryce didn't touch him for a minute. Instead he let his gaze linger on his erection. "You're so hard, Tyler," Bryce said softly, leaning down to lick one of his nipples again, then he brought his lips to his mouth and kissed him gently. He was in no hurry.

"Yes," Tyler groaned.

One of his hands moved down his chest, making sure to brush across his sensitive nipples, the other squeezed and fondled his testicles, careful to avoid his aching sex.

"Lift your knees," he demanded. "Spread your legs wide."

Tyler lifted his knees and allowed his legs to fall open.

Again he waited, tormenting him.

"You have a beautiful ass," he whispered, spreading his cheeks open with his fingers. While one hand gently slapped his cock back and forth, Tyler felt him insert a finger deep inside of him.

Tyler thrashed, his head going back and forth. "Bryce," he cried out.

"Shush," he said, reaching over for his discarded shirt, he put it into his mouth. "Sluts remain quiet. Wanton horny sluts like you," he said.

Tyler moaned as the finger went deeper still, moving around. Yes, yes, he was completely at his mercy. And he wanted more. He wanted it to go

on and on. Sweet release. The tears came to his eyes, tears of joy.

The finger turned and prodded, in and out of him. Slow, fast, faster. Tyler let out a silent cry, an earth shattering orgasm ringing through his body.

Bryce moved up over his chest. He removed the shirt from his mouth, and let his cock move over his lips. Tyler opened his mouth. "Let me, let me..." he whispered.

He drew it away, teasingly.

"What do you want, slut? Say it," he said.

"I want to taste it," Tyler pleaded. "God, you're so beautiful. Let me, please."

He smiled, letting Tyler take his organ into his mouth. As Tyler moved his mouth over it, he felt the constraints above him pull. He was in heaven.

Suddenly, Bryce pulled out. It appeared that he had other plans.

When he went to undo the cuff, Tyler felt disappointment. But Bryce pulled him up off the bed and took him into the bathroom, giving his butt a firm slap as they went. There, he secured him roughly with the cuffs again. Turning him around so that his back was to him, he moved his hands over him from behind, twisting at his nipples, playing with his cock.

Tyler was breathing hard. He felt his cheeks being spread again, felt the head of Bryce's cock at the entrance. He moaned deeply, his hips bucking.

Bryce ran his hands over him again, then, went into him, thrusting slow and easy, then harder and faster until Tyler cried out.

Tyler's hips rocked back and forth. He shot reams of cum all over the shower door as he felt Bryce's own passion fill him.

Then he was being turned around in his arms. Bryce kissed him deeply, holding his buttocks in his hands and squeezing them gently. He looked in his eyes, and whispered, "Is that what you wanted?"

Tyler nodded with gratitude.

Bryce reached up and took off the cuffs.

"Oh God," Tyler said softly, "now finally I get to touch you." He ran his hands over his chest and down to his sex. He took it in his hand for a moment, feeling its attempt to revive.

He kissed his chest, his nipples, his stomach and finally his sex. Then with a sly smile, he walked around him, looking down at the scrumptious curve of his perfectly round hard ass. "Damn, I knew it," he said, laughing.

Bryce pulled him back around to him, grinning and put his arms around his waist. He pushed some of his hair back from his forehead. "I want to be what you need," he whispered.

"Oh you are, God, you're exactly what I need," Tyler moaned, pushing his face into his shoulder.

"Let's go to bed," Bryce breathed, moving his

lips against his cheek.

Tyler felt the swell of his sex against his thigh. "Umm," he managed, "hard again, Commander."

Bryce took his hand and led him back into the other room. He pushed him playfully onto the bed. "Yes, I'm hard and ah...you're to blame for that. So what do you intend to do about it?"

Tyler held out his hand. "Come closer, Commander Donovan, and I'll show you."

He took a few steps towards the bed and then Tyler grabbed him and pulled him onto it with him. He held him down and moved his lips down the length of his incredible muscular form. Capturing his sex in his mouth, he felt Bryce's hand in his hair. He let his hands roam freely over him as he greedily took him deeper into his throat.

He closed his eyes, drifting off into a dream world of lust and contentment. He was a prisoner, like before. It felt familiar to him, a pirate come to steal his heart away. Such loss. Then they had found each other again. He had come to kill him, but after one taste from his irresistible mouth, he couldn't do it. Then a war, enemies, royalty, gunfire, and death. My God, had their history contained this much sadness?

He didn't realise he was crying until he felt a hand settle on his shoulder, two strong muscular arms pulling him back into their shelter. "What's wrong? You started to cry and..?"

He looked around at Bryce, looked into those sincere dark eyes, eyes he had looked into and loved for eternity. He wrapped his arms around his neck, settling back down into his arms. "I'm sorry," he ran his hand over his still erect sex. "I just...there's so much sadness."

Bryce hugged him tight to his chest. "What do you mean, Tyler?"

"Us. Our history. You do believe we have met before?" He looked up at him with wide eyes.

"Yes," Bryce said. "I've had dreams, very wild and strange dreams filled with sex and..."

"Death," Tyler said.

There was a silence.

"What does it mean?" Bryce said finally.

"I don't know," Tyler shook his head. "Just hold me. I don't want to think about losing you again. It always takes so long for me to find you."

"It sounds insane, doesn't it?" Bryce suggested.

"What? That we are eternally connected?"

"Yes."

"...to other people perhaps. But we know it, don't we?"

He took a breath and then nodded. "Yes. But why does it happen to us? Does it happen to others too?"

"Maybe. I think..." he hesitated.

"What?" he urged, kissing his cheek, holding him tighter.

"I think we have too much love for one lifetime. We love so deeply that...it carries over. We get another chance."

"But there's death and..." Bryce shook his head.

"We have to get it right. Maybe when we finally get it right, it will end."

"And that's a good thing?"

"Maybe, maybe not. I don't know. I don't understand any of it."

Suddenly, they heard a noise. Bryce put Tyler gently aside and got off the bed, reaching for his gun.

The door rumbled open. The last thing Tyler heard before everything went black was his grandfather's voice, saying, "I'm sorry...I'm sorry...I had to tell them the code."

PLANET OF THE DAMNED

Tyler's eyelids fluttered open. He was submerged in total darkness. A rough material scratched against his cheek. There was a hood of some kind covering his head. He couldn't move his hands or his feet. They were bound tightly. He was afraid. "Bryce," he said "Where are you? Are you here? Are you alright?"

Suddenly he heard a voice, a voice that sounded familiar to him. "Don't worry about the Commander, Tyler. You will see him soon enough. We have plans for him. And we have plans for you, at least I do."

"What's happening?" Tyler demanded. He suddenly realised that he was in flight. Please God, let Bryce be okay. "Who are you?"

"You'll know all in good time," the voice said flatly.

"Where is my grandfather?"

"If I were you, Tyler, I'd be more worried about myself."

Tyler fell quiet. Had they killed his grandfather? What about his mother? He had always known that one day this could happen. Kidnappers had murdered his father when he was a boy. There were many who would risk their lives to gain control of Ruby Miracle.

Suddenly the craft landed. Strong arms grabbed him and hauled him off the floor. He struggled in vain. There were many voices around him now, and movement. He was practically being carried outside. The air seemed cold, foreign to him. He knew that he was no longer on C-12.

* * * *

Captain Smart watched impatiently as four men tried to put Bryce Donovan's hands in the constraints over his head. After a few minutes, Smart withdrew his weapon and pointed it at Donovan's forehead.

He eyed him with venom in his dark eyes.

"Be a good little boy, Bryce, and let the nice men bound and gag you, or I'll put a hole in your head." He gave him a sugary smile.

Bryce's chest heaved with anger, sweat poured down his face and into his eyes. The presence of the gun at his head caused him to pause long enough to allow the men to secure the iron wrist cuffs.

"You fucking coward," he spat. "Traitor."

He laughed, lowering the gun, watching as the men pushed his legs apart and secured the cuffs to his ankles. "Sticks and stones," he cooed. "If you were smarter, Donovan, and a little less frigid, I would have asked you to join us."

"Fuck you," he muttered.

"Ooh...and you will," he whispered, coming closer. He glanced at the four men who stood obediently by watching him, and then waved his hand toward the door. "Leave us now gentlemen, Commander Donovan and I have much to discuss."

They bobbed their heads and left, shutting the massive door behind them.

Bryce looked around him. The room was strange, the walls made from solid rock. "Where am I?"

"On the planet of the damned," he said softly, running his gaze over the length of him. He regretted allowing him to dress before they had taken him.

"Planet of the..." "Surprised?" He raised a blond eyebrow. "Contrary to popular belief, it does exist."

* * * *

C Thirty Five, nicknamed the planet of the

damned because it was thought to be inhabited by vampires had originally been a prison colony. Then one night all the prisoners disappeared mysteriously. Military who searched the planet found no bodies, but some claimed to have caught glimpses of creatures they identified as vampires.

"We have made an arrangement with the inhabitants," Smart was saying. "Since we now control Ruby Miracle, we are in a position to grant favours. What favour would you like me to grant you, Bryce?" He came close to his face.

He could feel his breath. He sighed, trying to concentrate on something else. He hadn't thought much about this planet since he was a boy. No one ever went back there after the military searched it. They were too afraid. He never believed the vampire story. They had died out centuries ago. Prisoners were now housed on Greydawn 3, a planet aligned directly with his.

Suddenly Captain Smart moved his tongue slowly down his cheek. He made a face of repulsion, and tried to twist himself out of his reach. "How did you do it?" He eyed him hotly. "Where are my soldiers?"

He sighed. "Always the military," he clucked, shaking his blond head. "Your men are fighting right now in Ruby City. You see, once we took over, a civil war broke out. It seems some of the citizens were intensely loyal to the Rose family.

They are fighting for their privileged positions. Last I heard your boys and girls were getting slaughtered."

Bryce closed his eyes. He should have been with his unit. He should have been leading them.

He chuckled, slipping his hand inside the pocket of his uniform. Slowly, he withdrew a silver cylinder. He opened the top and showed it to him. "You see, Commander, you are completely at my mercy. You may resist me all you want but I am in control. I told you that I would have you on your knees, and I will."

"So, where is Modem?" he asked, his jaw clenching tightly.

"Oh, he's with Tyler," he said softly, laughing as he saw Bryce's eyes widen.

"Oh yes, Modem wants Tyler bad. He wants to dominate him, to completely possess him, body and soul, just like I'm going to do with you."

"Is he too much of a coward to show his face?" Bryce demanded.

"Oh no, you'll meet him soon enough, darling." He fiddled with the ID.

Bryce eyed the cylinder.

Captain Smart walked over to the door and opened it. "You," he barked, "come here."

One of the men who had been in the room before returned. He handed him the cylinder. "Liquefy it and bring me a syringe."

"Full?" he asked hesitantly.

"To the brim," he said tightly, turning around to look at Bryce.

Bryce narrowed his eyes. Liquefied ID, in that quantity, would put a man in a state of perpetual lust, perhaps for days. Not to mention, that it could be potentially lethal. "Smart," he said sharply, "think about what you're doing."

"Oh, I've thought about it," he murmured. "In fact," he said, his glance raking his body, "I've done nothing but think about it. And given that we are going to be far better acquainted, I think it's time you call me Jack, don't you?"

He narrowed his eyes as he hastily unbuttoned his shirt and began to run his hands over his nipples. He smiled at him and then grabbing the top of his tee-shirt, he hung on it, ripping it down the center. With the tip of his tongue, he lapped at Bryce's right nipple, making a low guttural sound of pleasure in his throat. Then standing back for a moment, he tore off his shirt, throwing it on the floor.

Bryce tightened his expression, lifting his head backward, trying not to give him the satisfaction of looking at him.

He moved back to him, standing up on tiptoe to rub his stimulated nipples across his chest. Again, Bryce tried to twist out of his reach.

He reached out and punched him hard in the

face.

Bryce swore as Smart's hands clawed at his pants, dragging them down, along with his underwear. He felt the garments fall around his boots.

Smart licked at one of his nipples again, then the other. Then he bit one hard, causing him to wince as he felt his nails move down over the length of his scrotum. Bryce sucked in some breath.

The captain squeezed his sex hard then moved around behind him. "What a beautiful ass you have. I have some lovely toys for that ass. Perhaps Modem would like to try them out while Tyler watches. As you will discover, my beautiful Commander, I am one horny, demented man."

Bryce's chest heaved. "Tyler better be alright. I swear to you if you hurt him...I'll..."

"You'll what, lover?" he whispered, leaning down to plant a kiss on his ass.

The door opened now. The man stood there, a syringe in his hand. Smart stood up.

The man, in his late twenties let his gaze move over his naked torso. "Nice nipples, huge and so stiff," he said.

He smiled. "Want to play with them?"

"Umm," he nodded, coming forward.

Bryce eyed the syringe.

The man reached out and with both hands, he

pinched Smart's nipples. He closed his eyes, licking his lips, putting his hands behind his back to make the nipples more accessible.

Jack Smart looked over at Bryce, his gaze going to his sex. "Inject him," he told the man, pushing his hands away.

The man looked down at the bulge in his pants. "Can't I fuck you?"

"If I wanted you to fuck me, you'd be hanging there instead of him, wouldn't you?" he sneered. "Look at him. Do you think I'd choose you over that?"

He lowered his head. "No, Sir," he muttered and walked over to Bryce.

Bryce recoiled from him, struggling as the man grabbed his arm and sunk the needle directly into his bicep. After a few seconds, Bryce's eyelids began to close.

"It was not supposed to knock him out," Smart protested.

"It's just the initial reaction. In a few minutes, he'll be awake..." he paused then grinned, "in every way."

He ran his hands over his aching cock, and waited.

IN THE DUNGEON

Tyler lay naked on a stone slab, his wrists tied above his head. He was spread eagle, his ankles tied with rope as well. It was cold. No one had come for hours. Whatever was over his head had been removed, but he was still in darkness. There were bizarre sounds all around him, like hissing and strange whispering. But for some reason, they were comforting, more comforting than the silence.

He thought about Bryce. He imagined that any moment, he would burst into the room and find him like this. They would be all alone. Bryce would have killed off or arrested all the people who had abducted them. He closed his eyes, about to imagine how Bryce would move his hands over him here in the dark, when the door opened.

Tyler squinted. A thread of light crept in from under the partially opened door but not enough to see clearly.

“Tyler,” the voice whispered, “it is our time to

be together now."

That voice again. He knew that voice. "Who are you? What have you done with Bryce Donovan?"

"Again with Donovan," the voice growled. "Forget him. I can give you everything...restore you to your rightful place. We will rule the galaxy together."

A hand moved over his chest and down to his sex. Tyler shuddered. "Please don't. I want to know what you've done with Bryce."

Suddenly he heard the sound of feet retreating, than a flood of light assaulted him. Tyler blinked, trying to adjust his eyes. Suddenly, Ethan stood there. He gasped. "It's you," he muttered.

"Yes, me," he laughed harshly. "Surprised to see me?"

"You're the one who left the drugs...you're Modem," Tyler accused.

"Yes. I guess you didn't get what you wanted from your Commander after all," he leaned down and kissed him on the forehead.

He ran his gaze over his naked body.

Tyler guessed the men hadn't mentioned that they were both naked when they had attacked. "Where is Bryce?" Tyler demanded, struggling against the constraints.

Ethan's eyes grew dark. "He's been injected with liquid ID. He'll be busy fucking my associate all night and maybe tomorrow as well. After that,

well, if the large quality of drug we injected him with doesn't kill him, I plan to kill him myself. Would you like to watch?"

Tyler's face filled with horror. "No, please, don't. Don't kill him. I'll do anything."

"Anything?" Ethan grinned.

"Anything."

"You'll join me, be my exclusive lover?" He leered down at him, wrapping one of his fists around Tyler's cock.

Tyler winced from the pressure. "Yes."

Ethan considered that for a moment. "If I agree, then you will have to do one more thing for me."

"What?"

"You have to tell him that you are in love with me and that in fact, you were in on this all along."

Tyler's face fell. "Oh please, don't make me do that," he pleaded.

"It's either you do it or I give him to one of the inhabitants of this planet to kill, slowly." His face twisted sinisterly.

"Inhabitants?" Tyler gave him a confused look.

He laughed. "Vampires. This colony was overrun a long time ago by vampires."

Tyler tried to remain calm. "Vampires? Where are we, Ethan?"

"The Planet of the Damned," he murmured, running his gaze over his naked body again.

"But..." Tyler blinked, "that was just a story, a

myth. There were never really any..."

"Believe me, it's no myth," Ethan replied, moving his thumb over one of Tyler's nipples.

"Aren't you afraid?" Tyler asked, trying to distract him.

He laughed. "No. They agreed to leave us to ourselves. We promised them that after the takeover, they would be provided with the ruby miracle indefinitely, at no cost. It seems that the ruby reduces the vampires' reliance on blood."

Tyler took a breath. It was a little much to take in. He was on a planet populated by vampires. Ethan was a major drug dealer who had plotted the takeover of Ruby Miracle. My God. He had to think. He knew now that Ethan definitely had a thing for him. If he thought that he returned that affection in any way, maybe he could save himself, and Bryce. All he had to do was convince him that he was willing to go along with him.

Ethan was studying him now. His eyes were filled with pure lust. "Ethan," Tyler said, "I can't stand the thought of losing my birthright. I want to reign as the head of Ruby Miracle. If you meant what you said, I am willing to share that power with you."

Ethan cocked his head. "As my lover?"

"Of course," Tyler smiled at him. "You don't expect me to live a life of chastity, do you?"

"What about Donovan?" He lifted an eyebrow.

“Alright, I admit, Donovan is an eyeful but if the truth be known, he can’t fuck worth a damn.”

Ethan stiffened. “Then you did sleep with him?”

Tyler knew that Ethan didn’t approve. Instantly he said, “I admit that he tried. He told me to get undressed,” he said, in case some of his men mentioned it. “I got undressed, but then I decided not to go all the way because a sky patrol officer told me he’d had him. He was really disappointed. All looks but no substance. I don’t even think he could stay hard for more than a few minutes.”

Ethan smiled smugly. “Smart is in for a letdown then.”

“Who?” Tyler asked sharply, and then changed his tone. “You should warn him.”

He laughed. “He thinks Donovan can give him the sex of his life. He rejected him. He wants revenge.”

Tyler nodded, trying not to let his feelings show. “Well, looks aren’t everything,” he murmured, moving his body tantalizingly on the table. He knew that he was going to have to do more than talk if he was going to convince Ethan that he was on his side. “I can’t stop thinking about that time in the Club when you came in, all dressed in that leather suit. You were so demanding, so masculine and forceful. Donovan just doesn’t have it like you do.”

Ethan positively beamed with pride. Then, he walked over and shut the door. He looked down at him. "Do you want me, Tyler?"

"Yes," he whispered. He set his teeth in his jaw, as Ethan's mouth lowered to his.

LUST BEYOND CONTROL

Ethan wrapped his arms around Tyler after he allowed him to dress. Tyler patted his arm, trying to force the bile down in his throat. Although Ethan had not been cruel or abusive during their lovemaking, everything about him turned him completely off. He had a hell of a time concealing the fact that he was not at all excited. He had concentrated on bringing Ethan to orgasm, distracting him from his lack of enthusiasm.

Anyway, it had worked. Ethan had released him from the constraints and allowed him to dress, even giving him a tee-shirt of his to wear. Then he had taken him through a massive hallway and into a dining room. A strange woman who looked part amphibian brought them some food, saying nothing.

Several armed men stood around idly as they ate. Ethan ate heartily, something that resembled steak. Tyler on the other hand ate sparingly. He was worried about Bryce. After Ethan had

finished his food, he stood up abruptly and gave Tyler a smile of satisfaction. "Come now, I want you to fulfill your promise to me. You will tell Donovan what we discussed."

Tyler nodded, scraping back his chair. He followed Ethan down another long hallway. His heart was in his throat. Although he was anxious to see Bryce, to make sure he was alright, he wasn't anxious to lie to him. He knew it would hurt him but if they were ever going to make it out of here alive, it was a small price to pay.

He was unprepared for what Ethan led him into. When the door of the room opened, he saw a huge bed directly in front of him. A naked man lay sleeping there, his legs and arms sprawled out across the bed. Then his gaze moved over to the left, where Ethan was now standing.

He gasped, causing Ethan to turn around and look at him. Quickly recovering himself, he moved closer. Bryce was suspended upright, his wrists attached over his head, his feet spread and secured to the floor. What was left of his shirt hung in tatters over his bulging biceps. His pants and underwear were huddled around his feet on the floor. His head lolled back and his sex was fully erect, as were his delicious brown nipples. He was moaning, his eyes half closed. Instinctively, he reached out his hand, than withdrew it.

Ethan ran his gaze lecherously over Donovan's hard, fluid soaked body. "Commander," he whispered softly, "Tyler's here."

Tyler bit his lip. "How much ID did you give him?"

"Liquid ID, highly concentrated," Ethan laughed, reaching out and circling a finger around one of Bryce's nipples.

Donovan groaned, lifting his head.

Tyler wanted to cut off Ethan's hand.

Bryce was looking in his direction, his eyes glassy and unfocussed. "Touch me," he breathed.

Tyler swallowed, his gaze going to his sex. Oh, how he wanted to relieve his agony but he knew that would be a mistake.

Ethan looked over at Tyler now. "Tell him," he said gruffly, "tell him what you came here to say."

Tyler closed his eyes, then took a deep breath. These words were going to hurt him more than they would hurt Bryce. He very much doubted he'd even hear them. "Bryce, I need to tell you something. There is no...I mean there never was any...I used you. I distracted you while I conspired with Ethan to overthrow Ruby Miracle. I just couldn't work for Jack. I love Ethan. You understand?"

Bryce licked his lips. "Fuck me. Come here and take me. I ache. I need you."

Tyler scrunched up his fists at his side.

Ethan ran his hand over Bryce's rough jaw, and then over his chest. Tyler saw him undo his pants as he walked around Bryce's seductively posed body.

Tyler reached out and grabbed Ethan's arm. "I thought it was me you wanted. If I'm going to be exclusive, then so will you. I don't want you fucking Bryce Donovan."

Ethan laughed. "Jealous, eh?"

"Yes," Tyler hissed.

"But you want him too, don't you, Tyler? I see it in your eyes. You can't hide it."

Tyler remained silent.

Ethan took some ID out of his pocket. He lit up one of the slim silver cigarettes and took a deep drag. He passed it to Tyler. "Go ahead," he said.

Tyler was about to refuse when Ethan came closer and forced the cigarette between his lips. Tyler took several deep drags, enough to have a serious effect on his libido.

Ethan's gaze moved down to his groin. "Hard, aren't you, Tyler?"

He nodded.

"Take him." He looked at Bryce. "I don't mind. I want to see you take him," Ethan insisted, reaching into his own pants as he took a puff of the ID, then extinguished it. He rubbed his sex, and moved closer to Bryce. "Tyler is going to use your body for his pleasure, Donovan," he said.

"Just a little reminder that he's mine now, not yours." Ethan looked at Tyler. "Get undressed. Let him look at you and tease him some. Make him suffer."

Tyler nodded, removing his clothes.

Bryce's chest began to heave, his breathing hard and laboured. His entire body throbbed with a heat he'd never felt before, its intensity was driving him insane. He felt hands touching him again, lips moving over his body, a sex delving deep inside of him. "Yes, yes," he cried out as he felt a hard cock move in and out of him with a force that made his teeth rattle, "harder, more, more...don't stop. Don't." He didn't know who it was. He didn't care.

Tyler came inside of him, clutching his body tight in his arms. He lowered his lips to his shoulder, concealing the kiss he gave him from Ethan.

Ethan was clapping. "Quite a performance."

Tyler tried to hold back tears. He'd had such a powerful orgasm. It had ripped through his body like a tornado. He moved his hand over Bryce's hard body. His sex was still like rock. He moaned again. This was inhumane.

Tyler looked at Ethan. "How long does this last?"

"Days, weeks," he shrugged.

"Can he cum?"

Ethan laughed, then shook his head. "That's the fun of it."

Then suddenly a voice from behind them said, "How dare you bring him in here, Ethan?"

They both turned around to see a naked man standing there. Ethan smiled. "Tyler, this is Captain Smart, my associate."

"Why is your prisoner in my room?" he demanded.

"He has decided to join us," Ethan told him. "I wanted him to let the Commander here know that he would never be his."

"By letting him fuck him?" he seethed.

"Yes, I thought that..."

"You're a fool, Ethan," he snapped, walking over to Tyler. "Now you listen to me, little boy, this man here is mine, until I choose to get rid of him. Keep your hands off of him."

Tyler sucked in some breath. "I was just following orders, Captain."

Smart looked over at the Commander, and licked his lips. He walked over to him. "Let me show you how I use him," he whispered, running his hands greedily over his chest. "Get the toys on the bed," he demanded.

Ethan looked at Tyler, who slowly walked over to the bed. He picked up two clamps and something which looked like a roll of masking tape. He studied them for a minute.

“Bring them,” he demanded, slapping at Bryce’s cock brutally.

Bryce moaned loudly, his body convulsing some.

Tyler handed him the clamps and the roll.

Smart opened the clamps and attached them on his nipples, pulling on them brutally.

Tyler watched as Bryce let out some air, his head falling back again. Tyler wondered how much he was really aware of. Did he realise that the three of them stood around him now? Did he feel the Captain attach the tape on his cock, across his mouth, then move around behind him and run a length of it over the opening between his buttocks?

The Captain laughed with glee now, moving back to the bed.

“What is that stuff?” Tyler asked breathlessly, his gaze resting on the nipple clamps. They were sexy as hell, especially on that gorgeous chest.

Smart returned now, a little plastic object in his hand.

Ethan grinned at Tyler. “The tape transforms itself into anything you want it to.”

“Um,” the Captain laughed. “Watch. I press this button and the tape will change shape. It will form itself into a cock in his mouth. And this one, below, on his beautiful penis and balls, it will form a vice, squeezing and fondling. And the tape on

his ass, it will go inside of him and become as huge as I want it to, impaling and fucking him for hours."

Tyler gasped as he watched Bryce's jaw move, forming over something invading his mouth. Then he saw his hips began to undulate. He groaned as his cock was caught in a vice-like grip. Then stimulating fingers crawled up inside of him, teasing, inserting delicious pressure...then it grew, expanded and expanded some more. He let out a cry; his hips jutted forward, his body poised at a most provocative angle.

Tyler's cock stiffened. So did Ethan's. The Captain pinched his own nipples, and then moved over to where Bryce squirmed and moaned with incomparable lust. The Captain pulled on the nipple clamps, rubbing his throbbing cock against Donovan's straining member. "What do you want, baby?" he moaned against his body, running his hands over his chest, pulling on the clamps.

"Please, please," Bryce begged.

Smart laughed as Tyler could only stand there, his entire body aching to touch him.

Reaching down, Smart released Bryce's legs, then reached up and undid his wrists cuffs. He fell to the floor, his body in spasms. Spreading his legs over him, he knelt down over his mouth, covering his face. "You know what to do," he moaned. "If you want to be inside me, suck my cock."

Tyler turned away as the act unfolded. Bryce was crying out with pure ecstasy as he took Smart's erection into his mouth. Then Smart moved down over him, playing unmercifully with the Commander's hard throbbing cock. He reached over and pressed buttons on the little box again. A piercing orgasm rushed through Bryce's body as the pressure expanded up inside of him. His cock oozed with cum but it remained as hard as granite. Smart pulled the clamps off his nipples and leaned down to suck them. "Play with them," he grabbed Bryce's hands and placed them on his own nipples. Bryce fondled them brutally, pulling on his nipples, then raising his head to suckle them.

Tyler couldn't breath. Ethan came closer to him. He reached over and sunk his hand into his pants. He began to stroke him. Tyler moaned at the contact. The Captain pushed Bryce's hands away now. "What do you want?" he asked him softly.

"Ride me," he begged. "Let me put it inside of you, please."

Tyler's eyes opened. He looked at him. He imagined he was sitting on Bryce right now.

"Not yet," Smart laughed. Rising up, he pushed him over onto his stomach.

When Tyler saw that beautiful ass come into view, it took everything he had not to go over there and ravish him.

The Captain pulled him up on his knees. "See, Bryce, I told you I'd have you on your knees," he murmured. "Look at that ass, boys," he moved aside to display it.

Ethan and Tyler looked at each other.

"I want it," Tyler whispered. He couldn't help it. The stimulation, along with the ID he had smoked, had pushed him over the edge.

Ethan smiled. "On one condition, I get to fuck you at the same time."

Tyler nodded, licking his lips.

The Captain moved aside. He played with the buttons on the plastic box. Bryce went into spasms again.

Ethan watched Tyler get down on his knees. He yanked Bryce up by his long black silky hair. Holding him tight around the waist, he plunged into him, squeezing his sex at the same time.

"No," the Captain protested as Ethan reached over to play with his nipples. "Don't touch his cock. I'll let you use him, but don't give him any release." He laughed, pressing the controls again.

Tyler felt Bryce buck under him, his head going back. Tyler fucked him hard, burying his face in his soft silky hair. He knew he wasn't releasing him from his torment. Perhaps he was even making it worse but the effects of the ID took him beyond caring. Then he felt Ethan behind him. He plunged into him as Tyler continued to go in and

out of Bryce, adjusting to Tyler's pace. The feeling of Ethan going in and out of him at the same time as he plunged himself in and out of Bryce was putting him into a state of ecstasy. He cried out as he felt himself exploding with a ferocious intensity.

The Captain moved around to the front of Bryce. He attacked his nipples without mercy then pressed his cock into his face. "Lick it nice, little boy," he whispered, touching his hair.

Tyler glared at him. He didn't like the way he touched him.

"God," Bryce finally cried out. "My cock aches so much. Give me some relief, you bastard." He began to struggle as Tyler came inside of him.

Ethan and Tyler fell backward as Bryce struggled to his feet and reached for Smart's throat. Smart called for help. Bryce was like a man gone wild.

Instantly, several men ran in. They grabbed Bryce, and with great difficulty, they once again suspended him from the shackles.

The Captain was laughing now. He picked herself off the floor and came around to stand in front of Bryce. Lazily he flicked his cock back and forth with his hand.

Bryce moaned with agony, twisting away from him.

Ethan and Tyler got up off the floor. Tyler's

head began to spin. Voices whispered in his ears. Tyler...Tyler. He is your eternal love. He has come home. His destiny is here.

Tyler blinked, rubbing his eyes as the Captain picked the clamps off the floor and secured them to Bryce's nipples again. Then he walked over to the bed and returned with what looked like a brass ring. Without touching Bryce's cock too much, he slipped the ring up over the shaft, causing it to stand up almost straight in the air.

Again, Bryce moaned.

Tyler licked his lips, trying to contain his desire. He turned away. He is home...home.

He walked to the door. Ethan followed. Just as he opened it, he heard the Captain laugh with a crazy laugh. He was playing with the controls on the little box again. "Ten inches now, love. Can you take twelve?"

Hearing Bryce cry out again was too much. Tyler practically ran down the corridor.

Ethan was beside him. "It's hot, isn't it?"

Tyler let out some air.

"Do you mind if I take him later?" Ethan asked.

Yes, I mind, goddamn it. "When will that stuff wear off, Ethan?" There was only so much a man could take.

"Has yours worn off yet?" Ethan smirked.

"No," Tyler replied.

"Well intensify it one hundred times," he

giggled.

Tyler opened his mouth to speak but Ethan beat him to it. "Don't worry. He'll still be in the same condition later on. So, I can have him?"

What in hell was he supposed to say? "He's there to be used for anyone's pleasure."

"Including yours, so I noticed," Ethan murmured, grinning.

"It's that ID you had me smoke," Tyler said briskly. "And I can't help but find his lust intoxicating. He does have a delicious body, and tied like that...well..." Tyler breathed. "Can we take him together?" If Ethan was going to use Bryce's body, he sure as hell was going to be with him when he did.

"Alright," Ethan said, his eyes glittering. "The vampires have a place we can take him."

Tyler raised an eyebrow.

"There is a special table with openings for certain orifices," he smiled. "We can play with his body at our leisure. Would you like that?"

Oh God yes, he thought. He never imagined that being in the dominant position would excite him so much, but with Bryce, well; he had never felt such lust. He was as if it would explode inside of him. "When?" he asked. "Now?"

Ethan laughed. "That ID really did its work. Not yet. When the Captain finishes using him tonight, I'll have him brought to us. Then we'll

show the Captain the meaning of bondage.”

Tyler was left alone for awhile. When the ID started to wear off, he realised that he was going to have to come up with some plan to get them out of here alive. He knew that once the Captain was through with Bryce, he would kill him; if that drug they had given him didn't kill him first. And even if he could get Bryce out of here, there were the ...vampires to think about.

Tyler shivered. Vampires. He had fantasized about them but he never really believed that they existed. But what about the dreams...the glowing eyes, the fangs? And the voices.

Tyler closed his eyes. The voices came to him again, closing in. It won't be long now...it won't be long.

THE EPITOMY OF LUST

Bryce was hardly aware of being unchained. He didn't realise he was in a different place until he felt himself being laid stomach down on this cold table, his ankles and wrists secured. He tried to gather enough strength to rise off the table but the straps kept him tightly in place.

* * * *

Tyler followed Ethan to this room, deep in the bowels of the building. It was dark and creepy. Tyler didn't like it at all. He could have sworn that something moved in the shadows.

"The vampires used to hold secret ceremonies down here," Ethan was saying, seeming to be unaffected.

Tyler shivered as they walked into the room.

There was a large table in the middle of the room, suspended at least six feet from the floor. Three stone steps lead up to the table. Tyler

walked underneath it and looked up. There were two wide openings in the table, one which exposed Bryce's fine stiff cock and testicles, the other which displayed his nipples, again tightly clamped. Tyler reached up and ran his hand over the still cock.

Bryce stirred some.

Ethan came underneath with him. He turned Tyler around to him and quickly removed his shirt. He threw it on the floor. Lowering his mouth to his chest, he began to tongue his nipples. Tyler's gaze rose upward to caress Bryce's sex. I love you, his mind screamed. I won't let them hurt you.

Ethan pushed Tyler to his knees and undid his pants. "Suck my cock," he urged, reaching up to slap at Bryce's sex. Then he moved his hand to the nipple clamps and pulled on them.

As Tyler sucked Ethan's cock without enthusiasm, he heard those voices again. He's the one...the one. Young one. You want to possess him. Possess him, Joey. Do it now.

Tyler pushed away from Ethan. "Ethan, I want to take him," he said.

Ethan scowled. "Right now?"

Tyler nodded, walking out from under the table.

Ethan sighed.

"You said we'd get to play with him," Tyler pouted.

Ethan laughed. "Alright." He stepped up on some stone steps. "Come on, but I get to watch."

Tyler climbed up the steps and crawled onto the table. He straddled him, reaching down and spreading the cheeks of his buttocks with his fingers. He wanted to place his tongue there but he didn't dare. He knew Ethan wouldn't approve. He placed his throbbing member over his entrance and then slowly let himself sink inside of him. "Bryce," he leaned down and whispered against his ear, "I love you."

He began to thrust.

Ethan crawled down off the table. "I'm going to wake him up," he snickered. "Want me to tell you what I'm doing? It will turn you on, Tyler."

"If you want," Tyler grunted, but it was totally unnecessary. He was panting with passion. As he rode him, he buried one hand in his hair and leaned down to kiss his shoulder.

"I'm fondling his sex," Ethan breathed. "I'm playing with the head right now and pulling on one of those nipple clamps."

Bryce opened his eyes. He felt a mouth capture his cock. He knew someone was inside of him. He moaned and tried to rise off the table.

Ethan laughed. "He's awake."

Tyler threw back his head, exploded inside of him as Bryce bucked his hips underneath him.

"Tyler," he breathed, feeling some sense of

coherency suddenly.

Ethan came up onto the table now as Tyler backed off of him.

"Undo his ankles," Ethan told Tyler as he reached for his wrists. "Turn him over."

Ethan pushed him onto his back and quickly clapped on the wrists shackles again, pushing Tyler aside so that he could do the same to his ankles.

Ethan leered down at him.

Tyler gasped. Bryce's eyes were open. He was looking right at him. "Tyler?"

"Yes, Tyler," Ethan laughed, pulling on one of the nipple clamps, then reaching down to brutally slap Bryce's cock.

Tyler winced.

"Tyler is my lover, did you know that?"

Bryce struggled against the constraints for a moment, then looked at Tyler.

"Tell him," Ethan urged, running his hand over Bryce's thigh.

"Don't touch me, you bastard," he glared at him.

Ethan laughed. "Not much you can do about it, is there? Tyler, tell him," Ethan insisted.

Tyler swallowed. He couldn't look at him. "I love Ethan. We planned this...together."

Bryce's eyes widened. He was weak as a kitten. They had pumped him full of drugs. God knows

what obscene things they had done to him. But Tyler, Tyler involved with all this? It seemed impossible.

Ethan laughed. “Tyler, undo his legs,” he told him.

“What for? I thought you said to...?” Tyler hesitated.

Ethan pushed Tyler aside. He practically fell on the floor. He watched him undo the ankle shackles then raise his legs up, leaning into them.

“No,” Tyler yelled, grabbing at him.

Ethan shoved him away. “Bastard,” he seethed. “All those years you got in my way. I can’t wait to see you die.” Ethan yanked Bryce’s legs up over his shoulders as Bryce began to swear at him.

Tyler reached for Ethan and tried to pull him off. Then he felt himself being pushed off the table. He fell to the floor, hard. For a few minutes, he couldn’t get his breath. The room was spinning. Finally when he could focus again, he saw Ethan lying a few feet from him. Stumbling to his feet, he went over to him. Blood dripped out of the corner of his mouth. He reached down to feel a pulse. Ethan was dead.

Tyler scrambled up the stone steps. He stared dumbfounded at the empty slab. The straps at the head of the table were split in two. Tyler remained staring at the empty table for a few seconds then climbed back down to the floor. A chill ran down

his spine. Where was Bryce?

Without wasting another moment, Tyler left the room and made his way back upstairs. It was absolutely silent. Carefully, he snuck back to the room where the Captain had been. The door stood open. He looked around him cautiously. There was no sound except for the beating of his heart.

Creeping softly inside the room, he paused and looked around. He was about to leave when he looked down to see a spot of blood on the floor. He bit his lip. Bryce. My God, where was he?

He took another step, his heart beating so loudly in his chest now, it was deafening. He walked over to the bed, then walked around to the other side. He swallowed. There was the naked body of the Captain. There was a gaping hole where his throat had been. But there wasn't a drop of blood.

He shivered and quickly left the room, pausing outside to catch his breath for a moment. Calm down, Tyler, he told himself. Everything was going to be alright. Where was Bryce? He had to find Bryce.

THE DARK ANGEL

Tyler wasn't sure where he was going but there were voices leading him. He walked through the empty fortress toward a great room, which was located up a flight of stairs.

"Come," a voice summoned from behind a great door that seemed to be carved from thick glass.

Tyler reached for the door handle and pulled. Voices surrounded him although he could see nothing for a moment except for a great bright light.

When his eyes adjusted, he saw a man with long platinum hair and iridescent blue eyes floating in the corner of the room. He looked like an angel. He was wearing a pair of white skin-tight leggings. His chest was bare except for a huge strange looking medallion that hung from his neck.

Tyler gasped. In his arms was Bryce's limp naked body

"Bryce," Tyler called out. "Don't you hurt him."

"I'm not going to hurt him," he said softly, running his hand over Bryce's naked torso. "I'm going to save his life."

"What...what are you?" Tyler breathed.

He smiled at him. Then he opened his mouth. Two sharp teeth protruded from his jaw.

Tyler's knees trembled.

He lowered his mouth, Tyler watched in horror as he sunk his teeth into Bryce's neck.

Bryce moaned deeply, moving in the beings arms. As the vampire drank, he reached down to caress Bryce's sex. Bryce shuddered with a deep satisfying orgasm. The being lowered Bryce's body to the floor. Then he stood back as four figures stepped out from the shadows. They lifted Bryce's body up. Blood trailed down his throat and onto his chest.

Tyler tried to speak. "Please...where...what..?" He watched helplessly as they carried Bryce out. When Tyler was finally able to move his legs, he ran to the door. It slammed shut. He turned around, "Please," he implored him, tears streaming down his face, "I love this man. Please, I..."

The vampire cocked his head. "We know that."

"Is he...dead?" Tyler whimpered.

"No." He shook his head.

After a few seconds, Tyler whispered, "I've had

dreams."

"Yes." He nodded his blond head.

"Do you know about our...?"

"Yes. I know." His voice was smooth, soft. He came closer, then paused when he saw the fear in Tyler's eyes.

Tyler sucked in some breath. "So it's true then?" He tried not to stare into those strangely beautiful blue eyes of his.

"It is." He nodded.

Tyler looked around him. "Did you kill...all the others?" he asked him miserably, wrapping his arms around his chest for warmth. It was suddenly freezing cold in that room.

"Yes," he said. "We did."

Tyler swallowed. Was he to be next? "Ethan said he had made an agreement of some kind with you. He said you wouldn't kill anyone."

"Ethan was a fool," he said without any emotion. "As were his compatriots."

"And, what about us?" Tyler held his breath.

"You are quite safe," he said.

"Then you will let us go?"

"I will let you go, Tyler." He folded his arms across his massive chest.

"What about Bryce?"

"He can never leave here. He will soon be one of us. He belongs to the night. The atmosphere of the other planets would destroy him. We are all

prisoners here."

"What do you mean...he will be one of you? He's to be a...v...vampire?" Tyler stammered.

"He always was. As were you, long ago." He met his eyes.

Tyler shook his head. "No. I...you're...you don't know what you're saying. I'm not a..."

"What about the dreams, Tyler?" He looked at him.

"They were dreams...only dreams...testimony that we have lived before but..."

"How do you think that was possible?" His voice was almost like a whisper in his head.

"I don't know...I suppose it was fated somehow...and..."

He shook his head. "He is a very powerful vampire. He was destined for great things. He took his own life because of you. If he had been alone, he could have fought them all. He had great strength."

"Who?"

"Joey's sire, your enemies."

"Mine?" He blinked.

"Yes."

"He was meant to challenge their reign later on in the century, thereby establishing a new vampire age. He was destined to be our leader. But because of you, he swayed from his path. And by sheer will, he made a suicide pact with you and ensured

you would meet again and again in other lives, as mortal men.”

Tyler couldn’t speak.

“But the lives you live end only in tragedy. And if he continues to live these mortal lives over and over, he may never reconnect with the vampire. We have waited so long to bring him back to us. This link between you must be severed for good. The future of our nation depends on it.”

“I don’t understand,” Tyler muttered. “This makes no sense to me.”

His mouth twisted. “It doesn’t have to. I’m willing to let you go. I will provide you with a craft so that you may go back to Ruby City and take your rightful place. I have even destroyed your enemies for you. All I ask is that you go, and forget about him. We will make sure that it never happens again.”

“I can no more forget about him than I can my own heartbeat,” Tyler shook his head. “How can you ask this of me? I thought you understood that we have been linked forever. He is my eternal love.”

The blond being sighed. “He was never meant to be your eternal love, Tyler. He has always been your enemy. At one time, he took you and your family prisoner. At another, you came to kill him. Still in another century, you were on opposite sides of a war. Can’t you see? Don’t you

understand? What Dino had willed was unnatural. It was foolish self indulgence. You will never be together without tragedy."

"I understand that there has been pain," Tyler said desperately. "But it is the cost of a great love, isn't it...to overcome impossible odds to be together?" He felt tears sting the back of his eyes.

"No, Tyler," he shook his head. "You are wrong. It is not so much love that ties you together, but vampire lust, memories of sex you had as vampires, sexual ecstasy that can never be duplicated as mortal men."

It was a lie. Sex with Bryce had been ecstasy. "Then I want to be a vampire too," Tyler breathed. "I was one once. Make me one again."

He shook his head. "No. You were meant to be destroyed back in the twenty first century. Besides, Dino must reign as intended, without you."

Tyler eyed him. "Then who will he reign with...you?"

He smiled. "It was his destiny."

Tyler was beginning to understand now. "You want to get rid of me because you want him yourself. Why don't you just say that?"

He looked away. "You must go. I have to prepare for his initiation ceremony."

"Why did he change his mind?" Tyler demanded, not ready to give up just yet. "Why

didn't he kill me in the twenty first century when he had the chance? Are you sure it was only lust that made him spare my life?"

"Lust can be very powerful, especially vampire lust."

"How do you know that your version of fate is the right one?" Tyler challenged him.

"Because I am a vampire God, and I know the prophesy. You are a mistake, an accident." He looked at him now, as if he were a fly to be swatted away. "It is over. Thanks to that idiot Ethan and his greed, Dino is back where he belongs." His gaze shifted to the door. "Now that's all I plan to explain."

Instantly, two male vampires entered the room. "Take him," the vampire said. "See him safely onto the ship and make sure he leaves."

The two creatures grabbed Tyler by the arm. He struggled against them as they dragged him to the door. "I want to see him before I go," Tyler called over his shoulder.

"That I'm afraid, is out of the question," he sneered. "Take him," the vampire barked, and Tyler was whisked out the door.

CEREMONY OF THE BLOOD

Figures were swirling in front of his eyes. It was as if they were dancing. There was some kind of a chant reverberating in his ears. He tried to move. He couldn't. His heart beat like a drum in his chest. He forced his eyes to focus. His hands were laying one on top of the other, across his chest. Jesus. Was he dead? He tried to lift them. Nothing. He was lying on some sort of a table that was covered by a soft material...felt like velvet. His mind again told his body to move. There was no response.

"Don't worry," a voice said suddenly, stroking his hair, "it's the blood loss. You are too weak to move yet."

He opened his mouth to speak. No words came out. He felt paralysed. He closed his eyes. Tyler. I'm in love with Ethan. Those were Tyler's words. Somewhere along the line in his drug-induced haze he had heard him tell him that. He had betrayed him. And Modem. Modem's name was

Ethan Hues. He had been on his Top Ten List of suspects. If he hadn't been dragged away from his post at Sentra, he would have captured the little bugger before all hell broke loose. And as for Captain Smart...if he ever got out of this mess alive, he would pay for shooting his veins full of ID.

He tried to think. The last thing he remembered, Smart was telling him how he and Modem were involved in the drug trade together. He had taken his clothes off. Then that man had come into the room with the syringe. Suddenly images came floating back to him. He had been in a state of heightened sexual arousal. Smart had done just about everything possible to him. And then Tyler and...Modem himself, had violated him. His jaw clenched in anger.

Suddenly the chanting came to an abrupt halt. My God, now what? Eerie shadows glowed across the room. A man's voice said, "Finally, he has come home to us, our lost God, our beautiful Prince. Tonight we bring him back to us. We bring him back to the blood."

Blood? What in hell were they talking about? The voice sounded alien. It wasn't a voice he recognised.

He felt his head being lifted. He looked up into glowing blue eyes. Real fear gripped his insides. He felt an incredible thirst. A goblet was being

placed to his lips. When the liquid met his tongue, he flinched at its unnatural flavour. In spite of how thirsty he was, he tried to turn his head away. Someone or something held it in place. His head was being tipped back further and his jaw wrenched open. Someone spread his legs. He felt fingers move over his sex, his testicles. There was suddenly the intoxicating aroma of scented oil permeating his nostrils. It was being massaged into his flesh. Hands moved up over his chest, flicking over his nipples. Someone moaned.

The warm liquid leaked down his throat. His hips began to move involuntarily. "Umm," he moaned as he felt more hands touching him, murmuring over his naked body that now lay quivering on the table.

The goblet was taken away, his head lowered. He licked the sticky liquid from his lips. Opening his eyes, he looked up to see those bizarre fluorescent blue eyes looking down into his. He felt his cold naked body cover his, his tongue dip down to lick the blood from his lips.

He was being opened, fingers invading his anus, moving in and out. Then suddenly, it was like an electric current shot through his entire body. He cried out, his body being infused with a sense of power that yanked his body off the table and lifted him into the air. He hovered there, gasping for breath as the blond God-like creature

rose with him.

He was being held, spread prone in the air as fingers continued to probe him, giving him wave after wave of pleasure. Then the blond creature moved over him, his white robe falling open to reveal his thick engorged phallus. He let it glide over his lips, then as Bryce's jaw fell open, he plunged it into his mouth. At the same time, he felt himself being entered by something. It was smooth and huge, greased with that deliciously scented oil.

Suddenly a hand covered his sex, fondling it roughly as the object and the blond vampire's sex moved in and out of him at the same time. He exploded now, his cock vibrating with an orgasm which seemed to go on and on until finally he dropped to the floor in satiated exhaustion.

After a few minutes, when his breathing returned to normal, he opened his eyes to see this beautiful white haired man standing in front of him.

The vampire smiled at him. "I'm Thor. I'm your servant," he bowed his head. "Do you know who you are?"

He licked his lips, looking around him at the others who stood with their heads bowed. "I'm Dino," he said, looking up at him. "How did I...?"

"You are home," Thor said, smiling. "Please, Prince, if you would be so kind," he let his robe

fall to the floor, "I want you to fuck me."

Dino got up off the floor. As he stood, the others backed away. He eyed them, then looked around. His vision was ten times sharper. He could see a spider meticulously spinning an elaborate web in the far corner of the room. He knew that he could crush a man with one hand. He knew who he was.

He looked at the blond vampire who waited patiently for his response, then he looked at the others. "Leave us," he demanded.

Quickly, they fled.

"Why did you bring me back?" Dino lifted his hand to push back his hair. It was longer, hanging just past his shoulders.

"You were meant to be here all along," Thor said with a sigh. Picking up his robe off the floor, he reluctantly put it on. "Seems you are not in the mood to..."

"All in good time," he replied, taking a few steps forward.

Thor reached over and pulled the red velvet robe off the table. He offered it to him with a polite bow.

Dino took it and put it on. He wrapped it around him and then met his gaze. "Where am I?"

"You are in the twenty fifth century on the Planet of the Damned."

"Planet of the...?" He tasted the words in his

mouth.

"What do you remember of your existence, my prince?" Thor asked him.

'Prince?' he mouthed.

"Yes. You are the preordained prince of the vampire nation. I have been acting in your stead for almost four centuries. It has been with great difficulty that we have managed to bring you back to us."

Dino narrowed his eyes. "I remember my maker..."

"Yes. You destroyed him."

He swallowed. "That was forbidden. I was hunted."

He nodded.

"Joey," he said, looking up into Thor's eyes. "Where is he?"

"Gone," Thor said. "Long gone. He came to assassinate you. You must forget about him. He is the reason you have..."

Dino narrowed his eyes. "I promised him that we would always be together."

"And you kept that promise, Dino," Thor nodded at him. "It brought the both of you only tragedy and death. It diverted you from your predestined path as our lord, isolating an entire nation on this god forsaken planet. It was a mistake."

Suddenly, Thor's hands reached out to him.

"My Lord, my beautiful dark prince of the blood, I am your servant. Take me. Take me and then take your rightful place. Lead us into the future."

Thor dropped his robe then tore a gash down the length of his chest. A line of warm red blood bubbled up to the surface of his skin.

Dino licked his lips and growled deeply, his eyes glowing red.

He took off his robe.

Thor ran his gaze over his beautiful body, the beauty even more enhanced since the transformation.

Dino grabbed him by the waist. He licked the blood that ran down his chest. The wound instantly healed over. Then he explored his flesh with his hand, taking a few minutes to run his fingers over his nipples and slap at his hard organ.

Thor moaned, closing his eyes.

Dino yanked his head back by his long hair, exposing his neck. He lowered his mouth there. At the same time as he slammed his sex into him, he plunged his two sharp fangs into the flesh of his throat.

Thor cried out with pleasure. He was being lifted off the floor now, ridden as if he were no more than an animal. He arched his back, his blue eyes blazing. He knew this could go on for hours. Umm. Heaven. How long he had waited for his touch, to be his servant.

He was being slammed against the wall now. He felt the prince's organ deep within him as he licked at the blood which was flowing from the wounds in his throat.

Then he pulled out, plunging back in. "Ahhh..." Thor cried out.

Dino pulled away, turning him around, holding him prone on the ceiling. His brown eyes were gold now, the gorgeous razor sharp fangs exposed. He bit his nipples, then moved down to his sex, where he began to torment him with his tongue, then he pierced the flesh there and drank deeply.

Thor licked his lips, his body in complete submission. He was being turned over again. Dino brought him down to the floor. Yanking him up to his knees, he possessed him again.

Floating upwards, Thor groaned as his entire body went into orgasmic spasms.

In his iron grip, there was no escape as Dino thrust even deeper into him. Wrenching back his head, he bit deeply into his jugular. With his mind, he told him, "You are just inches away from destruction. If you don't tell me where Joey is, I will drain you dry. Make your choice."

RUBY MIRACLE COOPERATION: RUBY CITY

Tyler sat alone in his grandfather's chair. He was surrounded by military from Sentra; Bryce Donovan's soldiers, men and women he had personally trained.

It had taken almost a week to secure the city. Both his grandfather and his mother had been killed. The acting Commander of the Sentra forces, Sam Carter was determined to send a squad to the Planet C-Thirty Five to bring back Bryce Donovan. Tyler told her not to bother.

"But Sir," she said to him earlier that morning, "he may still be alive out there. We must also insure that Ethan Hues a.k.a. Modem is truly dead. He may be..."

"If you'd seen him, and the others, you'd know," Tyler said, looking off for a moment.

"But we are still not sure of the cause of death,"

she cleared her throat.

It was then that Tyler had told her to close the door to the office. Lowering his voice, he said, "You must swear to keep this between us, Commander."

"Certainly, Sir," she nodded. "You are the supreme leader. I would not betray your confidence."

"The planet of the damned is populated by..." he paused, "vampires."

She smiled. "Sir, with all due respect, that is a rumour."

He shook his head. "No. I spoke to one of them there. There is no danger to anyone. Apparently, they can not leave the planet...something to do with the atmosphere...I'm not too clear about it. To send a unit there is to invite slaughter, and you will not find Donovan."

She lowered her head. "Then he is..." she paused, "dead? You saw him?"

Tyler swallowed. He couldn't bear to tell her what had really happened to him. "I suggest you plan a full military funeral for him." Tears stung his eyes. "Spare no expense."

Tears glistened in her own eyes for a minute, then disappeared.

After she left had the office, Tyler stood up and looked out the window. When it came right down to it, he had told her the truth. The man known as

Bryce Donovan was dead.

Dino. He had seen him in his dreams. Tears streamed down his face. He had never wanted to leave that planet without him. He would have become whatever he was, just to be with him. But that bastard Thor had wanted him for himself. It wasn't right. He couldn't let it end like this. He didn't believe in Thor's version of destiny. He believed in theirs. No one would ever convince him otherwise. He just had to find a way to get back to him. Even if he had to live on the Planet of the Damned forever, he would. They would be damned together.

The processing plant was up and running now. Space Crafts were being loaded with the Ruby Miracle and making ready for transport. He was now the head of Ruby Cooperation, the supreme ruler of the entire galaxy. He had become Jack Rose. People scrambled to fulfil his most mundane desire. But what he really desired seemed way beyond his reach.

RAGE

“How dare you take my life, and make me this!” Dino roared as Thor stood chained to the concrete wall. “I never asked for this.”

The others stood silently watching, not daring to speak.

“It was your destiny,” he cried out, weakening by the moment.

Dino turned to look at the others. There were four of them. That was all that was left of the vampire nation. “Pathetic,” he threw at them. “You cowered on this planet, allowing your race to fall into demise. I am not responsible for this.”

One of them, a red haired woman with bright green eyes said softly, “My Lord, we are prisoners here on this planet. We cannot leave. Many of our kind grew despondent over the centuries and chose death.”

Dino sucked in some breath. How could he not feel for them? He was one of them. “Why can’t you leave, Celia?”

"The air," another said, an ebony skinned man with black eyes. "We cannot breathe the air on any other planet except for this one."

"That is utter nonsense. That is..." he paused, glaring at Thor. "You. You told them this...to keep them here. Why?"

Thor's head flopped to one side. "At least they are safe here. Outside they would be hunted. With no leader, we..."

"You were their leader," Dino growled. He turned to them. "You may leave here any time. There is nothing wrong with the air on other planets."

Looking at each other, they left the room.

Thor cried after them, "No, my children. You will be hunted."

Dino came closer to him, "Where is Joey?"

"He is no longer Joey. He is Tyler," Thor groaned. "And he has betrayed you. You ignored your destiny. You were supposed to reign with me. You chose him, and look, he left you here to die. He doesn't love you. I love you, Dino. I was supposed to be your destiny."

Dino sucked in some air. "Transmit to me the memories, the memories of my mortal life with this Tyler. And Thor, it better be true."

"If I do, you will spare my life?" Thor pleaded.

Dino nodded.

"It doesn't change the fact that you are the

Prince of the vampires.”

“I know that,” he said. “Now, do as I ask. Show me the mortal life you have stolen from me, the life of this Bryce Donovan.”

Dino gripped Thor’s mind. A steady stream of his life piled back into his memory banks. His birth, his military training from the age of five, his sexual experiences, his rise to Commander of the Sentra military forces, then Tyler Rose. He closed his eyes at the end. He relived their lovemaking, delicious, and then the capture. Finally, Tyler’s words, this time coming to him clear and strong. He had used him. He had been Ethan’s lover and co-conspirator all along. He had stood aside as Captain Smart had pumped his mortal body full of drugs and used him for his pleasure. Even Tyler had used him.

Finally, Dino released Thor. He placed his hand to his head for a moment. Slowly, he walked over to where Thor was secured and undid his constraints. “Leave this place,” he told him, his eyes burning red as he gazed at him. “Don’t ever return.”

“I won’t give up on you, Dino. Until you realise that your place is with me...”

“Go!” Dino’s voice thundered, practically shaking the rafters above their heads.

Thor bowed his head and made a hasty retreat from the room.

* * * *

For days, perhaps even weeks, he sat alone trying to bring together his thoughts. He sustained himself on the Ruby Miracle pills that were stockpiled everywhere on the desolate planet.

He was remembering Joey in their former life, a vampire who had come to kill him...a very old vampire. He had been beautiful, a replica of Tyler, except his curly black hair had been longer with a purple streak running through it...and he had always worn those earrings, shaped like crosses. He had been wearing them the first time they met.

They had fallen in love and betrayed their possessive masters. They were hunted, trapped in a tower. Then somehow, he had vowed to bring them together again in another life. They had walked out into the sun, looking into each others eyes as they died.

And he had brought them back, through some power he wasn't even aware of, he had managed to propel them both into another time and place where they met again. And although the memories were faint, he believed that he had done it more than once.

But now, those words he had said to him as he was being held prisoner in this house, came back to him. "Bryce, I need to tell you something. There

is no...I mean there never was any...I used you. I distracted you while I conspired with Ethan to overthrow Ruby Miracle. I just couldn't work for Jack. I love Ethan. You understand?"

Dino let out an anguished growl.

He had given Joey his heart, not just for a lifetime, but for eternity. He had given up immortality for him. Finally, in the guise of Tyler Rose, he had stabbed him directly in the heart. Two thick blood tears made their way over his cheeks. He hastily wiped them away and staggered to his feet. He realised that the Ruby was not enough. He was on his way to being emaciated. He had to eat. There was no more time for tears.

Although the vampires had murdered Modem, Smart and their henchmen; they had set Tyler Rose free. He knew that Thor had provided him with a space craft, and that he had returned to Ruby City.

Dino walked out onto the darkened planet. It was strange to feel such solitude. He couldn't remember feeling so alone, except maybe just after he had been transformed, before Joey had come into his life. Now, that feeling had returned. His keen eyes scanned the star filled sky, then he raised up his arms and embraced the night.

VAMPIRES IN RUBY CITY

Tyler sat at a private table in the corner of the ManBar with Ryan. His bodyguards, Hughie, Dewey, and Lewie, as he had come to call them, stood a few feet away.

"Are you alright, Tyler?" Ryan took a sip of his drink and gave his friend a concerned look.

Tyler sighed. "I'm fed up with being followed around everywhere. I just wish the three stooges over there would get a life."

"You know it's necessary, especially considering the recent rash of murders in the city. It might be related to Modem or..."

"Modem is dead, and so are his mobsters."

"You know what the military told you. As soon as they get one, someone else springs up to..."

"Yea, I know," Tyler said, looking down at his hands. This was the first night in over six weeks that he had even attempted going out. It was useless. He missed Bryce. He thought about him trapped there on that planet every waking minute.

Several times he had planned an escape, trying to harness a craft so that he could set course for C-Forty five, but these body guards had eyes in the back of their heads. He couldn't catch a break.

Ryan took his hand. "I know how much you love Bryce, but if you could just let go of him, Tyler. Listen, I know it's probably not the time but Tyler, I...well, I think we'd make a good pair. I've always wanted to be with you. You know that."

Tyler smiled at him. "Thanks, Ryan. I love you too but, as a friend."

Ryan swallowed and looked a way for a second. When he turned back to him to say something, Seth Murdock of the Sky Police was standing in front of them.

"Sir," he said, giving Tyler a little salute.

Tyler gave him a look of irritation. "This is not the time, Murdock." He wasn't one of his biggest fans anyway. He suspected that he and Bryce had slept together.

"I'm sorry, sir," Seth cleared his throat. It felt quite ridiculous to address this little jerk as Sir, but like it or not, he was now the man. "Commander Carter needs to speak with you right away. It's urgent."

Tyler got reluctantly up from his seat. Everyone watched him as he walked out, followed by his entourage of body guards and a sky police officer.

"I think I can ensure his security," Murdock

said briskly to the body guards as they all attempted to crawl into Murdock's Patrol vehicle.

"It's alright," Tyler told them.

The three men nodded, one announcing that they would be following them in their own vehicle.

Tyler sighed as he crawled in beside Murdock.

As they left the parking space and headed up into the sky, Murdock said abruptly, "Now that we're alone, I think I need to tell you that I find it a damn shame that Bryce gave his life for yours."

"Oh, really?" Tyler looked over at him. "Bryce, is it?"

Seth glanced back at him. "Commander Donovan was an honourable man and he was damn good..."

"...in bed?" Tyler sneered.

"I wouldn't know," Seth replied stiffly. "The Commander was a professional soldier. He was too honourable to engage in sexual activity with his officers."

"But I bet you gave it try," Tyler mocked.

Seth sighed. "I did, yes. But, you can't really blame me. You wanted him yourself."

"It was a bit more complicated than that." Tyler cleared his throat. He closed his eyes for a second, remembering the huge military service they had for him. The only thing that kept him standing on his feet that day was knowing he still existed on

The Planet of the Damned, even if he was probably Thor's lover.

Seth fell quiet.

As Tyler followed him through the Sky Police Terminal, he remembered being brought here by Bryce. He could almost feel his hand on his shoulder as he steered him down the hall.

The terminal was crowded with soldiers tonight. Since having been dispatched to Ruby City, the military was sharing the facility with the police.

Commander Sam Carter met Tyler in the hallway in front of the office Bryce had once occupied. The name Bryce Donovan was still on the door.

She gave Murdock a look of dismissal, and then ushered Tyler into the office and closed the door.

Tyler looked at her, taking a chair. "What is it, Commander? I'm not that happy about being dragged over here at this time of night?"

"I'm sorry, Sir, but as you know there have been seven murders in Ruby City in the last three weeks. Until now, we have kept the details under wraps. We don't want to panic the population."

Tyler sucked in some air. "But now?"

"Do you remember the discussion we had right after you returned from C-Forty Five?"

"Yes?" Tyler leaned forward in his seat.

"We spoke about..." she paused, "vampires."

"Yes," Tyler scarcely dared breath.

"Well, the bodies we have recovered seemed to have expired by...well, there has been a substantial loss of blood and..."

"The blood has been sucked out of them?" Tyler raised an eyebrow.

She nodded.

Tyler sat back in the chair. He was feeling a mixture of fear and euphoria. It could only mean one thing. Thor had lied to him. Vampires could survive elsewhere.

"Sir?" She gave him an inquiring look.

Tyler stood up. "I want them captured, these vampires and brought to me. I don't want you to hurt them."

"Sir, with all due respect, I don't believe they are the vulnerable ones. I'm not sure we are dealing with living beings here. I'm not sure how you capture one, let alone kill one."

"I'll talk with some of the scientists at Ruby. I'm sure they could come up with some answers for you."

"Well, please don't wait too long. We believe that there is more than one. They could potentially depopulate the entire planet." Although she wore her military face, Tyler could tell that she was tense.

He walked to the door. Outside, he could see his three bodyguards. He opened the door and

gave them a cocky smile. "Where have you guys been?" he mocked.

He turned back to Carter. "Don't let anything leak out about this right now. I'll get back to you with the information tomorrow. Put extra patrols on at night. Institute a mandatory curfew...no one on the streets after dark until we get to the bottom of this."

"That will not please the proprietors of the bars and..." she began.

"It's my order," Tyler replied. "Have the media announce that it is due to atmospheric conditions that Ruby scientists need to regulate. Put it into place for a week. We'll extend it if we need to."

"Sir," she said.

"Goodbye, Commander," he said and walked out to meet the guards.

Finally in the safety of his bed, Tyler snuggled down into the pillow. "Dino..." he whispered. He hadn't had sex with anyone since he'd been back here in Ruby City. He missed him so much. "Come to me," he moaned. "I need you desperately."

* * * *

Outside his window, in the deep dark night, he waited, his eyes blazing. "So you are desperate, are you?" he whispered, "me too, desperate for blood."

ENCOUNTERS IN THE NIGHT

Tyler was moaning. He felt the blanket being removed from his naked body, felt the hot breath upon his cheek. Hands moved over the length of him, stroking his flesh, setting it on fire. He tried to open his eyes but he couldn't. He attempted to sit up but it was as if he were pinned to the mattress.

Lips massaged his chest, encircled his nipples, moved down to his sex and nibbled at it playfully. Then he felt fingers impale him, moving deep into the crevice of his anus. An orgasm shot through him, then another, his entire body going into spasm.

"Bryce," he whispered. "Oh yes, take me...take me..."

"Not Bryce," a voice floated to his ears, "Dino. He is Dino now."

He felt his body being turned over, than lifted into the air. Something sharp grazed his throat, like two needles. It began to pierce through him as

a hard sex brushed his buttocks.

He began to struggle, the pain in his throat intensifying.

“I’m going to drain you dry. I came here for that, for the moment when I...”

Suddenly, he felt himself falling. He landed with a thud on his mattress. Pushing himself up into a sitting position, he raised a hand to his neck. It came away sticky.

Submerged in total darkness, he could only see shadows as they whirled around in front of his eyes with lightning speed. Throwing his legs over the bed, he reached over to switch on the light. The window was wide open, the sheer lace curtains flapping wildly in the breeze. The night stand and his chair were thrown half way across the room but the room was empty.

He ran across the room to the mirror and examined his neck. Blood oozed around what looked like the beginning of two puncture wounds in his throat. He closed his eyes. Bryce. Bryce had come back here to kill him. But for some reason, he had changed his mind. Or someone had changed it for him. Why would Bryce want to hurt him? But then he had to remember, he wasn’t Bryce anymore. He was Dino and he was a vampire.

* * * *

The following night just after sundown, Dino sat atop of one of the tall buildings in the center of Ruby City and surveyed the scene. The Military and the Sky Police were out in full force, doing patrols every half hour. Early this morning, the neon signs had flashed the announcement of a temporary curfew. It was a smart move, but unfortunately redundant. The sudden rash of murders that had been visited on this fair city had ended. Thor and the others had been invited to leave Ruby City for greener pastures. He would do the same as soon as he took care of Tyler Rose.

REUNIONS

Dino jumped down to the pavement and walked out into the parking lot when he saw Seth Murdock land his police vehicle. When Seth saw him, he did a double take. For a minute, he couldn't speak.

"Hello, Murdock," Dino said. Aside from the fact that his hair was now much longer and thicker, and his skin more radiant, he pretty well looked the same as he always had. He was even wearing the black leather pants and jacket.

Murdock wrapped his arms around him and hugged him. It felt good. In fact, it felt more than good. It made him hungry. He could get away without killing anyone. He just had to drink a little here and there. It was time to drink.

He hugged him back, then looking deep into his eyes, he said, "I'm just going to take a little bit. You won't miss it. And you won't remember a thing."

Murdock's head went back.

Umm, he thought, Murdock was a nice looking specimen. He ran his fingers along his throat. Since he was technically a free spirit...why not give Murdock what he'd always wanted from Donovan? Dino picked him up in his arms and skirted him in the back of his vehicle.

Slowly he opened the shirt of his uniform and ran his tongue over his chest. He dipped his tongue over each nipple.

Murdock's body twitched some and then lay still.

First, he'd take care of his thirst. Rearing back his head, he brought his mouth down on Seth's throat, sinking his sharp teeth into the vein there. He drank deeply for a minute or two, then pulled back. Sliding his tongue over the wounds, they instantly healed over.

Now it was time to wake him up. "Seth," he said, snapping his fingers. "Wake up, lover."

Seth opened his eyes. He looked up into his face with surprise, then noticed his shirt was spread open.

"Do you want me?" He asked him softly, looking down into his eyes.

Seth's chest heaved suddenly. "Yes."

Dino smiled at him. The taste of his blood lingered in his mouth. He lowered his mouth again to his throat, kissing him there then bringing his lips down to his nipples again. He tasted each

one, than reached for his pants. Undoing them, he lifted his hips and slid them down to his knees. His gaze ran over his sex.

* * * *

Seth looked up at him. Bryce Donovan - fondling his cock in back of his police vehicle -he would have never guessed it in a thousand years. But here he was, and he was even more stunning to look at than before. He reached out and caressed his skin, his hair. His hair was longer, so shiny, and his skin, so soft.

And the things he was doing to him now with his hands and his mouth, his tongue. His entire body was on fire. And then suddenly, he was inside of him. It seemed as if he was being lifted off the seat. His long hard deep thrusts made his entire body ache for more. He cried out, as his body lost all control. It was being used as an instrument for his pleasure, and in return, it felt as if he were being fucked by three, four men at the same time. And it went on and on until he wasn't there anymore.

When he woke up, he was alone. He was dressed and sitting in the front seat of the vehicle. He had several messages from headquarters. "Where are you, Murdock?"

Suddenly, he pressed on the screen. "Here.

What is it?"

"You won't believe this but the Commander just walked in the door," Carter said. "Donovan is back. He's alright."

Seth started to laugh. He felt hysterical. It was true. He hadn't dreamt it. Bryce Donovan had fucked the hell out of him in the back of his patrol vehicle.

* * * *

It took Dr. Talbot longer than he thought to research vampires for Tyler Rose. When he finally did give him the information, he looked doubtful. "It's dated. They were thought to be extinct."

Tyler nodded. "I know. It's alright. Anything will do."

When he phoned Carter the following morning, she took his call right away. When she answered, she was laughing.

"What is it?" Tyler asked her.

"Something incredible has happened, Mr. Rose. Our long lost Commander has come home."

Tyler gripped the phone. "Bryce?"

"Yes. He walked in here last night, looking none the worse for wear. He managed to escape. And our vampire scare is over."

"Oh?"

"Seems there were a few people living on The

Planet of the Damned, like you said. Bryce said they were madmen who thought they were vampires. Apparently, he had an encounter with them on his way back here, and sent them on their way. They are someone else's problem now. So, I guess you can call off the curfew."

"Really," Tyler managed. "Where is the Commander now?"

"He had to go home and sleep. He said he was really tired."

Tyler took a breath. It had been Bryce who had come to him last night. He had tried to kill him. He wondered why he was still alive.

Tyler said a hasty goodbye and hung up.

Tears stung his eyes. He hadn't said anything to anyone about the break-in. Given the impenetrability of the mansion, he didn't think anyone would believe him anyway. And of course there was another reason. If he had been Bryce...Dino...well...he didn't want anyone to hurt him.

Bryce had tried to kill him. Each time he told himself that, he felt actual pain. After racking his brain for the reason, he could only come to one conclusion. Those words Ethan had forced him to say, somehow they had penetrated. Bryce thought that he'd betrayed him. He had to find him. He had to tell him the truth.

THE CLUBS

Since the first moment he had been summoned to Ruby City, he had been here to work. But, no more. Finally, he would get to savour the delights that abounded here.

Earlier he had spoken to Carter who was disappointed to hear that he was not returning to the military. "I don't even think you can do that, Bryce," she said as they sat together in a little coffee shop in the center of Ruby City.

"Well, I've paid my dues," he said deeply. "Technically, I'm dead, remember?" He grinned. She'd never fully grasp the nuance of that joke!

She shook her head. "I'm sure I can get you an honourable discharge, given that you are now legally a citizen of Ruby City. Jack Rose did give you the papers?"

"He promised me," Dino said softly. "I never saw anything in writing."

"Umm, I'd contact Tyler Rose and make sure that..."

He gave her a harsh laugh.

"I know it's hard to believe but he is the supreme ruler," Carter cautioned him.

"I arrested his ass more than once. He's the supreme idiot if you ask me."

"Bryce," she looked around, "you can be thrown in prison for that."

"Yes, such a democracy we live in, the epitome of free speech and liberty. And you wonder why I don't want to risk my ass to protect this place anymore?"

And what a nice ass it is, Sam thought. Gorgeous was saying it lightly. And lately, well, there was something else...he was just so sexual...his hair, his eyes. Um. Damn, she should have accosted him back on Sentra. "Nevertheless," she gave him a faint smile, "you do need him to give you the official documents."

Dino tightened his lips.

"You know," she said, "in his speech when he took over for the old man, Tyler Rose appeared as if he was going to loosen things up a bit."

"He's loose alright," he told her with a smirk, "but not in the way you might imagine." He stood up now when she gave him a curious look. "Well, Sam, since I am just an ordinary citizen of this fair city tonight, I'm going to give it a taste."

She grinned. She would have loved to have given him a taste. "Have fun, and don't forget

what I said. If I'm going to give you an honourable discharge, you need those citizenship papers."

He issued her a polite smile. He didn't want anything from Tyler Rose, anything at all.

* * * *

Sam was very surprised to see Tyler Rose walk into her office less than an hour later at the Sky Patrol Station. His three bodyguards hovered outside the door.

"Mr Rose?" she said, looking up.

"Tyler," he said. "Please, I'll be my grandfather soon enough."

"Tyler," she nodded, noting his grey pinstriped pants and orange cable knit sweater. She'd heard talk of Tyler Rose's seductive, almost indecent attire. Seems he'd really toned it down.

Tyler handed her a miniature disk. "I know you said you weren't worried about vampires anymore given the fact that..." he paused, clearing his throat, "well...given what Commander Donovan told you; but I thought you should have this information on file anyway."

"Well thank you, Tyler," she said, taking the disk. "But you didn't have to make a special trip down here just for that."

He nodded. "It was no trouble. May I ask you something about Commander Donovan?"

She cocked her head to one side. "I think first of all you are going to have to stop calling him Commander Donovan."

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "Why?"

"Unfortunately, he wants out."

Tyler wasn't surprised. He opened his mouth to speak but she continued, ruffling through some papers. "Which reminds me, did you run across citizenship papers for Donovan in your grandfather's files? I need them to complete the paperwork, in order to get him an honourable discharge. It's the loophole, you understand. If he is still considered to be a citizen of Sentra, discharge is impossible before the age of one hundred."

Tyler nodded blankly. "I don't remember seeing anything, but I'll look around."

"Tyler," Sam Carter met his gaze, "given Bryce's military record, given the fact that he risked his neck repeatedly to keep this planet safe; I would think he is owed that."

"Of course," Tyler agreed.

"Those bureaucrats on Sentra are not going to let him go easily. He's going to need you behind him."

"I'll make sure you get the necessary documents," Tyler told her.

"Good," she laughed, "because he's really starting to shed that military image of his. When I

saw him earlier, he said he was going out to taste the nightlife."

Tyler raised an eyebrow. He might not be Bryce anymore but he certainly had retained his sense of ironic humour. "Where did he go?" Tyler asked her.

"Who knows?" She shrugged. "He's doing the town, that's all I know."

"I should find him, discuss...ah...the citizenship issue."

Sam raised an eyebrow. "He might not like that. Tyler, to be honest with you, he doesn't seem to be your biggest fan."

Tyler pursed his lips. He was making it that obvious? "I see. That's okay. Look, can you do me a favour?" He cast a look over his shoulder at the three men outside.

"If I can," she replied.

"Is there a way I can get out of here without those clowns knowing about it?"

"I suppose but..."

"I won't hold you responsible if something happens," Tyler put up his hand. "I want you to tell them I have to stay here for a few hours. I'll come back as soon as I can."

He waited until she stood up. Then she pointed to a door at the side of the room. "Go in there. It's a bathroom with an escape route out the other side. Don't be gone too long, Tyler."

He smiled at her. "One more thing, I need a vehicle. Can I borrow yours?"

She clicked her tongue. "I have only the police vehicle here."

"Are there any spare ones?"

She sighed, then nodded. "It's against my better judgement, Tyler, and if you weren't..."

"I know, I know. I promise I won't play any games with it."

She eyed him, then reached in the drawer and handed him over the computer access code. "It's in the parking on the roof, Alma twenty three."

"Thanks," he said before ducking into the bathroom. True enough, there was another door. It opened into a long corridor. He ran down the hallway and took the nearest exit.

Once off the roof, Tyler felt a certain sense of freedom he hadn't felt for a long time. He needed to see Bryce. He didn't care what the transformation had done to him. He loved him. He needed him. And if finding him meant his life, then so be it. There was no living without him.

CARNAL DELIGHTS

There was eye candy everywhere. He was surrounded by it. And anything went. He walked into the backroom of the Manbar where sexual debasement was taken to its lowest common denominator. Some of it was a definite turn off, and he would have considered himself far from a prude.

Back on the dance floor, men rubbed their half naked bodies together. A naked man got up on the stage in the front and began to take off his clothes. Dino watched him with amusement. It was amateur night. Anyone could jump up there and strip. Some of them should have left their clothes on.

Several men came and brushed themselves up against him. He felt someone touch his hair. He gave the men a guarded glance. There were two of them that definitely piqued his interest, one a blond with incredible blue eyes and another with short dark curly hair.

He walked into a deserted corner and motioned to them to follow. One of them undid the zipper on his leather jacket and pulled it down. The other yanked his tee-shirt out of his pants, sliding his hand up underneath. His pants were being unzipped; a hand began to fondle his sex. His head went back as the tee-shirt was bunched up under his chin. Lips explored his chest, his nipples as he felt his sex being exposed to the air. Hands moved down his thighs to his calves. A velvet mouth enclosed his hard sex and began surrounding it with an enthusiastic tongue.

Dino moaned softly, his eyes flashing red in the darkened corner. He placed his hands in someone's hair, urging his sex deeper into his throat. The other one pinched and teased his nipples, then lowered his mouth to one.

Suddenly, a sensation shot through his body, a sensation of alertness. He stiffened and pushed the two protesting men away from him. Joey. Moving his head, he scanned the room. He took a quick intake of breath. There he was. So, he had come looking for him.

Dino pulled down his tee-shirt and adjusted his sex back into his pants. With a slow smile, Dino ran his hand over the two men who were waiting. "Come," he whispered, walking out of the shadows and into the light. They followed obediently.

He focused on the stripper on the stage and silently he told him to get off.

Immediately the man collected his clothing and stepped down off the platform to scattered applause.

"Follow me," Dino said to the two men. "Continue what you started with me, up there. Let's give them a show."

The blond grinned deviously. "You're a wild man. I like that."

"You have no idea," Dino told him, stepping up on the stage with the two of them on his heels.

As soon as he was on the stage, he was met with whoops and hollers. Men left what it was that they were doing to gather round and watch the show.

* * * *

Tyler was in the bathroom when he heard the commotion. He hadn't heard it that rowdy here in a long time. He walked out into the room. His eyes widened suddenly. Bryce! To all appearances it looked like Bryce, except if it was possible, this man was even more beautiful. It might have been his eyes, or his hair which seemed longer and shiny. Whatever it was, it was evident from the reaction in the room that it was addictive. But what in hell was he doing up there?

Dino was now more than aware that Tyler Rose was standing among the onlookers. He didn't have to invite the two men to resume their prior activities; the blond one was already stripping off his jacket and his tee-shirt, while the dark haired one pulled his zip back down and fell to his knees.

Tyler bristled. God damn him. What in hell was this all about? Was he trying to punish him? Okay, so you hate me, so you want me to suffer. You've made your point.

But, my love, I haven't even started to make you suffer, came the reply in his head.

The words settled into his mind as if he had spoken them out loud. Tyler swallowed something hard in his throat. Nothing is making me stand here. I can walk away. But even as he thought it, he knew that he wasn't going anywhere.

He watched now as the man on his knees enthusiastically sucked his cock. And who could blame him? The other was behind him now, running his hands over his chest, brushing his sex across that incredible ass of his.

Dino's head was back. He closed his eyes. It wouldn't do for people in the crowd to see his eyes, although he doubted that anymore was looking at his eyes. Dino pushed the one on the floor back now, giving the crowd a view of his erect cock.

The crowd let out a collective moan.

Dino smiled. He motioned to the two men to take off their clothes, which they quickly did. Pushing them both against the wall, he directed the dark haired one to place his hands above him over his head. He roughly pushed his legs apart and then took the belt from his pants and tied his wrists together.

Tyler sucked in some breath. Already his cock was as hard as rock. He licked his lips as other men in the crowd silently masturbated.

Dino knew what this was doing to him. Slowly he ran his hands down the length of the body in front of him. He reached out and pulled the other one closer. Forcing him to bend over, he began to stimulate him with his fingers causing him to moan out loud. With his other hand, he tormented the other one's sex.

The two men were moaning with abandon.

Dino suddenly looked right at Tyler. He actually leered at him. Then suddenly he released the man's wrist and took his place against the wall. The men secured Dino's wrists above his head and then began to make love to every inch of him.

Tyler felt himself moving. He pushed his way through the crowd. He bounded up on the stage and before anyone could react, grabbed one then the other of the two men and shoved them away.

One fell backwards, caught in the arms of some very ornery men in the crowd. The other grabbed Tyler and the fists started to fly.

Dino lowered his hands, easily getting loose from the belt that was placed haphazardly around his wrists. He put his pants back on, then with his arms folded across his chest, he stood back and watched the fight.

He couldn't help but smile. Tyler was no fighter, but then neither was the other guy. It was a ballet of hit and misses.

Finally, the manager came tearing up on stage. He did a double take when he saw that one of the men was Tyler Rose. "Break it up, you two," he barked.

The naked man picked up his clothes and scurried off the stage.

Tyler looked over at the manager.

"Tyler Rose, you should be ashamed of yourself," he chastised him. "A man in your position, making a fool of yourself over..." he cast Dino a look.

Dino suppressed the urge to laugh as Tyler gave the man a murderous look and wiped some blood off his lip. "Go back to managing your club before I close down this...this...sleaze pit."

"If your grandfather was alive," the man sputtered.

"Well, he's not. And like it or not, I'm the

reason this club even stays in business," Tyler glared at him.

The manager lowered his head and quietly walked away.

Tyler then turned to the rest of the crowd. "There's nothing left to see here, so just go back to whatever you were doing!"

People in the crowd slowly began to go off in different directions.

Tyler turned around now to look at the man standing in the corner. His heart ached to look at him.

Their gazes met.

The expression on Bryce's face was unreadable.

Tyler sucked in some breath, anger bubbling to the surface. "Thanks so much for the show," he sneered, wiping at his mouth again.

"Glad you enjoyed it," he replied, bowing his head.

Tyler took a step towards him. He let his gaze travel over him. He had always been beautiful but now there was something else. There was this intoxicating sexuality about him that was so intense it made Tyler feel light headed.

"It comes with the territory," he said deeply.

"What does?" Tyler blinked.

"Intoxicating sexuality," he murmured.

"You...how did you...? You can read my thoughts?"

He nodded.

"Then it's true, you are a...?"

"Vampire," he whispered, his gaze settling on the blood that was sitting on Tyler's swollen lip.

Dino leaned down and picked up his tee-shirt and jacket. The song, "Let me get into your skin," began to pump out of the speakers. The dance floor filled with people.

Tyler's gaze followed him as he silently brushed past him and moved across the room. Oh no, he wasn't getting off that easy.

He bounded off the stage and followed him. The relief from the music seemed almost painful when he reached the outdoors. For a second, he thought he was gone, but then he saw him, leaning against the wall of an adjoining building.

They stood just a few feet from each other.

Dino had put on his tee-shirt. He held his jacket in his hand, squeezing the material in his fist.

"You tried to kill me the other night," Tyler managed, not able to take his eyes off of him.

He lifted an eyebrow. "If I had wanted to kill you, you'd be dead."

"You were in my room," Tyler accused.

"You wish," he scoffed.

"Stop being such a smart ass," Tyler snapped. "I guess I should know."

"I thought about it..." he sighed, his handsome face half hidden in the shadows.

"You did more than just think about it. I have the marks to prove it," Tyler told him, moving aside his sweater to show him.

He didn't seem interested. "It wasn't me."

"Then who was it then? Are you trying to tell me that there are still vampires in Ruby City?" Tyler demanded.

"I am the only vampire in Ruby City," he told him.

There was a silence.

"I was going to kill you," he told him without emotion, "but I think there might be better ways to punish you."

"Killing me softly, like you did tonight?" Tyler looked down at the ground.

"Um, did I succeed?"

"What do you think, Bryce?" Tyler asked bitterly.

"Dino. Bryce is gone," he quipped.

Tyler shook his head. "Bryce is part of you."

"What do you know about it?" he growled. "Do you know what it feels like to be me?"

"No," Tyler said softly, "but I see the same man, somewhat altered but..." Tyler threw up his hands. "You're right; I have no idea what I'm talking about. All I know is that Thor believes I was some kind of mistake that kept you from your destiny. He doesn't believe in our eternal love."

"Well, apparently you and Thor have

something in common then,” he said, his deep voice as cold as ice.

Tyler gasped as he saw his eyes glow red for a second in the darkness.

“Scared?” he asked, taking a step closer.

He could see him now, and all he felt was love and desire. He wanted to touch him, even if it meant it might be the last thing he ever touched. Tyler shook his head. “No. I’m not afraid of you. You need to hear me, Bryce.”

“Dino,” he replied softly. “When you left me on that planet, you left Bryce behind. You left me to the mercy of those creatures and they took my life. They made me this,” he hissed. “You made me this.”

“No,” Tyler shook his head, tears in his eyes. “I had no choice but to leave you. Thor said you were one of them already, that you couldn’t leave the planet. I never betrayed you, my love. I...”

“My love?” he mocked, raising an eyebrow. Then he uttered a cruel laugh. “When that prick had me in his grasp, you were there, you and Ethan. You told me you loved Ethan, you told me you...”

“I thought I could save you,” Tyler cried out. “Ethan made me say that. If I hadn’t gone along with him, he was going to kill us both. Surely you don’t believe that I would have chosen Ethan over you...especially not after what we’d shared the

night we were captured?"

"Don't even speak of that," he said between clenched teeth. He paused for a moment, than in a motion not even visible to the human eye, he lunged for him.

Tyler felt himself in his iron clad grip. His breathing grew shallow as Dino pressed his hard body close to him, one hand held him around the throat. He saw his jaw open, saw the pointed tips of his fangs emerge. It was the most erotic and terrifying thing he'd ever seen in his life.

"If you're going to kill me, then do it." Tyler looked up into his eyes, which were glowing faintly in the moonlight. "But I have always loved you, whatever name I have called you by. And I will continue to love you, in life, or in death. If you can look at me now, and not know this, then you have never truly loved me."

He was shaking. The tears were running down his face.

Dino met his eyes. Then he leaned his face forward and gently licked the blood off his lip. The wound began to heal. He hesitated a moment, then stepped back.

Tyler searched his face. He ran his own tongue over the place where his had been. "I love you, Dino. I've always loved you, through this life and all the others we've shared."

Suddenly he said, "I know that."

Tyler let out a sound that resembled a sob. He held out his arms. "Then come here and let me hold you."

"It's not that simple anymore," he said, moving his head from side to side.

The wind began to blow fiercely around them now. A drop of water spattered onto Tyler's head. "Of course it's simple. We love each other. What can be simpler than that?"

"I'm not mortal anymore, Tyler. I'm a creature in an age where I should be extinct."

Tyler blinked. "No one needs to know."

"The others know," he said, moving closer. "And if you stay with me you will be in danger."

"From who?" Tyler asked him, reaching up to touch his face. "You'd never hurt me."

"Not me," he said softly, closing his eyes as Tyler caressed his cheek. "Thor. He is jealous of you."

"Thor?"

"But I thought you said...?"

"I sent him away. He's gone for now. The other night he tried to kill you."

Tyler gasped, moving backward. "Then it wasn't you?"

"I told you," he said, searching his eyes. "How could I kill you? Even if you did betray me, I..."

"But I didn't."

"I know that now. I felt it when I was near

you," he said, finally drawing Tyler into his arms.

Tyler closed his eyes as he let his arms tighten around him. "You are saying that Thor could try it again?"

"Um," he nodded. "Not could, he will, especially if he knows we are together."

"Because he wants you for himself," Tyler's jaw tightened.

"It's a bit more complicated than that."

Tyler smiled up at him. "I think you like to make things complicated, my love. It's old fashioned rivalry as far as I'm concerned. He wants you and I have you."

Dino laughed. "Something like that. But like you and I, he believed that we are destined to be together. And they consider me to be their leader."

"I know." Tyler hugged him closer.

"And being what I am now...well...it won't be easy," Dino told him, stroking his hair.

"Make love to me," Tyler said softly, burying his lips in his neck.

"Here?" He laughed.

"No," Tyler replied, stepping away from him. If he stayed in his arms like that for much longer they would be making love right here. "I have to go back to the sky patrol office and collect my shadows," he grinned. "Come to me later tonight. I'll leave open the..."

"There's no need." He gave him a knowing

look. It began to rain.

Tyler gave him a quick kiss on the mouth.
“Don’t keep me waiting too long.”

* * * *

Dino nodded, lifting a hand as Tyler ducked back inside the club and made his way to the parking spaces on the roof.

For a long time, he stood there in that alley, rain coursing down his face. Of course his heart felt lighter knowing that Tyler hadn’t betrayed him after all. He was angry at Thor for having manipulated him like that. But he was not completely optimistic about his future with Tyler. Nothing was the same anymore. He knew that if Tyler was going to be safe, tonight would be the last night they would spend together.

LOVE MOST BITTERSWEET

Tyler made sure that the bodyguards saw him safely tucked into his room. He told them that he didn't want to be disturbed under any circumstances. "I'm exhausted and I want to sleep. I'll call for you if I need you," he said.

They went off on their merry way.

Tyler lit candles around his huge four poster bed, giving the room a dreamy look. He took off all his clothes and then lay down, closing his eyes. "I'm going to dream you until the very moment I can touch you," he whispered.

"I've been waiting for you, Joey," a deep voice said.

Tyler smiled, snuggling down into the pillows. "I'm here."

"I know," the voice said, "and so am I."

Tyler's eyelids flew open. He sat up. There he was, standing in front of him, his long hair damp and windblown, his leather jacket in his hand. "Bryce," he said softly. Then swallowing, he licked

his lips and said, “Dino.”

Dino dropped the jacket on the floor. With one hand he swept back his long black hair whose silky weight felt somehow unfamiliar to him. He smiled at him, running his hot gaze over his nakedness. “You’re ready for me.”

“Oh yes,” he whispered, getting up on his knees and crawling down to the edge of the bed. “Baby, am I ever ready for you.”

Dino laughed. “Joey,” he whispered, his eyes glowing faintly in the candlelight.

Tyler sat back on his heels. “Take off your clothes. Do it slowly,” he told him.

Holding his gaze, he reached for the bottom of his white tee-shirt and pulled it over his head. The thick hair fell back over his forehead.

Tyler reached out for the tee-shirt and buried his face in it for a moment, inhaling his scent. His chest was rock hard, his pectorals deliciously carved, the waves of muscles in his biceps and across his abdomen rippled as he twisted around to reach for the snaps on his leather pants which ran down his muscular thigh.

Tyler smiled almost tenderly at him as the long luxurious black hair fell across his chest, teasing his stiff brown nipples. He couldn’t wait any longer. He came off the bed and began to help him with the snaps.

Dino grinned at him. “I thought you said you

wanted me to do this slowly?"

"I can't wait anymore," Tyler groaned, tearing at the snaps, his erection brushing across one of his leather clad thighs.

"It was like this with that leather contraption you were in, remember?" Dino met his gaze as Tyler finally tore the last snap away and began to pull the pants down over his luscious ass.

Tyler laughed. "You remember," he said, leaning over to remove one of his boots, then the other. As he did, he felt Dino's hand move over his buttocks. He swallowed, tossing aside the boots, then pulling off the pants.

As soon as he stood up again, Dino pulled him into his arms. He lowered his mouth to his and kissed him deeply, his tongue moving around his in a slow and tantalizing dance. His hands slid over his buttocks again, squeezing them with the palms of his hands. He knew what he could give him tonight, something no mortal love could. He wanted to go slowly. He wanted him to always remember it.

Tyler's hands tangled themselves in his hair. Beautiful. And Dino's hands were driving him wild as they moved over his ass. Then he felt Dino move away from him. He gave him a playful push and he landed on his back on the bed.

Dino crawled over his body, looking down at him. "These nipples," he said softly, lowering his

mouth to cover one of them. He teased it gently with his tongue, letting his hand play over Tyler's rock hard penis.

Tyler raised his hips in invitation, his head going back.

Dino knew what he wanted. This time he didn't need ropes. He lifted both his hands above his head and held them there with his mind. Rearing back on his haunches, he spread Tyler's thighs with his hands and secured his ankles.

Tyler moaned, trying to move, only to find he couldn't. He gave Dino a curious look.

"You are completely in my power," he whispered. "You can't move until I will it. Tonight I promise you, I will give you your ultimate fantasy. I will give you the most powerful orgasm you've ever had in your life, over and over again. And then I'm going fuck you all night long."

With him looking into his eyes like that, Tyler could hardly breathe. From his perfectly sculptured body to his beautiful bottomless brown eyes, he was the most incredibly awesome sight he had ever seen. And the words that were articulated by that deep seductive voice of his were enough to make him cum right now. How he had managed to put him in this position without actually tying him went to the back of his mind as he heard him say, "You can't make a sound. I have silenced you. So, calling for help will not bring

your bodyguards. I have come from the Planet of the Dammed. I've come to ravish you. You are mine to do exactly what I want with. Protests will only increase my lust."

Tyler closed his eyes. His ability to read his mind meant that every thing his body and mind craved tonight would be his.

He moaned as his tongue came down to suckle one of his nipples again. "I love your nipples, Tyler," he whispered, gently tugging on the other. "Um, they taste delicious. They are so brown and stiff, sensitive little nubs of pleasure."

Again, Tyler moaned, his hips moving upward, his cock hard, aching.

He played again with his nipples, stretching and twisting them, then ran his tongue down the length of his body.

A vampire. He was a vampire who had come here to play with his body and fuck him. To be completely at the mercy of this beautiful yet deadly creature was setting his entire body on fire.

His hands were caressing the insides of his thighs now, being careful to avoid his sex, coming just close enough to tease, then moving away again.

He felt something tight now around the head of his cock, then moving downwards to the base. His cock was being bound. He tried to cry out but no sound was audible.

“Beautiful,” he heard the voice say softly. “Your cock is so hard Tyler. It’s standing up straight, erect, on display for the pleasure of my eyes. Your cock belongs to me. Your tight little ass belongs to me, even your mind belongs to me because I can read your every thought.”

Oh God...oh God.

“God won’t save you this night, Tyler,” he whispered, taking his testicles in his hand and gently fondling them, then letting his teeth graze the sensitive flesh there.

My love...you know exactly what I want from you this night. I’m about to lose my mind with lust.

He heard his soft laugh as he ran the palms of his hands over his chest, his stomach, his thighs. Then reaching over to the side table beside the bed, he picked up a bottle of scented oil. “Um, what’s this?” He warmed the bottle between his hands. When he was satisfied that it was warm enough, he poured some into his hands.

Tyler smiled as he smelled the musky oil. It wafted over to his nostrils, invading them.

He moaned inwardly as Dino’s hands began to massage the oil into his nipples.

Oh you know I love it when you play with my nipples.

The sensuous feel of the oil being massaged into them caused his entire body to spasm. The

binding around his cock tightened either from the pleasure he was experiencing or because Dino deliberately made it tighten.

His slippery hands slid downward to his stomach where he massaged it deeply, framing his hands around his sex, and then moving to his testicles.

I'm going to explode. I don't think I can take anymore. My entire body is on fire.

"Oh but you will take more," Dino breathed, moving his lips to his testicles where he licked and sucked on the skin. "You will take it until I decide otherwise, slut."

Again, Tyler felt his cock move of its own volition.

Oh, I am a slut. I'm your slut, you beautiful sexy man. Do what you want to me. Call me your slut again. I love it.

"I know you do, whore, my wanton renegade," he whispered, coming up beside him and kissing the side of his cheek.

Suddenly, Tyler felt his legs spring up into the air. They were being held as if by invisible hands, pushed backwards so that his sex was standing straight up in the air and the cheeks of his buttocks were spread open.

Oh my God. Are you going to rape me, vampire?

Tyler tried to lick his lips. He couldn't open his

mouth.

"It's what you want, isn't it, slut?" he replied softly, while he slowly poured more of the fragrant oil into his hands.

Oh no, not there. You're not going to massage that oil there, are you?

"Up into that tight little needy hole of yours?" Dino whispered. "If that's what I want to do, I will," he said, beginning to move his hands over the cheeks of his ass now.

Tyler's entire body trembled. His aching bound cock bobbed back and forth. His nipples were aching again for his touch. Yes please.

"What? Beg me and maybe..." he trailed off with a soft laugh.

Yes, baby...yes...do it...I'm going out of my mind. Touch my nipples again, play with my cock. It aches. I'm on fire.

Dino imposed his body between his legs and tongued his nipples gently.

Harder, rougher. You know what I want. Stop teasing me.

He used both hands now and pinched his nipples, causing Tyler to go into spasms. He pulled and tugged on both of them, then bit each one gently while slapping his cock roughly back and forth.

Mercy...mercy... Arrrgggggggggg!

Moving down, trailing his lips over his flesh as

he went, his oily fingers moved to his opening. When one of his fingers moved up inside of him, Tyler's entire body went rigid. Dino could hear his deep groan even if it was silent. He inserted another slippery finger up inside of him, then another, pausing now and then to play with his bound cock and massage his testicles.

Tyler felt completely helpless being bond like this with his legs over his head, his mouth sealed, his cock contained. The lubricated fingers moving inside of him were giving him the sensation of orgasm after orgasm, yet he had not ejaculated. At one point his entire body went into spasm for ten minutes straight. He felt the effects of it in the roof of his mouth.

Tears of euphoria were on his cheeks. He was being spread open more. He felt the fingers move out of him. Then he looked up into eyes that were glowing faintly red in the dark. Long silky hair fell around him. His mouth, no longer invisibly sealed fell open.

For a moment Dino looked down into his eyes, his mouth opened, the fangs exposed themselves, diamond sharp; they seemed to glow in the semi darkness of the room.

Tyler literally swooned looking at them. "Sexy..." he murmured.

His mouth came down and captured his. He raped his mouth with his tongue, biting softly at

his lower lip.

“Do you love me, Joey?” he asked him, moving his cheek against his.

“Yes, oh my God, yes,” he told him, his hands aching now to touch him. But he couldn’t. He was still pinned down against the mattress.

“I’m going fuck you now,” he told him, licking his lips. “I’m going to fuck you hard and fast. Are you ready, my wanton lover?”

He moaned. “Do it, take me.”

Lips moved down over him again, careful to spend a second or two suckling his nipples. He felt the pressure around his cock slowly release itself, sending waves of exquisite pleasure through his organ.

His legs were pulled back even more, taut, spreading him wider. It didn’t seem possible.

A tongue darted across his opening, causing him to draw in a ragged breath. Then deeper it went. He cried out several times, then finally he felt the head of his cock pocking him there. He held his breath as he felt it pushed inside him, inch by inch, sinking deeper, filling him like he’d never been filled before. As he went in and out of him, he played with his cock, squeezing it, slapping it, until Tyler felt himself explode with a thunderous orgasm that caused his teeth to rattle.

Then again he felt him inside of him. Tyler exploded with lust again and again. Then he felt

himself being turned over and lifted up above the bed.

His mouth at his throat, his hand pulling back his hair as he pumped into him, harder and harder. Tyler cried out again as he felt his teeth sink into his throat; closing his eyes as the blood flowed down his shoulder and over his chest.

Dino turned him around in his arms and tenderly followed the trail of blood with his tongue.

Tyler wrapped his arms around him, sighing with contentment at being able to touch him. He wasn't afraid.

He was being lowered down to the bed again. He landed on his back, Dino on top of him.

"You're exhausted," Dino told him softly, kissing his forehead, his nose, then his lips. "Sleep now."

Tyler looked up into his eyes and touched his lips with his fingertips. "You're beautiful. I want to touch you."

Dino lay on his back and smiled at him. "I don't know where you get the energy."

Tyler leaned down over him, letting his gaze trail over his beautiful body.

Slowly he raised his hands over his head. "I know what you want, Tyler."

Tyler grabbed both his wrists, raising them higher. "Leave them there."

His eyes sparkled devilishly. "Yes, Master." Tyler began to kiss every inch of his body, pausing at his sex. He looked up and swallowed. "It's bigger."

"What?" He opened his eyes suddenly.

"Your cock, it's bigger," Tyler said, lifting it with his fingers.

"Obviously, with you playing with it like that," he moaned.

"No, it's...there are differences and of course, the lovemaking...well it was..." Tyler didn't have any words for it.

Dino sat up.

Tyler yawned a little, suddenly feeling that exhaustion Dino warned him about.

Dino pulled him down into his arms. "Go to sleep, my love, you are very tired."

"I know but I want to..."

"The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," he said softly, stroking his hair.

"It was wonderful. You were wonderful," Tyler murmured. "How did you do that? How did you give me all that pleasure and...?"

"It's because I don't have the limitations of a mortal man."

"But I do," Tyler frowned. "It would be so much better for you with a vampire, wouldn't it? With...Thor? He could give you..."

Dino sighed. "Tyler," he said, "I don't love

Thor. I love you."

Tyler nodded, stifling a yawn. "I love you too," he mumbled, snuggling down into his arms and closing his eyes. He was almost instantly asleep.

* * * *

A little while later when Dino finally found the strength he needed to leave him, he gently pulled away from his warm sleeping body. He leaned down and kissed his mouth lightly. "I love you, Joey. I will always love you but we can't be together anymore. Everything has changed. I must go and join the others and you must stay here. It's the only way I can think of to keep you safe." His heart was aching. He ran his fingers over the place where he had drank the blood and the marks disappeared. He closed his eyes. The sun was minutes away from rising in the morning sky. He had just enough time to make it. Hastily, he put on his clothes and then opened the window. He gave Tyler Rose one last look of longing, and then made for the sky.

ANNIVERSARIES OF PAIN

That morning when Tyler opened his eyes, he knew that it was going to be hard to get through this day. He walked into his office and shut the door, leaving instructions that no one was to disturb him. Although the staff didn't understand why he did this each year on this date, they knew better to disturb his solitude.

Sitting in his office, he looked around him and sighed. Ten years. It had been ten years now since he had last seen Dino. He remembered the moment like it was yesterday. He had opened his eyes, feeling happier than he ever had in his life. He was gone. There wasn't any note, no explanation, nothing. And there had continued to be nothing from that day on.

He had fallen into a well of sadness, certain that he would never be able to crawl out again. But the responsibilities he had to run Ruby Miracle wouldn't wait. He went through each day like a robot, becoming more and more like the man he

said he'd never be, Jack Rose.

In the day, he went about mechanically doing the tasks that were required of him. He led a chaste joyless life designed for a man far older than he. But at night, the dreams came, fraught with memories of when he was a lusty and passionate vampire who couldn't wait to completely possess his lover, the young vampire Dino.

He lived for the night because in the day, he was as near to dead as any corpse could be.

After it became clear that Dino was not going to come back to him, he had done everything he could to find him. He had even sent soldiers on what he called exploratory expositions, telling them to search for "unusual life forms," never going as far as mentioning the word vampire. They came back reporting nothing.

He remembered that last night, the night he had fulfilled his deepest fantasy, the night he had told him he loved him. Then, after giving him everything, he had left him to suffer, left him longing for something he could never again have, left him unable to find sexual satisfaction with any other lover. He had condemned him.

Now after all this time, he was bitter. He had carried the hope with him for years that he would return. He never did. He now believed that Dino had toyed with him that night. He had decided to

punish him in the worst possible way because of what happened to him on that horrible planet.

This morning, after awaking from yet another erotic dream where he was allowed no release, he had made a decision. He was through protecting him. Let the chips fall where they may.

Dino was somewhere with Thor, that golden angel who could satisfy his vampire lust in a way he never could. He would be damned if while they wallowed in sexual ecstasy, he would suffer in a chaste hell. He was Tyler Rose. He was master of the galaxy. He was through being his victim.

THE MISSION

Seth Murdock had left the Sky Patrol six years ago to join the military. He was now a high ranking officer, based in Ruby City. Since Tyler Rose had taken over; the military and Sky Patrol had merged, making it easier for people to transfer from one to the other.

This afternoon, he was surprised when his phone buzzed ordering him to go directly to the Ruby Mansion for a meeting with Tyler Rose.

He was a little nervous when he arrived. It didn't help that the staff seemed a bit on edge as well.

Ryan Fulton, now Tyler's personal assistant, eyed Murdock a little suspiciously before he was told that Tyler requested him. Tyler always acted weird on this date. He usually wouldn't see anyone.

Murdock followed him down the huge hallway with its thick red carpets, adjusting his hat as he went.

Ryan stopped in front of Tyler's office door. He knocked, running his gaze over Murdock. Too good looking for his own good, this one, and he knew it.

"Unless it's Murdock, forget it," a voice bellowed from behind the door.

"It's Murdock," Ryan said.

Suddenly the door flew open. Tyler stood there. He cast Ryan a look. "Alright, go away."

Ryan sighed and walked back down the hall.

Tyler ran his gaze over Murdock and told him to come in.

Sitting behind his desk, Tyler motioned to Murdock to sit down.

"Sir," he said, taking off his hat and taking a seat. He looked at Tyler Rose. Physically, he hadn't changed at all in ten years. Then again, with the Ruby Miracle, the aging process was much slower. But there was a definite change in personality. He was staunch and serious. In fact, he looked sad.

"This is a top secret meeting that I've invited you to. Is that clear?" Rose said stiffly.

"Yes, Sir."

Tyler looked at him again. He was good looking enough, although as hard as he tried he couldn't picture him with Dino. "Did you enjoy it when the Commander fucked you?" he asked him.

Seth Murdock's blue eyes widened. "I beg your pardon."

"Oh give me a break, Murdock." Tyler rose from the seat and came around to where he was sitting. "You wanted him from the moment you saw him, just like I did. He's gone now. We can be honest."

He cleared his throat. "I...it was once in the back of the police vehicle and..."

"So you did lie to me that time?"

"No, it was after..." he stuttered, "after he came back."

That bastard! "Really? How interesting. And you still dream about it," Tyler sneered.

He bit his lip and fell silent.

Tyler regarded him for a moment, then said simply, "Take off your clothes."

"What?" he blinked.

"You heard me, take them off."

He stiffened, not moving.

"I'm your Commander in Chief, Murdock. If I want to see you with your clothes off, I will. Don't worry; I'm not going to ask you for any sexual favours. I gave that up years ago."

"You gave up sex?" The words tumbled out of his mouth.

"That's right," Tyler eyed him, motioning for him to stand up. He went to take his seat behind his desk again. "Take them off."

Seth stood up hesitantly. Slowly, he took off his shirt, then his boots and his pants.

Feeling very uncomfortable, he stood there naked.

“Drop the clothes and turn around,” Tyler told him without emotion.

Seth Murdock slowly turned around. He was beginning to think the rumours were true. Over the last few years, Tyler Rose had lost his mind.

Tyler eyed him almost clinically, deriving no sexual pleasure from seeing him naked. He had a nice body over all, slender, some nice muscle tone, an average sized penis, a nice ass, firm, curvy.

“Alright,” he said, turning his face away, “get dressed.”

Seth Murdock quickly put his clothes back on.

Tyler leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes. It didn’t make any sense. Nothing made sense. Seeing Seth Murdock without his clothes didn’t change anything. It didn’t make it any easier to accept the fact that Murdock had been in Dino’s arms perhaps only hours before he had.

Tyler suddenly realised that Murdock was standing there now, waiting for him to say something.

Tyler told him to sit down. “You know that I have sent the military on a few assignments looking for unusual life forms,” he began.

He nodded. It was one of reasons some people

thought that he had lost his mind.

"Actually, I was expecting you to find a particular life form. I now know that the information I withheld was the reason you came back empty handed."

So that was it. Rose was sending them on another wild goose chase.

"A long time ago, I gave Commander Carter a file containing information about vampires. When she went back to serve as information officer on Sentra, she returned it to me. It is sensitive information." He reached over on his desk and handed Murdock the disk.

"Vampires," he repeated, taking the disk between his fingers.

"Yes. Perhaps you recall the rash of murders we had, ten years back or so."

Murdock nodded. "Of course. But they didn't last long."

"That's because the vampires left the city." He leaned forward. "Did you know that Bryce Donovan was one of them?"

"One of what, Sir?" Seth inquired, narrowing his eyes.

"Bryce Donovan is a vampire. Actually, he's the leader."

He wanted to laugh, but he didn't dare. He looked down at his boots. "I see."

Tyler didn't take note of his reaction. Instead he

stood up and started to pace. “Ever wondered why he suddenly left the city and no one has seen him since?”

“I just assumed that...”

“Find him,” Tyler barked. He didn’t care if the whole damn world thought he’d lost his mind.

“Bryce Donovan?” Seth repeated dumbly, fiddling with his hat.

Tyler sucked in some air. “That’s right.”

“Perhaps he left a forwarding address when...”

“I told you,” Tyler snapped, “Bryce Donovan is a vampire. Vampires don’t have addresses. He goes by the name of Dino now. It was his name a long time ago.”

Seth was speechless.

“I know you don’t believe me. It doesn’t matter.” He shook his head. “For years I’ve protected him. Now I want him captured and brought to me.”

Seth tried to make sense of what he was saying. “You say he’s the leader of the vampires?” Seth managed now.

“That’s right. He was predestined to be their leader and now he rules alongside Thor, another vampire who...” He paused. “It doesn’t matter. I want a platoon of three hundred readied for the search.”

Seth’s jaw dropped. “Three hundred...” Seth began. “Sir, if I take that many soldiers, it will

leave the planet vulnerable to attack. In all fairness, Bryce Donovan is one man and..."

"He's not a man. He's a vampire. He has the strength and intelligence of ten men. He won't be so easy to capture. In fact, you will need to take a special drug with you, the only drug that can subdue a vampire long enough for him to be taken."

"Surely Bryce would come in on his own if you..."

"No," Tyler shook his head. "I've waited ten years for him to come back, ten years to this day." He looked off for a minute.

Seth wasn't quite sure what he was saying. It seemed as if he wasn't even talking to him anymore. "Sir? May I ask what Bryce Donovan is being accused of?"

Tyler brought himself back to the present situation. His patience was waning. "He drinks blood to survive. Isn't that crime enough?"

"I will have to speak to my superior officer and..." Seth held up a hand.

"No. You don't speak to anyone," Tyler warned him.

"You really expect me to take a platoon of three hundred men hunting for vampires without even...?"

Tyler stood up. "I will make sure your superior officer stays out of it. Study the information on

vampires I gave you. When your soldiers are ready, I will make sure they are given the specialised weapons. Kill the others, but bring him to me. And remember, these are not mortal men you're dealing with. To kill them, you will need to behead them, then burn the bodies."

Seth made a face as he got to his feet. The disk Tyler Rose had given him felt awkward in his hand. "When would you like us to leave, Sir?"

"As soon as possible," Tyler told him. "And Murdock, you are to report only to me. I want to be informed of your every move."

"I understand, Sir."

"And," Tyler added, "don't fail."

Seth swallowed. He wasn't sure he liked the look in his eyes.

On the way out, he shook his head gravely. The rumours were true. Tyler Rose was mad. He had no choice now but to hunt down Bryce Donovan, who for some reason had done something to really piss Rose off. Worse, he was supposed to be some kind of a vampire. What in hell was going on?

SOLDIERS ON PEACE

It was William Sorrow who stood in front of Thor at the first sign of dusk. His head was bowed as Thor sat in his huge overstuffed chair and considered his words.

“What are they doing here?” Thor asked him.

Sorrow looked up at him now. His breath always caught in his throat when he looked at him. He seemed to glow with his long white hair that fell almost to his waist and his ivory skin. What he wouldn’t give for one touch from his hand.

“I...I don’t know, Master,” he whispered. “They arrived early this morning. The leaders name is Seth Murdock. He told me his soldiers needed a place to rest. They have been on a mission for almost half a year.”

“Did he say what this mission was?” Thor demanded, his voice sounding cool and calm.

William looked up to see his iridescent blue eyes gazing down at him. “He mentioned a

name...he mentioned a Bryce Donovan. They are looking for a Bryce Donovan."

Thor stood up suddenly. "Did he say where they were from?"

"Ruby City," William replied. "I remembered that because..."

"Tyler Rose," Thor growled, his jaw opening to reveal the pointed edges of his teeth.

William took a step backward.

Thor calmed and then gave William a forced smile. "Prepare the house for a party. Make sure the soldiers are personally invited. I must make all foreign visitors feel at home. Go now. Tomorrow night. Make sure there is food and music."

"Yes, Master." William nodded his head and went running from the room.

* * * *

Thor waited until the others came into the room. They gathered around him, listening intently.

"Shouldn't Dino be told? After all, they are hunting him, aren't they?" Celia asked stiffly.

"No," Thor shook his head. "He chose to go off and live among humans on that wasteland, C-Sixty Seven," he sneered bitterly. "We will deal with the military on our own. Tomorrow night they will attend a party that we will host, a party they won't ever leave."

The rest of them sniggered.

“The drinking rule is off tomorrow night, my lovelies. After the soldiers feast, so then shall we,” he sighed.

C-SIXTY SEVEN

When he awoke, he wasn't alone. He slowly moved his face around to see a man beside him, fast asleep. He ran a hand over his chest and sighed. Rearing up on his elbow, he leaned over him and checked for a pulse. Not that he would have intentionally drained him, but he always liked to be sure.

Dark curly hair, slender, not what one would call beautiful but close enough. They always looked the same. Why couldn't he wake up beside some blue eyed blond?

He drew the blanket down and ran his gaze over the length of him. He had an early morning erection. Nice. He lowered his head and took it into his mouth.

The man woke up, placing a hand in his hair. "Dino," he whispered.

Dino brought him to orgasm, letting the cum wash down his throat. Then he gently pierced the skin with his teeth, taking a few drops of the

precious blood before sealing over the wound with his saliva.

When he brought his head up and smiled at him, the young man's breath caught in his throat. Dino got out of bed and stood up in the dimly lit room. He stretched his naked body for a minute, giving the other man a fantastic view.

"Good morning," the man said.

He glanced at him. "Good morning, yourself."

The man looked around him. "If it wasn't for the clock, I wouldn't have been able to tell. Do you always keep it so dark in here?"

"I can't sleep with the sun shining in."

"There are no windows in this room," he said.

Dino shrugged, wanting him to leave now.

He didn't seem to be in any hurry. Dino waved his hand in front of the wall screen and watched the local news. It was the same old thing, C-Sixty Seven, otherwise known as The Dump, because it was the place where seventy percent of the garbage from the surrounding planets was disposed of; it was a planet filled with criminals. The news paraded a host of human scum and their filthy disgusting crimes. He had come here years ago when Thor decided to take over as ruler of the peace planet and make the inhabitants his slaves. He told him from the beginning it wasn't his trip. So he had ended up here, first of all because it was an ideal place to feed. He could drink from these

creeps guilt-free. One less killer on this planet was doing it a favour.

But then he'd been caught up in the pain of its citizens and he had started investigating and solving crimes. Soon people were seeking him out. He was known as a kind of private investigator. And although the Ruby Miracle helped him to control his thirst and allowed him to tolerate the sun, he still preferred to work at night.

He looked over at the guy in his bed now and sighed. "Do you mind if I ask your name?"

"Gorge. It's a nickname." He grinned.

"Oh," Dino replied. "Well, Gorge, I'm not kicking you out but I have stuff to do today, so..."

He got out of the bed and nodded. "Okay. Can I see you again? It was wild. Let me tell you, I don't think I've ever had sex like that before."

Dino shrugged. "Maybe. Take care," he said, walking into the other room.

Gorge pulled on his clothes, and left.

* * * *

When he first got the sensation, it was later on that evening when he was walking through a deserted alley. It hit him fast and hard. It was like someone had slugged him. Seth Murdock. Now what in hell would make him think of him?

He stopped, looked around him. Seth Murdock

and three hundred men were with Thor and the others on Peace. A man was running down the alley now. A woman screamed somewhere. Dino scanned the alley with keen eyes, then rose upward, landing on the decrepit roof of a run down building. The woman was huddled by a garbage can, hiding. The man was looking for her. He had some kind of a weapon in his hand.

Dino waited until he came into plain view, then jumped, landing directly in front of him.

The man stumbled backwards, startled.

"Give me the weapon," Dino told him.

"Up yours," he flung at him, pointing the sawed off piece of pipe at him.

Dino's eyes flashed red. He reached out for the weapon, grabbing it and throwing it away. Then with one hand he took hold of the man's throat. His eyes widened in fear as Dino squeezed. Then leaning close to him, he opened his jaw, making sure the terrified man saw the pointed teeth. "Say your piece," he whispered against his ear, "you're about to die."

Sinking his teeth into his throat, he drank deeply, then released him. Pulling his body up with him, he deposited him on the roof. After assuring the terrified woman that everything was okay and seeing her home, he came back for the body. "Human refuge," he said softly. Picking it up, he flew with it across the night sky and then

threw it into the garbage incinerator which burned twenty four hours a day.

When he finally hit the ground, that sensation he had before came back. This time it wouldn't leave him alone. Thor, what in hell are you up to?

It was a few minutes after midnight. He could be on Peace in less than a half hour. Although he had chosen to live apart from them, he was still their leader. He still felt a certain responsibility for their actions. Whatever they were doing now was wrong. He could feel it.

When the Peace planet came into view, Dino felt an urgency he hadn't felt before. The grand house that Thor had appropriated for himself and the others when he had decided to declare himself the ruler of this tiny population was all lit up tonight. He could see familiar space craft gathered around. It was definitely Sentra issued military vehicles.

Shit. What in the hell were they doing here?

He touched down just feet from the house and peered in the window. Thor. He was sitting at a long table with several military officers. There was food and drink. Somewhere some gentle music played. He didn't like this at all. Thor!

Don't come here. It's you they are looking for.

Looking for me? What are you up to?

I'm taking care of your problem, my prince. Tonight, we feast.

Dino hissed into the night. No! Release them, Thor, or you will pay. I promise you. I know these men.

Your love, Tyler sent them to find you and bring you back to him. You should have let me kill him that night.

Tyler? He sighed. Damn. He closed his eyes for a minute. Why, after all this time would Tyler send soldiers after him? He didn't believe for a minute that Tyler wanted to hurt him in any way.

Suddenly, he walked into the room.

It was Seth Murdock that stood up when he saw him, pushing back his chair. He had a hard time standing on his feet.

The vampires at the table immediately bowed their heads when they saw him.

Dino scanned the room. The table was filled with liquor, as were the men's glasses. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he said softly, giving Thor a look of caution.

"Bryce," Seth said, coming forward. He looked so beautiful standing there in his red leather pants and black tee-shirt. His long black hair was tied back at the neck. "My God, how are you?"

"I'm fine, Seth, and you?" He said politely, accepting his sloppy hug. He was obviously wasted, as were the others who got up to shake his hand or hug him.

Dino felt a sense of warmth he hadn't for a long

time. These people had been his friends. He realised suddenly how much he had missed them. He glared at Thor. You will not hurt them. They are off limits. Leave now!

The other vampires quickly filed out of the room.

Thor took his time leaving. He issued Dino a cautionary look and said silently, Don't say I didn't warn you. If you get taken, I will not lift a hand to help you.

I've asked nothing of you before this. I'll ask nothing after.

Thor was gone.

Dino concentrated on what the others were saying to him now. They were recalling stories of the past. He laughed along with them, all the time keeping an eye on Seth Murdock, who had fallen silent.

"Tyler Rose has lost his mind," Seth announced suddenly when there was a lull in the conversation.

Dino leaned closer to him. "What?"

"You heard me. He's gone crazy. It's gotten progressively worse the last few years."

Dino closed his eyes for a moment. Then he opened them and met Seth's gaze. "So, what are you doing here now?"

Seth Murdock looked like he was about to cry. "I'm sorry, Bryce," he said, taking out his weapon,

"I have to take you back."

Dino regarded him calmly. "That weapon you have, Seth, won't do you any good."

"Yes, it will," he nodded, and aiming at his forearm, he shot one bullet into him.

The impact of it threw Dino out of the chair he was sitting in.

The other soldiers fell quiet. They all stared at Seth Murdock as if he'd lost his mind.

Seth stood up, looking around him. "I can tell you now, Bryce Donovan was our mission."

Dino tried to lift his head off the floor. The room was spinning. What was happening to him? He looked up to see Seth Murdock looking down at him. He thought he heard him say, "I'm sorry," then everything went black.

NOT SO SWEET REUNIONS

Tyler was sitting with Ryan in the conference room when he was told that he had a phone call on his priority phone. It had to be Murdock. He dismissed Ryan and told him to close the door behind him.

When he was alone, he opened the phone to see Seth Murdock's face. He was in the craft. "Mr. Rose," he said, his voice sounding cool and formal.

"Murdock. What's the news?"

"We have the prisoner," he said.

Tyler's hand tightened on the receiver. "Is he alright?"

"He's fine, so far. He's going to have a sore arm probably. The drug had an immediately effect."

"Is he secure?"

"Yes, Sir, as you instructed. He's in chains and inside a double locked security cage. He has yet to regain consciousness."

Tyler bit his lip. "Are you sure he's alright?"

"He's breathing, that's all I can tell you."

"And the others?"

"We were unable to complete that part of the mission, Sir. The others left the premises and we were unable to locate them. They just disappeared."

"You can explain it to me in detail when you arrive. When shall I expect you?"

"Tomorrow morning, Sir. I will bring him to the place you instructed. May I be permitted to ask what you intend to do with him?"

"No, you may not. Take him directly there and then come to me. I will be waiting."

"Yes Sir."

Tyler closed the communication.

Sitting back in his desk, he closed his eyes. Dino. How I long to see you. How I long to touch you. How I long to...no. He would pay. He would not be swayed by sentiment. He was his now. His torment would end.

THE ROOM

Tyler watched Seth Murdock as he paced up and down in front of him. “Say it, Murdock, get it out of your system.”

“Is being a...vampire...his only crime?”

“No,” Tyler replied.

“He was a great man, Mr. Rose, a war hero. He wasn’t even here in Ruby City. Why did we have to hunt a...?”

Tyler stood up. “This is between Donovan and I. I take full responsibility for what happens to him. Forget about it. Is he in the room?”

“Yes.”

“Is he still inside the cage?”

“Yes,” Seth swallowed.

Tyler nodded. “Good. Go now.”

Seth took one long last look at Tyler Rose, then headed for the door.

“And, Captain,” he said, “I know people think I’m insane. I assure you I’m not.”

Murdock nodded at him and left the room.

* * * *

Dino opened his eyes and tried to focus on his surroundings. He recognized the room immediately. He had brought Tyler here years ago, a couple of times. The last time they were here together, they had made love. He remembered every second of it. In fact, he hadn't forgotten anything about Tyler Rose in all these years. The pain of loving a man he could never have, weighed heavily on his heart.

He tried to move, but then realised that his wrists and his ankles were chained together. And he was in some kind of a cage, like an animal.

When the lights went on, his eyes flashed red. His body tensed like an animal ready to pounce. He tried to sit up but was having some difficulty. His head felt heavy and unclear. He hissed.

Tyler walked across the room. He tried to control the emotion that gripped him as his gaze first landed on him. He looked exactly the same. His broad muscular chest heaved now with apprehension.

Dino's eyes narrowed, not sure who they were looking at. Then he calmed. "Tyler," he said.

Tyler couldn't speak for a moment. He forced the tears back and swallowed the pain.

"Tyler," he said again. "What...why...what am I doing here?"

"You are a dangerous creature," Tyler replied tensely. "I have a responsibility to protect the galaxy."

He narrowed his eyes. "I can't believe..."

"Can't believe what?" Tyler lifted his chin, coming closer to the cage. "Can't believe that I would do my duty as the supreme leader and have you captured?"

His jaw fell open. He was serious. "What's happened to you?" he whispered.

"You," Tyler gave him a cold smile. "You happened to me."

"But I left to..."

"Yes, you left," Tyler said bitterly. "You left after giving me everything I'd ever secretly desired. You left without even so much as a goodbye. You left me knowing that no lover could ever satisfy me after that."

He didn't realise he was screaming until Dino said, "Calm down, Tyler."

He was shaking. Ten years of frustration and pain ripped through him like a surgeon's knife.

"I can explain," Dino began.

"I don't want your explanations. Your actions spoke for you. You didn't say goodbye and you never came back. I waited and waited, thinking that surely you meant what you said to me that night. You said that you loved me."

"I do..." he whispered, closing his eyes. "I do

love you, Tyler, more than you know."

He laughed.

That hurt. Dino winced. He saw the look on his face. He knew that nothing he could say at this moment would make any difference. "Now what? What are you intending to do to me?"

"First you will satisfy this ache you left me with. Then, when I'm through with you, I'll give you to the science lab to experiment on."

"Dead, or alive?" he asked, lifting an eyebrow.

Tyler paused. He didn't expect that. It was humour, so typical of him. It brought back so many memories.

"That depends," Tyler said, struggling now to hold on to the edge of his anger.

"On what, Tyler?" he asked him, his deep voice silky and seductive. "On how well I satisfy that ache you mentioned?"

Tyler glared at him. "It's too early to say."

Dino cocked his head. "When do I get to satisfy this ache of yours?"

"I wouldn't be so anxious if I were you," Tyler told him hotly. "You will simply be an instrument of pleasure. I plan to use you. Don't think I'll give you anything in return."

He leaned back in the cage. He had given up trying to sit up. "Even the slightest touch of your hand will give me the entire world, Tyler."

"Give it up, Vampire," Tyler sneered. "Your

charm is wasted on me.”

Dino smiled. “I don’t think so.”

“Still cocky as they come.”

“Do you plan to feed me?” he asked him. “Or will you starve me? I won’t be much use to you without any strength.”

“I’ll get you what you need.” Without another word, Tyler turned around and left the room.

Dino smiled. I need you, Tyler. I’ve always needed you, and always will.

A few minutes later, three bodyguards entered the room. When he saw the gun pointed at him, he knew they intended to drug him again.

Without a word, one of them fired and a bullet whizzed through his shoulder. That hurt like hell. He growled at them.

It took a few minutes for his eyes to close. He thought of Joey. His face blurred with that of Tyler’s. He smiled. You can do anything you want to me, but touch me, he whispered in his dream. Touch me.

* * * *

Tyler entered the room a few hours later and nodded in satisfaction. They had done exactly as he’d instructed. He had begun the design on this room the minute Seth Murdock had left on his search for Dino. Three weeks ago, the engineers

had finished building it. No one asked what it was for.

The room was adjacent to the very room where Bryce had taken him over ten years ago at his grandfather's request. It was a relatively small room and totally soundproof. At first glance, there appeared to be nothing in the room but iron clasps hanging from every angle and a long table, just big enough for a person to lie down on. But the panel that was installed on the side of the wall made it into a virtual sexual playground where someone could be displayed at all angles and switched into various positions without ever having to be released from their constraints.

In the corner of the room was a closet which was stocked full of every conceivable sexual apparatus ever invented. Further, with a touch of his finger, he could slide back the walls to reveal full length mirrors.

Dino was still out from the drug. He was fully dressed, his arms spread out at his side and secured by his wrists to each side of a movable wall. His legs were spread wide, his ankles shackled and connected to rings which also extended from the wall.

Tyler had made sure that the chains were extra strong.

He walked over to him. His head was slumped forward on his chest. Tyler reached out and

touched his hair. His hand was shaking as he stroked it. Tears came to his eyes. He chastised himself, withdrawing his hand.

He wrapped his arms around him and buried his face in his neck. He held him tightly, squeezing his body closer to him, then released him. He turned away. Take hold of yourself, Tyler. Remember how he left you.

But I left you because I love you, Tyler. I wanted to protect you.

Tyler glared at him. "You're waking up, it seems."

Dino lifted his head. "Yes. I'm groggy. That drug you keep shooting me with leaves my head feeling heavy." He moved his head around, eyeing the chains on his ankles and wrists. "So, what is this?"

"I made it especially for you," Tyler said softly, reaching out and running a finger down his chest.

"How nice," he said.

Tyler walked over to the panel and pressed a button.

Dino looked over his head to see the ceiling become a mirror. Then he felt his legs being pulled further apart. He looked at him again. "Is this supposed to scare me?"

Tyler shrugged. "Personally, I don't give a damn." He took a pair of cutting shears out of his pocket. "Especially for leather."

"It appears you are well prepared," he replied, licking his lips. "But I suggest you feed me. I'm hungry."

Tyler eyed him. "And if I don't?"

"I'm liable to break these constraints and suck you dry." He met his gaze.

Tyler felt a hot flush move over his body. His cock did something he hadn't felt it do in a long time, it began to throb.

Dino smiled at him. "That turn you on, Tyler?"

Tyler gave him a dirty look, then left the room.

A few minutes later he came back with a glass filled with blood. "Will this do?"

"Is it human?"

"Yes. It came from the blood bank."

He nodded.

Tyler brought it over and held the glass to his lips.

He drank it greedily.

When he took the glass away, a drop of blood lingered on his lips. Tyler watched his tongue dart out, sweeping it away.

He moaned inwardly, and put the empty glass aside.

Dino smiled seductively at him. "Horny as hell, aren't you? Do you want me, Tyler?"

Tyler pursed his lips. "You shut up. I'm in charge. Don't talk."

"Anything you say," he grinned.

“This is not a joke,” Tyler snapped.

Dino met his gaze. “I know that, my love.”

“I’m not your love,” Tyler told him.

Dino fell quiet and waited.

Tyler moved forward with the shears. He leaned down and cut up the length of one leg of his pants, then straight through up to the waist. One half of his pants fell away revealing the white bikini underwear he was wearing. His sex swelled up over the waistband. He tried to ignore it, but irresistibly, he brushed his hand against it as he cut down the other side to his boot. The pants landed in a heap on the floor.

Dino looked down at him. “Are you going to buy me a new pair of pants?”

“No. You won’t be needing them,” he whispered, his eyes now filled with a definite tint of lust.

“That’s clear enough,” Dino replied.

Tyler leaned down again, running his hands up over his muscular calves and then to his thighs. He stood up. He was wearing a black tee-shirt that definitely had to come off. He put the scissors aside.

With both hands he ripped the tee-shirt up the center. He stood back again, obviously enjoying himself. He licked his lips. “God, you’re so beautiful,” he hissed between his teeth. “I should make some sort of law against that. You could

make someone lose their mind.”

“And have you lost your mind, Tyler?” Dino asked him.

“Don’t speak,” Tyler told him, reaching out to pinch his inviting brown nipples.

Dino’s head went back. He sucked in some air as Tyler continued to tug on them without mercy.

Tyler moved one hand down to his cock now. He lifted it completely out of the underwear and stood back to admire it.

With his nipples and cock hard like that, Tyler could no longer contain his own desire. He opened his pants and withdrew his aching cock.

Dino’s hot gaze caressed it. “How long it’s been since I’ve been able to look at it. It’s beautiful,” he whispered. “Tyler, I love you.”

Tyler raised tear-filled eyes to him. “You left me. Look at me. I’m helpless. Even with you tied up like that, it’s me who is the prisoner.” He threw his arms around him and sobbed against his chest.

All he could do was rub his chin against the top of his head. “Tyler, Tyler,” he said. “Listen to me. I left because Thor wanted to kill you. It was Thor that night who came to you and if I hadn’t stopped him, you’d be dead. I knew you’d never be safe if I stayed with you. And how can we be together? I’m not...I’m a vampire.”

“Then make me a vampire too,” Tyler looked up at him, pleading. “I hate this life. I never

wanted this. I'm miserable without you. Dino, I'm losing my mind."

"I..." he began but Tyler didn't give him the chance to answer. He pressed his mouth against his and kissed him deeply.

Then stepping back from him, he took his sex in his hand and fondled it with such tenderness, Dino moaned deeply in his throat. "Tyler." Ripping the underwear, Tyler threw them aside. "I can't wait anymore." On his knees, he took his sex in his mouth, making sounds of pleasure as he tasted him.

Dino's head went back, his legs bracing himself as he thrust his hips forward.

He felt Tyler's hands move around to his buttocks. His fingers kneaded the flesh there as he continued to pleasure him with his mouth. He released his sex and stood up, quickly discarding his clothing as Dino watched him silently.

Walking over to the closet of treasures, he withdrew an electronic wand that changed shapes with a press of a switch. He showed it to Dino and smiled softly at him. "I plan to torture you."

"So it seems," he replied dryly.

Stopping by the panel, he pressed a switch which caused the room to be surrounded by mirrors. He pressed another which caused Dino's legs to rise upwards off the floor, the constraints adjusting themselves at a higher level on the side

of the wall.

"You got to be kidding." Dino laughed.

Underneath him now, Tyler ran his lips over his buttocks, reaching around to play with his cock. Then roughly he began to prod him with the sex toy. "I know I may not be able to give you what a vampire can, but this will. This will fuck you for hours in a variety of different ways."

Tyler masturbated as he watched Dino's face and body contort in the mirror on the ceiling. So sexy. As he continued to impale him with the toy, his erection jutted upward, his tongue darted out across his lips, his eyes changed a variety of hues, from gold, to green, to amber, to blood red. At one point, his jaw opened, revealing those pointed incisors.

Leaving the toy inside him, he went to the panel. He lowered it some so that he could touch him more. Coming around to the side of him, he looked down into his face. He kissed his cheek, his chin, his mouth, his neck. He touched his chest, his nipples, ran his hand over his stomach, his sex. He forgot all about the sex toy. He wrapped his arms around his waist and laid his head on his chest.

"This is torture?" Dino whispered.

"Damn you," Tyler said, stepping away from him. He took the sex toy out and turned it off, throwing it aside. "You didn't even cum."

"It's not a plastic toy that's going to do it for

me, Tyler.” He smiled at him and then winked.

“You’re impossible,” Tyler said.

“I know, and that’s why you love me so much,” he replied simply as Tyler walked over and pressed the button that would lower his body to the floor again.

“I don’t love you. I hate you,” Tyler told him, half seriously.

Dino laughed.

Tyler folded his arms across his naked chest and lowered his head.

He looked like a small boy suddenly. “Why don’t you release me so that I can give you what you really want?”

Tyler looked up at him. “So you can escape?”

“I might not escape, at least not before I drink your blood and ravish your body.”

Dino’s gaze shifted to Tyler’s sex. It stiffened significantly.

Tyler knew where he was looking. “That’s not fair.”

“I never promised to be fair. Besides, I’m the one in chains.”

“No,” Tyler shook his head sadly, “I’m in chains. Don’t you think I know you could break those any time you wanted to?”

Dino lifted an eyebrow, obviously surprised. .

“But I can’t get rid of mine. They’ve been with me for ten years.”

"Come here, Tyler," he said. "Come here and let me kiss you."

Tyler came closer. Dino pressed his lips against his and gave him a soft kiss. Then he said against his mouth, "I don't know how to keep you safe. I couldn't stand it if something was to happen to you."

"But it won't," Tyler said. "I'm surrounded by people. I have an army at my disposal...I..."

"Tyler," Dino sighed. "That won't stop Thor. You remember that night he almost killed you in your room."

"Yes, and you saved me," Tyler told him.

"But, Tyler..."

"Then make me what you are," Tyler pleaded, running his hands down his flanks.

"I..."

"I was one once. I was Joey, right?"

He nodded.

"You can bring Joey back. Bring him back, Dino. Maybe that's what was meant to be all along. Maybe we keep meeting in different lives because we are meant to be immortal. Have you ever considered that?"

Tyler kissed his chest now, running his tongue over each succulent nipple, than reaching down to fondle his sex.

Dino moaned. "I want to fuck you." With one motion, his hands were free. The chains lay broken

on the floor.

Before Tyler could react, he grabbed his hips and turned him around. "Your turn," he said, moving his teeth along the tender skin of his throat. Grabbing both his arms, he pushed them up above his head. "You won't be able to move them anymore," he whispered.

True enough, it was if his wrists were caught over his head.

Dino's hands moved down over his flesh now. "Oh, Tyler, Tyler," he moaned against him. "I need to touch you like this. I need to run my hands over your chest, play with your nipples, fondle your sex. I want to feel you squirm like that in my arms, moan against my skin. Tell me you're mine."

"I'm yours, oh yes...yes..." Tyler moaned, his head going back against his shoulder as his hands roamed freely over his body. He was on fire, his nipples tingling with pleasure, his protruding sex rigid with need.

When he felt his sex moving inside him, he let out a series of continual moans, his chest heaving with pleasure as the vampire's hands continued to wring sensation from his over-stimulated flesh. When he felt the first stab of pain, it mingled with the pleasure, causing him to sigh deeply, run his tongue over his lips. The blood that ran down his chest and over his left nipple only served to

increase his literal swooning.

Dino stepped out of the chains that held his ankles, bringing Tyler's body against the wall so that he could thrust deeper into him. Then he lifted them up until he had Tyler on the table above them. Pulling him up to his knees, he continued to thrust, causing Tyler's body to convulse with ecstasy.

Do it. Do it, my love. Bring us back together, the way it was meant to be. Two immortals, eternal souls... for the rest of time. Do it. You have the power.

Dino bit deeper into his flesh. He continued to thrust in and out of him until he felt his body go slack. He turned him over. There was a smile on his face. He leaned down and licked the blood from his neck. Then lifting his still engorged sex, he drew his nail down the length of it. Blood rushed to the surface. Bringing his sex to Tyler's lips, he let the blood drip into his mouth. A few seconds later, Tyler's tongue emerged and began to lick the head of his cock.

Dino sucked in some breath, closing his eyes. "Yes," he urged. "Take it."

Tyler's mouth opened and eagerly, he took his sex in his mouth, sucking deeply on his blood. After a few minutes, Dino felt himself weakening. He was about to pull away when he exploded into his mouth. A powerful orgasm shot through his

body which caused him to fall backwards, practically toppling off the table.

Anxiously, he checked to see that Tyler was breathing. He was. And after a few minutes, he noticed that his hair had taken on a brilliant sheen. His skin seemed softer, and more radiant.

Dino opened his mouth and there were the points of his teeth in the retracted position. He sat back. He was filled with a mixture of relief and regret.

He curled up beside him, wondering if he had done the right thing. It was clear that being apart was too painful. It was driving Tyler mad, and he hadn't even realised what it was doing to him until he saw him again. He couldn't stay with him under the constant threat that Thor might get to him. At least now as a vampire, he had a fighting chance. And maybe Tyler had been right. Maybe it had all been leading back to this, back to where it had started.

Curling up next to him, he wrapped his arms around him and slept.

THE PAST IS THE FUTURE

When his eyes opened, he was looking down at him smiling. "I knew you could do it, young one."

"Joey?" He blinked, trying to sit up.

"Oh no, you don't," he said, running his gaze over his chest. "You're not going anywhere until you give me what I want."

"Let me guess what that might be," Dino grinned as Joey leaned down and kissed his lips.

"We're in the right place for it. That Tyler knew how to dress up a room. Back in our day, I used to use whatever I could get my hands on to tie you up."

"Um, I remember," he laughed. "But surely you're not as insecure now."

"No, I'm secure, but the thought of you tied up and submissive heats my blood."

Their gazes met. Dino laughed out loud. "I think Tyler was much easier to manage than you are."

He laughed. Lowering his head, he trailed his tongue over his nipples, then dipped down lower until he tasted his sex, his balls. "You fed me from your sex," he murmured, licking at the head of his cock.

Dino's legs moved a bit on the slab.

Joey placed a hand on one to silence it. With a grin, he sat up and said, "Let's see what kind of delights Tyler had here."

Dino sat up and grabbed his arm. "Wait. Are you okay? I mean, you must feel strange or...?"

"I feel wonderful," he said, looking into his eyes. "I'm right back where I belong, with you."

"But Joey, do you know where you are?" Dino asked him. It felt odd to him.

"Of course, my love. We are in the future. I was Tyler Rose. I have his memories."

Dino nodded.

"Don't you want to play?" he asked mischievously.

Dino grinned, "Of course." Then curiously he said, "Tyler loved it when I dominated him. Joey loved to dominate me. So, what am I in for now?"

"How about both?" he whispered, his gaze raking him.

Dino shook his head. "You know I don't have much choice. I'm putty in your hands."

"Um, and what nice putty it is," he said, flicking his thumb over his nipple. "You know, I

will have to take some time to explore every inch of your hard muscular body," he said softly. "It's been a long time."

Dino lay down on the table. "Be my guest." Joey jumped off the table. He investigated the panel for a moment. "I remember this one," he said and pressed the switch.

Dino felt his arms being pulled upwards and his legs being stretched apart. He laughed as Joey came back and floated up above him. "Um...luscious. Are those nipples hard enough, you think?"

"Do you expect an answer?" He laughed.

"You know what I can do to you, don't you?"

"Oh yes," he said, "I know."

Dino didn't notice the clamps in his hands. He quickly opened one and then closed it on his nipple. The pressure there caused his hips to move forward.

"Um," Joey licked his lips, studying the movement of his hips. He opened the second clamp and fitted it on the other nipple, only to get the same effect.

Dino saw Joey's eyes flash red.

"Aroused?" Dino taunted.

Joey looked down at his own sex and then met his gaze. "You are my perpetual hard on. How can I not be? Look at you. A beautiful naked man lying there on the table, unable to move, his

nipples clamped, his beautiful thick sex erect. What do you expect?"

His hand slipped down to his sex now and encircled it. Squeezing it a few times until the precum was visible, Joey hovered up over him and spread himself over it. "I want you to impale me, my fierce young vampire. Move your hips so that I feel your hot and thick rod inside me."

Dino licked his lips as he felt him slide down over top of him. His head went back, his jaw widening as his teeth exposed themselves.

Joey leaned over and touched them with his fingers.

Dino bit down on one, sucking the blood as he pumped up inside of him.

Joey threw his own head back now, slamming up and down on Dino's hard sex.

ETERNAL SOULS

Commander Carter of Sentra military base listened to Seth Murdock's story for the third time. She still wasn't sure what to make of it. "So you say that Tyler Rose is holding Bryce Donovan hostage and that he believes him to be a vampire."

Seth sighed. "Yes," he said, exhausted. "I tell you the guy's gone nuts. I think he had a thing for Bryce and when Bryce left, he went insane. Did I tell you he made me take off my clothes in his office?"

"Yes, several times. I can talk to Tyler Rose if you want but, Seth, there is no precedence for...I mean, we can't just remove him from his position. It's an inherited position and..."

"I'm worried about Bryce. I mean, I think Rose had me believing in vampires with all this..."

Carter nodded. "I'll go in to see Tyler, find out about this."

"You'll have to make up a story. If he finds out I told you...well..."

"I'll be discrete," Carter said.

* * * *

At the same time Carter was making ready to head for Ruby City to check out this wild story of Seth Murdock's, Thor was preparing to rescue his prince from the clutches of Tyler Rose. "I know what I said," he told the others who recalled his promise that he wouldn't lift a hand to help him if he got captured. "But he is our prince. I go."

Once in Ruby City, he knew instinctively that Tyler Rose was with Dino. What he wasn't sure of was whether Dino was a willing hostage or not.

When he arrived at the Ruby Mansion, Thor noticed the military craft on top of the roof in a parking space. He held back, waiting.

* * * *

It was almost six in the evening when the buzzer went off inside the room where Joey was still riding Dino.

He groaned with anger when he heard it.

Dino picked up his head and asked him what it was.

"An emergency. It has to be. I know Tyler didn't want to be disturbed unless it was urgent when he was in here." With a wink, he ran his

gaze over Dino's naked flesh, adding, "And who could blame him."

Dino shook his head as Joey lifted off of him. "Don't move. I'm not finished with you yet."

"Who can move?" Dino protested.

Joey laughed. "I know you could if you wanted to. You just don't want to." Pressing the button, Joey said, "Yes, what is it? This better be good."

"It's the military commander from Sentra. She says it's urgent."

Joey sighed. "Alright, I'll be right there."

Dino was standing beside him now. "What is it?"

Joey gave him a knowing look. "That was easy."

He grinned.

"Carter wants to see Tyler. Probably Murdock told her I was holding you hostage here."

"I'll come with you. We'll convince her it was a misunderstanding."

Joey nodded. "Alright, but then we come back here and you finish what you started."

Dino grabbed him and kissed his mouth. "I didn't start it but I will finish it."

They both laughed, as they dressed.

Joey looked down at the pinstriped pants and cable knit sweater he had on and made a face. "Is this the executive look these days?"

Dino laughed. "Looks like Tyler will be getting

a new look soon.”

“Tell me about it,” Joey said as they made their way through the hallways to the main part of the mansion.

It was Dino who grabbed Joey’s arm at one point and indicated to him to be quiet.

* * * *

The hallway was dark, but Dino could hear movement. Thor.

“Just came to see if you are alright, my prince,” he said, coming out of the shadows.

Joey stiffened. His lips drew back over his teeth in a snarl.

“So, you transformed him. That won’t save him,” Thor announced.

Dino put Joey behind him. “I won’t let you touch him, Thor.”

“Mr. Rose,” a woman’s voice suddenly called through the darkness.

Dino sucked in some breath.

Thor turned towards the voice. “Fresh blood,” he whispered.

“No,” Dino said, lunging forward, he grabbed Thor by the throat and they flew up into the air.

* * * *

Startled, Carter withdrew her gun just in time for Joey to grab her arm and drag her through the hall and into the main part of the house. He cast one look back over his shoulder before he closed the door and they were inundated by light.

"What in hell was that?" she demanded, her breathing erratic.

"Nothing to worry about," he tried to smile. "My bodyguards are training for a possible attack. Please sit down, Commander. What can I do for you?"

"I just came to see if you were alright, and ask you about Bryce Donovan."

"Bryce Donovan," he repeated.

"Yes, apparently, people have seen him in the vicinity."

"Undoubtedly. He's here with me," Joey told her.

"With you?"

"Yes. We are together, lovers. Didn't you know?"

"No," she said.

"Well, that's it. Would you like to see him?"

"Yes."

"Wait here, I'll see if he's...ah..."

Just then the door opened and Dino stood there. Somehow he had managed to get his hands on one of Tyler's bathrobes.

"Commander," he said with a smile. "What a

pleasure.”

“Donovan?” She stood up. “My God, it’s you.”

“Yes. It is. Were you worried?”

“I...well someone told me that...you were... well it’s not worth repeating.”

Thor? Joey asked Dino with his mind.

Gone for now, but he’ll be back. We have to leave here, Joey. I know it’s a lot to give up but...

I hate this place. Tyler hated it too. We’ll leave tonight. I’m not worried about Thor.

There’s more.

The Commander was speaking now, saying that she had taken up enough of their time and would be going.

They shook hands and watched her take her leave.

* * * *

Closing the door of the office, Joey placed his hands on Dino’s shoulders and looked into his eyes. “What?”

“Thor has made others. He considers himself the self-declared leader of the vampires. Since I won’t join him, he considers me his enemy, especially you. For some reason, he despises you.”

“That’s simple,” Joey kissed his mouth gently, running his tongue along one lip then the other. “I have what he really wants, you.”

Dino took his hand. "And I have what I really want, you," he said, reaching over and kissing his mouth deeply.

Joey had to force himself to pull away. "Keep kissing me like that, hunk, and we won't leave here until next week. Let's get into a craft and set course for some place no one's ever heard of. Let's do what Tyler always wanted to, go exploring."

Within minutes, they were in the craft. "Take us someplace far away and mysterious," Joey said into the computer as Dino got behind the controls.

He reached over and took Dino's hand as the craft lifted off the parking space. Joey searched his beautiful dark eyes and saw love there. Their mouths joined in a long and sensuous kiss as the craft vaulted into the night sky. It didn't matter where they ended up, as long as they were together.

* * * *

On the ground Thor, along with several others watched the craft zoom into hyperspace. "Joey," he said, his mouth twisting, "enjoy his body while you can. He won't be yours very long. He was destined to be mine, and destiny won't be denied."

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

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