



D.J.
MANIY

MARRY ME
OR DIE

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MARRY ME OR DIE

BY

D.J. MANLY

CHAPTER ONE

Silus stood in the middle of the square, awaiting the announcement. He scarcely dared breathe. Everyone knew the hour was coming. Not everyone was prepared for the consequences. In the last few years, Silus had read anything he could get his hands on about the culture of the Monostones. Only a handful predicted doom and gloom when the transition of power took place. Most ignored it until the last minute. Now, that minute was here.

Historically, due to an agreement forged generations ago between two warring nations, power changed hands on his planet every five hundred years. In his lifetime, he had only experienced living under the Trey regime, which promoted a very liberal, socialist philosophy and encouraged people to live as they liked. Because they had never experienced anything but this regime on Laden, a planet identical to earth, most people naively believed that everything would stay the same when power changed hands. But

Silus knew differently. He'd warned people about it for a long time. Maybe people thought he was talking crazy.

The roots of the Monostones culture were deeply moral. As a people, they had evolved somewhat since their beginnings. However, at the core of the Monostones lay the belief that human beings were meant to spend their lives in monogamous relationships. Those who rebelled against monogamy were seen as deviant criminals who constituted a distraction to loving, loyal couples.

On Laden, many people were in long term relationships, but there were breakups from time to time and there were men and women like himself who didn't believe humanoids were meant to be faithful to only one person their entire lives. Love was a social construct, which could only make you miserable because you could never attain those high ideals attached. Silus was a staunch member of that group. He'd seen the destructive side of love and he had no intention of getting himself into that stuff.

The new emperor was speaking now on the large screen, making his address to the people. He was a pleasant looking man who assured the population that their lives would not change in any way. "In fact," he lifted his hands up in the air, "your quality of life will be improved under

our guidance.”

“You see, you panic for nothing,” someone poked Silus in the ribs. It was one of his work colleagues at the Educational facility where he taught courses in technological efficiency.

Silus looked at Devon. He’d been married for ten years and was always complaining that he didn’t get enough sex. That’s one problem he didn’t want to have. Sex was important to him. And variety was the spice of life. “He’s not finished,” Silus said, “wait for it.”

Devon shook his head.

“We as a people have watched the degeneration of this planet under the watch of our predecessors. We will ensure people on this planet are protected from perspective interlopers who may seek to distract their loving spouses from their family duty.”

“Here we go,” Silus muttered under his breath.

“Therefore, under our first mandate, we are hereby giving all single individuals, eighteen years or over, one month to find their mate.”

“What?” Silus cried out loud.

“If at the end of that period, a citizen over that age is found to be uncoupled, this state of un-attachment will be considered a criminal offence. That individual must report to the government where he or she will be judged and punished. Depending on the circumstances, the accused will

face either hard labour of an indefinite period or in exceptional cases, death.”

Silus was speechless. Okay, he knew that they were going to be in trouble with this regime, but he never guessed in how much trouble.

“And remember,” the emperor continued, “we know who you are. Now, the government is prepared to make all effort to help you in your quest for a mate. We will be setting up matching centers all over the city. Please come in and fill out the computer cards. We’ll do all the work for you and find you the most compatible of life partners. There should be no reason that anyone of you go to jail.”

Devon’s hand was on his shoulder now. “I’m sorry, guy,” he said, “looks like you’re in deep shit.”

* * * *

Crash listened to his father respectfully. He lowered his head to hide the scowl on his face. He couldn’t believe that his father was being so bull headed. He was thinking like the ancients. The other planet they lived on didn’t have such rules. “Dad, it’s antiquated,” he told him. “Not everyone lives in a couple. People should have the choice.”

“Single people are a threat to the fabric of society. They have no investment in it. They are

threats to those who choose to live decently, providing opportunity for unfaithfulness.”

That was the answer he got, always well rehearsed, just like a politician. But recently, his father’s politics were hitting close to home. He was single. “You are eighteen, Crash,” his father told him the other day, “find your life mate.”

“Dad, it’s not that easy.” He wanted to live a little, sow his oats so to speak. He’s never met any man he wanted to spend eternity with.

“Do the computer test like everyone else and meet your matches. You can choose.”

Yuck. How horribly unromantic. “So are you going to put me to hard labour, too?” He sneered.

“You are a citizen. I will not show favouritism,” he said. “I am the ruler now. I have inherited this responsibility. We must set an example. You are obligated to find your mate.”

That freaked him out a bit. He knew his father. He was a man who was true to his word. He would not risk being publically humiliated by an unwed son.

* * * *

As time wore on, Silus spent every free moment trying to convince his single friends not to cave in and do those ridiculous computer dating tests. But they were all terrified. “If there are enough of us

that resist," he told them, "we can fight them. We can protest and..."

"Silus," one of his single friends told him, "we can't fight it. We're going down. Face it. Besides, who knows, maybe the love of my life is inside one of those computers."

Silus rolled his eyes. "That I doubt."

Two weeks later, he was in shackles, being led down a long hallway to a waiting cell. It was like a nightmare. Inside the cell were about twenty other men, all talking at once, excited, frightened, some of them hold outs like himself, others, unlucky.

Silus slid down on the floor of the cell. He'd fought them to the end, even managing to give the soldiers the slip a few times. Finally, they'd caught up to him. Now he'd be judged and sentenced. He closed his eyes, listening to some of the men talk. "They say it's like a resort," one of them said. "You just sit around all the time."

"I heard they make you lift heavy objects all day and you have to carry them from one place to another. Damn, I should have gone to one of those stupid centers. How bad can it be, one partner for your entire life? Hey, want to marry me?"

"Sit down and shut up," Silus told him. "You're giving me a headache."

* * * *

"Me judge them?" Crash echoed. "Why me?"

"It's time you took part," his father said from his desk. "Besides, I'm too busy with interplanetary policies right now to deal with trivial stuff."

"How do I know if they're guilty or not?"

"They're all guilty, son, they're single. I want you to determine if they are willing to rehabilitate themselves. If yes, place them in camp A where they can meet their mates and be released. If not, it's hard labour and for the real bad cases, get rid of them."

"What are the real bad cases?"

"In their files it will estimate the number of sexual partners they've had. Anything over two is considered bad. Read the literature."

Crash sighed. With that criterion, he'd be swinging from the noose himself already. He wondered how they knew about the number of sex partners. "Was there self reporting?"

"Some did admit how many, but with others we have statements from witnesses and former sex partners. And the computer has done a profile, which means we do a prediction."

"These witnesses, what if they are just disgruntled lovers, Father? What if they want revenge on the person and they lied?"

"Just use what you have," he said impatiently. "Stop over analysing everything. And Crash, did

you fill out the information in the computer system to find your mate? Time is ticking away.”

“Not yet, I haven’t had time. I don’t know what to say on those things.”

“Well, get with it. You have a month. Already people are talking. You must find your mate, Crash. Don’t embarrass me.”

“I won’t, father,” Crash sighed, motioning to two soldiers, indicating that they should accompany him to the hearing chamber. With a sigh, he sat down behind the large desk and clicked on the computer screen in front of him. “Okay,” he said, “bring me the first prisoner.”

* * * *

The day dragged on in the jail cell. Silus asked the guards several times about his right to a phone call. “I want to see a lawyer. I have a right to.”

“Those rights have been suspended,” the guard finally told him. “Now shut up. If you’re lucky, you’ll stand trail today, if not, you will have to wait until tomorrow.”

He’d sunk back down into that little corner and tried to sleep, but that was next to impossible, what with all the chaos around him. He had already had seven marriage proposals. When the guards finally came for him, the prisoner coming out of the room said to him, “Don’t worry, just act

like you want to reform and you'll go to the holiday prison. Lot's of action there. One big party."

Silus just stared at him, stumbling some when the guard pushed him into the room. He blinked when he walked in. There was a big spotlight in the middle of the barren room. Up front was some kind of podium and desk. He couldn't see who was behind it, but he knew someone was there. For a moment, everything was silent. He waited.

"Guard," a voice said, male, obviously young, "leave us."

The guard nodded and left the room.

"Silus," the voice spoke, "I like that name."

Silus scowled. "You like my name?"

"Um. Silus Daniel Phelps. I see you're twenty-four years old, six two, one eighty, dark hair, dark eyes."

The voice seemed to fade out. Silus folded his arms across his chest. "You do realise that what you are doing here is barbaric."

"Yes and it's about to get more barbaric. Take off your clothes."

"What?"

"Your clothes, get them off, everything. Naked. Now."

"Why do I have to take off my clothes?"

"Because I said so."

"And if I refuse?"

"I'll send for the soldiers and they'll do it for you. They'll rip them right off you. It's better if you do it. Now, go ahead."

With a sigh, Silus took off his shirt, his pants, underwear, shoes and socks. He held them awkwardly in front of him, perplexed.

"Throw them over there on the floor."

Silus did as he was asked. The way he saw it, he didn't have much choice, did he?

Again, silence.

"Hello," he said, shielding his eyes against the glare of that light. "I believe I have a right to counsel. Why have I been denied the right to a phone call?"

"You have no rights. You will do what we tell you. Do you realise that you are a candidate for execution?"

"Just fucking great and why's that?"

"The computer almost busted a component on your file. It says you've had too many lovers to count, all men. So you prefer men I take it."

"You tell me. You seem to know all about me. And what great authority told you I have had too many lovers to count?"

"It's in your file. Apparently, many of your former lovers were eager to testify."

"I bet."

"Not only that, the computer estimates how many lovers you've had based on many variables.

It's accurate without a margin or error of point six. Computers today are —"

"You needn't explain. Computers are my job."

"Oh, yes, you're right."

"And I know all about statistical probability. One can prove any thing with numbers."

"So why don't you believe in love, Silus?"

Silus sighed. "It's bullshit."

"So you'd rather die than marry?"

"I'd rather not set myself up for a big deception."

"I see. Would you be willing to go to the matching center and enter your information?"

"No."

"So just how many men have you slept with, Silus?"

"Too many to count, just like the computer says, and secondly, none of your fucking business."

There was a sudden burst of laughter.

"Is this a joke? I don't share your humour."

"Of course you don't. But I assure you, it's not a joke. I find you amusing, not to mention, devastatingly beautiful. You must have them at your feet, these lovers you can't keep track of. I can understand why you don't need to settle for one."

Silus was speechless.

"Put your hands behind your head and turn

around.”

“You got to be kidding.”

“Do as I ask you, pretty boy. You don’t want to piss me off.”

Silus slowly raised his hands and turned to the wall. *Execution? Can I really be put to death for not wanting to spend my life with one individual? It didn’t seem possible.*

* * * *

Crash stepped down from behind the podium and approached the prisoner. He allowed his gaze to move over his shoulders, fine muscled back and settle on the firm, smooth lines of his delectable ass. Umm...this was a man he could stand looking at for eternity. He had been impressed by him the moment he’d walked in the room. Dark and dangerous looking, smart mouthed and sexy as sin. This was a man with experience in bed, idea’s, this was the man he was going to marry. “Turn around,” he said.

“What is this?” Silus asked, his eyes widened a little.

“What do you think? You like what you see?” Crash had un-did the tie on his long blond hair and opened the white robe he was required to wear in the chamber, revealing his naked chest and white briefs. Right now, his cock was in

danger of spilling out of them.

The man in front of him lowered his hands. He was aghast. The look on his face was quite funny.

“Well, since I have your attention, I have a proposition for you. Marry me or die.”

“What?”

Crash smiled. “It seems I’m in violation of my own rule. I must marry. I’m eighteen. I want you. It will save your life and get Dad off my case. What do you say?”

“I told you, I—”

Crash took Silus’s face between his hands and kissed him hard. “How about sex then?” He released him with a hard laugh.

“You’re insane!”

Silus reached down and squeezed his own cock. “Unlike the computer, there is no margin of error where this is concerned. This hard on doesn’t tell lies. And neither, according to my father, do these files. You are a potential home wrecker, Silus, face it, a menace to society, especially with a body like that, and if you can really fuck with that cock, well, there is no creator.” He grinned. “If I’m going to be stuck in a couple, it might as well be with a well hung hunk.”

“Can I put on my clothes now?”

“Sure.” Crash watched him dress. “So what’s your decision?”

“Marry you or die? Oh, let’s see...is it painful?”

“Marriage or the execution?” Crash laughed. “Okay, be cute. You got until tomorrow. If you don’t agree to marry me, I sign your death warrant.”

“Some choice,” he muttered.

“It should be an easy one if you’re smart and I believe you are. Look,” he sidled up to him, “my father will retire soon. I will take his place. When I do, I will strike this law, I promise. And all marriages entered into under duress...”

“And this one would certainly qualify.”

Crash chuckled. “You might say so...anyway, they will be null and void. So this is temporary. Wait it out. But I do expect you to fulfil your conjugal duties.” He swept the length of him with his gaze.

Silus shook his head.

“Is that a no?” He tilted his head.

“No. It’s a...this is fucking unbelievable.”

“So do I hear wedding bells?”

Silus tightened his lips. “Ding, dong, ding,” he said between clenched teeth.

“Perfect, Dad will be thrilled. I’ll have you moved to a suite in the palace. I can’t have my bridegroom languishing in prison, now, can I? Oh, and Silus, my love,” he looked at him, “if you try to take off or wiggle out of this, I’ll cut off your dick. Clear?”

He winced. “Perfectly.”

“And make it convincing. To the outside world, you have been reformed by love. I am your moon, your sun, your...whatever.”

“How sweet.”

Crash called the guard. “Take him to the palace and find him a nice suite.”

“But Your Greatness...”

“Your Greatness?” Silus muttered.

“We’re getting married,” Crash said to the guard. “And yes, Sir Greatness,” he said to Silus, blowing him a kiss. “And don’t you forget it.”

“Am I going to be allowed to?”

Crash laughed.

Just before he left the room, Silus made a feeble attempt of looking like he was sending a kiss back.

Crash almost busted a gut laughing.

* * * *

The suite was a definite improvement over the jail cell, but Silus wasn’t under any illusions that he was a free man. It was obvious that, that punk son of the emperor was in violation of his own sick laws. Why he picked him to get his old man off his back, he’d never know.

Laying back on the soft mattress, Silus closed his eyes. How bad could it be? Mr. Your Greatness himself implied that it would only be a marriage for show and that he’d be happy to annul it after

the emperor retired.

Silus sat back up in bed for a second. The emperor wasn't that old. How many years would it be before they'd be able to end this charade? He shook his head and lay back down. Well, it was better than the alternative. He was far too young to die.

When the door clicked open, Silus's eyes opened immediately. He'd been in one of those light sleeps, alert for any sound. It was Crash. He'd taken off the robe and was dressed quite casually in black pants and a short-sleeved teal-colored shirt. He smiled at him. Under any other circumstances, Silus would have been quite happy to spend the night in bed with this guy. He was extremely cute, not to mention, nicely toned. However, this marriage thing put a damper on that.

"So are you comfortable?" he asked, coming to perch on the side of the bed.

"Not bad. So, did you tell the Emperor about..."

"The wedding? Not yet. I was just about to do that. I'm sure he's not going to be thrilled."

"I thought you said it would get him off your case?" Silus lifted an eyebrow, bringing himself into an upright position.

"Yes, but I did go and choose the most notorious criminal of the lot." He threw his head

back and laughed. "I always did like bad boys."

Silus scowled at him. "I am not a criminal."

He stood. "You are by our laws." He paused. "I don't believe in that law either, Silus, but I have no choice except to respect it. It does have its merit."

"What merit? It limits personal freedom, it condemns people to a life of misery with one sexual partner for the rest of his or her life."

"It also fosters commitment and caring, makes sex a sacred and..."

"Bullshit," Silus replied, swinging his legs over to the side of the bed. "You don't even believe that garbage yourself."

"No, I don't totally, but I suspect it works if the love is true."

"There is no such thing."

"No such thing?" Crash eyed him. "Oh, I think there is. Love exists. But it happens by chance."

"Chance now?"

"Yes. I believe that your own true love is out there, but not everyone is lucky enough to meet them. Like your one true love could be on the other side of the galaxy right now."

"Oh, okay," Silus said with a smirk.

"Smartass. Anyway," he tossed his blond head, "I'm going to talk to my father now. He'll want to make the wedding a huge event so they'll need time to plan. Unfortunately," he sighed, "no sex before the wedding. Sorry."

"I've been meaning to talk to you about that," he said, clearing his throat.

Crash paused on his way to the door. He turned and looked at him. "Now, don't tempt me, Silus, you don't know how much I look forward to fucking you."

"Mr. Great, listen, I..."

"It's Your Greatness actually, but you can call me, Crash, in private."

"Fine. Crash, you mentioned that I'd be freed when your father retired and you took his place...and I was wondering..."

"Freed? You make it sound like a prison sentence," he scoffed.

"Think about it, Great, it is a prison sentence."

He waved his hand. "Technically. But don't say that anymore."

"Whatever. Okay, listen, when exactly does your father step down?"

"He must hand over his power at the age of sixty."

"And how old is he now about?"

"Forty-four."

"Forty-four? Forty-four? I have to be married to you for..." he counted on his fingers, "sixteen years?"

"It will go fast. As my husband, you'll have duties and I plan to keep you very busy with them. Now, what would you like to eat for

supper? It will be brought to you.”

“I assume I’m a prisoner in this room?”

“You assume right. Just until the wedding, yes. It will give you something to look forward to,” he grinned.

The door opened, then closed.

Silus sunk down on the bed with a sigh. *Sixteen years? He’d be almost forty years old by the time Crash let him go. Damn.*

CHAPTER TWO

His father sat silently behind his desk in his private study. His gaze swept the file he was holding in his hand. Crash watched him with anxious anticipation because he didn't say anything for the longest time.

Crash finally took a seat. He wanted this man and for very self serving reasons. He had to marry someone—his father's political reputation depended on it—and if he was going to be stuck in a life long union with someone, it might as well be someone who made him hot. And this guy made him hot.

"Lust is not a basis for marriage," his father said suddenly, flinging the file onto the desk.

It was as if he'd read his mind. "No, but it's a start."

His father looked at him. "Crash, did you have to pick the worse one in the heap. This man is a menace to all decent relationships everywhere. He scored high on the threat to monogamy scale and

he's had more partners than a jackrabbit."

"He's reformed."

"He's scared is what he is. He doesn't want to die. I wouldn't even send a man like that to the work camps. He's beyond reform."

"That's why marriage is the best course of action."

"What if he embarrasses us? What if he's unfaithful? Men like that can't help themselves."

"I told him if he was unfaithful, I'd have his penis chopped off."

"Oh."

Crash grinned. "Can I have him?"

"Isn't there anyone else who—"

"No. I want him. He makes me hard, very hard. It's love."

His father grinned. "Young lust. Okay, fine. It's against my better judgement, but I always vowed I wouldn't interfere with your choice of life partners. We'll have a big wedding. I'll have the documents prepared. Make sure he reads the manual, understands his duties."

"Thank you, Father." Crash stood.

"No sex before the wedding. At least one of you is a virgin."

Crash gave his father a tight smile. He'd lost his virginity long ago. "Father, could you give me an idea when the ceremony will take place."

"Anxious?"

Damn right he was.

"Two weeks. How does that suit you?"

"One week?"

His father eyed him. "I'll try. You are my son. The wedding must be something the public will remember."

"Yes, Father." Crash nodded. "I'll tell mother right away."

"She'll be very happy."

His mother started to cry when he told her. Crash wasn't exactly sure if it was because finally he was fulfilling her dream or if it was because he was marrying a criminal.

"I want to see him," she sniffed, wiping her tears. "Is he very beautiful?"

"Oh yes, he's beautiful," Crash said.

His mother took some of his long blond hair in her hands and kissed him. "He'd have to be. Is he capable of reform, my darling?"

"Mother," Crash said, giving her a meaningful look, "I want him. He wants to live. You know what it's all about. Father thinks its love." He'd always been able to be honest with his mother about things. She, too, thought the monogamy laws were a bit too severe.

"You know I've always believed in true love, but there should be some breathing space for those who don't. I tried to tell your father that if

love is true, no one can tempt the other away. But he won't listen. He is too stuck on upholding the laws of the ancients. I want you to be happy. Will this Silus make you happy?"

"Well, I think he can make me happy," he grinned sheepishly, "where it counts most."

She slapped him, and giggled. "Naughty boy. You are so like your mother."

* * * *

Silus paced the room. He was becoming claustrophobic. Servants brought him his meals, but no one visited, not even Crash. He had been given a huge manual called, *Obligations of the Life Partner*. He hadn't dared open it. He took a shower and was just about to hop into bed when the door opened.

Crash stood there in his long white robe. He closed the door, his gaze running the length of him.

Silus felt naked all of a sudden, even though he had a towel around his waist.

"I've caught you at a bad time," Crash said, "please put some clothes on."

"I'm going to bed."

"Do you sleep naked?"

"Yes, usually."

"Um. I like that. If I was sleeping next you, I'd

run my hands all over your body.”

Silus lifted an eyebrow.

“I need you to cover up. I can’t touch you until the wedding night and it’s a challenge right now.”

Silus sighed. “Okay.” He pulled his pants on under the towel and did them up.”

“The shirt, too, please.”

Silus grumbled something and threw on his shirt. “Would you like me to throw the blanket on top, too?”

Crash laughed. “No. It’s okay.”

“So I see you’ve come from another fulfilling day at work, putting innocents to death.”

“I sentenced no one to death today, Silus.”

“Better luck tomorrow.”

“Be nice. I came to tell you that the wedding is two days away. The announcements have gone up. I pressured my father to move it up.”

Silus nodded. “It will be good to get out of this room.”

“I didn’t do it for that, but that’s an added benefit. I did it because I want to fuck you.”

“That’s clear enough.”

“Yes, I never joke about that. I want it to remain clear. There will be people coming to fit you with your wedding suit. How far are you along in the manual?”

“Ah, well, I haven’t started it yet.”

“What?” Crash seemed outraged. “Silus, you

must read it. You will be expected to answer the question, say the vows by heart. The public believes this to be real. The media is hailing this as a fairy tale romance."

"Fairy tale romance? You got to be kidding. It's more like a nightmare. Shotgun romance, maybe?"

Crash's face hardened. "I'm saving your ass, Burton. Don't you forget it!"

It was the first time he'd used his last name.

"Don't you want to know what you're getting yourself into?"

"I think I already do, Mr. Your Highness."

Crash clicked his tongue. "You better have a smile on your face the day of the wedding. The entire galaxy will be watching. You'd better not embarrass me. Remember what I said I'd do to you if betrayed me."

"Yes, cut off my penis, but you might want to wait until after the wedding night."

"Why?" He shrugged. "I can always use just the other end. You have a pretty nice ass as well."

Silus swore under his breath.

"Start reading, stud." Crash turned and left the room, the door slamming behind him.

The next few days were brutal. Between tearing his eyes out reading all that commitment crap, tailors came to pin and prick him all over. The suit they'd made for him was beautiful however, a

deep royal purple velvet with black trim on the collar and sleeves. The shirt was a shimmering gold with a ruffled collar.

On the morning of the ceremony as servants played with his hair and shined his shoes, the Emperor himself made an appearance. The servants bowed as he swept into the room, dressed in his most elegant robe.

"Silus Burton," he said, coming closer, his gaze taking in his appearance, "are you nervous?"

Nervous? He was petrified. Not only was he doing what he vowed he'd never do, he was having to pretend that he liked it, a lot. "A little," he muttered.

"It's amazing how fast you and my son fell in love."

"Yes, amazing."

"Testimony to the power of love, isn't it?" he probed.

He wasn't buying this. "Yes, it is. It began as lust and has turned into something deeper."

The emperor gave him a poison smile. He pointed at him. "You say that with such conviction," he slurred. "Anyway, it better had or there's a grave waiting for you."

He swallowed.

The emperor left the room, leaving him shaking in the knees.

He was trying to remember all the stupid things he had to say on the way down the corridor to the carriage that was waiting to carry him to where he'd walk down that aisle. *His last walk.*

* * * *

Crash was joking with his best friend as he helped him put the finishing touches on his gold suit. "I'm going to get some tonight," Crash grinned. "Hope he read that part about his sexual obligations."

Toden slapped him on the back. "Well, if he's as buff as you say, you're in for the night of your life. Not to mention, that he's been a really bad boy in the past. Think of all he's learned."

"That's exactly it. That was another reason I chose him. If I'd married some other guy, they'd probably be a virgin. I want a man, a man who's done everything. God, my dad would kill me if he knew what we did last summer, Toden."

Toden chuckled. "I couldn't believe it when you stayed for that orgy. Wish I hadn't chickened out."

"You missed the time of your life. Too bad we weren't there at that resort longer. But damn it, I got a taste and I want more. I can't wait for all this stuff to be over. I can't wait to get him alone, naked."

Toden hugged him. "Good luck, my friend."

“With Silus, I’m going to need it.”

The music began and Crash stood at the front of the sanctuary, Toden at his side, his father, the emperor at the front, ready to preside at his son’s union.

The room was full, the wedding broadcasted in the square, the town flooded with onlookers.

Crash held his breath when he saw Silus walking towards him, two soldiers on either side. They allowed him to finish the walk by himself halfway through. Wow! He was gorgeous. A hush went over the room. His mother began to cry. Crash held out his hand as Silus approached.

Silus took it, smiling.

Crash relaxed some. Silus was playing along nicely.

The emperor began his series of questions. Crash sure as hell hoped that Silus, had read the book.

* * * *

Silus was in a daze. He answered the questions automatically, his memory somehow managing to recall the right answers. “I shall comply with all my heart, I shall do this with servitude, I will fulfill all sexual...” He paused...all? He cleared his throat. “Okay, I will fulfil all sexual desires of my

life mate.”

It was over.

The emperor said. “This is your life partner. He will be yours until the end of time. You may kiss to seal your union.”

Crash reached out, crushed him to his chest and took his mouth hard and passionate. When he released him, Silus was breathless.

“Just a preview to what’s to come,” Crash said in his ear. “I can’t wait to get you alone. You’re mine.”

Silus was suddenly surrounded by well wishers and people taking pictures. They were whisked out of the hall and down stairs where a great feast was prepared. There was music and magicians and all kinds of acrobatic acts. Finally, at the end of the night, people made speeches and Silus and Crash were invited to dance together.

Silus took Crash’s hand and led him to the dance floor.

“That was nice, the way you held my hand,” Crash said softly, looking into his eyes. “The wine has mellowed you.”

“I’m exhausted,” he muttered. “If I don’t hold onto something, I’ll fall over. When in hell does this end?”

Crash pulled him closer. “Soon baby,” he whispered, kissing him tenderly.

Umm, the kissing wasn’t half bad, and when

Crash kissed him again, Silus moved his tongue sensuously around his as his hands moved down to his ass cheeks, which he squeezed gently. Crash moaned against his mouth, one hand discretely reaching between them and rubbing Silus's cock. The wine had mellowed him.

Abruptly he was let go as Crash's mother placed a hand on Silus's bicept. "I want to dance with my new son-in-law. You can have him all night," she said to Crash.

Crash smiled. "Okay, but not too long," he said, walking away.

The woman, whose first name was Grazelda, opened her arms.

Silus took her hands to lead her in a slow dance. She studied his face.

"You are a looker. No wonder you didn't want to tie yourself down."

Silus laughed.

"My son really wants you. I've never seen him this lust crazed."

This felt weird. He wasn't sure what to say. These people were a weird breed. They were very conservative in some ways, but the subject of sanctioned sex was a free for all.

"Do you have a big cock?"

"Ah? Excuse me?"

She glanced down at his pants. "It's obvious, but then you're not erect. They say size doesn't

count, but believe me, it does. What's your opinion on that, Silus?"

"Well, I..." He really didn't want to discuss cock size with his new mother-in-law.

"I'm sure you have technique as well. You have a lot of experience. I'm sure Crash will be extremely happy. Sex toys can be useful. It's my wedding gift to you."

"Ah, oh, um."

"I had your wedding chamber filled with them. Lube, dildo's, padded handcuffs, butt plugs."

He wanted to laugh. "I...well, thanks?"

"You're welcome," she said, bowing her head as the music stopped.

A few minutes later, they were being escorted from the hall. A great fanfare of music whisked them out. A carriage waited to take them to the wedding chamber.

Crash's hand tightened in his in the backseat "Silus?"

Silus looked at him. He was still in a daze. "Yeah?"

He laid his head on his shoulder. "I want you to give me everything tonight, the sex of my life. I know you can do it."

"No pressure there," he muttered.

Crash laughed, looking up at him. "You won't disappoint me. I know that."

"I'll try not to."

Crash kissed him again then reared back. "I have to behave until we get there. I'm on the brink of raping you in the backseat."

Silus hid a smile. "Sounds promising."

"Say you want me," Crash pleaded.

"Of course I want you. You're beautiful," he whispered.

CHAPTER THREE

The wedding chamber had been filled with roses. A huge four poster bed sat in the middle of the room, surrounded by scented candles. In the corner was a table with champagne and fruit and on the end were a variety of sex toys.

Crash laughed when Silus walked over and picked up this and that. "From my mother, can you believe that?"

"Yes," Silus said, "she told me when we were dancing about all the goodies she'd put together. She asked me if I had a big cock."

Crash took off his jacket and threw it on the chair. He jumped on the bed. "And I hope you told her the truth."

"I told her it was enormous and that her son wouldn't be able to sit down properly for a week and that he'd be bow legged."

"Sounds just about right," Crash tilted his head and grinned. "So, take it off."

Silus removed his jacket.

“That’s it, nice and slow. Now the shirt, unbutton it.”

Silus undid the buttons.

Crash licked his lips. “Undo the pants, and pull them down.”

Silus found that his fingers were shaking as he took off his pants. It was probably fatigue, or simply the ramifications of everything that had happened were sinking in. Crash was his life partner. They had gone through the ceremony. It felt surreal to him. He looked over at him. “Now what?”

Crash slid off the bed. “I want to take off the rest. I’m so hard, feel me.” He took his hand and pressed it to his groin.

“Um, no question of that, you’re hard,” Silus smiled.

Crash put his hands on his face. He pressed his mouth to his, the kiss began softly and then built force so that Silus found himself propelled against the wall. Silus couldn’t help wonder at this passion Crash had for him, but it was contagious as hell. He was panting as Crash pushed his arms up over his head and kissed a trail down his chest. When he looked up at him, Crash’s eyes were burning with unquenched need. He ripped the shirt off his back and captured one of his nipples in his teeth, and then sunk to his knees where he lifted his erection out of his underwear and

pressed it to his cheek. "You're so beautiful."

Silus swallowed. He placed a hand in his hair, his fingers tightening as Crash took his cock into his mouth.

At first it was a little clumsy. It was obvious that he was no pro at sucking cock, but he was enjoying himself so much that Silus forgot about his lack of experience. With a few soft instructions and directions however, Crash became a champion. And just before Silus's cock shuddered with orgasm, he was practically deep throating him.

* * * *

Crash leaned back and watched Silus as he came, his gaze sweeping him and settling on his face.

Silus went to his knees. He pushed Crash back on the floor and began to lick his inner thigh, one finger teasing his anus at the same time.

Crash squirmed on the floor, grunting.

"You like that eh?" Silus asked him, smiling.

"Oh yeah."

"You want me to fuck you?"

"Oh yeah," came his answer, a little bit more heated.

"Wait," Silus sprang to his feet, going over to the table where all those toys were. "Turn over, get up on all fours," he told Crash who did so

immediately.

Silus lay all the supplies beside him. He ran his hands over Crash's back, grabbed his ass cheeks and massaged them a minute. "You have a great ass," he groaned.

"I've never been...I mean, I fucked a guy or two, but I was too scared to...that's not true," he muttered, "I wanted it to be on my wedding night. Don't laugh, okay?"

"I'm not laughing. By the time I fuck you, you'll be ready. Don't worry."

"I'm not worried. I put myself in your...oh God..." he muttered as Silus began to lube his anus with the tip of his finger.

"It's butterscotch," he chuckled.

Crash moaned as Silus finger went deeper. "I'm going to put the butt plug in, stretch you a little. I can work on other things at the same time," he murmured, reaching underneath to stroke his cock. At the same time, he pushed in the butt plug. "Now baby, turn over."

* * * *

Crash felt as if he'd been stretched to capacity. As he turned over and looked into Silus's eyes, he felt incredibly sexy.

"Spread your legs," Silus said, "and keep them spread. I'm going to work on your nipples, make

them nice and hard. Mom even provided some nice clips." Silus leaned forward and licked one of his nipples. At the same time, he cupped his balls, fondling them gently.

Crash closed his eyes, brand new sensations careening through him. Silus had coaxed his nipple into one stiff peak. He pinched it together and clipped the gold ring to it. It provided the most exquisite tension. Silus flicked it back and forth a few times and worked on the other nipple, stretching and pulling it.

Crash moaned as Silus reached under him and played with the butt plug.

The other clip found its mark.

"You look so sexy like that," Silus whispered, kneeling back on his haunches. He stroked his own cock for a second, looking into his eyes.

"You're the sexy one," Crash whispered.

Silus slapped Crash's erection a few times gently. It waved back and forth. Crash lifted his hips. Silus let his cock brush his lips, then leaned over and kissed Crash passionately on the mouth. One hand came under him again and manipulated the plug. Crash's cock pulsed.

"Okay, Mr. Greatness," Silus declared, standing. He held out his hand. "Time to get fucked."

Crash took Silus's hand and let him pull him to his feet.

Silus eyed the chair. "Lay on that chair, on your stomach, spread your legs."

Crash positioned himself over the chair, his palms on the floor. Silus pushed in the plug, pulled it out a little, pushed it back in. Crash let out a cry. Silus knelt behind him and pulled on the nipple clamps a few times. Crash just about lost his mind when Silus pulled the plug out of his anus. The cool air hit it and he'd never felt so exposed, so god damned horny. "Fuck me," he urged. "Oh baby, fuck me good."

Silus seized his hips, his cock head pressing into him. His cock went deeper, pushing past the muscles, grunting, working until finally, Crash let out a shout. Silus's big cock was buried deep inside of him, stimulating every nerve ending possible. Silus ground into him, then began to move, his hips doing a sensuous dance, using his ass, pumping and filling it in a way that made Crash's teeth rattle. At the same time, Silus stroked him, jerking his cock into submission. "Baby!" Crash yelled. "Oh yeah, fuck...fuck....yeah!"

The chair tipped on its side and Silus took him down on the floor, his arm wrapped around his waist as Crash's knees scraped the carpet. Finally, Silus's cream filled him with a heavenly soothing sensation, which caused him to rear up and fall back against Silus's hard chest, sighing as Silus

moved his hands up over his belly to his chest, removing one, then the other nipple clamps and throwing them aside.

Crash turned in his arms, kissing his mouth, wiping a strand of sweat drenched hair of his forehead. They fell together on the floor, their chests heaving for a second, Crash pulling Silus close into his arms. There were no words. It was his first time and it was sensational. It could only get better. "I always back winners," he said.

Silus looked at him. "You make me sound like a racehorse."

"No, it's just that I knew you could fuck like a champ."

"It's part of my duties, isn't it?"

Crash narrowed his eyes. "Aren't you happy?"

"I have to be."

"Are you going to ruin it?"

"No. It's okay. I'm happy to play any illusion you like."

Crash separated himself from Silus and stood. "I saved your fucking hide."

"So you keep telling me."

"You should be grateful. It's not that great a price to pay is it, fucking me?"

There was no answer.

"Fine. I'm going to sleep."

"Goodnight," Silus said.

Crash crawled into the bed alone. "Are you

going to sleep on the floor?”

There was no answer.

“Silus?” He sat up and looked over to where he lay. He’d gone to sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

Silus opened his eyes, his body stiff as hell from lying on the floor all night. He'd been exhausted to begin with. He hadn't had the energy to get off the floor. He knew Crash was angry at him. He probably should have held his tongue. Their love making had been sensational. Fucking him was indescribable. Maybe that's why he'd been so irritable after. None of it was real. Yet, Crash seemed to be acting as if it was.

Silus took a shower and changed his clothes, realising that the door was unlocked and he could go where he pleased. This was where they would live, a scaled down version of the monstrosity his parents occupied with servants coming out of their asses.

Crash was sitting outside on the terrace in the garden, sipping coffee. He looked up absently as Silus approached. "Hungry?"

"No. Coffee is fine."

"I'll call the —"

"No, I can pour it myself," Silus told him, lifting the coffee carafe and pouring some in his cup. "Crash?"

He looked over at him.

"I'm sorry if you're angry with me."

"For ruining my wedding night, no problem."

"You take this stuff too seriously."

"Look, it's the only wedding night I'm ever going to have so I might as well imagine it anyway I want. It was perfect until you had to open your mouth and I had to sleep alone."

Silus laughed.

"What's funny?"

"Nothing. We need to talk."

"I'd rather fuck, but go ahead."

Silus lifted an eyebrow. "We need to talk about my job. I did have a job and I'd—"

"You will have duties here. Forget the job."

"Great," he muttered. "And what about other men?"

Crash sat up in his seat. "Other men?"

"Well, I'm sure we'll want variety. I mean, it's not as if it's real. If we're discreet, then I don't see a problem. We could even share if you want."

Crash glared at him. "If you are unfaithful to me, Silus, I will have you hung up in the town square and...the answer is no, no other men."

"Sixteen years?"

Crash stood. He grabbed Silus's arm. "Come

on.”

“What? Where?”

“Upstairs to bed. I’m going to make damn good and sure you won’t need any other man.”

“Crash!” Silus protested as he dragged him down the hallway. “The servants are staring.”

“I don’t give a God damn. Now get into that bedroom.” He gave him a shove into the room.

“Crash, I’m not in the...”

Crash shut the door behind him and pushed Silus onto the bed. He crawled on top and kissed him hotly, pulling off his shirt.

Silus tried to protest, but Crash wasn’t listening.

* * * *

Silus was too beautiful for his own good. He was driving him insane. All he could think about this morning as he sat outside was tying him to the bed and fucking that gorgeous ass of his. Other men? There would be no other men. It didn’t matter what his marriage was about, it was a marriage and no other men would be touching Silus. He was his. “Wrap your hands around the rounds in the headboard,” he demanded, snapping one of the cuffs onto Silus’s wrists.

“What are you doing?”

“You read your manual, didn’t you? You have

to satisfy any sexual whim I have. Right now, I want you naked and bound. Any questions?"

Silus struggled, but it made it all the more exciting for Crash. He sat on Silus's chest, finally managing to get the cuff attached to the headboard. Once he had one secured, the second was all that much easier. He moved quickly to the bottom of the bed, attaching his ankles. "You know, spread like that, you're making me into a sex crazed maniac. You do need to be naked however."

Silus was muttering nasty things under his breath.

"Talk dirty to me, baby," Crash laughed, undoing his pants. "Oh shit," he grinned, "I should have taken them off before tying your legs. "No problem." He saw Silus's eyes widen when Crash got the super large shears from the drawer and began to cut away his pants.

"You're insane," Silus accused, angrily.

"You're hot, beautiful, sexy, with a cock that turns me on so much. And you fuck so well." He licked his lips, throwing away what was left of his pants. "I don't want you to want anyone else but me."

* * * *

Crash left him for a minute and Silus looked for an

escape route. There wasn't any. Crash suddenly took off all his clothes and returned to the bed, dumping a big pile of toys on the bottom of it. "Now what do you think you're going to do with all those?"

"First," he took the lube, "I'm going to rub this stuff all over your body and lick it off. I love chocolate. Then I'm going to put some of this up your ass, torment your beautiful nipples, make you so hot...um, cock binding, what's that all about?"

"Crash," Silus warned, "you better know what you're doing with that stuff."

He chuckled, crawling up over him. He kissed him softly, licking his lips, biting his lower lip, playing, until Silus began to respond. "That's better. Now, my cock, eat it."

He placed his hand on Silus's forehead and pushed his head back. Slowly he lowered his erection into Silus's mouth. His jaw stretched, Silus opened his throat, feeling the head of Crash's cock caress the back of it. Crash stroked his cheek, urging him on, rearing back only as he came with a deep moan, coming on his chest, massaging the come into Silus's nipples with both thumbs.

Silus moaned, his cock stiffening. Crash pulled and tugged his nipples as he moved off him. He laid beside him, his softening cock dripping against his flank. One hand devoted itself to his

nipples, the other played with his cock and his balls. Silus was breathing hard.

Crash reached for the cock ring. Still stroking his cock, he inserted the ring to the base. It kept his cock straight and rigid. Crash licked the head. "Baby," he moaned. "You are so sexy. Look at that cock, so hard and ready for me. I want it in my ass, but not yet. First I need to play in yours."

Crash slid his slick finger up inside of him, moved it around, then put two. Within minutes, he was finger fucking him quite frantically, increasing the tension in his cock to an almost intolerable level.

When he untied his legs and lifted them onto his shoulders, Silus was close to breaking. "Please," he pleaded.

Crash smiled at him and took off the cock ring. The moment his cock possessed his ass, Silus came. Reams of come spilled out of his cock and his orgasm was so powerful, he was sure he was going to have a heart attack.

Crash fucked him long and hard, looking down into his face with an expression that looked as if he was out of the galaxy. Finally he came with a deep shudder, pulling out of his ass and collapsing onto his chest, murmuring something that Silus couldn't quite make sense of.

"Are you planning on undoing these things?" Silus asked, "Or am I to be your prisoner for

ever?"

"My love slave," he said, looking up at him. "And if I could keep you like this, I would."

"I bet," he said.

Crash laughed softly. He reached up and undid the cuffs, gently kissing his mouth as he did. "Did you like it?"

"It was hot," he nodded.

"It can get hotter. Anything you want. I want to please you, Silus."

Silus hugged him close. "You do please me, Crash. It's not about that."

"All I want is for you to want to be with me. I told you I'll let you go if the law changes or when I take my dad's place. I promise. You won't be that old when it's over."

He nodded. "I'll make do."

"And if I fall in love with you?"

"You won't. I told you, love is an illusion."

* * * *

"He tells me that love is an illusion," Crash told Toden a few weeks later. "It's his favourite line."

Toden laughed. "He's a die hard anti-monogamous. So how's the sex?"

"Incredible. And it gets better all the time. He's all I think of, at all hours of day. I hate it now that Father has him working in technological

innovation for the government.”

“I suppose he has to do something besides sit around and wait for you to fuck him.”

“That would suit me.”

Toden laughed.

Crash looked thoughtful.

“What?”

“Father is being pressured to loosen the union laws.”

“He won’t do that.”

“He’s been advised to at least seem open to listening. Even people in unions claim the laws are too severe. Toden, if the law changes, Silus could leave me.”

Toden placed a hand on his shoulders. “Are you in love with him?”

Crash swallowed. “From the first time I laid eyes on him.”

“Why didn’t you tell me? You made me believe it was lust.”

“I didn’t want to believe it myself I guess. But damn it, Toden, I believe in love. I really do. Silus has made me believe. I just wish I could find a way to convince Silus of it.”

“Test him.”

“How?”

“Play his game. Make him believe that you can’t wait to get out of this union either. Tell him you have your eyes on other men. Make him

jealous.”

“Toden, that’s an old game. It doesn’t work.”

“It’s still around because it does work. Look, buddy, if you test him and there’s no reaction, fine, but if he does react, maybe he’s hooked.”

Crash considered that. “Okay, it’s worth a try.”

CHAPTER FIVE

Silus actually liked his new job. And being inside the government gave him the chance to hear all the inside news. It was rumoured that the emperor was being pressured to loosen those stupid union laws.

As far as the marriage bit, he tried to put it out of his mind. Every day he woke up beside Crash and every night Crash gave him the sex of his life. He couldn't be unhappy about that, although he wasn't so sure about the sixteen years. He didn't want Crash getting too attached to him. This was still a wedding of convenience. He had to keep reminding Crash of that. He had a tendency to overly romanticise things.

"I'm sure you heard the news," Crash said to him that night when he came home.

"About the union laws?"

"Yes, my father is being battered from all sides."

"What do you think he'll do?" Silus asked,

pouring himself a drink and going to join Crash on the terrace.

"I hope he changes the law and soon."

Silus looked at him. "Oh."

"Silus, I know what you mean about being with one person all the time. There is no variety."

He sipped his drink. "I'm surprised to hear you say that. Bored with me already?"

"No, but you're not the only man out there you know."

"Well, I know that, but—"

"I've seen some hot young specimens lately. They've been giving me the eye."

Silus stiffened. "You're not allowed. They're not allowed. They're either hitched or criminals."

"What do you mean, I'm not allowed? If we mutually agree, then I don't see why we can't—"

"Well, I don't agree."

"Why not? I thought you'd like a little variety. You are the one who said that—"

"Well, I don't right now. And neither do you."

"You're jealous."

"I am not jealous. I just think..."

"Think what?"

"It's insulting, that's all."

"What is?"

"You wanting other men. How would you like it if I..."

"I thought you did want other men?"

"Yes, but..."

"So you can have other men, and I can't?"

"No, I...stop. You're talking in riddles. Look, the law isn't going to be changed, okay?"

"Okay. I was just saying that if—"

Silus stood. "I'm hungry, let's eat."

At the table, Crash kept staring at him. He was driving him crazy with this stuff. He sighed when Crash began talking about it again. "So have you changed your opinion on love?"

"No, and I don't want to talk about this anymore."

"You still don't believe it exists?"

"What exists?"

"Love?"

"No. It's an invention of poets."

"So why can't I have other men then?"

"Because we took vows, and even if I don't believe in taking them, I swore to honour them, so no other men, hot or otherwise. Besides, it's against the law."

"Since when have you ever respected the law?"

Silus decided to ignore that. "Drop it."

"Okay, whatever you say," Crash said, lifting a fork full of food into his mouth. It looked to Silus, like he was smiling.

In bed that night, Silus pulled Crash close to him. Crash kissed his shoulder. "Why do I get the

impression that I just got hoodwinked?" Silus asked him.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Um. I bet."

A hand swept down and started to stroke his cock. "You like saying that...I bet."

"Trying to distract me?"

"Of course. Is it working?"

"Some."

"I'll try harder."

"Do that," Silus grunted.

Crash dipped beneath the blanket and kissed down across Silus's belly.

Silus chuckled a little.

"Hey, are you ticklish?" Crash asked, poking his head out and looking up at him.

"A little."

"That's sweet, I never noticed before."

"Never mind," he muttered, "get back to work."

"With pleasure my Lord." He moved further down in the bed and pushed Silus's legs apart.

"Don't smother down there," Silus teased.

"Ah, but it would be such a pleasurable mmmm," he replied, his words muffled suddenly as he swallowed Silus's cock.

Silus felt Crash's head through the blanket, straining his neck back into the pillow as Crash's tongue drove him to the brink. "Um," he

managed, "ah yes, yes..." His fists grasped the bedcovers as he spilt his come into Crash's eager mouth. He relaxed now against the pillow with a sigh, Crash's tongue licking him gently, much like a cat would lap his milk.

"How was that, baby?" he asked, coming up for air.

Silus pulled him on top of him. He stroked his hair for a moment, then kissed him gently. "Beautiful. You're beautiful."

* * * *

Crash smiled, snuggling down beside him. He loved sucking Silus's cock. It was something he'd never tire of.

Suddenly, Silus rolled over onto him and grabbed his legs. He pulled his legs up around his waist and burrowed down between his legs, his cock hardening as he brushed it across Crash's groin.

Crash pushed the blanket off and wiggled down more in the bed. "Fuck me," he urged. It was his other favourite thing. Silus had a great cock and great staying power. Not only could he fuck long and hard, he seemed to instinctively know when to speed up and slow down and when to pull out all the stumps and pump the shit out of him. "Fuck me," he said again.

"It was my intention," Silus grinned.

"Your intentions are good. I want to look in your eyes. Do you think that's too mushy?"

"If it makes you happy," Silus laughed, "mush away."

Crash lifted his legs higher up over Silus's broad shoulders. "Need lube?"

"No. I have other plans." He pushed Crash's legs off his shoulders and got out of bed.

"Oh no, come back," Crash moaned.

"I'm back," he said, picking something out of the drawer. "My tongue and a butt plug, what could be better preparation?"

"Can you wait that long?" Crash teased, reaching out to cuff his cock.

"I can if you leave it alone."

Crash howled, only quieting when Silus took hold of his legs, lifted them and dipped his head between his ass cheeks. His tongue went to work on his anus, dipping in and out and then working his finger in and out of him. Next came two fingers. Crash began to breathe heavier and faster. His cock felt as if it was stretched to capacity, standing straight up, longing for Silus to touch it. But he didn't. Instead, he pushed in the butt plug to the limit, causing him to lose his breath for a minute. "Oh God," he moaned, "I'm so hot."

"Yeah, you are hot," Silus murmured, licking his neck, his chest, tonguing his nipples, and

finally, just lightly fingering his cock. He brushed his balls with his hand and then moved it in between his ass cheeks again to play with the butt plug, twisting it this way and that.

Crash let out a cry, sensations shooting through the core of him, leaving him teetering on the brink. Panting, he began to plead. Silus removed the butt plug and lifted his legs over his shoulders. "What do you want, baby?" he asked.

"You. Only you," Crash whispered, looking up into his eyes. "Give me your cock. Silus."

He went into him without hesitation, pushing his rock hard cock to the hilt, pumping and shouting at the same time, fast and hard, then oh so slow, his hand squeezing and manipulating Crash's penis at the same time.

Crash's head went from side to side. He said his name, then screamed it out loud, his cock mercifully emptying its load, hitting Silus in the chest and on the chin.

Silus laughed, his come coating Crash's ass cheeks. He lay back at the bottom of the bed. "Oh, yeah...yeah....yes."

Crash smiled, trying to get his breath. He turned his body around and lay on his belly so that he could look at him. He'd be content to die looking at him. *Oh God, I am in love. There is no question of that.*

"See," Silus said softly, "you don't need any

other man.”

Crash swallowed, shaking his head. “No,” he said, “I don’t.”

CHAPTER SIX

Silus worked quietly in his office the next day. He had gotten used to having all the security around. He hadn't quite gotten used to his father-in-law, however. The emperor, who insisted he call him Dad, or, Jonis, if Silus felt uncomfortable with that, had a habit of just dropping by the office whenever the mood took him. He was always full of questions and he made no secret of the fact that he didn't really believe in his son's marriage.

"I'm curious, is all," he said today as he took a chair on the other side of the desk. A body guard stood nearby.

"About what, eh...sir...I mean, Dad?"

"You always say that with a heavy dose of sarcasm."

"Do I?"

Jonis gave him a faint smile. "I haven't figured out how you managed it. I've been over and over your records, have talked to your many...a...cast

asides. You screwed more men in your lifetime than fifty men have. You were adamantly opposed to the idea of marriage, didn't even bother going near one of the matching centers. How did you convince my son to spare your life?"

"We fell in love."

"That's a lie. Try again."

Silus fell silent.

"You seduced my son."

"Or he seduced me?"

"I'm just curious to know how it was. You can't be that good in bed."

"But then you wouldn't know that, would you, Dad?"

The emperor stood. "I'm changing the law, decriminalising being single. It's only the adultery, which will be criminalised."

Silus bit his lip. "I see. You are doing a good thing."

"Um. We all must change with the times. But I'm curious to see what you'll do with it."

"I don't understand."

"You see, I'm annulling all unions, which were undertaken from the time I came to power. If you and my son really have a legitimate union, we will have to plan another wedding."

Silus narrowed his eyes. "Is it because you don't like me?"

"No. It's because I don't trust you. You've

never been committed to anyone in your life. How can I believe you will honour my son, be true to him, not tear his heart to shreds? I'd rather my son be single again, take his time to find the one who will love him. I do hope you'll keep working here however. You are a technological genius, Silus."

"When will the announcement be made?" Silus asked.

"Already done. I made it this morning. Don't you notice that the protesters have disappeared in front of the palace?"

"I thought you'd had them shot, Sir."

The emperor met his gaze. "Will you tell me one day, Silus?"

"I told you. We fell in love."

The emperor laughed and walked out of the office.

Silus closed his eyes.

* * * *

"How could you do this, father?" Crash placed his palms on the desk and leaned forward.

His father glanced up at him. "I thought this is what you wished me to do. You never believed in the law. You and your mother told me that it was an ancient law and that it was barbaric. Now I do away with it and you are angry?"

"You have annulled my marriage!"

"It wasn't real."

"It was real to me."

"It wasn't real for Silus. He married you to save his sorry neck. He doesn't give a damn about you. He'll leave you the minute he has a chance."

Crash sunk down in the chair.

"Tell me the truth, son, it was you who forced this marriage, not he?"

Crash nodded. "You wanted me to get married. He was beautiful. The moment I saw him, I wanted him." Crash's eyes filled with tears, "I love him, Father."

The emperor softened his voice. "I suspected as much. Son, he married you only to save his life. He doesn't care for you. You are my son, a royal heir. You mustn't let him reduce you to this. Crash, you must hide your love for him or he will destroy you. You must be the one to send him away before he does it to you." The emperor stood. "Make a man out of yourself and throw him out of your bed."

Crash nodded. "I will, Father."

* * * *

Silus took the long way home, walking by the river. He was a free man. Wasn't that what he wanted? He sighed. Damn it. Did he actually feel something for Crash? Couldn't he imagine himself

sleeping alone at night again or sleeping with any other men, a variety of other men?

By the time he arrived home, he'd decided that he'd stick around for awhile anyway. He had nowhere else to go and adultery was illegal. Most men were married. He wasn't about to go after any of those. He wanted to live a few more years.

When he walked up the path, he was surprised to see two armed soldiers blocking his path. He looked down to see a suitcase sitting on the walkway. "What's this?" he asked.

"Orders from the young lord. You are no longer welcome here." The soldier handed him a paper. "Your new quarters, among the commoners in the town."

Silus stared at the paper. "I want to see Crash."

"We have our orders. The young lord will see no one. You are to leave the premises or risk arrest."

"Arrest? He's going to have me arrested now? Crash!" he called out, moving around to the other side and calling up to the bedroom window.

The soldier took hold of his arm.

Silus shook him off. "Crash! I want to talk to you. Crash! Please."

Another soldier came and grabbed him. They dragged him away from the window, kicking and screaming.

Marry Me Or Die

* * * *

Upstairs, Crash stood in the bedroom, tears streaming down his face, as he watched them drag Silus off the property. He could still hear Silus calling his name. He reached out and placed his hand on the window, then his forehead. "Silus," he whispered.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The suite they'd provided him was luxurious. "At least they're sending me off in style," he muttered, laughing a little as he downed the rest of the liquor he'd found in the cabinet. "I guess they thought I'd need this. Well, I don't need it! To hell with them and to hell with Crash. He got me into this bullshit union, thank God I'm rid of him."

He woke up on the floor in the living room, his mouth tasting like sawdust, feeling as if he'd been run over by something heavy and sharp. He made an attempt to sit up, felt sick and laid back down again.

It was over. Maybe he could get his old job back because he sure as hell wasn't going back to work for them.

Finally, around four in the afternoon, he managed to wash and dress. He walked the streets for awhile, then decided to call up some of his old friends. All the numbers had been changed or weren't answering. They were all living with

different people probably. He was about to give up when his communication device sounded. It was one of his old friends. He'd been arrested just before him. "My God, Andis, I thought you were dead."

"No. I was sent to hard labour. I'm out, thanks to the new law. I heard you married the emperor's son."

"Something like that."

"I couldn't believe it when I saw your number come up. That's why I called you right back. So you're single again."

"Ah, yes...so it seems."

"Your marriage was touted as the most romantic of—"

"You've been reading too many magazines."

"I guess so. So where are you working?"

"Nowhere. I need to find a job. Any chance that there's an opening at the TechHouse?"

"For you, I'm sure there is. You're the best. Come by tomorrow and talk to the boss."

"Okay. Want to do something tonight?"

"Together, just you and me?"

"Sure, I guess so."

"You know I've always had the most wicked crush on you, Silus. You were always too busy with other men."

"Well, I'm not busy now. And I don't dare go cruising, not with the adultery law. I could end up

in prison again.”

Andis laughed. “You could end up married again.”

“Yeah, right. That could be worse.”

Andis threw himself on the sofa in Silus’s suite, taking the drink he handed him with a grin. “These are the digs man. It’s obvious who you have connections, too.”

“I’m sure it’s temporary or part of the divorce settlement.”

“I thought it was annulled?”

“Yeah, annulled.”

“Silus?”

“Yeah?” He stood and walked over to the window.

“Are we going to fuck?”

Silus shrugged. “Sure,” he said. “If you want.”

“Don’t get too excited about it.”

“Huh?”

“You don’t seem yourself.”

“Damn him. He couldn’t even face me. As soon as that damn law was passed, he put me out the door. Made his soldiers do it, the wimp.”

“Silus? What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about Crash.”

“Oh yeah, him. I saw his picture in a magazine. Wow, he’s hot. All that blond hair, can he really sit on it?”

"He can sit on my prick well enough, that I know," Silus muttered.

"So the sex was hot eh?"

Silus sighed. "Let's change the subject." He looked at him. "Take your clothes off. Let's get dirty."

* * * *

His mother was giving him that look again. He shot her a dirty look. "Will you stop?"

"You look like a cat's ass. You need to have some fun."

He needed Silus.

"Why don't we play checkers?"

"Oh yes, Mother, that will do it. Playing checkers will make everything okay."

"I'm trying to help. You need a new husband. Why don't we check out the eligibles on the mating network?" She switched on the screen and moved it around in front of them with the remote. A series of single men flashed on the screen. "Oh, look at him....he's nice. Oh, and that one, definitely hot. I bet he could stroke you the right way." She giggled.

He gave her an incredulous look.

"You have to look."

"I don't want to look. I want Silus. I should have never listened to Father. I don't believe Silus

was playing with me. I think he came to feel something, even if he wouldn't admit it. Why in hell did Father have to change the law now?"

"Honey, oh...look, nice eyes, and I—"

"Mother, turn it off. I love Silus. I want him. I want him in my life and in my bed and I don't really care what I have to do to get him there."

He left the room, thoughts moving around in his head, haunting him. Suddenly, he motioned to one of the soldiers. "Come with me," he said. "I have a job for you."

* * * *

Silus was back to work at his old job, but he expected to feel good about that. All he felt was empty. And Andis was becoming a problem. They had fooled around once at his place and Andis was sending him flowers. They hadn't even fucked. For some damn reasons, he had no interest in fucking anyone.

When he went home that night, there was someone standing in front of his door. He narrowed his eyes, thinking maybe it was some delivery guy bringing him more flowers. He'd already told Andis to stop.

"Hi," the guy said. "I'm Hope."

"May I help you?"

"I need to talk to you about your former

partner, your ex.”

“Crash? Did Crash send you?”

“Can I come in?”

“Sure,” he said. He unlocked the door and motioned him inside. “Would you like a drink?”

“Yes. That would be great.”

“So what about Crash? Is he all right? Does he want to see me?”

“Come sit beside me on the sofa and I’ll tell you.”

Silus narrowed his eyes. “What is this?”

Suddenly the guy seized hold of him and planted one big, juicy kiss on his mouth. The next thing he knew the door burst open and two soldiers came marching in. “You’re under arrest,” one of them barked.

“For what this time?” Silus demanded.

“Attempting to seduce a married man.”

“I wasn’t trying to—”

“I’d hold your tongue if I were you,” one of the soldiers said. “You’re in a lot of trouble.”

Crash was waiting in the corridor when the soldier came back. The soldier nodded at him. Crash nodded back. He walked down the hallway towards the door at the end of the hallway. He could hear Silus shouting. He was fighting mad.

Crash smiled. "Open the door," he said to the soldier.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," Crash said. "And leave us."

The soldier hesitated.

Crash waved him away, then walked into the room. He heard the lock click behind him. His heart melted when he saw Silus. It had only been a month, but it felt like an eternity.

"You," Silus seethed. "I should have guessed you'd be behind this. What is all this?"

Crash shrugged, trying to keep his voice from shaking. "You tired to seduce a married man."

"That's a lie, and you know it. The entire thing was a set up. And you set me up. The only question is, why? What do you want with me? You threw me out like yesterday's garbage, now suddenly, you have me brought back here. Why?"

Crash winced. "I'm sorry."

"Yeah, right, sorry. Did you find the right one yet?"

"Yes, oh yes, I found him. I found the right one, Silus."

Silus looked away. "I hope you're very happy together."

"Silus, it's you. I love you."

Silus lifted his head. "I don't...love is...it doesn't exist. Don't give me that love crap."

"Silus," Crash insisted, coming closer, "I don't

give a damn what you believe or don't believe, I love you. I can't live without you. Marry me. Marry me all over again."

"Or what? You throw me into prison on a trumped up charge and make me carry bricks up and down a hill for the rest of my life?"

Tears lit Crash's eyes. They rolled down onto his cheeks. He stood there silently, waiting for any sign from him. "No. This time you marry me of your own free will, no threats, no blackmail. If you say no, you walk away. No conditions."

There was silence.

"Was I wrong?" Crash cried, no longer able to stay silent. The silence was killing him softly. "Did you not feel anything for me when we were together? Oh, Silus, I miss you."

Silus opened his mouth to speak as he reached his hand across the table. Just then, he froze. The door flew open and the emperor stood there. "What in hell is going on here?"

* * * *

Silus couldn't get enough of looking at Crash. He was a vision of beauty filling him with joy. If he hadn't have felt so angry and hurt, he would have gathered him up in his arms and made love to him right there in this room. He wasn't sure what the game was and now with the emperor prancing

around in front of him, he was beginning to feel as if his life was in danger again. Would this ever end?

“Crash, speak!” the emperor demanded.

“We’re ah...talking, Father. This is a private conversation.”

“Talking? He’s been accused of seducing a married man and my principal adviser, at that. Do you have a death wish, boy?”

Silus sighed. “I’m innocent, but I suppose you don’t believe me.”

“You’re a menace,” he pointed at him. “A seducer of good honest men who want only to remain faithful to their partner.”

“Father,” Crash said sharply, “I set it up. It’s not true. He didn’t try to seduce anyone. I wanted to see him. I had to find a way to bring him here. I was even willing to blackmail him again into being with me. I should have never listened to you.” Crash turned to Silus. “I don’t care if you grind me beneath your feet. I can’t pretend I don’t feel what I feel. I love you, Silus. I want to be with you, married or not. Whatever you say, whatever you want, please, just love me.” He went to his knees in front of him.

“Oh for the love of...” his father sputtered. “Is that any way for the son of an emperor to act?”

Silus reached out and placed a hand on Crash’s head. He stroked his hair, a faint smile on his lips.

He wanted to say something, but his throat felt parched. He was trembling.

The emperor uttered a sound of disgust, turned and left the room. He shouted out, "You're hopeless, Crash."

"Hopelessly in love," Crash whispered, looking up at Silus.

Silus slid his hand down to his cheek. "If this is what it feels like, love, no wonder I didn't want to believe in it."

Crash blinked. "What are you saying?"

"Pain. I felt physical pain where we were apart."

"Oh, baby."

"Can we elope? I don't think I could live through one of those goofy, long drawn out ceremonies again."

Crash began to laugh, his tears coming faster now. He reached up and wound his arms around Silus's neck, hugging him tightly. Silus kissed his mouth deeply as Crash crawled onto his knee. Crash looked into his eyes. "You'd really marry me again?"

"Damn right," Silus said. "I don't want to go to jail."

Crash lowered his face on his shoulder and laughed then he sobered. "Say it."

"Say what?" Silus asked, pushing Crash's hair back from his face.

"You know what?"

"Oh that."

"Yes, that. Say it, then you can have me."

Silus chuckled. "That's a good deal."

"Damn right."

"I love you."

Crash swallowed. "I never thought I'd ever hear you say those words."

"I never thought I'd say them. I just never had the right inspiration."

"And you want to be with me the rest of your life?"

Silus pretended to consider that, then nodded when Crash hit him in the shoulder. "I'm a glutton for punishment."

"Let's go home," Crash smirked, "so I can begin punishing you."

"And where would that be exactly?"

"That suite I gave you, how about that place for starters?"

"Was that my consolation prize?"

Crash got off his knee. "No, it was your not-living-in-the-street prize."

"Oh."

They walked past the guards and out the front door. Hand in hand through the streets, they made their way quietly until they reached Silus's suite.

"I like it," Crash said the moment they walked

in the door. Then he turned and looked at him.
“So,” he said, looking around, “where’s the bed?”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Silus stretched out naked on the bed and gave Crash a beguiling smile. "For your viewing pleasure."

Crash stood at the head of the bed. "This is a treat. Lift your hips, honey."

Silus lifted his hips in invitation, his hard cock more than ready for some serious attention.

Crash stuck his fist in his mouth and moaned.

Silus laughed at his expression. "Come over here and show me how much you appreciate me."

"Will you fuck me if I do?"

"Oh yeah," he nodded, opening his arms. "I'll fuck you."

Crash chuckled and jumped on top of Silus.

Silus groaned. "God, you're going to kill me."

"I don't want to do that." He started to kiss him all over.

"I'm so worn out. We've only been here three days and I don't think I've gotten more than four hours sleep. I haven't even been to work."

"It's okay, you don't need to work. I'll support you."

"So you're my sugar daddy now? Are you prepared to keep me in style, in satin and lace?"

"You bet," he began licking Silus's chest, his hand teasingly playing with his balls, "but no satin and no lace. I want you naked and hard, and at all times."

Silus grunted. "Are you going to chain me to the bed?"

"I might."

Silus laughed.

Crash moved down to his cock and began to lick the length of it. "I like it here. I want to stay here."

"In this suite or down between my legs?"

"Both."

"Okay, but your dad won't like it."

"To hell with him. He's just jealous because he'd love to be where I am right now."

"With my cock in his mouth?"

Crash chuckled. "He'd be a fool if he didn't want your cock in his mouth."

"Seriously, sweetie, you should talk to him. He's left three messages. Maybe he wants to make up."

"He doesn't want me to marry you," Crash looked up. "He thinks you're depraved."

"Yeah, he should see what his son is doing to

my cock right now. He might....ooh...change his mind about which one of us is...oh, baby, get going."

Silus stuck out his tongue at him. "Yeah and wait until you see what I can do to your ass." He gave him a shove and forced him over onto his stomach. He wrapped his arms around his waist and yanked him up to his knees. "I'm going to rim you to heaven."

Silus was laughing as Crash started to tickle him. "Stop."

"Okay, but you better fuck me good after I lube your ass with my tongue."

"Oh, don't worry about that. Just do your job and I'll do mine."

Silus closed his eyes and concentrated on the feeling of Crash's tongue stroking his anus. A few minutes later, Crash's tongue was replaced with slippery, lube-coated fingers. Silus gasped as Crash finger fucked him, stimulating his balls at the same time. Silus groaned. "Fuck me. Fuck me, baby. I want your cock."

Crash pressed his groin against his ass. "Um, with pleasure," he growled. "But you will return the favour."

Silus sucked in some air as Crash's cock plummeted into his ass. He began to move in and out, faster and faster until Silus was forced to reach out and steady himself against the wall.

Crash came with a deep groan, aggressively jerking his cock. Silus pushed his hand away and turned around. He straddled Crash's ass and entered him, his fist filled with a handful of Crash's hair. One hand moved over Crash's body, playing with his nipples, rolling his balls in his hand, as he pulled him up onto his knees and into his arms. "I love you," he murmured against his ear. "I love your ass. I love being inside of you." He came now, calling out his name and wrapping his arms around him as they both rolled together on the bed.

"You think he wants to help plan the wedding?" Crash whispered in Silus's ear a few minutes later.

"Maybe, but no fucking weddings," he murmured sleepily. "Anyway, it's more likely he's found some reason to put me away for good."

Crash chuckled. "I won't let him do that," he said, kissing his temple. Silus was asleep.

They were united in a private ceremony on the shore by the water. An authorized union conductor did the ceremony, saying she was honoured to be marrying the emperor's son.

Later they lay together on the sand and watched the sunset. They fell asleep in each other's arms, waking up with sand in their clothes and the sun in their eyes.

Crash jumped up and ran off, leaving Silus sitting there puzzled for a few minutes. He returned with a fistful of flowers and, a few minutes later, an entourage of people arrived with food, and music. They laid out a full breakfast, poured the coffee, set up the music player and disappeared.

Silus shook his head. "You did all this?"

Crash shook his head. "My mother."

"Your mother."

"She always liked you."

"And your father, does he like me, too?" Silus joked.

Crash lifted an eyebrow. He shook his head. "Ah, no, unfortunately, he doesn't. But I did speak to him this morning. He wished us luck."

"That was nice," Silus said, sipping the coffee.

"He said I'd need it."

Silus smiled.

"He is offering you your job back with the government. He says your talents are unsurpassed."

"Oh, and what did you say?"

"I said your talents in bed were unsurpassed as well."

"You did not."

Crash giggled. "No, I did not. The offer to support you is still on."

"Oh, you're not disinherited?"

“Not yet.”

“Either way, I’d prefer to work for my keep, thanks.”

“Damn,” Crash said, taking the coffee out of his hands, “I did hope I could take it out in trade. If you work, you’ll have to sleep more and there will be less hours in the day to fuck me.” He pushed him back on the sand and ripped his shirt open, the buttons went flying in all directions. “I plan to rape you now. You do understand that. And as your husband, it is my right. You have read the documentation?” He lifted an eyebrow, pulling off Silus’s pants.

“Thoroughly,” he said, grinning.

Crash sat back on his haunches, admiring the sight of Silus’s nakedness in the sunlight. Silus’s cock ached for his touch. “So are you going to just sit there and stare at me all day or do you plan to do something about this erection I have? This beach is deserted, isn’t it?”

“It’s the emperor’s private beach. He never uses it.” He jumped up and stripped off his clothes.

Silus caught his breath.

“What do you want?” Crash asked softly.

“I want to impale you with my cock.”

Crash slowly licked his lips. “That can be arranged.” He squatted down over Silus’s hips. “But at my pace. I want to use your cock for my pleasure, my toy, my...” He grunted as he began

to guide Silus up inside of him.

Silus hissed, sucked in some air, lifted his hips. Crash reached out and moved a hand up over Silus's belly, thumbed his nipple, tasted his lips in the dripping sunlight. He cried out his name as he felt his cock fill him, going deep inside of his ass, deep into his soul.

"Quiet," he called out suddenly, "still. Don't move." He began to push up and down with his knees, his eyes closed, one hand tweaking his own nipples hard, he bounced on his cock, reaching under to finger his balls. The frenzy grew, their breathing intensified and then their voices called out in unison their vibrating joy.

They held each other silently after dosing in the early morning sunshine. "To think," Silus sighed, "how we have arrived at this place."

"We came by foot," Crash murmured.

"No, silly, I mean, you and I together. When I think of how this started. If I had refused to marry you the first time, you would have had me executed. I would have missed all this. I would have been dead."

Crash snuggled down deep in his arms. "Don't talk nonsense. I wouldn't have executed you. I never ordered anyone's death. I didn't believe in the law, remember?"

Silus narrowed his eyes. He picked his head up. "What did you say?"

"Honey, I never had anyone killed for their crimes. I told you, I don't..."

"You mean if I'd have refused to marry you, I'd still be alive?"

"Of course," he said softly.

"It was a lie?"

Crash opened his eyes and looked at Silus. "Get over it."

Silus's mouth fell open.

Crash smiled. "I had to get you to marry me somehow. Now, aren't you glad you did?"

Silus's look turned dangerous. "You little...you better run," he threatened, sitting up.

Crash sprang to his feet. "Silus?"

Silus was on his feet, too. He started to chase him.

"What happens when you catch me?" Crash called out, running around the beach in circles, laughing hysterically, with Silus on his heels.

"Just wait and see, Mr. Greatness," Silus threatened, but he was smiling.

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!

D. J.'s website is located at:
<http://www.djmanly.com/>