

STORYKEEPER

JADE BUCHANAN



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Storykeeper

"I am a Storykeeper. I was not born; I was brought into existence by the Creator of us all when I was put into words millennia ago."

Enitan was created as a Storykeeper, an immortal being who is forever charged with providing inspiration to human bards, writers and storytellers. He had never had a dream for himself – at least he hadn't until the day he felt Jason Lark reading one of his stories. The human called to him in a way that he had never felt before. He wants Jason for his own.

Is it possible for a keeper of stories to find happiness with a human?

Jade Buchanan

The Storykeeper

The Storykeepers, Book 1

Jade Buchanan

Aspen Mountain Press

Storykeeper

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Jade Buchanan

Dedication

For Nik, because you believed in me even when I didn't. Thank you.

Chapter One – *Seducing the Body*

The little bell tinkled, followed by a draft of cold air, when Jason Lark entered the bookstore. Jason shivered, dusting snow off of his coat when he walked into a room barely warmer than outside; he could see his breath misting in the chilly air.

Partially blinded, he peered through a film of white – courtesy of his fogged up glasses – into the interior of a store he had never been in before. The tiny shop was crammed corner to corner with books shelved in neat little rows. The excess flowed onto the floor, small piles of paperbacks and hardcovers providing a maze in which to walk around. The faint scent of old parchment permeated the air, bringing to mind thoughts of days gone by, knights and maidens, countless wars and dragons flying through the night skies. Wiping the layer of fog from his glasses, Jason peered around the shelves. He loved bookstores. New, old. Didn't matter. He could spend hours walking through the nooks and crannies, finding something new to read.

"Can I help you?" A thin, reedy voice came from the back of the bookstore, followed by a portly man sporting a full white beard.

Behind thick, black coke-bottle lenses, Jason saw the man's beady eyes track his movement further into the store. He reminded Jason of Santa Claus, the only thing missing was the red suit and eight tiny reindeer.

"Uh...I'm just looking around." Jason said.

"Well, take your time. The weather is positively dreadful outside."

He smiled in thanks before the man walked back into the aisle he had come out of. The rows of shelves that filled the small store were crammed into every available space. Books were lined up like little soldiers, marching along the shelves. Every genre imaginable seemed to be represented in the store. Non-Fiction, Travel, Politics, Religion, Mystery, Science Fiction, Romance, and...ah, yes, exactly what he was looking for.

Ducking down to the bottom of the Romance section, skirting a pile of books that seemed to be about Russian politics — obviously misfiled — he leafed through the books lined up on the bottom shelf. A small collection of innocuous looking books, harmless until you noticed the front covers. He blushed at seeing the two half-naked figures lying in each other's arms on the front of one book, both male.

Holding his newfound treasure, he was too embarrassed to be caught looking through the book. Glancing around to make sure the little man was still in the back, he quickly picked up a few regular romance books off the shelf above. Not even looking at the covers — he didn't care what he took.

He may have no problem wandering through the shelves when he was looking for regular fiction, or hmph... Russian politics, but that didn't mean he wasn't self-conscious about this particular buy.

He was about to leave to pay for his purchases when his attention was drawn to a small book peaking out at the end of the bottom shelf. The cover

was old, faded with time and worn from frequent use. It reminded him of some of the books he had seen in his Grandma's house.

Curious to how such an old book became shelved in the gay romance section, Jason reached out and pulled it from its resting place. The cover was faded, and he couldn't read the title, but he could make out a figure of a man. A man, indistinct, except for a shadowy outline. Behind the figure, he could barely make out what looked like rows of books. Strange. Flipping the book over, he realized there was no blurb to tell what the book was about. Shaking his head at his mistake—a book that old would never have a blurb—he flipped through the pages to try to obtain an idea of what lay within. The text was faded, almost indistinguishable. He wouldn't even be able to read it.

About to put the book down again, he was surprised to feel a strange warmth emanating from the book, heating up his still cold-numbed fingers. A tingle ran through his body, and pulsed through his cock. His breath started to come in choppy pants when he had an overwhelming image of being fucked against the rows of books flash through his mind.

Great, just fantastic. Now he was getting hard in a used bookstore like some perverted Peeping Tom. He swiftly stood up, and tried to will his body back under control.

Unable to let go of the book, he decided to take it with him. Who knows, maybe Magda would want it. She loved books. In fact it was while snooping through her room one day that he found out just how different her tastes in reading material were.

"Have you found what you're looking for?" asked the man, appearing out of nowhere once again. He walked in the direction of the half-hidden desk with its piles of papers.

“Ummm, ya, I got some things my sister wanted me to pick up for her,” He mumbled, ducking his head to avoid the knowing smile on the man’s face when he looked at the titles.

“Of course, I hope she will be happy with your selection.”

He looked down at his hands. He could feel the warm flush creep up his neck. Not for the first time, he cursed his genetics for gifting him with pale alabaster skin that only served to highlight the blush. Pale skin, topped with baby blue eyes and white-gold curls. He looked like a frickin cherub, for Christ sake. No one ever took him seriously.

He paid for his books, thanking the man and turning to leave the bookstore.

“Come back again, now,” the man said, with a little wave.

“Ummm, ya, sure. Thanks,” he muttered.

Tugging up his collar, he prepared to go back out into the cold. Just before he left the store, he felt a ghostly touch on his ass. He startled when a faint chuckle sounded in the air. Ok...weird. That had to be a result of the draft coming in from outside.

Holding the bag of books protectively to his chest Jason opened the door, sending the bell tinkling once again. He crunched his way over the snow-encrusted sidewalk making his way home, his shoulders hunched to keep the wicked wind out of his jacket collar.

He shouldered open the door to his apartment a few minutes later, “Magda! Are you home?”

Stripping off his coat and scarf, he stomped his feet to get rid of the excess snow. Dragging off his boots, he looked around at their home. They were lucky to have gotten this place. It may be small, but it had two decent sized

bedrooms and it was within walking distance of the University where they both went to school.

He was greeted by the sight of a ratty futon, worn from years of use, although Magda had recently made an attempt to spruce it up with a rich crimson slipcover. It was kept company by two lumps that could vaguely be called chairs, one a horrid tan with massive orange and brown flowers decorating it, courtesy of his parent's kindness. Who were they kidding? It was going to be thrown in the trash when his dad decided that it might be better in their apartment.

The other chair was a recliner, a fairly comfortable one too, with a wide seat that just begged to have someone curl up with a book and relax within its arms. A low coffee table completed the furniture portion of the living room, with two matching side tables flanking the futon sofa. They were the nicest objects in the room, dark cherry wood, but definitely dated. Another cast off from the folks' place.

There was no TV because they didn't need one. Despite the protests from the occasional visitor, the two of them preferred to acquire their entertainment the old fashioned way. Leading off from the living room was their pride and joy. A hallway leading to the two bedrooms was filled – fine, crammed – wall to wall with matching particle board bookshelves overflowing with books. The two siblings loved to read and it showed in their modest belongings.

Wandering back to the front door, he entered a small kitchen, barely big enough for two people to stand in. Not that it mattered what their kitchen looked like. Neither of them cooked, much to the dismay of their mom who seriously tried to teach them before finally giving up. His claim to fame among his family was the one time he tried to cook a pizza in the oven when he was 15. Having never used an oven before, he vaguely thought that it might be

similar to using a dishwasher. Although he had never really used one of those either.

He was so proud of himself when he placed the pizza in the center of the oven, turned the oven on to the proper temperature – all according to the detailed instructions on the outside of the box. Followed by a flip of the switch on the door of the oven, promptly locking it shut. Boy did that pizza smell good. He was salivating at the thought of eating it, until he realized it was starting to burn. And *that* is when he realized his mistake. Two agonizing hours later, his mom came home from work, to find a blackened lump of pizza coal in the middle of her oven. Her very clean oven. Who knew that the oven would automatically self clean if the lock was switched over? After he cleaned out the charred remains, he was ordered to *never touch it again!*

Magda had found the entire situation hilarious. Every few years she would bring it up again, much to his disgust.

She should be home soon, but in the meantime... Jason walked into his room and pulled out the books he had just purchased from the bag, tossing the rest back onto the desk then held up the old book. He was puzzled at why he had bought it. He wouldn't even be able to read it seeing that there were no words that were even faintly legible. But there was something about it... besides he just couldn't throw back such an old book. The guy charged him peanuts for it anyway.

He started to flip through the almost-blank pages again, imagining what it would look like filled with writing. Lines upon lines marching across each page. While the plot drove the story along, he would be able to get to know the characters from the very beginning. Laugh with them, cry with them... grow angry when they did and want to just shake them when they did something stupid.

He loved becoming lost in a book. He could almost picture the action like he was really there. Watching the characters from inside the pages. Closing his eyes when the world around him changed, and he became surrounded by words, words that could have so much power within them.

“Exactly,” chimed a deep, resonating voice.

“Who said that?” he whirled around at the sound.

There was something wrong with his eyesight; everything he could see was blurred. Except for a single shape that stepped out of the darkness and started to materialize in front of him.

Topping Jason by more than half a foot – which isn’t hard considering he stood exactly halfway between 5 and 6 feet – the man started to take shape. He was covered entirely from head to toe in dark cocoa-tinted skin, bringing to mind fine chocolate. His mouth started to water at the thought of licking that lean body and seeing if his taste matched his appearance. He had a secret – or not so secret – obsession with chocolate.

There would be so much skin to lick. He was completely naked, and entirely hairless. As soon as he thought the word, hair started to appear on his body. Sprouting into eyebrows on his wide forehead. A fine dusting along his arms and legs. Growing from the top of his head into a sleek black waterfall cascading down his back to reach his waist.

He could feel the warmth creep into his face when his eyes were drawn to the man’s narrow hips, and the long, thick shaft resting between those strong, corded thighs. The man chuckled and Jason felt his body go hot when a breath of heated air caressed his flesh. His cock hardened, becoming engorged with blood.

The man’s cock grew in concert with his own, curving up until it bobbed gently in front of him, the weight pulling it down.

Harsh breaths interrupted the silence and Jason startled at the sound until he realized it was coming from him. The man started forward, his hard shaft leading the way.

Moisture pooled in his mouth and suddenly he wanted to taste that skin.

"Yes," whispered the man. His honey coated words filling the space between them. "Taste it."

Suddenly afraid, Jason backed up quickly. His room blinked into existence once again when he stumbled. The back of his knees hit the bed behind him, and falling backward, Jason tumbled to the soft bed.

The man chuckled, his laughter caressing Jason's body when he started forward once more. When he reached the bed he nimbly crawled up and over Jason's legs. Straddling his body, he crawled up toward his head, the man's dark hair falling like silk, curtaining Jason's body.

Leaning forward, the man slowly lowered his naked body to blanket Jason's. Shuddering at the hard press of naked flesh, Jason arched up, pressing his aching cock into the man's stomach.

"Yes, you like that, don't you?" the man purred.

Unable to find the words, Jason could only stare when the man leaned forward. Slowly...so slowly that he could count the seconds passing, until he was pressing those full lips to Jason's jaw. Lightly biting down, strong white teeth scored along his jaw line.

Jason cried out, the sensation like nothing he had ever felt before. It was overwhelming him. He had never even been touched by a man like this before, and his desires were all the more potent for how hidden they had been.

"I've been waiting for you too, pretty." The man's voice startled Jason into looking right into his eyes. "Waiting for you to come to me."

Honey amber eyes stared intently into his, reflecting back an image of him flushed and panting, eyes wide in surprise. Then they were closing in ecstasy when the man lowered his head and bit down – ever so lightly – on his earlobe when his warm hands curved along his sides, coming to rest along Jason’s hips and sliding inside his t-shirt.

Nimble fingers moved against Jason’s stomach, like he was playing an instrument, causing it to quiver in reaction.

“Please,” Jason whimpered.

“Please what, pretty?”

Jason couldn’t form the words to what he wanted, but the man seemed to know regardless.

Reaching down with one hand, he pressed the heel of his hand gently onto Jason’s cock. Palming the hardness with increasing pressure and adding another level of pain while Jason’s cock strained against his restrictive jeans.

The man flicked open the button at the top, spreading the waistband and sliding down the zipper. The rasp seemed loud over the panting breaths escaping from Jason’s tight throat.

“I’ll take care of you, pretty. Don’t you worry about that.”

Whimpering burst into the air around them when that hot hand reached down into his jeans to tighten around his shaft before pushing his jeans down low on his hips.

For the first time, Jason thanked God that he had forgotten to do his laundry the night before. The lack of underwear that he had cursed this morning was a blessing now when his cock was wrapped immediately in a fist covered with velvet-soft skin and pulled out of his fly. Not a stitch of clothing to get in the way of that aching pressure.

One strong pull of that hand and his back was arching, pumping his hips, his entire body flushed from the pleasure.

He couldn't breathe, his throat constricted when the vice-like grip tightened and pulled. Jason was flying. Cum spurting out the tip of his cock and landing in a warm puddle on his belly.

"God, God, oh fuck..."

"That's it, pretty. Let go...that's a good boy. Moan for me pretty."

His words coaxed another spasm from Jason when the man's tight grip continued to milk his cock.

Jason couldn't believe he had cum so quickly.

"It is because you needed it so badly, pretty one."

Alarmed, Jason looked up into the honey eyes staring intently back at him. How was this man responding to the thoughts flickering through his mind? He swore that he hadn't spoken that out loud. Who was this guy?

"Enitan...you can call me Enitan..."

"Enitan..." Jason sighed out the name.

Chapter Two - *Challenging the Psyche*

"Jason!" The harsh bellow reached his ears seconds before he heard the sound of pounding feet.

Jerking upwards, he had seconds to notice the book that went flying off his lap, *What the hell?* He realized his dream man was gone. What had just happened? Was that a dream? A figment of his imagination? That couldn't possibly have been real.

"Jase!" his sister's voice rang out again, sounding closer this time. He could hear Magda wandering through the kitchen. She must be getting dinner ready. *When the hell did she get back?*

Noticing the spunk that coated his belly, Jason scrambled off the bed, pulling his pants up. Wiping his belly off with his shirt when he whipped it off his head, he tossed it toward the hamper in his open closet.

He couldn't believe it had come to this. That he had to resort to jerking off while dreaming about a mysterious man. If only he was confident enough to actually approach someone in real life, he wouldn't have to be alone like this. *Although that had seemed way too real to be a dream.* If he hadn't seen that he was alone, he would have sworn that the encounter had actually happened.

He stumbled to the dresser to get another shirt and his feet tangled with something on the floor. Tripping, he knocked into the dresser and set the lamp on the corner wobbling in an alarming fashion. Catching it before it fell off, Jason steadied the lamp.

Looking down, he saw the book lying face up, a hint of darkness peeked out between the pages. Curious, he bent over to pick it up.

"What the hell?"

Words covered the pages at the front of the book, filling the previously blank slate with dark slashes of text. Flipping to the end of the writing, Jason started to read.

"It is because you needed it so badly, pretty one."

Alarmed, Jason looked up into the honey eyes staring intently back at him. How was this man responding to the thoughts flickering through his mind? He swore that he hadn't spoken that out loud. Who was this guy?

"Enitan...you can call me Enitan..."

"What the hell? But...that...how...that's not p-possible," he stuttered.

Flipping the book over, he was shocked at the sight that greeted him. The figure of the man was still there, but this time the man was lying on his back, resting on a bed.

His pants were pulled down low over his hips and his spent cock was clearly visible. His face was still indistinct, but when Jason stared at the cover he realized that he recognized the pale blue quilt the figure was lying on. He looked over to his bed at the matching one, rumpled at the foot of the bed. Staring at the cover again, he realized it definitely looked like his quilt. Gone

was the image of the man with the books behind him that was present when he was in the bookstore.

"That's not possible."

"What's not possible?" Magda asked when she pushed open the door and walked into his room.

"Shit!" Jason looked up in shock from the book to his sister and back to the book in his hands. His eyes widened, all of a sudden, he realized that he could clearly make out his own face on the man on the cover.

"What's that? Did you get a new book for me?"

"Hell no!" Jason frantically tried to hide the book, but too late, Magda snatched it from his hands.

"Oh God, I can explain..." he stuttered.

"Explain what?" she asked. "What the heck is this?"

"It's...it's not...not what it looks like Maggie."

"It looks like a journal," she replied.

"You see, I was...wait...what? What are you talking about?"

"Look Jase," Magda looked him straight on. "If you are embarrassed to be caught with a journal, don't worry about it. Lot's of people have them. And don't worry, once you start writing in it, I promise not to look."

"It's not a journal," he said.

"Riiight, it just happens to be a blank book that looks like a journal. Why don't you try pulling the other one? Why are you so embarrassed about this? It's no big deal."

"But...but..." he grabbed the book from her, flipping through it frantically. He hadn't imagined the writing, he hadn't. Sure enough, there it was, black bold strokes across the pages.

Looking back at his sister when he held the book up, Jason said "So how do you explain this?"

"What? It's called a blank page. You take a pen, and here's a novel idea... you actually write on it. Do you want me to spell it out with finger puppets? Are you okay? Seriously, you are acting so weird." She frowned at him, giving him that patented I-think-you're-an-idiot look sisters seemed to do so well.

He rolled his eyes back at her, determined to get to the bottom of this. He wasn't imagining things. "But what about the cover? How do you explain that?"

"What about it, Jase?" Magda was starting to sound exasperated now. "I admit if it was me, I probably would have gotten something with a kick-ass image on it. But it's your decision if you want to get a book with a plain cover."

Apparently bored with the subject, Magda turned to start back out of the room. Spying the stack of books on his desk, she immediately went over to leaf through them.

She smirked when she held up the books. "Are these for me?" On the cover of the book in front was a blonde barbarian of a man. His locks flowed back in the imaginary wind while he held a woman tight to his chest, a brunette bowing back in supplication to him. Her dress was ripped halfway off her body.

"I didn't know you were into this." She laughed at the idea. Magda was the only person who knew about his actual sexual orientation, and he'd always been grateful for how calmly she took the whole thing. Like it wasn't a big deal. Which of course it wasn't. Still...

"I got it for you," he mumbled.

"Now this one," she held up the gay romance book. "I think you got this one for yourself. Tell you what, I'll take the rest of them and let you read this one first. But I want to read it after you, so don't leave any sticky pages behind."

"Oh, Jesus Christ on a crutch Maggie!"

Magda clutched her stomach when a big belly laugh shook her small frame, near to tears.

Shorter than Jason by a couple of inches, and younger by three years, Magda still resembled him too much for his tastes. It was perfectly alright for her to be born with white blonde curls and pasty white skin. It looked good on her, but it made him look just a little too feminine.

Remembering the contrast of the coal dusted skin covering the lean frame of his dream man, Jason could feel himself getting hard again.

"Oh, and just so you know, I've decided the only romance I'm going to get from now on is from the pages of these books." She held up one of the novels he'd picked up for her.

"Why?"

"Because guys suck. No offense."

"None taken."

"So, you know how I was going out last night? We ended up going to a scary movie and the nitwit screamed like a little girl through the entire thing. I figured, hey, pick a scary movie and maybe I'd be able to snuggle up but nooooo... I was mortified."

Jason couldn't help the snicker that escaped.

"Sure, laugh it up. How would you have felt if that had been you?"

"You seeing the guy again?"

"Hell no! I told you, I'm over men."

"You going to switch teams? I don't think there can be more than one gay person in our family. We'll ruin the statistical average."

"You're a dork."

"Guilty." He grinned, backing up when she mock-swatted at him.

"I'm going to make dinner now. I'm not giving you a choice, you will just have to eat what I give you." Shaking her head at him, Magda left his room with the stack of books in her hands.

Jason watched her leave, grateful things were back to normal. He looked down at the strange book in his hands. Was he going insane? He could clearly see the picture of himself on the cover, and the pages were definitely filling up with text. What the hell was this book supposed to be? And why couldn't Magda see it? And who was that man? This wasn't normal. Nothing about this was normal. What was he supposed to do?

Chapter Three - *Discovering the Truth*

The next day, Jason arrived at work early, after a night spent tossing and turning. He hadn't been able to stop thinking about Enitan, reliving their encounter over and over until his cock throbbed. The most frustrating thing came when he tried to take himself in hand, thinking to relieve his ache, but his touch did nothing for him. No matter how hard he stroked, how many times he found release, it just wasn't satisfying. Without fail, he would end up hard again, his cock brushing up against the sheets whenever he remembered the intense dream that afternoon. Finally at around 3 am, Jason had to take a cold shower, desperate for some kind of end to his suffering.

He'd figured today should give him lots of things to distract from Enitan, but it wasn't looking good at the moment. He was on a new assignment at his temping job, and the first day was always a bit weird, trying to figure out what he was supposed to do. It might not be macho and cool to be an administrative assistant, but the pay was good and this way he could have time off to work on his graduate thesis whenever he needed it. He still attended the occasional class, although he didn't have to be a TA for any of the undergraduate classes this semester.

Now, looking at the stack of materials to be put together in binders, Jason was relieved he wouldn't have to talk to anyone, but this didn't bode well for his attempts to get his mind off Enitan. Mindlessly gathering up tabs to separate each section of the manual in front of him, Jason let his mind wander back to the book that was currently in his bag; he just couldn't leave it at home while he went to work.

He hoped that he wasn't losing his mind – he couldn't understand why he was so caught up in this stupid book. It was probably just a dream. *Of course, it was a dream. Men don't just appear out of thin air to jerk you off when you need it.* If they did, he would never leave his room. *Come to think of it, there would probably be a lot of missed work when men all over the world took advantage of that one.*

It was just so frustrating that he couldn't understand what happened. *That Enitan guy doesn't really exist.* Jason knew that he couldn't exist, because that would just be too weird. "Nah, I'm just psychotic apparently," Jason sighed while he methodically sorted. Tab, section, tab, section. The job may be boring, but at least he was able to let his mind wander. If he was forced to concentrate on a task today, he would definitely get fired.

He hated it sometimes, but he needed this job. No job equaled no graduate school. No graduate school equaled no future. And that was one thing that he refused to allow. Jason made plans right out of high school; he was going to make a difference in his own way.

It must have come from reading so much, but Jason was fascinated with everything to do with culture. Enrolling in the Anthropology department in his first year at University was the best decision he had ever made. Now he was on track to getting what he wanted in another year or two. Who knows, he might even go back and get his PhD down the road.

If he fucked up now, that would never happen. He would have to ignore whatever was happening to him. He needed to concentrate. He needed to get some more sleep. He needed to stop thinking about Enitan.

By the time he took his break, Jason was about to go crazy from trying not to think about Enitan. It just wasn't working. Everything around him brought thoughts of his dream man. The smooth covers on the binders he was filling reminded Jason of Enitan's hands smoothing along his skin. The swish of sound when he turned over each page brought back the memory of the sound of his zipper being lowered. The *shuck* of the front covers being inserted into the front of the binders made him think of what it would feel like to have Enitan buried deeply inside of him. The bite of the tabs, when they sliced his fingers because he was not paying attention, even reminded him of the bite of those strong teeth when they bit down on his skin. It was crazy that a paper cut would make him think of sex. If he didn't get his mind under control, he would have a hard-on for the rest of the day.

He might be going insane, but at least he was doing it in style. It would be way worse if his dream man was unappealing or —God forbid— a woman.

He needed some air. Grabbing his bag, he started out of his temporary office, intent on going outside to sit until his head cleared a little bit. But the moment his hand touched his bag with the book inside, Jason was overcome with the familiar tingle racing down his spine. His cock pulsed once, and just like that, he was hard again. All from touching his bag.

Jesus, people were going to think he was a pervert of the worst kind if he didn't get his body under control. He was at work with a hard-on; could it possibly get any worse?

Holding his messenger bag in front of his tented slacks, Jason hurried to the nearest washroom. He managed to duck inside just when his temporary

boss came out of her office. The last thing he needed was for her to see him like this. Not that he'd get in trouble or anything, hell, he was a guy, but it was damn embarrassing all the same.

He entered the washroom, spying his face in the mirror. Large eyes stared back at him; little blue bruises under his eyes the only color on his otherwise pale face. The result of a sleepless night.

He looked like crap.

Jason could feel the book pulsing in his bag, calling to him, beckoning him to pull it out. He tried to resist it, desperate to retain some form of sanity, but he finally gave in. Yanking the book out, he held it up.

The minute his hands touched the old leather, his eyesight started to blur, and his surroundings dropped away for a moment.

"I was waiting for you to come back."

Jason whirled his head around to look behind him at the sound, seeing the man — Enitan — standing at his back.

"Who the hell are you?" he gasped.

"I thought we covered that last night," the man said. "I am Enitan." The jerk actually had the nerve to smile at that, a little smirk that had Jason nearly cumming in his pants. Oh, this wasn't good at all.

"Is that supposed to mean something to me? Because from where I'm standing, I'm going insane and you're just a figment of my imagination." A very hot figment, but still, there was no way this guy was real.

"You are not insane."

"Ya, then how do you explain the fact that I saw a man come out of a book? Magda couldn't even see the writing and it was right in front of her face. Jesus, now I'm talking to a figment. I'm ignoring you and you are going to disappear now." Jason turned away, closing his eyes, and willing the man

to leave; no matter how much he wanted him to be real, this was crazy “I’m so getting fired. Someone’s going to come in and see me talking to the urinal and I’m going to get fired.”

A quiet chuckle interrupted him. “I am very real, pretty. Have no fear, your sanity is intact.”

Enitan came closer to Jason, pressing lightly against his back. Jason whirled and backed up, causing a sliver of space to separate their bodies. His vision was filled with the now familiar sight of Enitan, his lean body draped in charcoal gray dress pants, and topped with a brilliant white button-down shirt.

“I don’t understand. Yesterday, you didn’t have that on. If you’re real, how are you doing this?”

“I have already explained that I am real. Any other discussion will have to wait.” Enitan paused, and a crafty light entered his eyes. “Perhaps you need a little demonstration.”

A bright white smile flashed across his face, startling Jason with the intent apparent behind it.

Jason backed up when Enitan stalked toward him, crashing into a stall door when he stumbled into it.

“Ah, excellent idea, pretty.”

Enitan grinned, herding Jason into the stall, closing the door behind him with a soft snick. He leaned back on the door, palming his cock with one hand when he stared Jason down.

“I do believe you wanted to taste this yesterday. Why don’t you come over here?”

“I...I can’t,” Jason whispered. “Please...”

“Yes, you will please me, now come here.” The soft words were accompanied by a hard yank when Enitan reached out with his free hand and pulled Jason into him.

Jason’s entire body was plastered against his. Flush against the unyielding muscle. Enitan leaned down, slanting his mouth to capture Jason’s lips with his own.

Jason gasped at the rich taste. Filling his mouth, Enitan’s flavor tingled across his lips, his mouth pressed hard to Jason’s. He moaned when Enitan pulled back to lick his lips, before moving back in to lightly bite down on the bottom one.

It was like there was a direct current running from that bite to his throbbing cock which was quickly palmed by Enitan. Jason let out a strangled moan. Licking and kissing his mouth, Enitan ran that magical hand up and down Jason’s shaft, causing him to buck and twist his hips.

Whimpering, Jason’s head fell back when he felt himself coming closer to losing it completely. His glasses were stripped off, disappearing in Enitan’s hold. He couldn’t bring himself to care.

“Not yet, little one.” Enitan backed up, letting go of Jason when his hand came up to thread through Jason’s curls. Cupping the side of his face, Enitan whispered, “You want to taste me, don’t you? You want my cock filling your pretty little mouth until your lips puff out from it, those utterly kissable lips. You want my seed don’t you? You want the taste of it with you for the rest of the day, don’t you pretty?”

“Yes,” Jason whispered. One part of his mind was appalled at how easily Enitan was working him. Pulling Jason in every direction until he didn’t even know what it was he wanted anymore. Splintering his mind.

They were in the men’s room for Christ sake.

"Mmmm, yes we are. And you love it. The thought of someone walking in on us. Hearing your sweet moans while I fill your mouth with my cock. You love it."

Jason's dick gave one hard spasm at the words and he feared that he was going to cum just from the sound of Enitan's voice. Just from the words coming out of his mouth. Filling the air with his whispers until Jason couldn't hear anything else.

"On your knees, my sweet. Now."

Gently pushing on his shoulders, Enitan guided Jason down to the floor.

"I don't...I don't know what...what to do," Jason stuttered.

Enitan slowly slid down the zipper on his pants, reaching in to pull out his mouth-watering cock. "Just hold my cock. Yes, just like that. Now open up. Spread those beautiful lips for me."

Jason opened his mouth—partly in shock—when he stared, transfixed, at the thick stalk he was holding in his hand, his other hand holding on to one of the strong thighs to balance himself.

Enitan's cock was long and hard and just big enough that he could barely close his fingers around it. It felt like soft velvet and he gently closed his fist.

He was gratified to feel the tremor run through the thigh under his hand, quivering in reaction to the pressure.

Jason licked his lips when he ran his eyes over the thickly veined cock. Moaning, Enitan pressed his fingers harder into Jason's curls.

"Don't tease me, pretty. Now kiss it better."

Spurred on by the pretty, but not sure if he liked it at all, Jason leaned forward and lightly placed a kiss on the very tip of Enitan's cock. The thigh under his hand shook again, tensing until it felt like rock.

Seeing the control he now had over this man, something inside of Jason snapped. He felt powerful. Like he could do anything he wanted, and Enitan would let him.

Leaning forward again, he trailed open-mouthed kisses up and down the shaft, tracing the veins, nibbling the underside. He licked Enitan's cock from base to tip in one long swipe. At the low moan that caused, he decided to do it again, until the hand holding his hair pulled tight. He could feel the delicious pressure on his scalp, every kiss, lick and suck causing Enitan to grip tighter on his hair.

He mouthed the skin between Enitan's cock and balls, until he felt them draw up against his chin. He moved over them, trailing his lips and then his tongue along that sensitive skin. He may not be experienced, but he was determined. God, he never thought *he* would get so hot sucking someone's cock. No; not someone's, Enitan's. This wouldn't be the same if it belonged to someone else. Anyone else, it wouldn't feel the same.

"It better not feel the same, Jason." The steel in Enitan's voice and the fact that he used his name for the first time caused Jason to pull his lips off the cock in front of him and look up the lean form. He wasn't sure how he felt about Enitan calling him little one, or pretty or anything else, but he didn't like that tone, for sure.

"I...would ne-never."

"I will never give you the chance, pretty. You are mine, and I will be the only one you kneel for." The words were accompanied by a slight tug on his curls, reinforcing just who was controlling this scene.

When the words wouldn't come, Jason let his actions speak for him. Why wasn't he fighting him? Shaking his head, refusing to let the doubts interrupt this incredibly hot moment, Jason twisted his hand down the long length of

Enitan's cock. Down, then up, stroking it in time to the soft tugs in his hair, now a constant pressure.

Over and over he slid his hand along the shaft, gathering the pearly liquid at the tip and using it to slick the entire surface. He ran his palm over the tip. Drawing little circles along the tip, until Enitan bowed back and slammed the back of his head against the stall door.

Pants and moans filled the air, until Jason couldn't quite distinguish his sounds from Enitan's. He couldn't believe how hot this was making him. He brought his mouth back to Enitan's body, running his teeth and tongue over every inch of Enitan that he could reach. Moving down to mouth the crease of his groin before moving back to the tip of his cock. Back and forth, cock to groin to hip. Licking the skin along one strong thigh, before biting into the muscle quivering in front of him.

Looking up, he saw Enitan staring down at him. He could feel his gaze like a caress. Demanding and begging at the same time. Jason slowly took the head of Enitan's cock into his mouth again, curling his lips around his teeth to protect that gentle skin. He could barely fit the head inside before he gagged.

Desperately he tried to push down on the head more, tried to get that delicious cock into his mouth. Tried to give Enitan the greatest pleasure he possibly could. Whimpering when his inexperience caused him to gag again.

"It's okay, pretty. Just hold it in your mouth. Don't move...don't...ah!"

Jason sucked lightly on the head, holding it in his mouth, keeping eye contact with Enitan the entire time. He couldn't look away, his sight captured by the look of utter ecstasy on the face above him.

He moved his hand along Enitan's shaft, continuing to suck on the head. Enitan grunted, pulling Jason's curls to get him to move closer to his body, thrusting his cock into his mouth when he came; jets spurting into Jason's

mouth, filling him up with the taste of Enitan. Thick and musky, such a unique taste. He instantly wanted more, blushing at the thought. Finally letting go of his hair, Enitan let Jason gently move his mouth over him until he was completely spent.

Reaching down, he picked Jason up under the arms and, turning, thrust him against the stall door. Jason gasped, throwing his hands out to try to hold on. The door shuddered when Enitan's full weight followed, grinding Jason into the door. With one hand, Enitan palmed his cock when he captured Jason's mouth with his own. Jason shuddered, pulling his mouth away just as his mind went blank, body bowing while his release jetted out of his body. He thrust into that wicked hand, mouth opening and closing, no sound coming out. He'd been so damn worked up from sucking Enitan, he couldn't even last a minute. He'd be mortified if Enitan wasn't whispering erotic little nothings in his ear the entire time, goading him on.

Enitan gently pulled Jason into his arms, holding him against his larger body while Jason shook.

"Please tell me who you are." He didn't care, couldn't think if this was just him going insane. He needed to know more about this man. Wanted desperately to figure out what was happening to him.

"Open the book tonight and everything will be revealed." His glasses were slid onto his face, appearing once again in Enitan's hold.

"Why can't you just tell me?" Jason asked, straightening, drawing away from Enitan despite the comfort of his arms. He needed to think, clear his mind, and he couldn't do that while pressed against all those muscles, wrapped up in the sweet scent of Enitan's long hair.

"There is a time and a place for everything Jason. Now is neither the time nor the place. Open the book tonight and I will answer any questions you have about me."

"You promise?"

"I promise," Enitan replied, before he was gone. Just disappeared. If it weren't for the cum soaking into his trousers and the taste of Enitan lingering in his mouth, Jason would swear that he had never been there. Wait... Damn it! He had cum in his own pants. Only now noticing the stickiness in his underwear, Jason swore while he tried to clean it up the best he could.

Enitan better answer him tonight.

The rest of the day passed in a blur, Jason doing his job with only half a mind while he kept replaying what happened in the washroom over and over in his head.

What was going on? Was the man real, or was Jason going crazy?

"Are you sure you know what you are doing?"

Enitan turned at the words, spying his brother coming toward him. Lonan was frowning, a look that didn't come easy on that pretty face, despite what others might think. He was too much of a trouble-maker, too much of a happy-go-lucky sort. He looked nothing like Enitan, his appearance had been shaped by the Celts, pale, rugged, with copper colored hair and wicked smirk.

"Do you not trust me, brother?" he asked, crossing his arms.

"It is not a matter of trust, Enitan. I just want you to be careful. It won't do to have anyone's attention on you right now. You know what you are doing is forbidden."

Yes, he did. Which is why it made no sense at all that he was so drawn to this human. He'd never felt this way in all the centuries of his existence. What was it about the blond that drove him out of his mind with lust, overcame him with passion, had his knees shaking with the love that burst through his heart without even a word exchanged between them?

Why was he so lost when it came to this man? What was it about him?

"You best find out what it is about him, brother, before the rest of the brood find out what you've been doing."

Lonan turned and walked away, his copper hair blowing behind him. Enitan watched him leave, considering his words. Yes, he needed to be careful. Unfortunately, once his thoughts turned to Jason, it seemed he had no control at all.

Chapter Four - *Engaging the Mind*

Jason walked the streets on the way home from work, thick white flakes of snow drifting past him to land on the ground, lost in his thoughts.

He never knew he was different when he was growing up. Coming from an upper middle class background, Jason appeared no different than anyone else in school; other than the fact that he never had any relationships with the girls around him. He had never had a girlfriend. He was too pretty, his face formed just a little too perfectly. What kind of high school girl wanted to date a guy that looked cuter than her?

Jason didn't see the appeal of his face. He was too thin, too small, too... everything. He hated the way he looked. And while he wanted to be a popular guy in school, getting all the girls, the truth was that he was far from it.

His friends didn't make things any easier either. Every last one of them was uber-conservative. They made jokes about gays—they certainly weren't nice to them. Regardless, the whole time Jason was growing up, he never thought about other guys that way. He wasn't gay. It wasn't even an option.

Graduating from high school was the best thing that ever happened to him. Leaving school and leaving home, Jason went to University and found a place where he could be himself. So what if being himself meant being alone?

Just because he didn't go out every night, just because he would rather stay inside with only himself for company, didn't mean anything.

Of course, Magda was always trying to drag him somewhere. She went out all the time, and was constantly the life of every party. While women didn't like his face, men flocked to what they saw in Madga's. A little lady in need of protection.

Magda loved it when her boyfriends tried to do the whole protective thing with her. It gave her a way to shock them by coming out with some feminist rant, so at odds with her little lost girl act.

Jason had always excelled at school while growing up. He loved to study, hold textbooks in his hands and just soak in the information; taking hold of someone else's knowledge to learn everything he possibly could. He loved to learn, but even more, he loved to read.

He cut his teeth on some of the greatest masters in science fiction and fantasy when he was younger. When he grew up, he started to read horror and mysteries. Solving the problems within the plot, imagining what it would be like if he was the main character, how much better he would be at solving the mystery or killing the monster.

That was all before Magda moved in with him. When she graduated from High School a year ago, his parents gave him an option – let Magda live with him and they would pay the rent and help him out with his textbooks for his courses, or live on his own and pay for everything himself. Now in his first year of graduate studies, he needed the help. So he agreed, never thinking about how much it would change his life.

Magda had always followed in his footsteps in some ways, she was very rarely found without a book in her hands. The only difference was that her tastes had always swung a little further out than his more mainstream preferences.

Jason smiled at remembering the first time he found out about her reading tastes. Magda had always read romance novels. She was constantly dragging some story around with heroes and heroines, dragons to be slain and evil witches to be defeated before the two leads could acknowledge their undying love for each other. When they lived at home, Jason never gave it a second thought to see books strewn around her room with covers of brawny men lying on every surface.

It wasn't until they lived together that he realized that she had another side to her. Magda had another stack of books she normally kept hidden... both from their parents and him.

The only reason Jason ever saw them was because he accidentally opened the wrong box when she was moving in. Opening a box that had the words 'Textbooks from Last Year' printed in black marker, Jason assumed he would find something he could browse through.

Bored with the same-old, same-old to be found in his room, all he was looking for was something different. And that is exactly what he found. Only these books contained covers that made him blush still, just thinking about them. Women tied up, bound in thick rope. Necks arched back while they stared up at the muscle-bound gods in front of them.

Women being pleasured at the hands of not one but two men, two men that held her down when they took her in every way possible. Men that liked to fuck each other and fuck a woman in between them.

Then there were the ones that shocked him the most... the ones that had men in both romantic leads. Men, being chased by other men; seduced, coerced sometimes, until they gave in to their passions and made mad passionate love while they fell in love. Every character imaginable: cops, thieves, businessmen, Samurais, cowboys, werewolves... all of them men.

For the first time, Jason hardened just from looking at the front cover on a book. His cock lengthened and thickened, filling his jeans until he ached from it; leaving him to resort to furiously pumping his cock as he flipped through the pages. After spending himself in a tissue and furtively hiding the books back in the box. He hoped that Magda wouldn't find out. He wrote down the titles and vowed to do a little bit of research to find more.

What he ended up finding was a veritable treasure trove. His first generic search on the web brought forth so many gems; from sites where he could buy print books, to sites where he could download them right onto his computer. Before he knew it, he had an entire collection of gay romance, and it all made him hotter than he had ever been before. It also made him realize something about himself he'd been denying forever.

It was only a matter of time, of course, before Magda found out what he was hiding. He still couldn't believe that she'd been so accepting. Although, considering that they were her books that had started him off, she couldn't really look down on him or anything.

She'd admitted she had suspected he might be gay long before he ever realized women didn't really turn him on. Maybe if the right one came along he would change his mind, but it was all beside the point when he considered what was going on right now.

He glanced up, realizing he had walked right past his apartment building, and had to back-track. Stomping up the stairs to the second floor, he wandered down the hallway to his apartment.

Opening the door, he wondered if he really wanted to find out more about Enitan. He said he was real. He felt real and he certainly made Jason *feel* like he was real. At this moment in time, he had no idea what he really wanted. Did he really want to know more? It was all insane, wasn't it? The guy was obviously fake. A figment of Jason's overtired imagination. Maybe he should call his doctor, make an appointment and tell the guy he was hallucinating a man. Well, actually, it might not be the best idea to actually describe his hallucinations. Did you have to give details when you thought you were going insane?

Setting his bag on the kitchen counter, he wandered into his room, shutting the door on both the book and his endless questions.

Two nights later, Jason lay in bed, unable to fall asleep yet again. All he'd been able to think about was Enitan and the utter nonsensical nature of their relationship. Was he being a fool? Was any of this real or was he just living in some fantasy world? He seemed to be working on convincing himself that his mind was finally broken enough that he had to resort to making up some man to be with; that it was the only way he could ever be with someone.

Questions were spinning through his thoughts fast and furiously. Was he a coward? If Enitan was real, should he try to find out everything possible about the man? Did he owe it to himself to try and grab a hold of anything that might make him happy? Did he owe it to himself to at least find out

whether Enitan could ever mean anything to him? Was it just the sex, or could it ever be anything else? Even now, Enitan was all Jason could think about.

Sighing, Jason rolled over, pulling the sheets up around his neck. Burrowing into the soft covers, he realized that he felt empty. He wanted to be held. He wanted to be safe in someone's arms; for them to provide enough heat and comfort so that he would never need to resort to burrowing in his bed again. Someone that he would be able to share everything with.

"And that's the rub, isn't it? This sucks; I can't even decide what it is I want. I want someone in my life. I want *him* in my life. But this is happening so fast. How is it even possible that I'm so obsessed when I only met him a few days ago? Am I one of those idiots that falls for the first guy to show interest? Is that what this is? I'm infatuated because the guy made me cum? Do I care?"

Mind made up, Jason threw off the covers and padded over to his dresser. Pulling open the bottom drawer he reached in and removed a thin, worn pair of pajama pants. He smiled at the small hole near the bottom of one leg before pulling the pants on over his narrow hips. He had had these for absolutely forever.

Opening his door, he stayed silent for a moment, trying to see if he could hear Magda still up. He softly padded over to her door, and cracking it open a tad, he realized that she wasn't in her room. "Where the hell could she be?"

He flicked on the light in the hallway, his attempts at stealth forgotten when he walked toward the kitchen. He looked over to where they had hung a small whiteboard on the kitchen door – an easy to use reminder that they both took advantage of frequently. And sure enough, there was Magda's writing slashed across the bottom of the board, written under the phone number for their local pizza place. He squinted, trying to read the text without his glasses on.

Gone to study at Becca's. Don't wait up. Magda

Well, that made things suddenly more simple. Now he wouldn't have to worry about her being in the house and suddenly, he needed to hear those answers from Enitan. Now.

Jason walked to his bag, staring at it for a moment before opening it up and removing the book from within. Holding it in his hands, he could tell it had changed yet again. The front cover had a different image on the front, one that brought a blush to his face when he realized there was a shadowy figure standing up with another man kneeling in front of him. Naturally, the figure on his knees was Jason himself.

"Wait a minute...before it was only me on the cover. Why is Enitan on it now? And why is my face easily recognizable and yet his whole body is barely formed?"

Needing the answers to the questions that just kept piling up, Jason opened the book and waited for Enitan to appear.

Within seconds, the familiar figure of Enitan appeared before him, backlit from the light coming in through the window.

"Hello, Jason." Enitan stared at him, those amber eyes intent.

"Uh... hi." He didn't know what to say. How to start this.

"May I?"

Flustered, Jason furrowed his brow. "What?"

"May I start?"

"Okay, seriously, how do you do that?"

"Does it matter?"

Jason couldn't figure out what that look on Enitan's face meant. He looked...sad?

"Should I not be?"

"What?"

"Were you going to call me out? After we last met, I do not understand why you didn't call me out."

Shit. What was he supposed to say about that? "It's not as easy as that. I needed time to think." Pausing, Jason studied Enitan's face. Definitely sad. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you."

Nodding his head, Enitan sighed. "I am not used to your ways. Things move slower here, I need to remember that."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Was this it? Was he going to find out what exactly was going on here?

"I am not what you think I am." Enitan turned, moving toward the window, pressing one hand on the sill before opening the window and letting the night inside.

"I don't know what..."

"Quiet. Please, Jason. Let me talk, then I will answer any questions you need to ask."

Jason shivered in the cool night air, and was startled when Enitan turned back to pull the throw from the nearby chair and wrap it around his body. Tucking his hands in the blanket, he merely watched, while Enitan returned to the window.

"I am a Storykeeper. I always have been, ever since I was put into words millennia ago. I was not born. I was made by the Creator of us all."

He paused then, probably allowing Jason time to sort out his words. More confused than ever, Jason simply waited for him to continue. He didn't know what to say anyway.

"My people tell legends of a master Creator. He was the font of all knowledge and he hid it away from the humans he had made on Earth. He did not think they were worthy of knowing the truths he had. One day he became tired of the world around him, tired of the fact that it was ever unchanging. The humans did not possess, or strive to attain the knowledge the Creator wanted them to have in order to evolve into the beings he needed them to become. They were no different from the animals around them. There was no challenge to them.

"So the Creator decided to gift them with knowledge. Only, knowledge is fragile, it is not something that is easy to impart. If the person you are trying to inform is not willing or open to receiving the information, then it is lost in the in-between."

Enitan turned to lean back against the window, the long strands of his night-kissed hair moving as if they had a life of their own.

"The Creator needed to find a way to get them to accept his gift. So he created my people. We are the Storykeepers and we contain inside of us, all the knowledge of the Creator."

Knees weak, Jason sat down on the couch, meeting Enitan's gaze. "So what, are you some kind of god? You're not human?" What did that mean?

"You do not understand. I am words, thought, knowledge. I am knowledge put into words by the Creator. Nothing more and nothing less. He could not give the knowledge to the humans because they couldn't hear him, so he created us instead. We were created to be the carriers of knowledge."

"So what exactly do you do?" Jason asked. "I'm not trying to be stupid here, but I really don't understand."

Enitan padded his way toward where Jason was sitting. Pulling him up, he turned them both and angled them to fall on the futon, Enitan ending up on the bottom. Pulling Jason tight into his embrace he rubbed both hands along Jason's arms. Jason could feel the soft puffs of his breath while Enitan paused to consider his words.

"I send dreams. We send dreams."

"To whom?"

"To anyone who is open to receiving them. We are not able to hold all the knowledge ourselves. Instead, we have each been given a slice to use for our own. It is my duty to share this with your people."

Jason looked up at Enitan's face, seeing emotions chase each other across those beautiful features. No wonder the man was so damn handsome, he wasn't human. So, what? Did he become what Jason wanted him to?

"I can be whatever you wish. This is the body that you desired, so it is what I became."

Wow, what was he supposed to say to that? Thanks? "Do you like it?"

Enitan chuckled, brushing the backs of his fingers down Jason's cheek. He lifted his hand, ruffling it through Jason's curls before leaning in and pressing a chaste kiss to his lips. "I like it because it is what you desire."

Blushing, Jason pulled back, arranging the blanket around him once again. "So, you share knowledge?"

"Your people can be very gifted. Among you are Storytellers; writers, poets, bards, and musicians. These are all people who are open to receiving inspiration. They have always existed throughout time and they are driven to share their knowledge with others through their craft."

"I send them dreams. The Storykeepers send them dreams to inspire them, to cause them to create something, something that they can turn around and pass on to the world around them. It is a way for the Creator's knowledge to pass on to humans."

"So you're a carrier."

"Yes, I am one of the chosen ones that influence fiction. Within me, rests every romance that has ever been written and every love story that is waiting to be told."

"Holy Crap! How is that even possible? So you are saying you're telling them what to write?" Jason stared in awe at Enitan.

"Not quite, pretty. I merely provide them with the inspiration to write. It is up to them to follow it to its conclusion. I am only one carrier. I do not have the impact to change things by myself. My brothers are responsible for all other forms of knowledge that are imparted to humans. There are those that are responsible for science, agriculture, arithmetic, animal life, philosophy... Every subject known to man has been carried by us from the Creator."

Holy crap. "Wow. So is that why you are here? Am I supposed to be one of these Storytellers?"

Enitan chuckled, tightening his arms around Jason, leaning down and kissing his forehead. "No, pretty, you are not one of the Storytellers."

"I don't understand then. Why aren't I one of the Storytellers? Why did you appear to me if I'm not someone you're supposed to contact?"

Enitan stretched, moving Jason in sync when he shifted on the futon. "This is not the most comfortable piece of furniture, pretty."

Laughing at the faint censure in Enitan's voice, Jason just shrugged in reply. "Yeah, but I couldn't afford anything better."

Enitan stood up, pulling Jason up with him. Stunned at the casual strength the man possessed, Jason nearly melted.

“Hmmm... we need to move to a more comfortable location for what I have in mind.” Enitan turned in the direction of the hall. “Come with me, Jason.”

Chapter Five - *Uncovering Revelations*

They walked silently down the hall and toward Jason's bedroom. Once inside, Enitan closed the door, standing in place for a moment before walking to Jason's bookshelf. He stared at the titles, running his index finger down the spines.

Jason shivered, feeling the echoes of that touch down his own spine. Wow, okay, that was weird. Nice...but weird.

Enitan chuckled, slanting a glance at Jason before pulling a single book off of the neatly arranged shelf. "Do you remember this one?"

Okay, he was lost again. What did this have to do with anything?

"Patience."

Making a face, Jason glanced down at the book. "Of course I remember. It was the first book I found in Magda's room. The Tin Star."

"This is why I am here."

Jason turned his head, becoming lost in the intense stare when he looked deep into Enitan's eyes. "That doesn't make sense. I'm not sure I understand. I'm seriously not trying to be dense here; I just don't know what you're trying to tell me."

“What did you think when you read this? When you read the words J.L. Langley wrote on the page?”

Jason shrugged. “It was...magic. The characters, the world, they felt so real. Like I could drive around the corner on a back country road and meet up with them. I wanted that. I wanted to be able to feel that open with someone else. I guess, after I read it, I wanted to be them. Be able to find *my* soulmate.”

“You were surprised by your reaction?”

Uncomfortable with the question, Jason paced over to his desk, moving things around on the surface. He wasn’t sure he could do this with the light on. He was feeling too raw, too open.

A split second after the thought crossed his mind, they were enveloped with darkness. Sighing, Jason glanced to where he knew Enitan was standing. He couldn’t see him anymore but he could feel him, his presence. “Thank you.”

“You have only to ask, my Jason, and I will do it.”

“Then...please, why are you here?”

The silence between them drew out, causing him to fidget. Since meeting Enitan, his comfort zone was being obliterated. He wasn’t sure if he liked that, but he couldn’t leave, couldn’t even think about walking away.

Enitan’s voice came out of the darkness, rasping along Jason’s nerves in the most delightful way. “You see, pretty, I can *feel* the humans that touch my work. It is a way of finding other Storytellers to influence. Anytime a human touches one of my works, I get a glimpse of them. It has always been simple. If they have the gift, then I visit them in their dreams. If they are not a Storyteller, I leave them be.”

“One of your works... So, she’s a Storyteller?”

"I felt you touch this book. I felt your reactions to it, your arousal, your emotions, your heart following the characters as they fell in love, as they became one unit, whole and real together. I felt you reading the words and I knew I wanted to touch you, be with you. It was nearly too much for me to take."

His eyes had adjusted to the lack of light, enough that he could make out Enitan standing by the bookshelf. "Wait, you felt me?"

"Yes, I did and I do not understand it, even now. You are different. There is something inside of you that calls to me on a different level. It is not the same calling I feel when I meet a Storyteller. It is...something else. Something more."

"What?" the words came out in a whisper. Half of him wanted to know the answer and the other was terrified at what it could mean.

Enitan was suddenly in front of him, dark and beautiful. He lifted a hand, brushing back Jason's curls. "You make me real."

Jason exhaled, a noisy puff of disbelief. "I do?"

Enitan smiled, a devastatingly pure smile; childlike in its honesty. That smile told Jason more than all of Enitan's words tonight.

"So... Tell me about the book I found – the one that started all this." He waved his hand between them, trying to find the words. "What's with the journal that's writing about us?"

Enitan smiled. "The book is my creation. It was the only way I could think of to connect with you."

"But, that doesn't make sense. I felt drawn to that bookstore and this is the truly weird part, I had never been in there before, Eni. I didn't even know it was there. I never would have found it if I hadn't taken a different way home from the University."

Enitan simply looked at him, saying nothing. Raising one eyebrow, his unspoken answer was loud in the room.

"What? Did you..."

"I sent you a dream, pretty. One that you obviously do not remember. I merely showed you the way to the bookstore. I was sure that you would be drawn to the book once you were inside, and I was right. The book acts like my focus in this world. If it is here, I have a way to enter this world. A way to come to you."

"So why is it writing out everything that's happened?" Jason asked. Fascinated, he watched Enitan's lips form the words.

"It is writing out everything that has happened to us because it is writing our journey. If there are words on the page, then I can remain here."

"So what happens when the book runs out of pages? Am I going to lose you?" Jason asked, his heart heavy at the thought.

Enitan paused. "The simple answer is that I do not know what will happen when the book ends. This has never happened before. We are setting a precedent among my kind. Never has one of us stayed within this realm for so long. It is a good thing I am so drawn to you, though. I have a feeling you have not felt this way before. I think you like my presence too much to turn me away."

Jason opened his mouth to deny it when he realized the grin on Enitan's face was a little too suggestive to pretend ignorance.

"You are not going to deny it, pretty one?"

"There really isn't any point, is there? I mean, we both know I want this. I may...may not be the most experienced person, but I-I want this." Jason stumbled over his words, too embarrassed to look at Enitan directly.

"You should never be embarrassed with me."

"Ok, that right there. How do you know what I am thinking? There is no way in hell that I just said that out loud. Are you some kind of mind reader or something?"

"I told you, I can feel you now. That means that I can feel what you are thinking, feeling, experiencing."

Jason thought about that for a moment. "So you can feel what everyone is thinking? I mean, anyone that has read one of your stories? That has to be a pain in the ass."

"No, pretty, it is just you that I feel."

"Oh."

"Yes, oh is right. Now on the bed."

Jason could feel his entire body flush with heat while the blush rose up to his face. "Wha...now?"

"Yes, now."

"Ummm, I kinda figured that you might want to talk more. I mean, I really want to know more about your people. I want to know more about you."

Enitan smiled and said, "I believe we have talked enough for one night. Now, I want you to know more about me. I want you to know what it feels like to have my cock sheathed in your ass. Now on the bed, pretty. Do not make me say it again or the next time I will be putting you there myself."

Jason laughed at the exaggerated leer on Enitan's face. He scrambled on to the bed, tangling his legs in the sheets, ending up sprawled across the covers. Like a virgin sacrifice laid out before the god in front of him.

"Mmmm... I do like that image. Tell me more about this god-like image."

"You're an idiot." Jason cursed his fair skin again, feeling the blush move up his neck to bloom on his cheeks.

"But, I like this blush."

"You wouldn't if you were in my position."

"Ah, yes. It is a very nice position. I like the way your legs are splayed so provocatively. So, you want me to switch with you?"

Guh... and wasn't that an image.

"I didn't... I just..." Jason stopped, hating that he couldn't get his words under control. They were just words, why was he having so much trouble with them?

Enitan just stood at the foot of the bed watching him. Jason tracked his eyes over the strong body, following each dip and curve of silky smooth skin.

Just looking at him was enough to make Jason hard, hard and wanting. He realized that Enitan was content to just stand there and stare at him. Well, enough of this. If Jason wanted Enitan to play with him now, it was time to take control of the situation.

Jason slowly reached down, eyes on Enitan the entire time, and ran his hand along his shaft. He reached into his pajama pants, palming his dick. The sharp intake of breath and the slight widening of Enitan's eyes indicated he was definitely into this.

Smirking, Jason writhed on the bed, pumping his cock while he arched his back and let out a lusty moan. Enitan growled – actually growled – when he stared at Jason's hand moving along his shaft. Looked like Mr. Storykeeper wasn't feeling very playful anymore.

"Don't play with me, Jason. You might not like what happens."

"Mmmm, are you sure about that? It looks like you just want to watch."

Enitan stilled, eyes narrowing when he stared Jason down. His shoulders relaxed and that little smirk returned. "All right. I want you to pleasure yourself until you spill your seed for me."

“Wha...what?” Jason’s hand stopped its movements for a split second until he realized that Enitan was completely serious, despite the smirk. He actually wanted Jason to jerk off in front of him?

“Yes, I do.” Enitan backed up until he came to the desk crammed tight into the corner of the bedroom. Settling into the chair in front of it, Enitan stretched out his legs and crossed his hands behind his head. “Go on pretty. The faster you come to completion the sooner you will feel me inside of you.”

Jason stayed still, just watching Enitan when he ran his eyes over his body. His breathing came faster when he realized how hot he was getting. Oh God, if he wasn’t careful he would cum immediately, and wouldn’t that be embarrassing?

Watching Enitan, he slowly started stroking himself again with one hand. Running the other along his chest, he pinched a tight nipple when he came across it. Moving over to its twin, Jason watched Enitan’s pupils dilate when he leaned forward in his chair. Enitan started to palm his own cock.

Oh yeah, this was going to be fun. He reached down, pushing his pants down under his balls, holding his sac in the palm of his hand, gently squeezing, before moving back up the shaft. Swirling around the tip with his palm, gathering the pearly liquid before moving back down to coat himself with it. Slow and steady strokes, keeping his eyes on Enitan the entire time.

He groaned, feeling himself rush closer to his orgasm, pulling harder, faster. His breaths coming in choppy pants, soft whimpers escaping while he played with himself. Running his thumb against the hole in the tip, hips driving forward with every pass. He was flying when Enitan reached forward and started out of the chair toward the bed.

Seeing that gorgeous dark body coming toward him, Jason lost it, sending jets of spunk to land on his stomach once again. This was starting to become a habit for them.

Enitan purred when he crawled forward onto the bed, hand sweeping through the cum on his belly and using it to coat his own thick length. Reaching down, he grabbed Jason around the waist and flipped him over. Jason clutched at the blue sheets under him, burrowing his head into his pillow. He gasped for air, coming down from his orgasmic high.

“I’m sorry, pretty, I just can’t wait any longer to touch you,” Enitan panted, the words barely heard, ground out through clenched teeth.

Jason’s pajama pants were stripped off him, thrown somewhere in the room. He didn’t care right now, could care less if he ever saw the damn things again to be honest. He moved his hips, pressing his softening cock into the mattress.

Enitan ran his hands down Jason’s sides, palming his ass and cupping him with both hands before moving one hand to steady himself on Jason’s hip. Gently – at odds with the hard clenching grip on his hip – his ran a finger down Jason’s crack. Jason squirmed, wanting more. He was getting hard again, unbelievably.

Enitan was moving that digit up and down, getting closer to his goal with every pass. Jason panted for breath, his arousal ratcheting up again despite the fact he’d just cum. How could Enitan do this to him? Make him need so much?

Suddenly, that hard grip on his hip was gone. Jason blinked, turning his head to try and look behind him. Enitan’s palm landed smack on Jason’s ass, making it burn. Enitan soothed the sting, murmuring something too low for him to catch. He strained, trying to hear the words. Enitan landed another blow, and another – each smack harder than the last, driving him out of his

mind with lust. Who knew a little bit of spanking would hit his hot button? It did, though, in ways he'd never imagined. He never wanted this to end; yet, he wanted Enitan inside of him so badly he needed it to end.

"Please, Eni...please," Jason whimpered.

"Mmm, what do you want, pretty?"

"Oh God, I need..."

"And I need you to say the words," Enitan replied.

Jason screamed in frustration, the words just wouldn't come. No matter how badly he wanted to say them, craved it, he couldn't say the words. He'd never done this before, what did Enitan want from him?

"What do you need? Do you need my hard cock stretching your tight little ass? Hmmm, is that what you need?" Enitan murmured when he stroked Jason's backside with both hands. "Do you want me to slick myself up and slide deep inside you? Do you want it hard, pretty? Do you want me to pound myself into your ass? Or do you want soft and slow, sliding in so that you can feel every hard, inch of me? You are mine, pretty. I want to hear the words."

"I want to be yours." Jason whimpered.

Enitan spread Jason's legs wide and dropped down to blanket his body with his own, cradling Jason's head between his shoulder and neck when he pressed his body hard into his back. Jason moaned when he felt that long digit run tiny circles around his rim, teasing it before moving back. Gently pushing just the tip inside, and back out again. Again and again, he ran that one finger around Jason, dipping inside before moving back to tease around the rim. Jason was going mad, and his cock gave a slight spasm at the sensations.

Enitan pushed that one finger in, this time going deeper, twisting it around inside before backing out again. Jason was just about to scream his frustrations when the breath was pushed out of him. Pushed out when two

incredibly thick fingers pushed back in. Adding a sting that turned into a delicious heaviness in his ass. Twisting, while Enitan used his fingers to smooth out the ring inside before moving farther in to rub against his prostate – smooth out the itch that was building. Jason bucked and moaned his pleasure, threatening to overwhelm him. Sending him to a place he had never been before. He was desperate to hold onto Enitan when he got hotter and hotter.

“Do you want one more, pretty, or are you ready for my cock now?” he asked, twisting his fingers once more, stretching out the little hole in front of him.

“Oh, God, Oh God...condom...?” He wasn’t that far gone that he’d forgotten about protection.

A crinkling sound reached his ears. Wait, how the heck had Enitan gotten that? He knew he didn’t have any in his room. He hadn’t quite been that optimistic before.

Enitan chuckled, brushing a kiss along Jason’s shoulder. “You have to ask?”

Okay, maybe not. Enitan wasn’t human, of course he could just magically call up a condom. Heck, if that was the case they probably didn’t need to use it.

“I will do everything to protect you, pretty. You have my word on that.”

Jason whimpered, his brain nearly ready to shut down. How was it even possible for Enitan to be that perfect? Well, he wasn’t human, so guess he wasn’t perfect after all. He didn’t care; he wanted Enitan to fuck him right now more than he’d ever wanted anything up to this moment. Human or not, magic or not, he wanted this man.

“I take it that is a yes, Jason?”

Jason didn't have time to answer when suddenly he felt a much larger presence bump up against his ass. Enitan reached out and held Jason's hands in his own, blanketing his back and holding him down for his possession.

Enitan's cock pressed against him, before pushing in. The initial burn was shocking, Jason hadn't been prepared for the size of him. Enitan whispered to him, murmuring words Jason couldn't catch, releasing Jason's hands to pet him. Jason grasped the sheets under him, body tense despite his efforts to relax. Enitan ran his palms down Jason's back, soothing him.

The unfamiliar ache eased slightly, and Jason's body relaxed in increments. Enitan praised him, pressing a line of kisses along his upper back and shoulders. Jason turned his head, needing to look back and see the other man right now. Enitan's smile was tense, but there. Nodding, Enitan began to press forward with his hips, causing a pleasurable ache this time. Fingernails scraping along Jason's hips, Enitan gasped when he was seated fully inside Jason.

Jason moaned at the feel of Enitan's cock. Filling him; connecting them together in the most delightful way. Unable to believe that this was actually happening. If he was dreaming, he hoped he would never wake up.

"Not a dream," Enitan grunted. "Feel me. Feel me and tell me this is a dream."

Jason whimpered in response, too far gone to form the words that were battering the inside of his head. He whimpered again when Enitan started to pull back, tightening his ass to keep that hard length inside of him.

"Oh God, Eni, don't stop...don't stop...don't st...ah!"

"Yes, that's it. Buck back into me. Dance for me."

Jason mewled, Enitan's words making him crazy. He'd never thought this would happen to him. Never expected to find a man he felt comfortable enough with to actually have sex.

Enitan's hands were rough, his mouth hot against Jason's shoulder. Jason squeezed his eyes shut, giving himself up to the pleasure in Enitan's touch. His own cock was aching, driven into the mattress with every shuddering jerk of Enitan's body. His hands were suddenly grasped, fingers twined together. Jason turned his head, his cheek brushing along his pillow. He gasped, seeking Enitan's lips. They breathed into each other's mouths, connected in so many ways Jason was nearly insane with the pleasure wracking his body.

His ass was so full; every slide of Enitan's cock hitting nerve endings he didn't know existed. He'd played with his ass before, a finger or two, but nothing like this, that was nothing like the feel of Enitan inside him. The ache was still there, but the pleasurable pain was driving him higher, hotter, lust-drunk.

Jason shifted his hips, trying to pull a hand away from Enitan's hold so he could reach down and touch himself. It wouldn't take much, just the feel of Enitan's chest rubbing against his back was going to make him shoot off into the covers.

Teeth bit into the skin on his shoulder, making him buck and twist, trying to get closer, get more of the other man.

"Please..." he gasped.

Enitan finally released one of his hands, only to grab both his wrists in one big paw. Jason squirmed, nearly ready to cry. He was almost there, almost... he need to cum.

"Patience, pretty one."

"Please, pleasepleaseplease..."

Enitan's free hand reached under Jason's wiggling body, glancing against one of his nipples. Jason's eyesight went blank, his balls drew up. Breathing deeply, Jason cried out. Almost, oh God.

That rough hand brushed down his belly, lingering. A hard thrust sent Jason forward on the bed, and suddenly his cock was in Enitan's hand, held tightly in his grasp.

Another punishing thrust, and rockets went off behind Jason's eyelids. He moaned, jerking, his world coming to an end and the most glorious, wonderful, exciting feeling rushing through his body, lighting up his nerves, tensing his entire frame.

His release shot out of his cock, milked out by Enitan's strong hand. Jason twisted his wrists, held so snugly in Enitan's other hand. He was immobilized, unable to move unless Enitan wanted him to.

That feeling alone was enough to have his body shuddering again, bucking back into Enitan's pelvis, squeezing his ass down on the thick presence inside him. Enitan growled, a low and rumbled sound, teeth biting down on his shoulder, holding him even more in place.

Enitan's hips snapped once, twice, and he froze in place, a groan spit out between his clenched teeth. His cum was warm in Jason's ass, filling the tip of the condom, and Jason loved every minute of it.

Jason whimpered, unable to speak for the emotions that were filling up his throat. He never thought it would be like this. Never expected to have found a man like Enitan who would make him feel this way. He would never be whole unless Enitan was with him. He shook his head, confused. He couldn't feel that way so soon. They barely knew each other. It was just the sex talking, his emotions on overload because of what had just happened. It had to be. This was crazy. This wasn't the way it was supposed to work in the real world. He

still couldn't believe he'd had sex with someone after only knowing them for a few days. So many years of waiting, and now he just lost his virginity to a man who wasn't even really a man. What did that mean?

Enitan smoothed his hands down Jason's sides, his softening cock slipping out of Jason's ass. God, that was a weird feeling. Enitan ran his hands down the length of Jason's body pressing his nimble fingers into his aching muscles, prompting a quivering response and a muted groan.

Sliding to rest on his side, Enitan helped Jason turn to face him. Jason tried to hide his head, knowing his confusion was probably clearly written on his too-expressive face. Enitan cupped one blushing cheek in his hand, smiling when he leaned forward to smooth a kiss onto Jason's forehead. Enitan trailed his lips down the side of his face, leaning in to kiss both eyes closed before leisurely making his way to his lips.

"You are so much more than I ever expected to find, Jason. I feel like my entire existence to this point has been aimless wandering. It is meaningless compared to what I feel with you. When I first felt you touching one of my books, I couldn't understand why you called to me. I never expected this. I never thought that I would be hit with these emotions. But there is no denying the feelings I have for you. You are my other half, I can feel it here."

Enitan released Jason's cheek to touch himself in the center of his chest once, before moving back to catch the tears spilling from his eyes. He could get lost in the honey depths of those eyes.

"God, Eni. I...I don't...I can't...God," Jason stuttered, the strength of the emotions running through him making him unable to find the words that he wanted to say. "This has all happened so fast that it feels like it might be a dream. I want so badly to get to know you better, to spend time with you. This feels like it could be... I don't know... something special. You know? Is that

crazy?" Enitan crushed Jason to him, sealing their words with a kiss that clicked their teeth together. Jason grasped him tightly, impossible dreams flittering through his mind. He didn't care, though. Right this minute, it all seemed so real.

Jason snuggled in the warmth of Enitan's arms, remembering his wish to be warmed by something other than his comforter. Smiling, he pressed into Eni, wiggling his hips to get into a more comfortable spot.

"Mmmm, if you don't stop that, we are going to have a repeat of before." The band around his waist tightened when Enitan nuzzled his face into Jason's neck.

"I wouldn't mind," Jason teased, wiggling his hips again.

He suddenly found himself pressed over and squarely laid out on his back. Enitan was a dark looming presence above him. Jason looked up at him, his heart turned over in his chest. A lump formed in his throat.

Enitan leaned forward, resting his forehead against Jason's. "I love you, Jason."

Jason froze, not sure what to say. He had never felt this way before, but was this love? Weren't they moving a bit too fast? He didn't know what to say so he remained silent. There were too many emotions flickering through his mind for him to actually grab hold of any one of them. Luckily, Enitan remained silent, not seeming to be bothered that Jason didn't give the words back. It was just all so confusing. What was happening to him? Could this be permanent? Would Enitan leave him? He sure hoped not.

"So what now?" he asked, unable to hold the words in.

"I do not know. This has never happened before; our races have always been separate. I do not know what to do. We will be together, pretty. I won't give you up."

Jason didn't know what to say. Enitan kissed his forehead, moving them both to their sides, pressed together. "Sleep, Forget everything but the feel of my arms around you. It will all be better tomorrow. You'll see."

Chapter Six - *Convincing the Heart*

Enitan rolled over, pulling the warm body beside him closer. He inhaled, wallowing in the combined scents of Jason and their lovemaking. He never wanted to leave this cocoon of theirs, wished he could stay like this forever. He hadn't realized before how wonderful it would be to spend the night with his love, holding him tight. Already, though, he could feel his brothers pulling at him, calling to him. They were never aware of exactly what each other was doing, but he felt them constantly. Sometimes it was stronger than others, but it was always there at the back of his mind, a string that connected his consciousness to a thousand others.

Drawing away, he stood up, clothing himself with a thought, and placing another blanket on the bed in the next moment.

"Brother."

He turned at the familiar voice. "Lonan."

The man came out of the mist that suddenly formed within Jason's room, coming to stand in front of Enitan.

Enitan chanced a glance back at Jason, but his love was still sleeping, his face peaceful in his slumber.

“What would you do to keep him?” Lonan crossed his arms, tossing his head back, his russet strands curling around his face.

“Anything.”

“Why? Have you discovered what it is about him yet?”

Enitan paused, remembering his thoughts before, questioning what it was about Jason that had called him. “I cannot resist him, Lonan. He called me, when he should never have been able to.”

“And your human; how does he feel about you?”

An unfamiliar tightening in his chest made Enitan look away from his brother’s piercing gaze. He couldn’t answer that.

“Make sure he’s worth it, Enitan. The brood is aware there is something unnatural at hand. I have covered for you as much as I can.”

Lonan turned, disappearing with his words hanging heavy in the air. Enitan was left with unfamiliar panic filling his chest. He couldn’t step away, but he had a curious feeling that he wouldn’t be able to fight this. They had specific rules for their conduct. They were the conduit between the Creator and mankind. They were words, they were not meant to live in this world. He knew what he was doing was wrong, but he couldn’t stay away, not from this man who made him feel more real than he’d ever felt before. From the moment Enitan had first felt Jason pick up one of his books, he’d been infatuated with the human.

Infatuation seemed like such a silly word, but it fit. At least, it fit how he’d initially felt. Now, his feelings were deeper, stronger. He wanted to live beside this man, watch him grow old, not from a distance, but at his side.

Enitan knew it would take longer for Jason’s feelings to grow; the man had a natural human slowness to his emotions. It was frustrating at times, but he needed to get used to this feeling. Was this what it felt like to be human?

This uncertainty...this doubt? Was he doing the right thing? There was a reason they didn't interfere. They weren't meant to be part of this world, but what if he was changing into something that was meant to be?

Enitan raised a hand, pressing it against the ache in his chest.

"Jason!"

Startled, Enitan swung around to the closed door and the very feminine voice that was sounding a little too close for comfort. He knew who it was; he had seen her in Jason's mind. There was something odd about her, something he couldn't quite put his finger on. Shaking his head, he watched Jason struggle to waken. Enitan lifted his hand, stroking an invisible touch down Jason's back.

Jason hummed, trying to clutch his sleep around him, not wanting to leave his dream just yet. He didn't want it to be morning already. The muscles bunched along his spine, causing him to arch.

"Jason! Get up!"

"Oh God, Maggie, go away." he mumbled into the pillow, wanting that magical touch back.

"Will she come through the door, do you think?" the voice was amused, pitched low.

Jason sat bolt upright, wincing at the discomfort in his ass from that move.

"Uh..."

"Hello, pretty one."

Jason winced again, this time for an entirely different reason. He took a deep breath, figuring that the events of the night before were enough to let him say this without sounding like an ass. "Okay, seriously, I've never said anything before, but I'm not pretty. Well, fine, I know I kind of am, but I don't like you mentioning it. Guys aren't supposed to be pretty."

"Says who?"

"Everyone." He didn't roll his eyes but it was close.

Enitan slowly prowled toward him, crawling into the bed with that lazy grace of his. Jason leaned back against the pillows, watching the other man come closer.

"I do not care what everyone says. You shouldn't either." Enitan kissed the tip of his nose, rolling over to sprawl on his back.

Jason wrinkled said nose, brushing back his unruly curls with one hand.

A loud banging on his door alerted him to the fact that Magda very well could come through the door if she really wanted to. "Coming!" he shouted.

Enitan got up and backed away, coming to a stop when he was standing over by his desk—a look on his face Jason couldn't decipher.

A wave of nerves washed over him, he didn't know what to do. Clutching the sheets close around his waist, he debated whether it would be utterly stupid to cling to the sheets or if he had the balls to just let them drop and stand nude in front of his new lover.

Man, how did people do this every day? He'd probably get used to it, though.

"I hope so."

He wrinkled his nose again. "Stop reading my mind."

Enitan laughed. "Would it help if I turned my head? Gave you time for your maidenly blushes to subside." The lingering humor was very evident in his voice.

Jason huffed out a laugh, relaxed by Enitan's tone. Which was probably what the man intended. Deciding just to get it over with, he threw back the covers dramatically, instantly getting caught up in them when he tried to stand up. He pitched forward, wind milling his arms.

Enitan grabbed one of his hands, helping him to straighten up. Jason leaned forward, resting his forehead on Enitan's chest. The other man was shaking, but at least he wasn't laughing in Jason's face. His very red face, he figured. Man, that was great. Just what he wanted to have happen. He rolled his eyes, cursing his inner klutz.

"I do not think your klutz is very inner. Either that, or he is trying to get out."

Jason balled a fist and mock-punched Enitan in the chest. The other man oomphed, his body rocking with the motion. He squeezed Jason close to his chest, before releasing him. Jason smiled up at the other man, good humor restored.

"I better get out there or she just might come through the door."

"Will I get to meet her?"

Jason shrugged, trying to decide if that was a good idea or not. "Eventually. I... crap, that sounds bad, doesn't it? It's not that I don't want you to meet her, or that I'm ashamed or something." He paused, trying to find the right words. He wasn't used to putting his feelings out like this. It was hard. "It's just...this is so big, so different. I want you to myself a little while longer. Okay?"

Enitan's bashful smile was worth Jason's honesty. "Go, your sister is waiting."

Jason reached forward, pressing a kiss to Enitan's chin before the other man tilted his head. Their lips clung for a moment before Jason pulled back. "You'll still be here when I come back?"

"I wouldn't want to be anywhere else." Eni held out his arm, a pair of jeans and a tee shirt dangling from his hand. "Okay, I'm not even going to ask you how you did that. I'm just happy I don't have to go digging through my

closet. Wow, you're handy to have around." Jason grinned, pulling on the clothes and reaching for his glasses. He didn't even want to see what his hair looked like right now. It was probably a complete mess. Not like Eni's. Damn, he wanted straight hair. Smooth, sleek, running over his... Okay, and now he was going to have to think of the Queen to get rid of his hard-on.

Enitan never said a word but his smirk was more than evident.

Jason made a face, unlocking his door and quickly making his way into the hall. Magda was leaning on the kitchen table, reading a newspaper that was spread out in front of her. A mug of what smelled like coffee was steaming beside her elbow, an empty plate beside that.

"Morning."

"Hey, Jase. Sleep much?"

"Uh, it's just one of those days," he mumbled.

"Ookay, and it must have been a doozy of a night. Is that a blush I detect?" She giggled when he tried to smack her, dancing out of reach.

"So, can I ask you a question?"

Magda paused, studying him. Jason wondered what she saw. "Sure."

"Have you ever had someone say they love you?"

"I'm assuming you're not talking about you and the parental unit."

"No, like, someone you're seeing." He fidgeted with the arm of his glasses.

Magda shrugged. "Once or twice."

"Did they mean it?"

"Okay, what's this about?"

It was Jason's turn to shrug. "I just wanted to know."

"No, or well, maybe they meant it the only way they could. Do I think I was the love of their life? No. At the time, though, I'm sure they meant it to some degree."

Jason sank into one of the chairs at the table. "Hmm."

"Jase, what's this about? You seeing someone I don't know about?"

"Maybe. Yeah."

"Jason! Why didn't you tell me? Where'd you meet him?"

Crap, how was he supposed to answer that? "Uh, at a bookstore."

"Man, that's awesome! I'm so happy for you." His sister bounced in place, beaming at him.

Jason ducked his head. "Yeah, I'm...I'm not sure what I'm feeling, but it's nice."

"Nice?"

"Wonderful, fantastic, breathtaking?"

"Breathtaking, huh? Not bad, big brother. So, what's he like? He's not some Dommy type is he?"

Jason nearly choked. He pictured Enitan in a Leatherman outfit and had to laugh. "Uh, no. Not quite. He's taller than me, with the most amazing chocolate colored skin and long black hair."

Magda's eyes were about as wide as they could go. "Really? Sweet, I like. Totally not what I thought your type would be, though. But, hey, go for it."

"Yeah, I just..."

"Is this about the love thing? He say the L word and you can't say it back?"

"Something like that."

He met his sister's intent gaze, not sure what he wanted her to say, but knowing he needed this talk. Needed someone else to at least know what was going on in some small way.

"Jason, does he treat you right?"

"Of course."

"Do you like being with him?"

"Yeah." He loved being with him. Although, they hadn't really done much besides...well, that didn't matter and he couldn't be thinking about that when he was talking to his sister.

"Then what's to think about? Just let things happen. I'm going to assume you haven't been seeing him that long, since this is the first I'm hearing about it." She paused, obviously waiting for a response. Jason nodded. "Okay, then. Just relax. There's no need to psychoanalyze it. Have fun."

"Yeah, that's a good idea."

"Great. Now, I better get going, or I'll be late. You staying here for a bit?"

"Yeah, late start. I'm working at a firm that doesn't need me until 11."

"Cool, have fun. Keep me posted about the boy situation!"

"Geez, don't call him a boy," he muttered.

Waving goodbye to his sister, Jason made his way back down the hall to his bedroom. He paused outside his door, wondering if Eni really would be inside.

Cracking it open, he just about fell over at the sight inside. Unable to stop his giggles, he opened the door fully, leaning against the doorframe.

"Do you like it?" Enitan crooned, a grin peeking out.

Eni was in full Leatherman persona—complete with leather chaps, a leather vest over his bare chest and a little cap on top. His hair had been pulled back and motorcycle boots completed the outfit.

"You're a dork," Jason finally managed to get out past the wheezing.

"You're the one that thought of it, so who's the dork?" Enitan produced a whip, smacking the handle experimentally on his free hand. "Come to daddy."

Jason started to whoop, nearly bent double. Enitan's chuckles reached his ears. He glanced up, meeting the smiling eyes of the other man. Enitan opened his arms, the leather outfit disappearing and a simple pair of white linen pants taking their place.

Jason threw himself into Enitan's embrace, their lips meeting, clinging. He wasn't going to think this to death. Whatever happened would happen, and he'd have to be okay with that.

Chapter Seven - *Capturing the Soul*

The morning light shining against his face woke Jason up from a deep sleep. Stretching, he arched his back and let out a low groan when he felt every pull on muscles that had once again gotten a major workout. Jason blushed at the thought of what he had been doing to get those sore muscles. Two months with Enitan and he was still blushing. Hard to believe, but there it was.

Turning over, he blindly reached across the bed, stopping when his hand touched the edge of the bed and not warm skin. Jason sat up straight, wincing when his head pounded from the quick movement. Enitan was gone. Again. The bed beside him was cold, so he had been gone for awhile. This was the part Jason hated the most. The moment when his lover was gone, making him wonder if it had all been a dream. Two incredible months, and he was still half afraid he was going to wake up and find out none of it had happened.

He loved spending time with the man, was growing to care more for him every day. He still felt a twinge every time Enitan whispered those three little words to him, something the man must have felt compelled to do because he

said it all the time. Jason yearned to hear them, listen to Enitan murmuring his love in that whisky voice.

He'd never imagined he'd feel this way about someone else. He didn't know what it was...wasn't it too fast to be love? He had nothing to compare it to, had no way of figuring out what he was really feeling. He wanted to say it back, but he needed to know... Hell, he didn't know what he needed to know. If that made any sense at all.

Story of his life right now. Jason was so damned confused, he didn't know which way was up anymore.

They talked for hours when Enitan was here, sharing their dreams and fantasies. Talking about the future, reminiscing about their past. There was a lot Enitan didn't tell him, he knew enough about the other man to know when he was glossing over something. He'd get this little frown between his eyes, like he hated that he couldn't be completely honest, but Jason wasn't bothered by it. He knew there was more going on here than just them having fun. Enitan hadn't talked again about what would happen if he couldn't stay, and Jason was too afraid to bring the subject up. It had remained between them, though, the great big white elephant in the room.

What would he do if Enitan was forced to go back to wherever it was he lived? He didn't know, didn't want to think about it but it was always there, in the back of his mind. Maybe that was why Jason was refusing to take that last little step, refusing to say the words he was afraid he felt, but was more afraid of uttering.

Reluctantly leaving his bed, Jason stretched his arms over his head, twisting to the side. He scratched his belly, reaching down to grab a pair of shorts from the floor. A glance around his room revealed their book was missing. He tried to remember where he had it last. It had become a force of

habit for him. He couldn't seem to help himself. Every time Enitan left him, Jason reached for the book, desperate to see what had been written. Needing the reminder of what had happened; that he wasn't making it up.

Cracking his door open, he glanced out to see if Magda had come home yet. Not hearing anything, he quickly jogged down the short hall and entered the kitchen. The book had to be here somewhere.

Remembering he had dropped it when Enitan had attacked him the night before, he looked to the ground and sure enough, there it was.

He stared at it for a moment. Lying closed, with the back cover facing him, he was almost afraid to pick it up. His heart was pumping madly and for some weird reason his palms started to sweat and his breathing accelerated. What was wrong with him?

"Now or never." Bending over, Jason picked up the innocent looking book, slowly turning it so he could glimpse the front. There, in front of him, was a perfect image of himself, eyes closed in slumber. The most seductive look was on his face, like the devil himself lived in the smirk on his lips. He looked like he had just been fucked well. Over and over. Well, technically he had been, so it was an accurate portrayal.

What was missing in the picture, though, was the man who had put him in that state. He was on the cover last night, and the night before that and the night before...so where was he now? Remembering the words that Enitan had spoken, about how the story was about their journey, Jason couldn't understand why he wasn't there.

Opening the book, he saw that more pages had been filled with writing, and he blushed once more at reading some of the passages detailing exactly what had happened between them up to this point. When he reached the last page of text, he paused at the words on the page.

Enitan leaned down, pushing back the silky curls from his lover's face. The look on his face was heart wrenching when he pressed his lips tightly to the forehead of the only man he would ever love. He had fallen in love with him from the moment he first felt his touch and that love had only grown stronger the more he found out about Jason.

"You must leave now. You don't belong here. Don't make me use force Enitan."

Enitan ignored the man speaking to him, glancing back down to his love's face.

"I will always love you, pretty. It just wasn't meant to be. There are too many things holding us apart."

Tears tracked little rivers of pain down his face, his eyes amber pools of sorrow. He slowly straightened and stepped toward the man standing in the doorway. Taking one last look at Jason's sleeping face, he disappeared.

Jason looked up when the sound of a key turning in a lock reached his ears. Followed by the door swinging open and the sight of his sister bounding through the opening.

"Hey, sleepyhead!" Did you have a good night? You would not believe what Becca and I did."

Magda wandered into the kitchen. He could hear her puttering around, the fridge door opening and then closing, so normal. How could everything possibly be normal? "We had decided to get together to study, right? Well, when I got to her place, she decided that we needed the right fuel before we got started.

"We ended up going out for pizza and met up with these guys. They were from Britain — can you believe it? Here for some army training thingy. Holy crap, were they ever hot. And I think some of them might have been a little

loose-wristed because they definitely weren't looking at us. Maybe we can go back tonight and see if you like them...although, I guess that might not be a good idea if you're still seeing the man who I have yet to meet."

Magda came back into the living room. "Again, not a complaint, it's just a little..." Her words trailed off when she realized that he wasn't paying the slightest attention to her.

"Hey Jase, what's wrong?"

He raised his head, and Magda let out a little gasp. In a heartbeat she was in front of him, hugging him to her.

"Jason, come on, tell me what's wrong. Did something happen last night when you were at work? Talk to me!"

Jason blindly looked over her shoulder. "He's gone."

"Who's gone, Jase?"

"He's gone. Oh God, Maggie, he's gone. They took him." Sobs shook his frame when he clutched Magda to him. The only lifeline he had left now that they had made Enitan leave. Made him go back to that place. He hadn't even told the man how he felt. He'd never talked about his feelings; how he was falling in love with him. No, not falling, he *was* in love with him... and he'd never even said the words. God, Enitan had left without knowing how he felt about him. Maybe if he'd been stronger, maybe if he'd been more honest, none of this would have happened. Maybe...

"Jason, you're scaring me."

Jason couldn't talk, couldn't bear to open his eyes and face the world. His knees giving out, he fell to the floor. Magda came with him, pulling him so that he lay in her lap, rocking him back and forth while he sobbed uncontrollably. He could hear the panic in her voice when she spoke to him,

but her words wouldn't register. Finally when he was utterly drained, he welcomed the blackness teasing at his mind and everything went dark.

The next hours passed in a blur. He was vaguely aware of Magda when she forced liquids into his body. She lay on the bed next to him, reading out loud from a book. He struggled to get up, needing to hear something of Enitan's. He couldn't force the words out and ask Magda to change works; he was curiously numb, just laying on the bed, trying to figure out what to do.

He could barely recall his parents coming over. They were supposed to go for dinner tonight, their usual monthly family night. He couldn't tell them what was wrong; they'd think he was insane. They had no idea he'd had this wonderful man in his life for the past two months and he'd never even told them about him. What did that say about him? How could he have done that? Sure, he wanted to keep Enitan to himself, but it was like he hadn't even existed now. Magda might have known about him, but he hadn't even introduced them. Why hadn't he done that? Had he been afraid all this time that Eni would leave him? Or was he just the biggest asshole in the history of the world?

He was the only one that would miss that wonderful man. The thought of that was almost worse than not having Enitan at all. He had the chance to share him with the people that meant the most to him, and he didn't. Would he have if Enitan had stayed? Would he have ever introduced Enitan to his family? He hoped so, but it was too late now. Too late for everything.

Jason had some awareness of his mom when she talked to him, holding his hand, trying to get him to respond.

And the voices...he heard the voices. Coming and going, fading away, like the tides washing onto the shore only to go back to the sea.

"We should take him to a doctor, John. He has to be sick."

Marlena, I don't know what a doctor would be able to do for him. He doesn't have a fever. He's not clammy."

"Mom, I told you, he's just upset because he broke up with his...uh...his girlfriend."

"What girlfriend? I didn't even know he was dating anyone. Why don't you ever tell me anyth..." The voices faded once more when Jason tuned them out.

He was blank. He wanted to be blank, because he didn't know what to do. What was he going to do?

Chapter Eight - *Fighting for Love*

Magda softly closed the door behind her, when she walked into Jason's room. She had finally convinced her parents to go home for the night. There was no need for them all to be here. And like it or not, they didn't have enough room in their apartment for all four of them to stay the night.

She knew they would be back first thing in the morning. They were all worried about Jason and she knew that if she didn't figure something out, tomorrow her parents would be taking him to the emergency room. Whether she agreed or not.

It was a miracle she had held them off this long. Making up a story about a fictional girlfriend was the only thing she could think of at the time. It wasn't her place to out Jason to their parents.

Magda had a slight twinge of panic that she might be doing the wrong thing; there really was nothing the doctors could do for him. All they would do would be to admit him to the hospital and pump him full of medication. There was nothing medically wrong with him and she didn't want him to end up in the psych ward for being depressed. He wasn't suicidal. At least she didn't think he was suicidal...

Worrying her lip with her teeth, Magda pulled out the book she had kept hidden for the past fourteen hours. Fourteen hours, it was hard to believe it had been that long since she walked into the apartment to find him completely broken.

She remembered the book. It was hard not to remember it, but it didn't look anything like it had before. What was once a journal, with blank pages, was now a beautiful bound manuscript full of an unbelievable tale. She would almost think it was just Jason writing a story, except for the feeling that she got from holding it.

When she read the conversation she had had with Jason about how she couldn't see the words on the page, she finally began to believe it wasn't simply fiction. Magda didn't know why she could read the text now, when she couldn't before, but it called to her somehow.

Reading the words Enitan spoke about the Storykeepers, Magda believed every word of it. She was drawn to the words, wanted to find out as much about them as she could. Watching how broken Jason was, Magda believed that everything written inside that little book had happened. Unbelievable? Maybe, but she *felt* that it had happened. That it was real. Although she had an uncontrollable urge to hide her face from Jason every time she recalled *all* the things written in the book.

She had to do something. Had to fix this. Magda had no idea how to go about doing that. There had to be some way to contact Enitan, to find out who had taken him. There just had to be a way for him and Jason to be together.

She watched Jason slip away from her and it was unacceptable. No one was going to take her brother away from her. If Enitan was who he wanted to be with, then she would fight every one of those fucking Storykeepers to get him back.

Her mind made up, Magda took one last look to make sure Jason was sleeping. Walking closer to him, she leaned down and placed both hands on his cheeks.

"Don't worry Jase. I'm going to make this better. I'm going to get him back."

At the flicker of his eyes, she knew that what she was about to try was the right thing to do. Even if it backfired on her, she had to try. Resolved, she grabbed the book, and turned to leave the room.

"Promise?" the words barely audible.

"Jase? Jason?" Magda turned back to the bed, running back to his side.

"I need him, Maggie. I should have done something. I should have..."

"Hey, none of that. We're going to get him back. I promise you, I will find a way to get him back."

"No..." Jason seemed to struggle to get the words out. "*We* are going to get him back Maggie."

Magda smiled for the first time today. "Yeah, we'll go kick all their asses Jason."

Enitan was going crazy. He could feel Jason's pain, the wrenching numbness moving through his love. He couldn't stand this. Couldn't stand the pain he was causing the one person he loved and wanted to be with.

Pacing around his prison, he grumbled at the walls. All around him was white oblivion. His world held none of the colors of the mortal realm. It was an in-between world, eternally static. The only time the Storykeepers ever saw shapes or colors was when they entered the dreams of the Storytellers.

Enitan paced from one end of his prison to the other. The walls around him blended into the surrounding blankness, he could feel their presence pushing in on him. Containing him so that he couldn't leave.

He paused in his pacing, feeling something else. Something foreign calling him. Closing his eyes, he concentrated on the individual, feeling something familiar about her.

His eyes snapped open when he found her mind. Magda, her name was Magda. Jason's sister was trying to get to him. Impossible, there was no entrance to the world of the Storykeepers for anyone not of their kind. Or was there?

There had to be a way for them to come in. There was no way they were going to let him out of his prison. He had broken a sacred rule of his kind. He was a carrier, his job was to bring inspiration to the mortal world, not actually take part in it.

Enitan snarled again when he felt another presence coming closer to his prison. Before he could move, the man was inside with him, merging with the walls briefly when he entered Enitan's new home.

"I have no choice, Enitan. You know the rules." The newcomer had the most serious eyes Enitan had ever seen. Amber eyes looked over Enitan in concern. Pale blonde hair, the color of buttercups, brushed over his milky white shoulders when he walked forward, trailing down to rest just above the white cloth he had wrapped around his lower body.

Ewald was the keeper responsible for law, order, and justice. His entire purpose was in ensuring that rules were made and that the rules were kept and enforced.

"Sometimes rules are made to be broken. Can you explain why I was able to go to him when he is not a Storyteller? Enter the mortal realm completely?"

Physically? There must be a reason why.” Enitan lifted his hand, letting it drop.

“I don’t deal in possibilities Enitan, I deal in fact. And the fact is that we are not to interfere with their world outside of our purpose. In time you will understand this.”

“I don’t have time!” Enitan snarled, pushing forward to grab Ewald by his shoulders. “I need to go to him. Please!”

Strong hands covered his own when Ewald pushed him backward. “I have no choice Enitan. I have to do this. Do you think I want to? Do you think I want to lock my own brother up like a criminal?”

The fight left Enitan when he glimpsed the pain that Ewald was hiding within his gaze. “There must be a way. There must...”

“I’ve looked Enitan. I’ve tried to find a way. I just don’t know what to do.” Ewald sighed when he ran his hands through his hair. “If I could find a way, I would let you go to him in a heartbeat. You have to know that.”

“I know it, brother. I know.” Softly sighing, his breath puffed out in front of him. “Creator take it, I miss him Ewald. I miss him so much that my arms ache from not holding him.”

“I know Enitan. I wish I could make it better. I just don’t know how.”

Jason ran his hands over the cover of the book. It was the same scene from before, the figure of himself lying on the bed. The words inside were the same, but Jason could see they were fainter than before. He hugged the book tight to his chest, and felt a shaft of icy fear run down his spine at the thought he might lose this too. The only connection he still had to Enitan.

It had been a week since Enitan had left. Magda had gone to the library that first morning to get her hands on every book about the supernatural that she could find. There had to be a way for them to find him. They had come up with exactly nothing so far, but he wasn't going to lose hope. Okay, so he'd broken down, sue him. He was not going to give up without a fight. Only, Jason had no idea where to even start. The only connection he had to Eni was this fucking book and he didn't know how to use it to bring him back.

He knew that Enitan was still out there somewhere. He could feel him. A faint presence hovering at the edge of his mind.

He stood up when he heard Magda come in the front door. It was the two people behind her that made Jason's heart pound. Magda had called them this morning before she left, and had warned them not to come until she could be there with them. He knew that they had been worried about him, but they were just so relieved that he was up that they were willing to do anything that he wanted. Even if it meant not seeing him straight away.

Jason felt horrible when he saw his mom's eyes fill up with tears at the sight of him sitting on the futon. Coming forward she held out her arms and Jason instantly went into them. He felt his dad come up behind him and pat him on the back, before leaning in to hug both Jason and his mom.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry for worrying you."

"Hey, I'm just so happy that you are okay. We didn't know what to do and Magda kept telling us that it was just a bad breakup." Mom looked at him questioningly, her familiar features an older version of Magda's.

"Yeah, about that..."

"Jason, you can tell us anything," his dad replied when he turned to sit in the recliner, the only decent seat in the room.

"Well, this is hard for me."

"Harder than watching my son waste away for some reason that I have no idea about?" His mom couldn't have sounded any more disapproving if she tried. Jason realized that whatever the outcome, he had to do this. He owed it to them to give them as much of the truth as possible.

Oh, he wasn't completely stupid. Just because Magda accepted his farfetched story, didn't mean anyone else would. After his behavior when they'd come over last week, if he started spouting off about immortal men who come out of books, he would be shipped off to the loony bin faster than he could blink.

His parents loved him, but they were not quite as open and accepting of the possibility of the supernatural as he and Magda were. At least, he assumed they weren't. Who knew, maybe they'd surprise him. He wasn't going to risk it, though. Not yet.

"Mom, Dad, I-I... About the girlfriend thing..." he paused, trying to find the right words.

A sudden look of understanding passed over his mom's face. "Jason, if you are trying to tell us something, we'll understand."

His dad simply looked at him, saying nothing.

"It wasn't a girl I was upset about." God, this was harder than he thought it would be. No wonder he had waited so many years before telling them what he suspected about himself.

"Who is he?" his mom asked quietly.

"He— What— Why would you think—"

"Jason, we know. You don't have to hide it from us."

"You know what?" he asked, then wanted to slap himself for being so dimwitted.

Laughing, his mom grabbed onto his shoulders.

"Jason, we suspected that you might prefer men when it came to dating. We were just waiting for you to say something."

Jason couldn't believe what he was hearing. "How did you know?"

His dad looked up from his lap, meeting Jason's eye when he replied, "We didn't. Not for sure. You've never had a girlfriend. We thought there might be a reason for that."

Magda clapped her hands. "Good, now that that is all cleared up, why don't we all hug and you two can be on your way. I'm taking Jason out tonight."

"Dear God, Magda. He just broke up with his boyfriend and now you want to take him out? I won't have it. He's staying here, and I'm staying here with him. My baby needs to be babied." Whenever she got that mutinous look in her eyes, they all knew that it was best not to argue with her.

"Marlena."

"John, no."

His dad slowly stood up and approached Jason. "I know there's something more going on here than you're saying right now. I trust that you'll tell it to us in your own time. Come on, Marlena."

Giving his son a quick squeeze, his dad surprised them all by starting for the door. An exasperated Marlena watched him before she turned to hug Jason herself.

"Fine. But I'm not happy about this."

"I know, Mom. Thank you."

"Hmmpf, I'll talk to you tomorrow. And you better stay this way. Don't think I don't know that something happened to cause you to break like that. I'm not pressing the issue now, but you will tell me."

"Geez, he'll tell you Mom." Magda rolled her eyes, safely behind her mother's back.

"And don't think I didn't see that, young lady."

Laughing, Jason watched both parents leave the apartment. Magda closed the door behind them and leaned back against it while she watched Jason.

"So...what now?"

"Christ Maggie, I have no idea."

Magda sighed when she closed the door to her bedroom. Shutting Jason out, although he was currently hiding in his room, clutching the fading book in his hands. She didn't know what to do.

It had been quite a week. A horribly long week while they searched every book they could find, online and in hardcopy to find any mention of Storykeepers. They might not exist for all the information they found. In a word: zip, nothing, nada.

She wandered over to her desk, looking hopelessly at the stack of books piled up on the surface. She was getting sick of looking through the pages, but she had to on the off chance that some tidbit of information might jump out at her.

Magda was getting worried about Jason again. He was so optimistic a few days ago, but as the week wore on, and their search proved fruitless, he started to get more and more withdrawn. She had had no choice but to leave him alone. Alone except for that damn book.

There had to be a way to get Enitan back. She would do anything to get him back for Jason.

"Anything?"

Magda jumped at the whisky smooth voice that sounded from behind her. Turning she was startled to find a gorgeous male specimen leaning against her bedroom door. Her closed bedroom door, the only way out.

"Do not worry, I have not come to harm you. At least not today," the man said in a thick Irish brogue.

"Who the hell are you, and how did you get in here?"

"I am Lonan, and I am the only one who can help you get Enitan back. How I came in here should be fairly obvious to you, *Mavourneen*."

Magda stared in shock at the man. He must be one of the Storykeepers. Lord, was he ever appealing. Broad shoulders tapered to a narrow waist and into long lean legs currently encased in worn denim. A snug black t-shirt covered his impressive chest, hinting at his strength and highlighting the massive biceps. Thick luxurious auburn waves reached just past his shoulders. He tossed his head, throwing his hair behind his shoulders when he stared back at her from pitch black eyes.

"Do you like what you see?"

"What do you want?" Magda asked, ignoring his question.

"I want to help you. I know of a way to help your brother and Enitan; a way for them to be together forever. Will you take the chance?"

Magda hesitated for a split second, considering his offer. What if he was just toying with her? How could she know that he could be trusted?

"You don't know. It will require an act of faith. Are you willing to make the sacrifice that is required to get him back?"

"Yes," she whispered. She didn't care what the sacrifice was. She'd do anything for her brother. "I'll do it."

A brief look of satisfaction crossed his face and Magda wondered what she had just gotten herself into. Why, oh why, hadn't she asked him what the price was going to be?

Jason slumped down onto the bed, holding the book close to his chest. The text was fading faster, and he could swear that the cover was lighter than it had been before. He was reminded of the old saying "A watched pot never boils". When he looked at the book, he couldn't see it change, but if he were to look away and look back, he swore that it looked lighter.

Maybe he was finally cracking again and this was all part of a downward spiral. He was interrupted from his musings by a knock on the door.

Before he could answer, it was opened, and Magda walked in, closely followed by a great bear of a man. If he wasn't so in love with Enitan, desperate to see where they could go together, he might have looked twice at him. Now all he could think of was how he wished it was Enitan walking in and not this stranger.

"And what if I told you that the next person through this door could be your love?" an unfamiliar voice crooned.

Jason started, sitting bolt upright, the book falling out of his suddenly limp fingers. His mouth opened and closed, but no words would come out.

Magda rushed forward, inserting herself between the stranger and Jason. "It's okay Jase. His name is Lonan and he's here to help us.

Jason saw the look of apprehension on her face when she stared at the stranger. He frowned at her. Shaking her head slightly, Magda looked down at the ground. Jason hesitated. He wanted Eni back, but not at the expense of his sister.

"Jason, please."

Sighing, he let her have her way. He'd be talking to her later, though, when they were alone. "What do you want us to do?" he asked the other man.

"Let me see the book." Lonan held out his long fingers, imperiously waiting for Jason to hand over the only thing he had left of Enitan.

Taking a deep breath, Jason picked the book up off the bed and stretching forward, placed it in Lonan's hand. He watched while the other man peered at the front cover before opening it and leafing through the pages. Blushing at what the book contained, Jason looked down at his hands clenched tightly in his lap.

"It is what I thought. There are still pages left, so we might just have time."

Jason looked up, not sure what to say, but so filled with hope it filled his chest. He couldn't speak. This man held his future in his hands and he was willing to help them.

"What do we do?" he asked.

Lonan looked up from his study of the book. "It is quite simple. The spell that Enitan worked to remain in this world relies on this book. While the words are still visible, while the story is still writing itself, then he can come back at any time."

"But the words are starting to disappear."

"Exactly, so we have to act quickly before they are gone entirely."

Lonan held the book out to Jason. He reached forward and took it back.

"What do I do?"

"You finish the story."

Jason snorted. "It can't be that simple. No way it's that simple."

"You wish to sit here and watch the words fade away instead?"

"No, but that just sounds like the dumbest thing in the world. How is it even possible? I'm just supposed to write in the journal and Eni's going to come back to me?"

"Do you trust me?" Lonan crossed his arms across a burly chest.

"No."

"Enitan does."

"I'm not Enitan."

"No, but if you ever want to see him again, you have no choice."

Magda stepped up to his side, presenting a united front against the foreign Storykeeper. "Your word. Give us your word that this will fix everything."

"I never said it would fix everything. I merely said it would return Enitan."

Jason figured that would have to do. He was out of options. "Fine. I'll do it."

Chapter Nine - *Exposing the Truth*

“Enitan.”

Enitan opened his eyes, jerked awake by the whispering voice of his love. He blindly looked around, realizing that he was still within his prison. Dropping his head into his hands, he realized that he must have dreamt the voice.

“Eni.”

Oh Great Merciful Creator, he was going crazy. Hearing Jason’s voice where it shouldn’t be.

“Eni, come back to me.”

“Please stop...please stop...I can’t take this.” He sobbed the words, furious with his lack of control. He was better than this, he didn’t need apparitions and he didn’t want them. They would only make it that much harder when he realized that he was still locked up, away from Jason. It wasn’t real.

“Enitan! Get your ass down here now!”

Alright, that definitely didn’t sound like an apparition. That sounded like...

He was falling, his world of blank white falling away when brilliant color started to bleed through. He shut his eyes against the bright lights flashing in front of his face.

Enitan landed with a jerk, bouncing against a soft surface before settling down into it.

“Oh God, it worked! It worked!”

The words didn’t make sense at first. Until he opened his eyes and saw Jason leaning against the doorframe, looking like he was about to pass out.

Leaping up, he crashed into Jason, pulling him close then his love whimpered into his chest.

Jason couldn’t believe that it had worked. Lonan told him to rewrite the last page, to write in Enitan’s return after he left, but he didn’t actually believe that it would work. He hoped, but he didn’t truly believe.

His knees gave out, and he was suddenly lifted up and thrown on the bed. Enitan tore his t-shirt in his haste to get it off – not that he cared – before his jeans were ripped away from his body when Enitan frantically pulled them off of his legs.

“And that’s our cue to leave. Welcome back Enitan, I’ll meet you officially later. Uh, much later.” Magda’s voice was filled with mirth.

Jason turned his head, spying his sister and the other man leave the room, closing the door with a snap. He turned back to Enitan, beaming up at the other man.

Jason mewled when the warm body blanketed him from above, pushing him into the bed under him, and grinding his hard shaft into Jason’s.

"Please...please..." he whimpered, overcome with the pleasure of seeing Enitan again after fearing that he had lost him.

"Please what? I want you to say it. Say the words, pretty."

"Fuck me, please fuck me. I need you so much; I thought I'd lost you. I can't lose you, Eni. I can't..."

"Now and always. Say it, please..." Enitan's voice cracked.

"Now and always, Enitan, now and always. Please..." Sobbing with need, Jason arched up, pressing into the hard body on top of him. Wiggling his hips, he tried to entice his lover. Unable to look away from Eni when he rose up above him.

Jason spread his legs, helped by the rough hands on his thighs, and Enitan pulled him into the position that he wanted. Suddenly his fingers were there, wet with lube when they probed him, pushing two fingers in without warning.

"Oh, God..." He was terrified that he would cum before Enitan could put his cock into him. He was so worked up.

"Don't you dare, pretty. You will spill yourself when I tell you to, and not a moment before. Is that clear?" he asked with a sharp tug to the blond curls in front of his face.

"Please...ah, God," he screamed. Suddenly and without warning, the fingers were removed and Enitan was pressing his hard cock into Jason's ass.

Sliding in, so slowly Jason wanted to scream, Enitan didn't stop until his groin was pressed up tight to Jason. Jason sobbed from the pleasure and he was answered with a low moan. Enitan reached up, cupping his face in his hands, bringing his forehead down to rest on Jason and looking deep into his eyes when he moved his hips gently. The feeling of Enitan inside him, filling him, completing him, was nearly his undoing.

"I'll never leave you again, pretty. I swear it." Enitan's voice was broken, needy.

"Pr...promise?" His own voice was just as raw.

"I swear it. We belong together, pretty. Always."

"I love you Enitan." Jason needed to say the words. The look on Eni's face was worth every second of heartache.

"And I love you Jason. I'm not complete without you in my life."

Sliding out, Enitan groaned when Jason squeezed down on his cock, desperate to keep it inside. Enitan pushed back in, making Jason buck and squirm with each push inside, his thick shaft bumping his prostate on every stroke.

Enitan reached down, palming Jason's dick, sliding his hand up and down the shaft.

Too soon, much too soon, Jason could feel himself hurtling toward a powerful orgasm. He didn't want this to end. He wanted this feeling to stay with him forever.

Too late, he jerked again, his cum pumped out of him by the powerful hand holding him so tightly. Then that hand was moving to his hip, digging in when Enitan began to lose his rhythm. Pressed tight to him, Enitan released hot spurts of his cum inside Jason.

The feeling was incredible. The fading strains of his own orgasm left him limp. Enitan fell hard onto his chest, pushing him into the bed.

Jason moved his head, desperate to look Enitan in the eyes, to make sure that this wasn't a dream.

Enitan must have felt the same because he pulled back enough to stare into Jason's eyes before settling back down and nuzzling his head in the space between Jason's jaw and shoulder.

"I was so worried about you. Terrified that you weren't going to be okay. I could feel everything that was happening to you, Jason." Enitan bit down on the skin at Jason's neck. "I never want to see you that upset again."

"I didn't know what to do. I thought I would never see you again, and I was so afraid that... I was willing to do anything to get you back. Anything."

"What did you do?" a whisper sounded in his ear.

"We rewrote the ending of the book. Wait, the book!"

Jason pushed Enitan upward, jumping off the bed to where he had dropped the book when Enitan had appeared in front of him. Frantically he opened the book to the last page, and was startled at what he found there.

His legs gave way and he started to fall. Suddenly, strong arms were there, catching him and pulling him tight to the strong chest behind him.

"I don't understand..."

Enitan leaned forward, plucking the book from Jason's hand when he read the last page.

The sacrifice made, it was possible for Enitan to break his vows. Returning to his beloved, he would never have to leave his side again. They would live beside each other, grow old together and love one another until the end of time. Enitan was the first of the Storykeepers to find his true love, but he would not be the last.

For a legend was once told, a legend of the purpose of the Storykeeper. When knowledge was withheld from the humans in the beginning, the Storykeepers were created. Their purpose was to bring knowledge to the mortal realm. They were told they were to be the carriers of knowledge, forever influencing, but never becoming involved in their charges' lives. What they were not told was that knowledge was withheld from the carriers about themselves.

The Storykeeper who looked outside of himself would forever send dreams to others, would forever fulfill his purpose to allow knowledge to enter the human psyche. The Storykeeper who looked inside of himself, would awaken to a new purpose. He would find his other half, his soul. He would learn what it meant to be human, and once learned, he would become human in nature. Once found, the bond can never be broken, and he would remain with his soulmate for the rest of time.

Enitan stared at the page before him. Shocked to his core at what was revealed.

"Does this mean what I think it means?"

Enitan shuddered at Jason's question, pulling the smaller man in tight to his body.

"I think it means that I can stay," he whispered, his breath ruffling the curls in front of him.

Jason shrugged out of his arms when he turned to face Enitan. He had a look of utter determination on his face. "Good," he said. "Because I will never let you go."

"You are my other half, pretty."

"I was so lost without you. I know you are my other half too," Jason said, shyly.

Smiling, Enitan scooped the laughing bundle into his arms. He twisted and threw them both onto the bed. They instantly became lost, their mouths fusing together while flashes of their future passed before their eyes.

Separated, they became mere shades of themselves, but together they could do anything. If they were together, their love would conquer all.

Jason shifted on the bed, moaning when his aches became known to him. He'd been ridden hard, and he'd enjoyed every minute of it. He still couldn't believe he had gotten Enitan back.

He sometimes woke up, not quite believing that this wasn't a dream. It had only been a few days, but it was starting to sink in that the possibility of being separated was over. He had Enitan in his life, forever.

And it was a huge bonus that his family loved the man. He had introduced Enitan to his parents soon after his return and while they were understandably wary at first, simply because Enitan was the first man – or anyone for that matter – that Jason had ever introduced to them, they soon warmed up to him and now accepted him into the family.

Although, his mom kept giving Enitan a wary eye, probably remembering the way Jason had acted. They couldn't quite come out and say what had really happened so his parents still thought Enitan had broken his heart. He figured they'd get over it in time.

Leaning back, he smiled when a band of muscle tightened around his waist, holding him closer, Enitan moved his hand up to cover Jason's heart. Enitan told him how much he hated letting him go; a byproduct of their time apart when both men feared they would never see each other again. Threading his fingers with the hand on his chest, Jason smiled.

Still, there was something not quite right about the situation. The book had mentioned a sacrifice. At the time, he hadn't thought much of it, but now he wondered. Who had made the sacrifice? And what would it mean to all of them now?

Epilogue - *Setting the Hook*

Magda lay on her bed, happy once more at how everything had worked out. Jason and Enitan were together and nothing would be able to tear them apart now. She was so incredibly happy for both of them.

Smiling, she wiggled deeper into her comforter while her mind focused back on the book in her hand.

The heroine in the story had just been propositioned by two men. They were going to tie her up in intricate Japanese rope bondage, and Magda couldn't wait to get to the good parts.

"Mavourneen, you are quite the little vixen, aren't you?"

Magda squealed, jumping, she threw the book in the air. Lonan caught it, and held it up high to flip through the pages.

"What are you doing? Give that back!" Jumping up, she tried to get it out of his hands. The bastard simply laughed at her, before handing her back the book.

"What are you doing here?" She asked him, ire evident in her voice.

"I am here to tell you that soon you will be expected to pay up on your end of our bargain. I kept my promise, I located Enitan and brought him back to your brother."

Magda gulped, the sound overloud in the sudden silence.

"I will call for you soon, and when I do, I expect you to answer." And with that parting remark, he disappeared.

Ewald stood quietly, lost in thought. He was truly happy that Enitan had managed to find a way out of his prison. It was hard sometimes enforcing the rules, hard when dealing with situations like the one with Enitan. He wished sometimes that he could just let go, but he was the keeper of laws, and it was his job to patrol the Storykeepers and keep them in line.

He was jerked back to the present with the sound of a throat clearing. Turning, he lifted one brow, questioning the man who had just interrupted him.

"It is her, I am sure of it," Lonan said.

Ewald remained silent, simply staring at the man before him. Lonan walked toward him, catlike in his grace. It was always startling when he considered how large the man truly was.

"Within a fortnight she will be ours," Lonan spoke in his whisky soaked voice.

Ewald turned his back on Lonan, gasping when the man came up behind him and caught him in his arms.

A soft kiss was placed on the back of his neck, followed by a warm mouth sucking where Ewald was sure that there would be a mark. Ewald groaned at the feeling. He didn't want this. He didn't want to be with this man. He didn't

want to be with any man, definitely not with this man in particular. Lonan was lawless and had no respect for the very foundation that Ewald laid his values on. His actions with Enitan only proved that point. Never mind that it had worked out for the best in the end. Lonan had deliberately gone against their rules.

Pulling away, he groaned out, "*She* may be yours, *I* will never be."

A shaft of fear slivered down his back at the slow grin that spread across Lonan's face.

"You both will be mine. Mark my words, Ewald. You will both be mine."

The End... For Now

~*~*~*~

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Author Bio:

Jade Buchanan is currently trying to find balance between work, writing and grad school, which makes for some interesting conversations over the dinner table. Her writing is as eclectic as her reading tastes, with over twenty-five gay, lesbian and bisexual novella's currently published, and she has been known to accept writing challenges from friends and family just to see their reactions. She's a firm believer that love and romance are universal concepts, no matter a person's gender identity or sexual orientation.

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