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Jamieson Wolf

THE WRITTEN WORD

BOOK FOUR



*The Silence
of Sound*

The Written Word 4:

The Silence of Sound

By

Jamieson Wolf

The Silence of Sound by Jamieson Wolf

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The Silence of Sound

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Dedication

For my husband, who fills my life with passion.
For DJ, who loves these characters as much as I do.

Before we begin, I have a few acknowledgements:

Thanks go to all of you who keep me sane:

My husband: You are my Island.

Mave: You are my delight.

Caroline: You are an inspiration.

Kimberlee: You are awe.

DJ: You are a joy.

Caridad: You are guidance.

Sandy: You are magical.

Nai: You are my Soul Sister.

Wanda: You are my Wise Witch.

Isabel: You are my Rock.

Sable: You create beauty.

Deanna: You give this series life.

And...

You: Thanks for coming along for the ride.

Cast of Characters

Protectors of the Realms

- **Owen Wolfe** (*A Storyteller*): New Protector of the Realm and Jace's lover.
- **Jace** (*A Witch*): The first male Witch in a hundred years and Owen's lover.
- **Tahaliwit** (*A Book of Magic*): Owen's book of Magic. Unlike a real book, it is alive and can speak its own thoughts.
- **Quelen** (*Queen of the Witches*): Jace's mother. Ruler and leader of the Witches. Also responsible for the protection of the Magic that keeps the Realms alive.
- **Bartley** (*A Demi God*): Owen's teacher and confidant. The keeper of secrets and Magic, Bartley once ruled as a God before his fall.

The Necropolis

- **Harold Crushing** (*A Demon*): A Demon of the utmost evil, bent on destroying the Realms and having the Magic for his own.
- **William Willowby** (*A Half Demon*): Harold Crushing's former "assistant."
- **Kendrick** (*A Shadow*): A Shadow Demon, once one of Crushing's minions. Freed from the Darkness, he now has his own free will.
- **Lingus**: (*A God*): The God of Speech, and Bartley's ex lover. Betrayed Bartley and resulted in Bartley's banishment from Mount Olympus.
- **Denyse**: (*A Succubus*): One that steals the souls of others in order to live; she joins forces with Lingus.

Authors Note:

I've been asked several times why I'm writing a book about William Willowby.

Well, for some reason, it just seemed right. He has intrigued me from the beginning, and I wanted to learn more about him. I wanted to see *What if...*?

I know that you all want to see more of Jace and Owen. They're back in the next book, trust me. They are the foundation of The Written Word. But I wanted to deal with something different.

Thus the tale you are about to read. I hope you enjoy it.

Prologue
Alone in the Darkness

William Willowby was momentarily blinded by the darkness.

He felt unsure of himself, awkward. He still clutched the note in his hand, the edges of the thick parchment digging into his skin. Willowby let the twinge of pain run up his arm, hoping it would calm his nerves. The music thumped and shook around him; he watched the people move to its rhythm, shifting and grinding almost in unison.

Willowby was nervous. It had been a long time since he had felt any sort of emotion. Having worked as Crushing's lackey for what felt like an eternity had rendered him immune to emotions and feelings. He had killed many and seen much death, all in the name of power.

Glorious power that had tasted so good.

And now Crushing was dead and gone, for real this time. Willowby had been able to find a piece of himself—his true self—that still existed. That knew what he had been doing was wrong.

And the thought of his thirst for power, and what he had done, left a bitter taste in his mouth. Having rid his body of a demon, he felt empty now, as if his whole body was vacant.

It had been so long since he had felt anything. Now, having these emotions run freely in him...well, it was disconcerting. He had gone from one extreme to the other. Feeling nothing to feeling...everything.

The music inside the Black Bandit was loud. He could feel the bass thumping inside his chest, could feel the vibrations rocking through the

The Silence of Sound by Jamieson Wolf

floor. He stood there clutching the note, alone in the darkness, surrounded by hundreds of people, still unsure of what to do.

He had never felt more alone in his entire life.

Chapter One

The Note

He had found the note pinned to his pillow. He had a place of his own now. One that Quelen had found him. It wasn't much, just a small one bedroom in the same building as Owen and Jace. But it was enough. It was his.

He had been stripping off his clothes, pulling off his shirt, when the piece of paper caught his eye. The parchment was thick, like card stock. And there were only a few words scrawled on its surface in a hasty, spidery script.

The note read:

The Black Bandit
* Tonight. Midnight *
Discover who you are!

Normally, Willowby wasn't one to do something a mysterious note told him to do. But there was something ominous about the note, something heavy about it. It felt as if he were obligated to go. As if he *had* to go.

He had let his shirt fall to the floor and stared at the note for a moment longer. Then he slipped off his pants and socks and walked naked to the shower. He turned on the taps as high as they could go. There was a coldness inside him that only the hottest temperature could warm.

Letting the hot water sluice over his body, Willowby found himself thinking of the note, of who had left it in his apartment. How would they have gotten in? He wondered if he should be worried about his security.

Sighing, Willowby shook his head and began to soap up his body. If it had been an Immortal, or really any Magical being, walls and locked doors wouldn't stop them. He had been involved long enough in their world to not worry about things like that.

And with everything that had gone on lately, was it any *wonder* there was an odd note waiting for him at his home? He had left behind everything he had known to embrace a life he didn't. He had *saved* someone.

There was a small part of him that felt redeemed. But he knew there was darkness inside of him; a darkness that would take a long time to go away.

It had been a shock when the true nature of things had been revealed. He briefly wondered about Bartley and Kindrick; he hoped their love was strong enough to sustain them through the tough times ahead.

Because with the involvement of the The Gods, Willowby had realized one thing: These were the beginnings of a battle. What Crushing had done, what Lingus in turn did after him; these were the actions of those wanting to start a *war*.

He ran the soap in his hands along his chest. Running his hands over his nipples, he felt them grow hard under his touch. He pinched them softly, just enough to send a quick rivet of pain to his groin.

His head flashed angrily. The pain blinded into him, and he did something he never did.

He remembered.

He watched as they cut into Bartley's skin and took his lifeblood, poured it into goblets. He knew, from listening to Crushing's thoughts, that the moment that blood touched their lips, the ritual would be complete.

He would not let this happen.

His life had been taken from him. Crushing had stolen his life, his body, his mind. He would not let Crushing do this to Bartley. He felt a moment of stabbing pain and thought of his own past love, Northaniel. When he thought of

The Silence of Sound by Jamieson Wolf

Northaniel, of how his lover had held him, wept for his descent into darkness, Magic crackled through his old body like lightning.

Crushing noticed none of this, too intent on his ritual, too intent on the power of the words he chanted to pay much mind to a few stray sparks of electricity. Encouraged, Willowby thought again of Northaniel, of his lover's hair that fell just to his shoulders, of his eyes, a blue-green that reminded him of the sea.

Another spark of electricity ran along his arms, and he felt himself returning, felt himself taking form inside his old body.

Suddenly, his path showed itself to him. It was as if he had known what to do all along. He forced his eyes to look down at Bartley and used all the strength he had to utter one word in a hoarse whisper.

"Please."

The flash was blinding.

It cut into him, sent a hot shiver running over his skin that had nothing to do with the hot water flowing over his body. He put his hands out for support, felt his palms sliding across the smooth surface of the tiles.

His cock was hard, and he could feel it pulsing, throbbing. He ignored the urge, didn't touch himself. Someone like him didn't deserve release. He didn't deserve redemption.

He turned off the water and stood there, dripping wet and naked.

He heard nothing but the beating of his own heart and the silence of sound. That quiet that came only when a loud sound has suddenly ceased.

Sweet, soundless silence.

Willowby grabbed a towel from the rack and wrapped it around himself. He felt cold suddenly. Frightened. The dreams had become worse recently. It had been several months since the events that had changed his life up at Point Peak.

But he was still so afraid. Still so unsure.

That was part of what frustrated Willowby. He felt as if he were constantly being reminded who he had been. How could he be expected to figure out who he was *now* when he couldn't even get his *past* straight?

The Silence of Sound by Jamieson Wolf

With a growl of impatience, he whipped the towel away and stalked back to the bedroom. Glared angrily at the note that still lay on his bed, the warm cream color of the invitation all warm and cozy.

He sighed and pointed at it. "This is all your fault," he said. He sighed again. He hated bars. Was a trip to the bar necessary to find some kind of...healing?

Some kind of something, he mused. Willowby didn't know what he was looking for. But he wouldn't find it here. He grabbed a pair of jeans and a black t-shirt.

"I need a fucking beer anyway," he muttered.

Chapter Two

Sebastian

Willowby could hear the music thumping around him, the sounds of voices trying to talk over the loud music. He stood there amongst a crowd of others and had never been more afraid.

He who had killed hundreds, maimed thousands more, afraid.

The thought humiliated him.

But at the same time, it gave Willowby a rough kind of hope. A small part of himself had always hoped for something better.

Something like Owen and Jace had. Or Bartley and Kendrick.

Willowby squared his shoulders. If Kendrick could go straight, he could, too. It couldn't be that hard to deal with your past. Could it?

Grumbling, he trudged forward and motioned to the bartender for a beer. He was lost in the sound of the music and people around him, and failed to notice when someone stood next to him.

"William," someone whispered. "You got my note."

Willowby turned. Standing beside him was a gorgeous man. He wore a black mesh top, and Willowby could see the man had pierced nipples. He felt something stir in his pants.

He looked at the man's face instead. Bad move. They were a bright, robin's-egg blue and seemed to glow.

Willowby looked at the man's handsome face, took in the rest of his appearance. It was what Crushing had trained to do: identify a possible enemy. The man had long blond hair that framed his face in a surfer's

nest. Willowby felt his nipples go hard.

He tried to speak and, when he couldn't, the stranger smiled.

"I was warned you might be a quiet one." The man's voice was like liquor. Rich and intoxicating.

"Warned?" Willowby whispered. And though there was no way a normal human would have been able to hear him, the man nodded.

He smiled and touched Willowby's shoulder. "My name's Sebastian." Willowby smelled sandalwood and a sweet musk. "Zeus sent me."

Willowby could do nothing but shake his head. "Sent you?"

Sebastian nodded and took Willowby's arm, led him closer to the bar to get his beer. "I'm a Healer."

Willowby blushed, took a large gulp of his beer to quench his dry throat. "I don't need a Healer." Willowby knew that there were certain people amongst their different races that had this ability. He wondered what Sebastian was.

A Vampire? Another Demon? A Werewolf?

And, in the end, did it matter?

Willowby felt a need grow inside of him. Still, it frightened him. "Why would Zeus send you?" He took another swig of his beer. "What's it to *him*?"

Sebastian smiled, leaned in closer. Willowby could smell Sebastian's skin, and the scent of him was heady and intoxicating. "He wants to thank you. I want to thank you." Sebastian reached out and touched Willowby's arm, ran his fingers down it, clutched his right hand in his. "For what you did for him. For me."

Willowby felt as if his head were swimming. Having Sebastian this close to him, so close he could reach out and kiss him, was filling the need that grew inside him. He tried to calm himself, tried to ignore how tight his jeans were getting, how short of breath he felt. He strangled out a few words: "For you?"

Sebastian nodded, his eyes glowing like lights in the darkness. He smiled, a flash of perfect white teeth against a pouty bottom lip. "For me, yes. For all of us. What you did saved not just the lives of yourself, but of

others as well."

Willowby tried not to flinch when Sebastian took his hand. He was still unused to physical contact that wasn't the product of violence. That someone would want to touch him, *just* touch him, was foreign to Willowby.

A flash of warmth spread up his arm from Sebastian's touch, and he felt his cock grow harder. He grunted and tried to pull away, to hide his embarrassment, but Sebastian held tightly to his hand.

"You don't have to thank me," Willowby stammered and looked down at his feet again, trying to ignore his body's reaction as his cock jerked in his pants.

"But I want to," Sebastian said. His voice was soft, almost laughing. Willowby knew without looking that Sebastian was smiling.

Willowby felt Sebastian move in closer, felt Sebastian's breath on his neck. It was hot and smelled of peppermint. "Come with me," he said.

Willowby felt his cheeks begin to flush but forced himself to meet Sebastian's eyes. "Where did you want to go?"

Sebastian smiled at him. "I've got something I want to show you."

Chapter Three

The Door and The Light

Willowby tried not to give in to his fear as Sebastian led him through the crowd. He knew his fears were groundless, that no one in the crowd could hurt him. He was Immortal. But still, he felt a tingling in the back of his scalp. He shook his head, trying to clear it.

Sebastian noticed and stopped, came closer to him. He touched Willowby's cheek softly, gracefully. Then he cupped his face in his hands. "It's all right," Sebastian said. "Just focus on me. Focus only on me."

Willowby nodded, feeling heat at Sebastian's touch flow through his skin and into him. His whole body felt warm, as if it were floating. Willowby wondered idly whether it was his body's reaction to Sebastian or his Magic that was creating the heat, but he didn't care.

Instead, Willowby focused on Sebastian's hand clasped around his as Sebastian brought him through the thick crowd of people. Along with the heat from Sebastian's touch, Willowby felt the thrum of the music, the press of bodies against him. Willowby focused on Sebastian, on nothing but him, trying to calm his rapidly beating heart.

His heart began to beat even faster when Sebastian stopped in front of a door he hadn't seen a moment ago. The door seemed to shimmer in the darkness, as if its front were inlaid with opal or moonstone. Willowby saw a momentary sheen, a flash in the darkness. Then Sebastian was opening it, motioning for him to come inside.

Sebastian leaned closer to Willowby, put his mouth next to

Willowby's ear. "It's all right," he whispered, his breath hot and sweet. "The others can't see this door. It's only for us."

"The others?"

"Mortals," Sebastian said. "They see only what they choose to see. Not the world right in front of their eyes or the other worlds in between." He took Willowby's hand again and there was that flash of warmth. "Don't be afraid, Willowby. I won't hurt you."

Willowby nodded, feeling as if he were walking through water or fog. He was unsure of himself and his actions. He had never been so close to another man, had never reacted so strongly to another before. If he stopped to admit it to himself, he would have to concede that he was afraid more of his reaction than the situation he found himself in.

He moved past Sebastian, their bodies brushing against each other. Willowby felt a spark, a crackle of electricity pass through them at the touch. Willowby looked at Sebastian, at his gorgeous blue eyes that seemed to glow and moved forward into the unknown.

When Sebastian closed the door behind them, they were left momentarily in darkness. Willowby could see Sebastian's eyes shimmering like stars, in the dark before he whispered a few words. "*Permissum illic exsisto lux lucis quod a novus orsa.*" *Let there be light and a new beginning.*

Willowby recognized those words as Latin, the language of old Magic. A small light began to grow in the darkness in front of him, a subtle glow that seemed to form itself from the air and pulse with an internal flame.

As the pulse grew, so did the light. Willowby could feel the Magic coming off the light in waves, knew that wherever he was, it was an old Sanctuary; a place full of the old Magic. The deep darkness seemed to whisper with it.

When the darkness was no more and the light shone brightly, Willowby had to blink his eyes several times to clear the brightness that blinded him. When his vision cleared, he wasn't sure he was seeing correctly, wasn't sure whether or not his brain was playing tricks on him.

They stood in a large stone chamber. The floor and walls were

fashioned out of dark, black stones. Willowby knew that it was onyx and hematite. Despite the fact that the chamber should be dark, the walls seemed to glow with an internal light. It took a moment for Willowby to realize that the glow was indeed coming from inside the stone surrounding him.

Sebastian noticed him looking. "Even in darkness, there is light. In light, there is shadow. Thus there is a balance in all things, as it should be."

"But isn't darkness bad?" Willowby asked. "Darkness is evil." *I'm evil*, he thought.

Sebastian shook his head. "There is no dark and light, no good and evil. Only what one chooses to do. But there is always light in the darkness and shadow in the light. How else do you think Shadow Demons exist? They are formed from Shadows, but need the light around them to be visible."

The room was empty except for a long table that stood in front of them. It was also made out of stone, the same stone that the walls and floor were made of. Willowby wondered if it was an altar of some sort, but then he noticed that the table had straps of leather hanging from it at both ends. Thick straps of leather that looked well used.

His heart rate increased, and he wondered what kind of room this was. Looking around him, Willowby noticed that the door they had come through was gone. "Where did the door go?" Willowby asked.

Sebastian smiled. "There is only a way forward. You cannot go back to where you came from." He motioned to the table with the restraints that stood in front of them.

"I want you to take off your clothes and lie down," Sebastian said.

Chapter Four

Trust

Willowby eyed Sebastian with some trepidation. "Lie down?"

Sebastian smiled again, his white teeth dazzling, his blue eyes sparkling. "Yes, silly. On the table. I won't hurt you."

"What are you going to do?" Willowby couldn't help but hear the note of want in his voice.

"I'm going to tie you down using the restraints. I won't hurt you, Willowby. You have my word. I'm here to heal you, to help you deal with the darkness inside of you."

Willowby swallowed thickly when Sebastian stepped closer to him, held Willowby's face in his hands. "Let me love you," Sebastian said.

Slowly, so slowly, Sebastian lowered his mouth to Willowby's. Their lips touched, softly at first, as Sebastian explored first with his lips and then with his tongue. He parted Willowby's mouth and deepened the kiss, letting his tongue dart in and out, tasting.

Willowby moaned and returned the kiss, feeling a fire begin in his belly and spread through the rest of his body. He pulled Sebastian closer, felt the hardness of Sebastian's cock as their bodies came closer together.

Willowby deepened the kiss, let his fingers tangle themselves in Sebastian's thick blond hair. Hair that was the color of light.

Wanting more, Willowby reached up and pinched Sebastian's pierced nipples through the mesh top, felt them harden around the silver pierced through them. Sebastian grunted and moved Willowby's hands

away. "This isn't about my pleasure," Sebastian whispered. "It's about yours." He stepped back slightly, his breath hot and intoxicating. "Take off your clothes and lie down on the table for me, please."

Willowby felt a moment of fear rise up inside of him. He felt it warring with the want and need inside of him. Sebastian smiled at him and motioned for him to take his shirt off. "I want to see what you look like naked, William. I'd like you to take your clothes off."

It didn't sound like a suggestion. To Willowby, it sounded like a command. He felt another surge of fear pass through his body, and he relished it. Relished the fear, the act of feeling emotion. He began to unbutton his shirt.

"Slowly," Sebastian said. "I want to watch you strip slowly. Take your time, William. I want you to tantalize me." He smiled and leaned against the table, watching him.

William felt self-conscious. He didn't like being on display, didn't like being the center of attention. He had always felt more comfortable in the darkness of the shadows than in the bright blinding warmth of the limelight.

The fear stole over his body again, filling it with a warmth that seeped into his blood. Feeling incredibly uncomfortable, Willowby slowed his progress and resumed unbuttoning his shirt.

His skin felt cold and hot all at the same time once his shirt was removed. He felt his nipples harden when a breeze of air rushed past him.

Willowby felt a surge of shock as he watched Sebastian unzip the front of his jeans and take his cock out of his pants. He began to work his cock into hardness, pulling his foreskin up and down over the head of his cock as Willowby undressed.

"I want you to take your pants off," Sebastian said.

Willowby felt a moment of panic mixed with a feeling of near animal lust. He didn't think he had desired anyone as much as he desired Sebastian. *What about Northaniel?* the voice in his head asked. He ignored it and concentrated on the task at hand.

He had never done anything like this, undressed for someone as they watched him. It was strangely frightening and exciting at the same

time. Concentrating on Sebastian's cock, Willowby began to undo his pants, slowly. He watched as Sebastian continued to work his hand slowly along the shaft of his thick cock.

Willowby wondered what it would taste like, whether it would feel like velvet or satin inside of his mouth. He gasped as Sebastian licked his finger and rubbed the wetness over his nipple, causing the nipple harden around the silver piercing. Willowby and felt his own cock grow harder still.

He unzipped his fly, then pulled his pants slowly to the floor and stepped out of them. He stood in front of Sebastian in only his underwear and socks. Sebastian smiled and came toward him, his own cock hard and thick. Sebastian reached out and gently, ever so gently, caressed the head of Willowby's cock through the thin fabric of his underwear.

"Why don't you take these off now." It wasn't really a question. "And your socks, too. I hate it when men wear socks in porno films, don't you?" He smiled, a flash of white teeth against those luscious lips. "It always looks so tacky."

Willowby nodded, not trusting himself to speak. He slipped his socks off first and then slowly slipped off his underwear. His cock sprang to attention once it was freed from the fabric. It grew harder when it was revealed to the cold air. He felt the blood surge into it, felt it pulse with need.

Sebastian smiled and caressed Willowby's cock once more, his fingers working the head to release some of the precum. Sebastian brought his fingers to his mouth and sucked softly, licking the precum from his fingers. He smiled. "You taste good, Willowby. Can you imagine how good I'm going to taste?"

Willowby nodded and made to grab Sebastian's cock. The need he felt to touch Sebastian, to run his hands over Sebastian's body, was incredible. The need surged through his body, and he could think of nothing else.

He was shocked when Sebastian slapped his hand away. "Not yet," Sebastian said. "I don't want you to touch me yet. This is about your healing, Willowby. Let me heal you. You can look but not touch."

"What would you like me to do?" Willowby asked.

"I want you to lie down on the table for me." Sebastian motioned to the table he leaned against. "Then our training can really begin."

"Training?" Willowby's voice sounded soft in the room.

"Healing is a balance between learning what your body can do and learning what it loves. There are all kinds of pleasures to heal the body." He held out his hand and took Willowby's hand in his own, leading Willowby toward the table. "I'm going to show you some of those pleasures today."

Willowby nodded and felt a surge of panic as Sebastian helped him to lie down on the table. The stone was cold underneath his skin, and he felt his nipples harden.

Sebastian stood over Willowby and looked down at him. "Do you trust me?"

"What?"

"Healing is all about trust. Do you trust me?" Sebastian asked.

"I do," Willowby said. Though he was more afraid now than he had ever been in this life, he trusted Sebastian implicitly.

"Then our training can begin."

Chapter Five

Electricity

Willowby shivered when Sebastian secured his hands to the table. The leather restraints were soft and warm against his skin. He gasped when Sebastian secured his feet as well, so that his legs were held apart from each other.

He felt totally exposed, his testicles bared and his hard cock pointing toward the ceiling. His arms were stretched to the table's side and had little give. He was completely exposed, completely at the mercy of Sebastian.

"I think I'm wearing too many clothes, don't you?" Sebastian asked. Willowby watched as he slowly stripped off his mesh shirt and shucked off his pants. He was even more glorious naked than he had been clothed. He had a strong muscular chest with a scattering of hair forming a treasure trail that ran down his stomach and ended at the most beautiful cock he had ever seen.

Sebastian's cock was well over nine inches, uncut and thick. He could see the purple head, the balls covered in a soft down. Willowby strained against the restraints, hoping to take Sebastian's cock in his hands, to feel it.

Sebastian laughed and slapped at his hands. "Oh, naughty boy," Sebastian said. "I told you that you could look and not touch. This is about your healing, your pleasure."

"But I want to give you pleasure, too," Willowby whispered this

urgently, heatedly. "I want to touch you."

"And you will, but not yet. Now, don't you think you should be punished for disobeying me?"

Willowby felt his breath leave him. "Punished?"

Sebastian nodded and came to stand near Willowby's head. Willowby felt Sebastian's hard cock brush against him, and then it was gone. Sebastian ran his fingers through Willowby's thick blond hair. "Part of healing is admitting what you have done in the past is wrong, letting go, trying to live a new life. You started your healing when you helped the others defeat Crushing. When you chose to do good instead of evil."

Sebastian continued to run his fingers through Willowby's hair. "But part of your healing is also accepting responsibility for your actions. And being punished when you do as you're not supposed to. Don't you agree?"

"How are you going to punish me?" Willowby asked.

"Oh, you'll enjoy this," Sebastian said. "Pain can be a beautiful thing. Restraint, want, need, all mixed with pain; this is a heady combination. The strongest aphrodisiac. Do you want to experience the ultimate in pleasure?"

"I want to experience you," Willowby said. "I want to touch you."

"All in good time, Willowby," Sebastian said. "All in good time."

He leaned down to kiss Willowby, and Willowby fought against the restraints, so eager was he to have his lips meet Sebastian's. Sebastian laughed and crushed his lips to Willowby's.

Two things happened at once. Electricity, crackling like a firecracker, spread through Willowby's body, and his cock grew harder still.

Willowby had never felt anything quite like it. The electricity pouring through him burned and stung his body. It crackled along his skin, almost burning him. But there was a part of him that admitted the pain felt good, that the pain gave his body something approaching a release.

Sebastian thrust his tongue into Willowby's mouth, the electricity still pouring from him. Sebastian's fingers tightened their hold on

Willowby's hair, pulling it, causing more pain to flare along Willowby's consciousness. He welcomed the pain, welcomed Sebastian's tongue and his lips against his.

Then the electricity and Sebastian's lips were gone. After the crackling of the electricity, after the sizzle of it as it ran along his skin, after the fast beating of his heart as Sebastian thrust his tongue into his mouth...there was only silence.

But the silence was thick with want, with need. With sound.

"Even silence can be loud," Sebastian said, almost as if he were reading Willowby's mind. "When there is so much need, so much sound, the silence afterwards seems to be filled with its own sound. But the silence is pure, untouched. Sound can also be silent, but only if we listen closely, if we listen past the sound."

Sebastian trailed his fingers along the curve of Willowby's jaw, the line of his neck. He let his hands moved down to Willowby's pecs. He tweaked Willowby's left nipple, pulling a gasp from Willowby's mouth.

"Pain and pleasure have their own sound when they are mixed together," Sebastian said. He moved his hands down along Willowby's stomach and stopped at his hard cock. "Pain and pleasure really are about the silence of sound. About the raw need that exists beyond the sounds of your heart beating, the gasp of your lover in your ear. The need to touch him, to feel him touch you."

Sebastian wrapped his hand around the shaft of Willowby's cock and began to work his hand along the length of it in an almost lazy way, letting Willowby's foreskin slide over the head and away again.

"Silence can have a sound all its own; full of the promise of something to come, full of the promise of your every want and need about to be realized. Do you understand?"

Willowby felt as if his body would explode from need. The feeling of Sebastian's hand moving along his cock was almost too much for him. He gasped when a spark of electricity left Sebastian's fingers and flashed along the length of his cock.

"I asked you a question," Sebastian said. "Do you understand?"

Willowby nodded his head, tried to arch his cock into Sebastian's

touch. "I understand."

"Do you want me to touch you?" Sebastian asked.

"Goddess, yes." Willowby almost sobbed the words, his need for Sebastian's touch was so great.

"Do you deserve to be touched?"

"No," Willowby said. "I can never be forgiven for what I did."

"In order to be forgiven," Sebastian said, "we must forgive ourselves first. That is part of your healing, William." Sebastian bent forward slowly and kissed Willowby's stomach, trailed his tongue down to the shaft of Willowby's cock. "Let me heal you," he said. "Let me heal you."

Chapter Six

The Magic of Touch

"Do you remember me telling you I was a Healer?" Sebastian asked. His voice was muffled, his mouth still kissing Willowby's body.

"Yes," Willowby said.

"There are many different ways to heal," Sebastian said. He cupped Willowby's balls gently, began to caress them. "Let me show you one of them."

Willowby nearly jumped out of his skin when Sebastian took his cock into his mouth. He started with the large head, moving the foreskin back with his tongue and then slid his mouth and lips along the shaft of Willowby's cock. Sebastian's mouth felt like heaven.

He felt Sebastian's tongue wrap around the head of his cock and gasped when another surge of electricity crackled and snapped down the length of his dick. The electricity ran along the length of his body, filling his skin with a pain that pleased him, that made his dick harder inside of Sebastian's mouth.

Willowby moaned when Sebastian took his mouth away. "I don't want you to come yet. I want to come when I'm inside you. Would you like that?"

Hardly trusting himself to speak, Willowby nodded. He eyed Sebastian's naked form greedily, his eyes feasting on Sebastian's nipples, the scattering of hair that led down to his thick cock.

Sebastian saw him looking. "You want to taste my dick?"

Willowby nearly whimpered when Sebastian slapped his cock roughly, bringing a moment of pain that flared into a flush of pleasure. He moved up the table toward Willowby's head. Sebastian let the head of his cock trail along Willowby's body, leaving a line of precum running up his body.

Sebastian's cock looked larger when it was above him. Sebastian rubbed the head of his cock along Willowby's lips; Willowby let his tongue dart out to take a taste of Sebastian and found him salty and sweet.

"Do you want my cock in your mouth?" Sebastian asked. His voice was soft, and Willowby felt a flush spread to his cheeks. He tried to reach out and take Sebastian's cock in his hands, and felt the restraints holding him in place.

"Restraints teach us about boundaries," Sebastian said. "They teach you that you can't always have what you want. Do you want my cock in your mouth?"

Willowby nodded and nearly choked as, with one quick thrust, Sebastian pushed his cock into his mouth. Sebastian slid his cock down Willowby's throat.

He moaned loudly as Sebastian started to fuck his face roughly, as he began thrusting in and out of his mouth.

Another spark of electricity flashed through him, and his body arched with the power of the surge. His cock was so hard it throbbed, and Willowby welcomed the pain. It meant he could feel, that his body could feel something other than coldness and shadow.

Willowby moaned when Sebastian took his cock out of his mouth. Willowby lay on the table, sweat running from him, his muscles throbbing with want and need. He could hear Sebastian's breathing and his own, matched by the rhythm of his heart.

"There are all kinds of touch," Sebastian said, getting down off the table. "You have only known this kind, the one that brings pain." Sebastian took a hold of Willowby's cock and a spark of electricity crackled along his skin.

Willowby called out and fought against the restraints, his muscles straining. Sebastian calmed with him with another kind of Magic, one that

spread a heat through his skin.

"But there are other kinds of touch," Sebastian said, running his fingers along Willowby's body, his fingers tracing the scars that ran along Willowby's chest. "There is touch that brings solace instead of pain."

"What kind of Magic is this?" Willowby asked. His voice was hoarse with need.

"There is no Magic in this. There is only touch. Hasn't anyone ever touched you, just for the sake of touching you? Of exploring your body instead of hurting it?"

Willowby felt a tear slide down his cheek.

He was shocked when Sebastian undid the restraints that held his wrists and ankles. They had comforted him; he had felt safe when he was held in place by them. He felt a moment of uncertainty. "What are you doing?"

"I want to touch you some more," Sebastian said.

Willowby felt another moment of anticipation when Sebastian climbed onto the table and stood above him for a moment, his muscular form framed by the light. Then he was kneeling in front of Willowby and spreading his legs.

Bringing Willowby closer to him, Sebastian leaned down and kissed Willowby softly. "Let me touch you," he said.

Willowby gasped when Sebastian slid a finger into his asshole. He had not been touched there in a long time, and the sensation was incredible. Soon, Sebastian slid another finger into his ass, and he could feel his sphincter welcoming it, stretching to accommodate Sebastian's fingers.

Willowby moaned and welcomed each thrust of Sebastian's fingers, but it wasn't enough. He reached for Sebastian and pulled him closer.

"Do you want me inside you?" Sebastian asked.

"Yes." The word was a grunt. "God, yes, more than anything."

He watched Sebastian regard him, watched the smile curve his lips upward. Then his body was on fire as, with one hard thrust, Sebastian thrust his cock into Willowby's asshole.

Chapter Seven

Release

Willowby's body welcomed Sebastian's hard cock.

They lay like that for a moment, letting Willowby's asshole adjust to the size of Sebastian's dick, and then Sebastian began to move slowly in and out of Willowby, going deeper with each thrust.

Willowby hadn't felt fire like this for years, hadn't felt the emotions that now ripped through his body as Sebastian thrust into him harder and harder. He opened his legs wider and wrapped them around Sebastian to bring him deeper inside of him. He wanted to feel all of him, wanted all of him inside.

And still it wasn't enough.

With a grunt, Willowby pushed Sebastian onto his back. He straddled Sebastian, positioning his asshole above Sebastian's cock, and then let himself slide slowly down. He could feel Sebastian's dick filling him, completing him somehow, could feel the heat of him underneath his fingers.

Each time he slid down the shaft of Sebastian's cock, Sebastian thrust up to meet him. He reached up and pulled Willowby forward so he could kiss him, his tongue darting in and out of Willowby's mouth in hot, fierce kisses.

With each thrust, Willowby felt the Magic inside of him that had lain dormant grow stronger. With each slide along the shaft of Sebastian's cock, the Magic in him grew brighter, setting fire to his skin.

He rode Sebastian's cock in a frenzy and was shocked when he opened his eyes. Electricity ran along his body, but he felt no pain.

All he felt was Sebastian's cock, his body, the heat of his skin.

Willowby reached down and twisted Sebastian's nipples, dragging a moan from Sebastian's mouth. "Oh, God, William!" Sebastian's voice was hoarse. "I'm going to come."

"Then come for me," Willowby said. "I want your cum inside me."

"No," Sebastian said. "No, I want to come together."

Sebastian grabbed hold of Willowby's cock and began to work the shaft even as he thrust into Willowby's asshole. With a loud moan, he came in hot spurt, cum dripping out of Willowby's asshole and sliding down the shaft of his dick.

Willowby felt the heat that had been growing explode as he came, spurt after spurt of him covering Sebastian's face and chest with cum. He continued to ride Sebastian's hard cock even as his Magic crackled around him.

Gone were the dark shards of Magic that he had known when he was Crushing's right hand. Now his Magic shone brightly like dreams given shape, like electricity given a body.

He came again and felt Sebastian come with him, filling his body with heat. When they were both spent, he collapsed on top of Sebastian, their breathing rough and ragged. Willowby could feel Sebastian's heart beating through his skin.

Sebastian sighed, and Willowby could hear him smile. "Do you want to take a shower?"

Epilogue
What Comes

The hot water felt incredible on his skin.

The gym below the bar housed a very large locker room, and Willowby was impressed. He supposed even those that dabbled in fantasy had to get clean somehow. He let the water run over his skin and felt the tension he had carried for so long finally sliding away.

Afterward, he sat with Sebastian in the sauna, kissing and fondling him, touching him. Exploring Sebastian's body with his fingers, his tongue, his hands and mouth.

Then he just lay with him, letting Sebastian hold him. They said nothing for a while, but finally Sebastian broke the silence.

"You know that danger is coming." Sebastian said.

Willowby nodded. "I can feel it."

"What you did, saving Bartley and Kendrick. That took incredible amounts of courage. You're going to need more to face what comes."

"What will happen? Can you tell me?"

Sebastian shook his head. "No one can tell. I only know that it will be an ending and a new beginning. But with endings must come sacrifice." Sebastian sighed. "It has always been this way."

"Is there anything I can do to prepare?"

"Just be strong," Sebastian said. "Trust yourself. And your heart. He will come for you, you know."

Willowby knew who he meant without having to be told.

“Northaniel?”

“Trust yourself when it is time,” Sebastian said. “It is the only way.”

Willowby nodded, wondering not for the first time what he had gotten himself into. But the thought of Northaniel chased away all doubt, all darkness. He would not think of the dark times to come yet.

Instead, he lay there, Sebastian’s arms around him, the steady beat of Sebastian’s heart calming him, the heat of his new Magic flowing through his veins.

Author Bio

Jamieson has been writing since he realized he could be writing instead of paying attention in school. Since then, he has created many worlds in which to live out his fantasies and dreams.

He is the author of several novels which include *Valentine*, *Valentine's Labyrinth*, *Finding Beauty*, *Tempting Darkness Book One: The Other*, *The Written Word Book One: Witches*, *The Written Word Book Two: Silent Communication*, *The Written Word Book Three: Demons* and several other works.

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