

Changeling Press

DAMON'S

# Speed Dating

SOPHIA TITHENIEL

SPEED DATING

NIGHT

Damon yes!

BILL

THOMAS

JO

WARD

# **Damon's: Speed Dating**

## **Sophia Titheniel**

**All rights reserved.**

**Copyright ©2009 Sophia Titheniel**

**Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this or any copyrighted work is illegal. File sharing is an International crime, prosecuted by the United States Department of Justice and the United States Border Patrol, Division of Cyber Crimes, in partnership with Interpol. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is punishable by seizure of computers, up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000 per reported instance.**

**ISBN: 978-1-59596-410-6**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF,**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1046**

**Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

**Editor: Margaret Riley**

**Cover Artist: Reneé George**

This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

## Damon's: Speed Dating

### Sophia Titheniel

Welcome to Damon's, the hottest club in town -- *the* must-go place for every single gay Elf (or Human) around.

Alyan's life has gone down the tubes. After a painful break up with his long-time lover and boss, he's shut himself off, trying to mend his broken heart. His sister, however, has other plans. Meredith's not willing to let Alyan wallow in self-pity any longer. Deaf to his protests, she drags him to Damon's big Friday night event -- Speed Dating.

Alyan's trying to play along, but he's really not interested in a one-night fling. No matter how many years -- or lovers -- have passed, something always brings him back to Damon's. Not something. Someone. The man who's everything Alyan is not -- confident, charming and charismatic. What Alyan truly wants is the owner of the club, Damon himself. But he'd better get a move on, before he ends up with a Troll.

## Chapter 1

"I don't want to go out."

Meredith sighed, breezing into his room as though Alyan hadn't spoken. "Sweetheart, it's been weeks. Of course you want to go out."

"I'm pretty sure I don't."

Meredith stopped in the middle of his bedroom, grimacing and scrunching up her nose at the smell. "Jesus Christ, did you let a Dwarf in or what?"

"Racist."

Meredith snorted. She tied up her long, wavy dark hair in a ponytail and threw the window open, taking a full breath before rounding on the bundle of covers on the bed. "I swear between you and Lairi, I need a goddamn holiday." She paused and made her way to the bed, gingerly. "I hope you aren't naked under that duvet because I'm about to pull it off."

Alyan groaned, trying to scramble for the sheets, but Meredith was quicker than he was. She yanked it all off, balling it up and stocking it under her arm with a smug smile. "This was due for washing two weeks ago. Now follow me. There's a shower with your name on it."

"Go away," Alyan muttered miserably, burying himself in the pillow. He loved Meredith, he did, but he wasn't in the mood to play games.

"No, I will not, not until you become an active member of society again." She sat on the mattress, her voice gentler now. Alyan peered at her from under the pillow, his eyes bloodshot and sad like those of a kicked puppy. "You can't mope forever."

Alyan begged to differ. "It was forty-two days ago," he mumbled. "Not forever."

"That's still an impressive chunk of time to drink oneself stupid."

"I haven't," Alyan said morosely. That was true. Alyan might have had his heart broken, lost the job opportunity he'd been working on for the last few years, and become the topic of gossip amongst pretty much the whole community, but he was still an Elf. It took more than a brutal end to a relationship for alcohol to have any effect on him.

Which, by the way, sucked pretty hard.

There were times when Alyan craved to just shut off his mind and let go. Even though he wouldn't admit it to Meredith, he envied humans and their ability to separate themselves from their pain, numbing it until it was reduced to a dull throb.

No such luck for him. All his memories were still standing pretty sharp in his mind's eye.

"Come on, go shower and rejoin the immortals." Meredith prodded him, standing and picking up discarded clothes as she went. "I'm going to start your laundry, and you better be all sparkly and shiny when I get back."

Alyan sighed. It was pointless to argue with her. His sister had always known how to kick ass, even when they weren't yet living in the human world and he was still the 'older' one.

He stood and wobbled to the master bath, where most of Sellion's possessions were still standing around like lonely ghosts. He really should start cleaning up the shattered remains of their relationship and box them all up with a no-return ticket. He could totally do it. He could take the higher route and flip him the bird from a distance. That was respectable, and if he did that, maybe people would forget the screaming match he had with the CEO of EnterPrise and the walk of shame that had followed.

Alyan shook his head with a grimace and stepped under the blistering hot spray of his shower with a pained hiss. He *did* realize the bridging of Elven and human culture was much needed, especially in this day and age, but he felt increasingly nostalgic towards the times when they hadn't need to trudge the same path as the mortals. One good thing to be said about humans, though, was that they forgot fast.

Soon his and Sellion's break up would be old news, and life would go on as usual for everyone.

For everyone but Alyan.

A sudden knock on the door startled him, and he nearly slipped on the wet shower tiles. Soap suds trickled down from his hairline into his eyes.

"No jerking off. Save the juice for later. We're going out."

Alyan groaned. "I'm not Lairion. I don't do post-break-up rebound sex."

"You need to see something besides these four walls." Meredith pushed the door open, her tall, lean figure distorted through the glass panel of the shower. "I mean it. I'm not letting you drown in your own self-pity any longer."

"Meredith, I'm doing fine."

"The state of your place says otherwise." She tossed some clothes on the counter by the mirror. "Get dressed."

"Don't I get a say in the matter?"

"No."

She walked out. Alyan turned off the taps, yelping when, as usual, the last trickles of cold water dripped down his back. Maybe his sister was right. It had been long enough. Also, he strongly suspected that the pile of mail growing inside his door was mainly composed of bills he had been ignoring. Soon it would be time to start looking for a new job. One that possibly didn't involve his boss screwing him over to the point of breaking his heart.

He toweled his hair dry, facing the mirror for the first time in forever. He'd hand it to Meredith, he did look pretty crappy. His eyes were circled with dark purplish bags that didn't belong on the fair skin of an Elf. His usually sleek chocolate brown hair was hanging damp on his forehead in an unruly, messy mop.

Decidedly not fit to be seen in public.

Meredith poked her head in again. Alyan was just too used to her doing that to bother covering himself up. "Get a move on, will you? I told Damon we would be there soonish."

What in the blessed name of Galadriel! Damon was not part of the bargain. "I'm not going to Damon's!"

"Yes you are, and you'll like it. Get dressed. The prune look doesn't suit you at all."

Alyan was too busy gaping at her retreating back to follow orders.

*Fuck.*

\* \* \*

Damon's club was renowned -- and rightly so -- as *the* place to go to meet people. And that was in the loose term of the word. Everyone and their bastard cousin went to Damon's, in the hope of catching some new guy, or Elf, or even Dwarf, to bring home for the night. It wasn't a sleazy place, though. Quite the contrary. It was posh and hip, with a nice blend of twenty-first century human influences and proper Sindarin civilization, beautifully carved woodwork, quiet corners with round tables, couches and poufs scattered all over.

And the feared hourglasses set on a line of tables at the far end of the club.

"I'm not doing this."

"That's what everyone says, bro," Meredith replied serenely.

Alyan shook his head in emphasis. "No. Forget it. Not doing it."

"That's how Lairion and Daeron got together."

"They lucked out," Alyan answered firmly. "You can't cajole me into this. I have some dignity left, thank-you-very-much."

"After the fuss you kicked up with Sellion at EnterPrise, I beg to differ."

Alyan blushed. "Keep your voice down," he muttered -- needlessly, really, given how loud the music was, but still. It was a matter of principle.

Meredith tossed her hair back, adjusting her fine jewelry as she kept one eye on the dance floor, absently checking out the crowd. Alyan tried to melt against the wall, hoping his Elven skills would help him get out of the situation.

"There's no harm in speed-dating, Alyan," Meredith said, in her best no-nonsense voice.



"Says who?"

"Says me," Meredith grabbed his hand and dragged him bodily away from the corner, and off towards the bar. "Come on."

"No," Alyan muttered, digging his heels in. "No, Meredith, give up --"

"Hey there."

It was official. Alyan hated his life. And his brat sister. "Hello," he managed to spit out, with some difficulty obviously, because let's face it -- it was Alyan. He always had a talent for embarrassing himself in front of people. And Damon, with his liquid blue eyes, his shoulder-length dirty blond hair and the most beautiful smile ever seen on Elf, or man, was the one person Alyan really did not need to meet after forty-two days spent moping (all right, all right, he *had* been moping. Happy now?) in his bedroom with little to no outside contact and personal hygiene not high on his priority list.

Granted, he had showered before going out, but that was beside the point. Alyan still looked like his heart had been shattered and he'd taken it the worst way possible. To use a common word amongst humans, he looked like a loser.

And Damon...

"How're you doing, Alyan? Long time no see."

Damon looked fucking perfect, as fucking usual, and Alyan had better remember how to speak before the soft smile turned into a puzzled one, then in a weirded-out one, and then --

"Are you okay?"

"Peachy," Alyan squeaked. He cleared his throat, running one hand over his face. "Can, uh, can I get a drink?"

Damon nodded, and winked. *Winked.*

Alyan smothered a groan in his hand and barely refrained from banging his head against the bar. Fuck his life.

"What would you like?"

"Anything strong enough to knock me out."

"Aw, come on." Damon slid a pink-tinted cocktail his way. "You wouldn't want to miss out on the fun. I think we're starting in about ten minutes."

Alyan sighed, and took his drink with a nod of thanks. "It's not really my thing. I can't talk my way out of a paper bag, I seriously doubt that I can woo anyone in sixty seconds."

"Speed dating isn't about that," Damon chided him, with the same bright smile. "It's just about realizing how many interesting people there are around. That sometimes when we think it's all over, something better might be just around the corner waiting for us."

Alyan blinked, and nearly spilled the pink cocktail all over himself. Damon walked around the bar to take another order, and Alyan was left to stare after him, his heart beating curiously in his ribcage.

"Move that fine butt of yours," Meredith said gleefully. "And get yourself in line. Those twelve studs are just waiting for you."

Alyan was this close to slamming his head repeatedly against the bar. "I don't want to."

"Damon signed you up."

And there was the fucking icing on top of the motherfucking cake. Damon and Alyan had been friends for a long time now -- not long enough to be counted in centuries (yet), but they had known each other from before the time humans mingled in their world.

Damon had been quick to adjust -- quicker than Alyan, for sure. He'd shed his waist-length hair, tossed on a pair of ripped jeans, and proceeded to open the first interracial club on the whole coast, Damon's. A little self-centered perhaps, but it was classier than "Rivendell." It didn't really matter, anyway. Humans had flooded the club on opening night, attracted by the hype (and by the name, obviously). Damon was a shameless flirt, and that contributed to attract a select clientele.

With the addition of the Speed Dating nights, something that Damon had tossed together only a couple of years ago, it was fair to say that Damon's club was the hottest

place in town for single men, women, Elves and even Dwarves. Alyan had wished Damon luck, and slunk away, out of the spotlight, retiring to a boring life in the nine-to-five world of HR.

Damon wouldn't really have missed him, anyway. He didn't stand out in a crowd. He wasn't the party animal. He was naïve, and a little young maybe. Older by thousands of years than any human, but still gullible as any child of their world.

"Come on," Meredith said quietly, poking at his back and pushing him towards the rows of tables with the feared hourglasses set in the middle. "You need to get cranking at some point."

Alyan looked back. Damon was giggling, some ordinary girl hanging off his every word as he twirled the cocktail shaker in mid air for her.

"All right," Alyan muttered, shaking his head and trying to set his shoulders squared. It wasn't like he had anything to lose.

## Chapter 2

Granted, Alyan didn't have that much dignity left, but still enough for him to feel like he had reached an all time low in his life -- and considering he'd lived for several centuries, that alone should give you the idea.

He had spent the first fifteen minutes sitting at the table alone like the biggest fool on the planet. Meredith was off somewhere, Galadriel knew where, and that left Alyan on his own, tearing up the piece of paper where his name was scribbled and stealing sneaking glances to the tables around him, where other singles were meeting their sixty seconds dates, chattering and laughing and sharing elusive smiles.

If he'd had a luminous sign that rotated above his head saying *Loser*, things couldn't have been any worse. Or so he thought. Before Damon turned to glance his way and downright pouted at him.

*Kill me now, please.* Pretty much anything else would have been better. Even drinking oneself into a coma in his rundown apartment. It was okay if people saw him at his worst. It was already established that Alyan didn't really belong in the cool category. It wasn't something that troubled him anymore.

It did trouble Alyan -- quite a lot, to be honest -- that Damon was the one witnessing it this time. And, apparently, feeling sorry for him, if the way he was looking at Alyan was of any indication.

Alyan was just about to give up and walk away (there was only so much humiliation he could stand in one night, seriously), when a stranger dropped in the seat in front of him, beaming and carrying two glasses of sparkly white wine.

"Hi," the stranger said brightly. "I'm Thomas."

And that, right there, was exactly why Alyan shouldn't be allowed to talk in public. Or at all. "Are you -- human?" he blurted out, blushing to the roots of his hair the moment Thomas cocked his head to the side, obviously puzzled.

"Well, I'm no troll --"

"No, uh, no, no I know... I'm sorry, that's not what I --"

"It's cool," Thomas smiled brightly. "What's your name?"

"Alyan," he muttered, extending his hand. "Nice to meet you."

"How come you're sitting here all on your own?"

Alyan flushed again. "Uh, nice question."

Thomas's grin softened. "Maybe I'm just exceptionally lucky."

The line was cheesy, but the delivery wasn't. It sounded as though Thomas genuinely meant it, and Alyan relaxed slightly. The booze helped as well.

Soon they were chatting freely, likes and dislikes, dos and don'ts. There wasn't much that could be said with a sixty-second hourglass, but when the last of the gray-blue sand trickled away, neither Thomas nor Alyan made a move to stand. After a short while, Thomas's hand had moved to Alyan's wrist, not possessive, not uncomfortable, just *there*. He was attentive to every word Alyan said, nodding in all the right moments. Alyan smiled -- for the first time in quite a while.

Thomas was incredibly good-looking -- especially for a human. He had kind, warm hazel eyes, dark hair curling at the back of his neck -- maybe in need of a good trim, but it fit him somehow. As they went on talking, Alyan learned that Thomas was a journalist and worked just a few blocks off Main Street -- conveniently close to Alyan's apartment. Alyan caught sight of Damon behind the bar, and he thought that for a moment Damon's face was knotted in a frown. It was just a trick of the light, though, because the moment Damon caught his eye he smiled, big and bright, and gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up.

"Do you want to go someplace else?" Thomas asked him, and Alyan, too busy staring at Damon's smile, nearly missed it.

"Oh, uh... sure." He flushed again, the pointed tips of his ears burning fiery red.  
"Um... my place?"

"Lead the way."

Alyan did. Trusting that Meredith wouldn't miss him, he picked up his coat and sneaked a glance towards the bar, where Damon was entertaining a small clutter of customers, his cocktail shaker swishing mid-air.

*Bye*, he mouthed, and lowered his gaze quickly when Damon winked at him, catching the shaker with one hand behind his back.

At least he wasn't leaving alone. He didn't know why he wasn't happier about that. He was going to get laid, which had been Meredith's sole purpose in getting him out of the house; Thomas was stupidly good looking, and Alyan was sure most of the club was staring at them in mixed envy and approval as they made their slow way out.

So why did Alyan itch to turn back and call it all off?

## Chapter 3

He couldn't do that. Social pariah or not, he wasn't going to reject the one guy who paid him any attention the whole night for no reason whatsoever. He wasn't yet that pathetic.

Alyan didn't have his car, so he climbed in Thomas's sleek silver-gray Audi, navigating him through the slow LA traffic towards Alyan's condo. The short journey was devoid of awkward small talk, the soft rock music playing from the radio enough of a distraction to keep Alyan focused.

"Nice place," Thomas said, sounding impressed.

"The house's gonna be a mess," Alyan justified himself as they walked out of the elevator, fishing in his pockets for his keys. "I haven't really had much time to clean."

"You should see mine," Thomas chuckled, brushing up against Alyan as he fumbled with the lock.

Alyan shivered, his body heat kicking up instantly. He instinctively pressed back, his lower lip pulled between his teeth. As Alyan fumbled with the keys, Thomas pressed himself flush behind him, his very obvious erection straining against his zipper and digging in the crease of Alyan's ass through his jeans. The keys fell to the floor with a clatter as Alyan's forehead hit the door, a low moan dragging its way out of his throat.

Thomas lapped the soft skin behind his ear, his fingers hooking in Alyan's belt loops to keep him in place. "God," Alyan groaned, pushing back, the delicious friction of Thomas's rock hard cock sending spikes of pleasure down his spine even through layers of clothing. Shaking, Alyan bent down awkwardly to retrieve the keys, but as soon as he was bending low enough, he felt himself being pushed forwards. He threw his hands out to balance himself on the welcome rug, one of Thomas's hands pressing down on his back, the other still on his left hip, keeping him down. "Been hard -- since

we left the bar --" he whispered, the tip of his tongue lavishing the pointed tip of Alyan's ear. "You knew, didn't you?" he pressed on, biting down on Alyan's earlobe.

Alyan's head was spinning. A thrill went down his spine when Thomas worked one of his thighs between Alyan's, spreading Alyan's legs further apart, his knee dragging over Alyan's hard-on through the denim.

"Fuck," Alyan cursed, forehead thumping against the closed door, Thomas's hard dick digging against the back of Alyan's leg.

"I think you knew," Thomas purred, lapping at the back of Alyan's neck with tiny, kitten-like licks, "All through the night, all your cute little smiles, your legs knocking into mine, the teasing, the touches..."

Alyan gasped, his hands scraping at the rug underneath his knees. Thomas bit lightly on Alyan's earlobe, and Alyan moaned again, grinding down against Thomas's knee, trying to squeeze his legs shut to keep the friction going.

Thomas chuckled under his breath and worked his other leg in between the span of Alyan's, keeping them as far apart as he could in the narrow hallway. "My way tonight," he whispered as he slid his hands down Alyan's sides.

Alyan let out a ragged moan, burying his face in his crossed arms. He had never been so shamelessly turned on since...better not go there at all. Breath coming in harsh, erratic pants, Alyan arched his back like a cat, feeling the heat of Thomas's body seeping through the layers of clothing.

Alyan itched to get him naked, feel the slick hotness of skin on skin, the shocking jolt of cold marble under him, the burn of the rug against his knees. "Thomas," he moaned, almost begged, throwing his head back, his neck stretched taut and inviting.

Thomas leant down, his mouth slowly trailing down the unmarked skin of Alyan's throat, peppering tiny bites all down to the hollow of his throat, his tongue immediately following, wet and hot, soothing the sting.

Alyan lost himself in the sensation, the line between pleasure and pain blurring deliriously. He was hyper aware of the fact that they were rubbing and rocking against each other, kneeling in front of his front door at the end of a brightly lit hallway, where



every other neighbor could potentially walk in on them. Alyan's teeth sunk in his bottom lip, trying to keep in the prolonged moan that longed to get out of him. He didn't know up from down anymore. His cock was rock hard, leaking and dampening through his boxers and the inseam of his jeans.

Thomas's fingers twisted in Alyan's hair, grinding down against the curve of his ass, as though he was trying to fuck him through their jeans. Alyan spread his legs wider, panting wetly against his joined arms, rocking back against Thomas's hard crotch greedily. Little spots of light erupted in front of Alyan's eyes, Thomas's lips puckered around a spot of skin right behind Alyan's ear, teeth pulling, blood rushing to the surface in a purpling bruise.

"Thomas..." Alyan groaned, pushing back against his hard dick, straining the fabric of his pants, "Fuck, Thomas, please, I need more..."

"What do you need?" Thomas panted, pulling him back up with the grip on his hair. He sucked on the hollow of Alyan's throat, feeling the flutter of his heartbeat, Alyan's Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed, hard.

"Anything -- anything, for the love of -- Thomas --" All of Alyan's blood rushed downwards, making him feel slightly dizzy. He felt Thomas's hand leave the small of his back to run across his side, under his jacket and up his front, twisting a nipple through the soft fabric of his T-shirt. Alyan let out another groan. "Please..." Thomas's straining erection rocked sensually along the crack of his ass, digging against Alyan's tailbone as he rose up a little on his knees.

The hand on Alyan's chest traveled upwards, slowly, prying open the buttons of Alyan's shirt as he went. Thomas removed his mouth from Alyan's neck and brushed his fingertips against Alyan's wet lips.

Alyan gasped, his mouth parting immediately to allow Thomas full access. Thomas thrust two fingers inside, his thumb rubbing sensually against Alyan's jaw as Alyan took his fingers lewdly, his tongue sucking and twisting around them, imagining them to be Thomas's dick and making soft noises of pleasure as he pulled them in as far as they would get.

Thomas moaned, loudly, his forehead nestling against the crook of Alyan's neck. "Fuck, yes, that's it." He kissed Alyan's nape as he pulled his fingers out with a slick *pop*. Alyan whimpered at the loss, his breath thin and ragged, lungs burning with each one he took.

Thomas's other hand shifted from Alyan's hips to his front, unbuckling Alyan's belt and sliding his zipper down, slowly, so slowly. Alyan whimpered, hips rocking forward, dick hard enough to hurt, but Thomas's hand didn't linger. He worked Alyan's pants down just enough to bare his ass, the whip of cool air on sweaty, heated skin making Alyan shudder. "*Please,*" Alyan whimpered, his hips rocking up of their own volition to try and get some much needed friction, even against the concrete of the hallway floor, it didn't matter.

Thomas chuckled, a slow, sexy laugh that ran over Alyan like hot wax. Without warning, two long fingers breached through Alyan's opening, making him lurch forward with a stuttering cry. "Nfgh --" Alyan crossed his arms over the doorstep, letting his head fall against them, his chest heaving with labored breaths.

"I'm going to fuck you here," Thomas whispered over Alyan's damp skin, "Here on your doorstep. Where everyone could see -- anyone -- at any moment, any given time, could catch us."

The lust dripped off Thomas's voice like honey, and it was all Alyan could do not to come, his erection growing impossibly harder at Thomas's words. "Would you like that?" Thomas scissored his fingers deep inside Alyan's dry hole, making sure to avoid Alyan's prostate, wanting to drag it out, make him beg. "Hmm? How would you like being spread out here, all wanton for my cock, where anyone in the whole condo could just walk by and see you?"

"Yeah, God, yes, please, Thomas, yes --" Alyan had lost any resemblance of coherency. All that came out of his mouth was a string of breathy moans and something that sounded occasionally like Thomas's name, utterly lost in the liquid sex that was Thomas's voice. He tried to push back again, to fuck himself on Thomas's hand, his body torn with the need to be filled and the need to release the pressure on his own

cock. The grip on his hip doubled, stilling his movements. Alyan cried out, soft and dry, desperate.

Thomas's tongue found his ear again, darting quickly around the pointed tip of it before sucking his earlobe into that lush mouth of his. Alyan's cock twitched and throbbed painfully, leaking copious amounts of precome down his belly and onto the welcome rug underneath his knees.

"Please what?" Thomas teased, his grin soft against Alyan's cheek. Alyan whined, a low, keening sound that could have been heard echoing from their floor down to the lobby. He bit on his tongue, tears clumping his eyelashes, bared raw at Thomas's mercy.

"Fuck me." Alyan groaned, turning his head to catch Thomas's mouth in a sloppy kiss. "Fuck me here. Fuck me however you want."

Thomas moaned in the kiss, their tongues tangling together, mouths parted, teeth biting and clashing, drawing blood from abused lips. "I'm gonna make you come so hard," Thomas whispered haltingly, his and Alyan's breath one and the same. "All messy and uncontrolled like a teenager, fucking you hard and fast with my fingers alone."

Alyan keened, tossing his head back, cheek pressed hard against Thomas's jaw line. Thomas's teeth scraped along the side of Alyan's neck. Breathing hard through his nose, he whispered, "I'm gonna make you writhe and ask for more. And then," he delved into Alyan's mouth again, tongues battling for dominance. Alyan whimpered, jaw going slack against Thomas's hard, demanding kiss, his tongue fucking Alyan's mouth just like his fingers were plunging in and out of Alyan's tight hole, up to the knuckle.

Alyan whimpered, his legs kicking further apart, trying frantically to support himself with his elbows, crouched uncomfortably on the rug, his hips rolling back, fucking himself on Thomas's hand.

Thomas pulled his fingers back, tongue licking a long, wet swathe from Alyan's mouth down to the fluttering pulse point on his neck. "And then, I'm going to fuck you

with my dick. Spread out on your hands and knees, taking you so hard and fast you'll feel me for a week."

Alyan's ass clenched desperately, feeling empty and neglected already, a trembling, high-pitched moan spilling past Alyan's lips. Thomas silenced him, mouths mashing together again as he swiftly worked his fingers back in.

Alyan cried out, bucking up and almost tumbling them both to the side. He thrashed in Thomas's grip, shamelessly coming undone. He was driven out of his mind with lust and want and sheer need to come, eyelids at half mast, patches of red high on his cheeks, mouth parted wide, a thin sheet of sweat gracing his features.

Thomas smiled tenderly, letting his mask of dominance slip a little, "So beautiful," he murmured, kissing Alyan's cheek, "So beautiful, Alyan."

Alyan couldn't even draw in a full breath. He needed more, wanted more. He tried to capture Thomas's mouth with his own, rolling his hips back, pants tangled around his knees. Thomas's lips brushed over Alyan's, slowly, and Alyan tilted his head back to look into Thomas's eyes, dark-hued but for a sliver of jade circling his pupils. Alyan let his head fall back on Thomas's shoulder, with a soft moan. "More, Thomas. More."

Something in his voice must have reached inside of Thomas, because he finally took pity on Alyan and complied. Thomas pulled his fingers out, with an obscene, popping wet sound that echoed in the quiet dark of the hallway. He brought them up to his lips and worked his tongue around them, his eyes half closed as he stared down at Alyan, the show only for him.

Alyan whimpered, his arms and thighs quivering with the strain. He spread his legs as far as his pants would allow, his pink, puckered hole on display for Thomas to take. Thomas let his fingers slip out of his mouth and drove the three of them straight back in to the last knuckle, crooking and prodding until he managed to hit the pulsing bundle of nerves inside of Alyan.

With a strangled cry, Alyan was coming, all messy and fast, just like Thomas had promised he would. Had it not been for Thomas's arm around his waist, Alyan was

sure he would have rolled over, boneless, his orgasm so intense he could feel it shaking him to the core.

He didn't even get time to come down from the aftershocks before the distant sound of a belt buckle hitting the floor reached his ears. Alyan's jeans were pulled frantically down, past his ankles, his legs almost giving way right then and there, and Thomas moaned, barely holding onto his last shard of control as he spread Alyan's legs apart and yanked him back on his hips, the shocking skin on skin contact making Alyan shudder and writhe under Thomas's body.

"Can't fucking wait," Alyan heard Thomas groan breathlessly above him, before the blunt head of Thomas's long, stiff dick was at his pulsing entrance, stretching and burning, inching slowly in until he could feel Thomas's balls slapping against his ass.

They moaned together, Thomas's arm tight around Alyan's waist. Alyan's hand covered Thomas's on his waist, their fingers tangling together, heartbeats racing wildly as both man and Elf struggled to hold on, to make it last.

Thomas breathed hard through his nose, trying to regain some control of himself. He planted a short, wet kiss at the back of Alyan's neck, nuzzling the damp skin with his forehead as he just held them both still, savoring the moment.

"Do it!" Alyan's voice was fucked raw, threadbare thin. "Do it, Thomas. Fuck me." He breathed out, bringing Thomas's hand up to lick at his fingers, tasting himself and come and sex, sour and sweet on his tongue.

Thomas groaned, a full shudder that shot through Alyan's prone body. Alyan moaned around Thomas's fingers, making obscene slurping noises, his hips jerking slightly, trying to force Thomas to do something, anything. Only the feeling of Thomas's dick inside of him was enough to get Alyan hard again, and his belly tightened, wanting more, needing more.

"Please, Thomas... Fuck, please, I can't -- I want --" Alyan whimpered, past caring what came out of his mouth.

Slowly, Thomas began to pull out, and back again, small, tiny thrusts that would drive them both insane with need if he kept going long enough. "More," Alyan whined, his head falling forward again, "Harder."

Thomas squeezed his eyes shut, pulling almost all the way out before delving back in, angling himself upwards to make sure he hit Alyan's prostate with every thrust. Alyan gasped, his mouth a round "O," eyes rolling back with sheer, undiluted pleasure as Thomas picked up pace.

"That's what you want?" Thomas gritted out, fucking him hard and deep, long, confident thrusts that had his dick rub up against every oversensitive nerve inside of Alyan, making him curse and beg and cry wordlessly in a fluent, non-stop string of sound.

Alyan knew Thomas was close, oh-so-close, and he planted his hands firmly apart on the ground, pushing back against Thomas's hips hard, impaling himself completely on Thomas's dick.

Thomas cried out, the sound echoing across the hallway, and slammed in right to the hilt, Alyan's forehead hitting the wooden panel of the front door painfully. Alyan mewled in approval, pushing back on every rocking motion of Thomas's hips, tight and hot and begging under him, around him.

Alyan's thighs quivered with the effort to keep them parted for Thomas's onslaught, his shirt sticking to his back, drenched in sweat. Thomas bent down to suck and nibble at the exposed skin of Alyan's neck, taking one of Alyan's hands and guiding it around Alyan's renewed erection.

As Alyan rocked into his thrusts, getting Thomas's stiff cock in as deep as it could go, their joined hands curled around Alyan's dick.

"So hot," Thomas moaned in his ear, tightening his grip on Alyan's hand as he jerked him off with quick, rough strokes. "So fucking hot, take it so good, fuck, yes, come on, want to feel you lose it, feel your tight little ass pull me in as you spill all over yourself again, come on, come on --"

Alyan whined, not knowing what to do anymore, if he had to rock back up in Thomas's fist or back down against his lap, his head lost in a whirlwind of color. Thomas's other hand left Alyan's hip to fondle his balls, pulling them tight against Alyan's body and that was all it took for Alyan to lose it once more, his body convulsing as his orgasm hit, his spunk spilling all across their fingers, his stomach, adding to the mess they had made on the rug.

Thomas stifled a cry in the back of Alyan's neck, teeth sinking into sweaty skin as he stuttered his hips forward once, twice, three times more before he too came, deep and hot inside of Alyan's ass.

His movements on Alyan's cock faltered but he kept going, just as he kept on pounding inside of Alyan, the passage slick and hot, come trickling out of Alyan's ass and down his thighs.

Alyan whimpered, every nerve in his body tingling, overwhelmed with sensation. His eyes rolled back and he came again, shaking weakly in Thomas's arms.

When he opened his eyes again he was looking up at Thomas's smile, half lying on Thomas's lap. Alyan sighed, completely spent, guiding their joined hands over his stomach, not giving a damn about soaking his shirt with spunk. For once, he just wanted to let it all sink in, content to be filled to the brim with the pleasant buzz of aftershocks that flowed through his veins.

"I've got to move," Thomas whispered, almost apologetically. He pulled out slowly, tucking himself back in before he tugged Alyan's underwear and jeans back up his legs. Alyan was too fucked out to move.

"I'm a mess," Alyan mumbled sleepily from where he was crouched on the ground. Thomas smiled again. He wrapped his arms around Alyan's middle, hauling him in a somewhat standing position before bending down to retrieve the keys. He handed them to Alyan, helping him to find the right one and unlock his front door.

Thomas half dragged, half carried Alyan inside, asking directions and navigating them both somehow safely to Alyan's bedroom.

Alyan kicked off his clothes, stumbling and knocking into things as he walked to the bathroom to pick up a washcloth.

"Here," he murmured, handing Thomas one, suddenly feeling a bit uncomfortable. Alyan didn't do one-night stands. He was never the type. And Thomas was, without a doubt, one of the best (if not the very best) lays of Alyan's life, and he was standing there with a soft grin on his lips that Alyan didn't quite know what to do with.

What was common etiquette for this kind of situation? Should he invite him to spend the night? Should they exchange numbers? Was it different with humans? He had no fucking clue, and for a moment he wished Meredith was around -- she had a lifelong experience of flings and one-night stands. Surely she had written some handbook of rules, or something similar.

"Do you -- uh... I mean, um." He glanced around. "Do you want to --"

"I'd like to stay," Thomas said with a smile, stripping out of his clothes. "If you don't mind."

Alyan smiled. "I don't mind." He glanced at his queen-sized bed. "Um, do you think --"

"We can squeeze in," Thomas whispered, wrapping his arms around Alyan.

Alyan tried to smile and to erase the memory of someone else sleeping in that bed, and nodded.



## Chapter 4

"I want to know everything," Meredith announced as she bustled in with the groceries. Alyan sighed and filled his second cup of coffee for the day, the headache still pounding at the back of his skull with the same intensity it had upon waking up.

Thomas had showered and left some time earlier, with his number written on a piece of paper and a fleeting kiss to the side of Alyan's head.

Alyan had pretended to be asleep, and hadn't tried to stop Thomas from leaving. To be perfectly honest, he was quite happy with Thomas leaving. He'd surely had a great time, and Alyan could still feel him this morning as he moved about his kitchen, but it had left him feeling slightly hollowed out.

Alyan didn't do one-night stands for very good reasons. The most important was that he was still a hopeless romantic -- no matter how long he'd spent on this Earth, he still believed you have to meet that special someone to make it matter. Thomas was fun, but... that was pretty much all it had been, and now Alyan felt awful, because he knew already that he was not going to call him.

"Come on. You look like sex. Spill."

"Eww," Alyan scrunched up his nose. "Please never say anything like that, ever again. I'm your brother."

"Prude. I just want the juicy details. How big was he?"

Alyan stuffed his fingers in his ears. "I'm not listening."

Meredith kicked him under the table as she sat before him with a cup of coffee.

"Come on. Damon said he was hot."

Alyan choked on his mouthful of coffee and nearly died right then and there. "What?"

"Jesus, what are you yelling for?"

"You said Damon said he was hot."

"Then what are you yelling about? You heard me!"

Alyan blinked several times. "I just... I want to know what he said."

Meredith gave him a long look. Alyan shuffled awkwardly in his seat, his hands drumming on the sides of his coffee cup. "You're still carrying that torch, aren't you?"

"I am not," Alyan said defensively. He didn't need asking who she was referring to. "I'm just curious, OK?"

"Umm-huh." Meredith shook her head. "Alyan, I've known you for centuries. You always were a sucky liar."

"I was with Sellion," he reminded her. "For quite awhile, I might add..."

"Sellion was always a pompous asshole. You only settled with him because he paid attention to you."

"At least he wanted me," Alyan said morosely. "You don't need to rub it in, you know?"

Meredith sighed and put her coffee down. "That's not what I'm doing. I just want you to shake yourself out of this pity party and face up to what you want for once in your life."

"Damon and I are friends."

"Doesn't look like that from where I'm standing," Meredith said with a grin.

"And why, pray tell?"

"Because Damon couldn't keep his eyes off you and that human all last night."

"In your dreams," Alyan muttered, even though he really meant, *in mine*.

"Would I lie about sex? No, I wouldn't," she went on, without letting Alyan answer. "I'm dead serious, kid."

"He could've done something, or said something," Alyan muttered. "I was sitting on my own for hours before Thomas showed up."

"Damon was working, darling." She said sweetly, caressing his knuckles with her hand. "He can't very well drop the bar to come and play."

Alyan shook his head and rubbed his knuckles against his forehead. "He's known me forever. You'd think he'd have found a moment to say something about it if you were right."

"Why don't you go and ask him then?" Meredith pushed away from the table and finished putting his groceries away. "He won't be working now. You have no excuses."

"Wouldn't that feel sort of douchy?" Alyan said, glancing up at her from over the rim of his coffee cup. "I just slept with someone else..."

Meredith sighed. "Better than waiting months before showing up at Damon's again and let him believe you don't give a damn."

Alyan truly hated his sister when she was right.

\* \* \*

The club wasn't as bright and colorful during the day. There wasn't the customary queue at the front door, and the flashy signs were turned off. Alyan poked his head in, noting the chairs upturned above the tables, bright neon lights shedding light over the dark polished floor. The red and green lamps were turned off, and so were the glittering crystals above the dance floor.

Damon was piling up cases of bottles behind the bar, wearing day clothes and still looking like he just stepped off one of those magazines for men that Meredith was so fond of. GQ or something similar.

"Hey," he smiled, waving at him. "Nice to see you back so soon."

"Yeah, I was..." He couldn't come up with a suitable lie as to what he was doing, so he just smiled and shook his head, sitting on the same stool he'd sat on last night. "Sorry," he said after a beat.

Damon gave Alyan a weird look. "Sorry for what?"

"Just..." he gestured to the pub. "I know you have to work and shit."

"It's all right," Damon smiled, putting down a case filled with booze bottles. "I can take a break. What's going on?"

Alyan picked up a napkin and started tearing it up. He didn't look up when he spoke next. "That guy I went home with..."

Damon frowned. "What about him?" When Alyan didn't lift his eyes, Damon leaned across the counter, nudging the napkin out of his hands and forcing him to look up. "Bad news?"

Alyan shook his head. "No, no, he's all right. I mean, he was great... Uh, not like... Christ, I didn't mean it like that," he added, this close to banging his head against the bar counter as Damon's expression went from worried to puzzled, then to gleeful. "No -- he was a good guy. That's what I meant."

"Right," Damon smirked, stepping back and going on counting the bottles. "I'm happy for you, man. You deserve a good guy around."

Alyan's heart sunk. "Yeah," he muttered, attacking another napkin. "But he's just... I don't know." He took a deep breath. Damon was still giving Alyan his back, which was probably the only reason why Alyan blurted right out and said it -- he wouldn't have been able to face to face. "I just want someone else."

"Oh yeah, who?"

Alyan mumbled something unintelligible under his breath. Damon stopped his restocking and gave Alyan an over-the-shoulder look. "Didn't quite catch that."

Alyan swallowed. He opened his mouth to say it again, but no sound came out.

Either Damon knew how to lip read, or his Elvish senses were enough for him to catch what Alyan was thinking.

*You.*

A bottle of Scotch dropped to the floor with a crash. Damon grabbed hold of his shirt and pulled, right across the bar, booze and salt and lime spilling freely as Alyan scrambled on the white marble, palms spread wide on the wet surface. He gasped, and Damon mashed their mouths together.

He didn't know who knocked into what. He did hear the tinkling of coins spilling on the floor, and a pained gasp he thought belonged to Damon as they tousled above the bar.

"Fucking took you long enough," Damon gasped. "Had given up ages ago..."

"Tell me about it," Alyan groaned, his knees jamming hard into the sink as he fell atop Damon in the confined space behind the bar.

Damon's lips found Alyan's again, his hands grabbing hold of Alyan's shoulders as he turned them around, pushing Alyan against the cabinet. The rattle of bottles and glasses echoed through the empty club, and Damon grunted, his teeth sinking in Alyan's lower lip.

"I saw you looking," Alyan moaned, his head knocking backwards against the glass panel, his legs spread wide to accommodate Damon. His dick was already hardening in his slacks, heat pooling down in his belly from every pore of his body.

"I was," Damon said roughly, his fingernails leaving half-moon marks in Alyan's shoulders and biceps as he clutched at him, pulling him down and rocking up at the same time. "Fuckin' felt like shit when he sat down. I kept trying to intercept people but I knew it was only a matter of time before someone got to you. You're just too gorgeous to be left alone."

Alyan's head was spinning. Damon was trying to stop people from getting to him? But how...

"Free drinks," Damon whispered, leaning down to mouth at Alyan's neck. He grinned up at him. "Fucking hated him for taking my offer and walking up to you anyway..."

Alyan moaned and rocked up against Damon, feeling the hard ridge of Damon's erect cock pressing in the groove of his hips. "You could've -- ah -- you could've just come over yourself... Felt like shit..."

Damon silenced him with a forceful kiss, his hands sliding behind Alyan's thighs and yanking him closer. "I'll make it up to you."

Alyan's hands grabbed hold of Damon's dark purple shirt and tugged it violently upwards. "Naked," Alyan groaned, head falling forwards as he struggled with Damon's shirt. "Now."

"You want to see me? Want to see me naked while I hold you down and fuck you, hmm?" Damon's mouth searched Alyan's throat and peppered it with short, biting kisses.

"Yes," Alyan grunted, fighting with buttons. His head was spinning, breath coming short already. He clenched his ass in anticipation, still feeling slightly sore from the previous night and suddenly itching to erase that feeling and replace it with Damon's. "Fuck, Damon, please."

"Want me to ram you against the cabinet and hold you there while I fuck your little pretty ass sore with my cock?" His tongue twirled around the pointy tip of his ear. "Will fuck him right out of your system, sweetheart."

Alyan nodded rapidly, finally managing to get Damon out of his shirt and feel the heat of his skin under his hands. They stumbled sideways, past the mess of glass and spilled booze and right over the carpet between the sink and the bar. With a roll of muscle, Damon flipped them over and pinned Alyan down on the floor. The breath left Alyan's chest with a *whoosh*, Damon's weight keeping him caged down, helpless to do anything but squirm beneath him. Damon's grin was bright and white.

"Please," he gasped as he reached out, both hands grasping at Damon's arms, yanking him down. "Damon, please, I need --" Alyan whimpered and tried to buck Damon off him, get him closer, anything.

Damon bowed his head to hover above Alyan's panting, parted mouth. "I know what you need," Damon whispered, licking his lips, the tip of his tongue teasing across Alyan's lower lip. "Been waiting a century to do this."

Alyan bridged the distance between their mouths and shoved his tongue past Damon's parted lips, hungrily, his fingers raking down Damon's broad back, feeling the tendons and muscles shift as Damon arched down lower on him.

Damon was a hell of a kisser. Alyan was dying already, his cock leaking copiously inside his slacks, hips rutting up helplessly as Alyan sucked his tongue inside his own mouth. He turned Alyan buttery weak, his heartbeat picking up to alarming

speed as Damon's tongue curled around his own, hands framing Alyan's cheeks to angle him up as he pleased, getting deeper, sloppier, hotter, more.

Damon's fingers found the zipper of Alyan's pants and undid it, reaching inside to free Alyan's cock from the confines of his pants, his thumb rolling over the leaking head, making Alyan cry out in ecstasy. "Fuck, oh, fuck -- Damon --"

"So hot, so fucking gorgeous, for the love of Light, Alyan, you have no idea what you do to me," Damon moaned, his fist closing around Alyan's dick as he gave it one quick, rough stroke before moving down to push Alyan's pants out of the way.

Alyan keened and bucked up again, rubbing all over Damon like a cat in heat, his dick leaking pearly-white on Damon's abs. "Need." He gasped, breathing hot against Damon's damp mouth. "Want. Damon, Please --"

Damon shut him up, teeth clashing painfully, biting and drawing droplets of blood. He twisted his fingers in Alyan's hair and held him close, spreading Alyan's legs wide with his knees and holding him down as he aligned his dick behind Alyan's balls.

"So desperate for it, bet you want to go dry just so you can have it now. God, Alyan." Damon's teeth trailed down Alyan's jaw. Alyan's fingers raked down the curve of Damon's perfect back, finding the solid muscles of his butt cheeks and pulling, making Damon's hips grind against Alyan's, Damon's stiff dick riding the crease of Alyan's ass.

"Anything..." Alyan would have agreed to whatever filthy idea Damon came up with if it meant he could have it, now, come all over the floor and their stomachs, and Damon knew it.

Damon smiled, so soft and awed Alyan had to blink several times to keep him in focus. Alyan couldn't fucking believe it was happening, for real, here, now.

He let his fingers skim over Damon's sides, his breath growing harsher and thinner as Damon's wet, leaking head rubbed against his clenching hole. "Lucky I came prepared," Damon mumbled, fishing around in his pockets for a small tube of lubricant. He sat back, taking the pressure off Alyan's chest, and stroked his cock leisurely. He seemed happy enough just watching Alyan struggle to get his breath back.

Alyan watched, transfixed, as the head of Damon's hard, thick cock pushed through Damon's fingers, lube and precome shining on the length. Alyan licked his lips, thinking just how much he wanted a taste of that, sweat rolling down his forehead as he squirmed beneath Damon.

"Like what you see?"

Alyan could only whimper his answer. Damon let go of his own dick and took hold of Alyan's hips, lifting him bodily off the floor and flipping him over with an elegant flex of muscles.

All the breath left Alyan in a rush, his vision spinning, a whole body shudder raking him as his heated skin came in crashing contact with the cold marble of the floor.

"So perfect."

Damon wedged Alyan's thighs apart with his knees, and Alyan keened softly as his wrists were caught together in one of Damon's huge hands, pinned at the small of his back.

"Open and raw for me, baby. I got you."

Alyan's dick leaked hotly between his legs, a whimper escaping his lips as he writhed underneath the pressure of Damon's solid body. The more he struggled, the more apparent it became that there was no way Alyan would be able to get out of that hold. Damon's strength was superior to his own. His cock throbbed excitedly, a surge of heat traveling down his spine and up his thighs, balls tingling in anticipation.

"Oh, yes. Yes," Damon murmured, rocking slowly against him, spreading the lube collected over the head of his dick all over the inner skin of Alyan's ass. "You love this, don't you?" he asked as he lowered himself down on Alyan's back, lips hot and damp across Alyan's cheek. "Been waiting so long, Alyan. You know I will take good care of you."

Alyan smothered another moan, skin flushed red with perspiration, heartbeat a rhythmic thunder in his ears.

"Meredith knew," Damon muttered again, curling his hand around Alyan's shoulder, his fingers teasing the tender patch of skin where neck met collarbone. "Been



hammering me for ages to talk to you, and then you were with that jackass... couldn't work up the nerve."

Alyan groaned, buckling under him. Damon bit down on Alyan's earlobe, tightening his grip on Alyan's wrists. "Fuck, all last night, all I could think about was you. Wishing it had been me taking you home. Slamming you against the wall and taking you right then and there, making you scream my name."

Alyan moaned, voice thin, ragged, and tried to push back against Damon's cock, his hole flexing, aching empty. "Almost didn't go through with it," Alyan gasped. "It felt all wrong... but then you were watching and I didn't know what to do."

Damon nipped at his earlobe and throat. "My fault," he mumbled. "Should've said something..."

"Doesn't matter," Alyan gasped. "Not anymore. Please, Damon --" Damon sucked hard enough on Alyan's shoulder to bruise, and as Alyan cried out, Damon's teeth pressing lightly into his flesh, the thick head of Damon's cock pushed firmly against his hole. "Damon!"

"Want it?" Damon whispered coyly, breathlessly, his long fingers still wrapped around Alyan's wrists.

"Yes," Alyan pleaded, trying to push himself back, and force Damon's cock to fuck him already.

"Are you gonna beg for it?" Damon continued to tease, pushing just hard enough for Alyan to whimper, knowing what was coming, anticipation ripe in his blood.

"Anything, please, please, Damon, please!"

## Chapter 5

Damon rolled his hips slowly, the thick head of his cock breaching the tight ring of Alyan's ass. Alyan was still pretty sore from the previous night, and his eyes rolled as he was slowly filled, forced to accommodate Damon's girth. "So good, you're so fucking *tight*."

Alyan couldn't speak, couldn't think, could barely whimper as Damon slowly came to rest, balls deep in his ass. His breath came in wheezing gasps, all of his blood rushing south with breakneck speed. Damon's forehead fell against Alyan's nape, his own breath hot and labored.

"Please," Alyan moaned, again and again, spreading his legs as far apart as they would go, trying to rock back against him. "Please, Damon, please."

Damon's lips pressed butterfly-light kisses at the base of Alyan's neck. He began to withdraw slowly, agonizingly so, his tongue following an invisible pattern at the back of Alyan's head.

Alyan cried out brokenly, clenching hard down on Damon's dick, trying to keep him inside of him, his hands twisting in Damon's unyielding grip.

"You're burning up inside, for the love of Galadriel, fuckin' hot, scorching, want to fuck you so bad," Damon groaned, licking and biting at the curve of Alyan's shoulder as if he wanted to eat him up. "Can't fucking last if I start, wanted this for so fucking *long*."

Alyan writhed underneath Damon, his dick so hard it hurt, balls full and tight against his body. He tried to rub himself against the floor, but Damon tightened his hand over his shoulder and yanked him back, pulling him off the ground.

"You don't get to do that," Damon whispered roughly, only the head of his dick keeping Alyan wide open. "You're gonna come like this, with my dick buried in your sweet ass and nothin' else."

"Fuck." Alyan was reduced to one word sentences, unable to spare enough oxygen to keep his brain running smoothly. The pressure on his shoulders was enough to skirt the edge of pain, but Alyan was too far gone to care.

Damon snapped his hips up, filling Alyan completely, and making him scream. "Louder, baby. Don't think everyone heard you." Damon laughed, his voice rough like whiskey on gravel. He took one of Alyan's wrists in each hand and used his arms as leverage to slam his hips forward. Over and over.

Alyan could barely see, so dizzy from the need to come, and from the force of Damon's thrusts. He did scream, loud and unabashed, not caring if people walking down the street heard them. It just made Damon want to fuck him harder, make him louder. "Come on, come on, can't you come like this?"

Damon tugged, hauling Alyan up until he was splayed across Damon's thighs, his legs thrown obscenely wide in the confined space between the bar and the cabinets. Alyan seized the opportunity to try and reach for his cock, but Damon intercepted him with a chuckle. "Nope. No cheating."

"Motherfucker," Alyan cried in frustration, tossing his head back to look up in Damon's dark, lustful face. His bangs were sweaty, pressed to his forehead, his eyes heavy-lidded and liquid-looking. He looked like a sex God, and Alyan offered himself up as a sacrifice, reaching out to grab Damon's biceps.

"Please," he begged shamelessly, thrusting back with every single one of Damon's powerful thrusts. "Please, make me come, Damon, please, hurts, *please...*"

Damon bowed his head. Their mouths clashed, Damon's tongue probing past Alyan's panting lips and stealing his pleas away. Alyan groaned, a sound that started deep in his chest, vibrating in Damon's mouth as Damon's pace grew progressively more erratic.

Damon's hands slid down Alyan's hips, holding him still as he snapped into him once, twice, his hips shuddering into a staccato rhythm before he pulled out sharply and flipped Alyan around with a flex of his arms.

Alyan cried out at the abrupt change in angle, limbs askew, his cock bouncing against his stomach, hard and weeping. Damon grasped Alyan's thighs, pushing them wide apart as he hooked them both above his shoulders and drove back in to the hilt, hitting Alyan's prostate with each powerful shove.

It was enough to force Alyan over the edge. He came with a long, drawn out scream, shaking violently as Damon continued to thrust, chasing his own orgasm.

"So good, so fucking perfect." Damon's voice had dropped to a low, rough growl, honey thick and whiskey dry, burning against Alyan's skin.

"Damon." Alyan lay limp and sated in Damon's arms, his fingers clawing weakly at his arms as Alyan's body jerked against the floor with each thrust. He couldn't have worked up the energy to move if he tried.

Damon reached down and squeezed Alyan's hand before throwing his head back and growling, his rhythm faltering as he came, his whole body seizing up with the sheer intensity of it.

Alyan grunted as Damon fell forward to rest against his chest, cock still snug in Alyan's ass. Alyan didn't want him to move, ever. He was perfectly content with lying in the small space behind the bar for the rest of his life.

"I don't wanna leave. Want to stay here forever."

Alyan swallowed, his heart swelling inside his ribcage. There was no lie in Damon's eyes, and Alyan sleepily curled his fingers with Damon's, nodding. "Yeah."

Damon's arms cuddled him closer. "When you walk outta here, everyone's gonna know how hard I fucked you, how I threw you down and took you, how I made you scream and beg for each thrust. You like the sound of that?"

Alyan whimpered, his cock twitching valiantly with a renewed spark of interest. Damon chuckled lowly in his ear. "You're a dirty, dirty Elf," he muttered affectionately, nibbling absentmindedly on Alyan's earlobe. "I like." He stroked his palm down on

Alyan's back, slowly edging towards the crack of his ass, where his cock was still held inside Alyan's body.

Alyan moaned softly, and looked up at Damon through dazed, pleasure-ridden eyes. Damon kissed the corner of his mouth, nuzzling at the underside of his chin with the tip of his nose. Slowly, he started to pull out, rolling on his side and immediately pulling Alyan in his arms, still sticky and covered in each other's come. "I'm done wishing to be someone else," Damon whispered. "Now everyone will wish they were me. And you wanna know why?"

Alyan nodded.

"Because now I get to take you home afterwards," he whispered, smiling that soft, blinding smile that had made him fall in love all those human lives ago.

Alyan's chest constricted and he swatted half-heartedly at Damon's arm, burying his face in the curve of Damon's neck. "You gotta stop watching chick flicks," he muttered, trying not to let Damon feel his smile shining through.

Damon chuckled and kissed the top of his head. "You know you love it."

Alyan snuggled down into the curve of Damon's arm. "Yeah," he whispered. "I really kinda do."

"We should get up," Damon whispered after a beat. Alyan nodded -- the sexual frenzy now fading, he was starting to feel less and less inclined to just be lying on the protective mats between fridge and sink.

"Maybe, yeah," Alyan muttered, starting to stretch and immediately jamming his elbow against the nearest cabinet. Definitely time to get up.

They did a too-quick clean up, knowing perfectly well that if the staff had come in earlier, they would have found a nice surprise waiting for them. It wasn't like Alyan cared -- quite the contrary, he was sort of hoping they would. He was hoping that someone would walk in and catch them like that, half naked, tousled, marked from head to toe with bites and kisses and ownership.

Damon caught him staring and smirked, pulling him in for a kiss with a finger hooked around his belt loops. Alyan made a strange sound at the back of his throat and

cupped Damon's cheek, bringing him closer, their mouths parting, tongues slipping past lips and deepening the kiss as they held onto each other.

"We should go to my place." Damon's eyes were shining, his lips slick with spit and stretched in a sly grin. Alyan felt himself growing hard already.

"Yeah, sounds good," he whispered, and let Damon take his hand and lead him outside.

## Chapter 6

Alyan hadn't been at Damon's place in ages, literally; ever since Damon had opened the club and Alyan had retired to the 9 to 5 world. It was a very simple, yet beautifully decorated house with sturdy furniture and warm, welcoming hardwood floors. Alyan noted a few changes here and there, a piece of art, the new couch, more books on the shelves and the Dolby surround DVD system that hadn't been invented yet back then, but it still felt like walking inside a memory. He turned to smile at Damon, and Damon tossed the keys on the coffee table before pulling Alyan into his arms and locking their lips together, right there in the middle of the living room.

Alyan's arms went around Damon's waist, tugging him in closer, his pulse quickening alarmingly when Damon made a soft noise at the back of his throat. It went through Alyan's head like a rush of adrenaline. He wanted Damon to make that noise again, and again, and again...

"Couch," Damon mumbled as they kept kissing like horny teenagers, all hands and tongue and panting breaths. They stumbled backwards, knocking over a stack of DVDs and a ceramic ashtray as they fell down on the plush leather couch, Alyan on top.

"I love seeing you like this." Alyan confessed, his lips an inch from Damon's neck. Damon smiled up at him, fingers idly playing with Alyan's hair.

"That makes two of us."

Alyan's hands slid down between Damon's thighs, parting them inch by inch.

"I want you to fuck me," Damon said, his voice lower, rougher. He spread his legs wider, hips canting up against Alyan's wandering hands.

Alyan thought he had died and gone straight to the land across the Sea. He cupped Damon through his pants, his eyes a dark, deep hue. Damon bit back a groan, tossing his head back, throat bared for Alyan's lips to mark as rightfully his.

Alyan could feel the flutter of Damon's heartbeat under his lips, and he sucked at the perfect stretch of skin down to the hollow of his throat, feeling Damon's cock harden as he absently squeezed at the bulge in his pants.

Damon's mouth fell open and he groaned, twitching impatiently underneath Alyan. Alyan tugged at the collar of Damon's shirt with his teeth before crouching between his spread legs, nimble fingers deftly undoing his zipper to free Damon's beautiful, hard cock.

Damon keened, bringing one fist up to his mouth so he could bite down on his knuckles, hard, trying to keep quiet, and that just wouldn't do. Alyan wanted to hear him, needed to. Wanted to hear him scream and moan and call out his name like it was the only word he knew, the only word he remembered.

"You're so gorgeous," Alyan whispered, fisting the base of Damon's dick and stroking it slowly, leisurely. Damon thrust his hips up, trying to force Alyan to speed up, a slight sheen of sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"Get a move on," Damon moaned, his arms reaching behind him to grasp the armrest, back arched almost completely off the couch. Alyan grinned, pressing Damon down in the cushions of the couch with his spare hand as he started pulling on his dick, his movements quicker now, rougher.

"Fu -- fuck, oh, God, faster Alyan, more," Damon begged, his hips lifting off the couch as he fucked in Alyan's fist, precome sliding through Alyan's fingers and making everything hotter, smoother. Alyan thought he would soon collapse from lack of oxygen to his brain, the way his blood was speeding southwards, but he didn't care.

Alyan bowed his head, chin resting against his fist, tongue sneaking out to lap the weeping head of Damon's cock as it pushed past his clenched fingers, moaning quietly to himself.

"Oh fuck," Damon groaned, pistoning his hips forward, trying to force his dick past Alyan's lips. "Want you -- want you, Alyan, God, fuck, please --"



"Want to fuck my mouth?" Alyan whispered, low and dirty as he guided the leaking tip to smear precome all over his reddened lips. "Because I'd let you, you know. I'd let you hold my face and just fucking lose it, make me gag, let me feel it for weeks."

"Oh God," Damon writhed, his cock pulsing hotly in Alyan's hand. "Yes, fuck yeah, please, baby, please --"

Alyan smiled and complied, guiding the head of Damon's dick past his lips and into his mouth, his own dick pulsing and leaking uncomfortably in the restraint of his jeans. Damon mewled and rocked his hips forward, his hands leaving the armrest and going to cup the back of Alyan's head.

Alyan relaxed his throat, letting the thick girth of Damon's dick stretch his mouth and slide down as far as it would go, hoping that Damon would get the message. Damon's hands clenched in Alyan's hair, hips thrusting up, clearly hesitant and not wanting to choke Alyan with his dick -- which was precisely what Alyan wanted.

He swallowed around Damon's dick, cheeks hollowed, sucking enthusiastically on the hard cock in his mouth, his eyes half-mast and dark with lust as he looked up in Damon's flushed face. Alyan let his dick slip out of his mouth, grinning debauchedly. "Just let go," he whispered, his throat already roughened up with the exertion. "Let go and fuck me."

"Fuck." Damon's hands clenched into Alyan's hair, and Alyan let his mouth fall open in a moan as Damon's dick thrust past his parted lips. Alyan breathed through his nose, trying to relax his jaw and let Damon take whatever it was that he wanted.

There was nothing as hot as the feeling of Damon's hands clenching in his hair, the desperate look in his eyes as they rolled back and he jammed his dick down Alyan's throat, making him gag on it, tears springing to his eyes. Fuck, Alyan could've fucking died, and he would have died happy.

"Oh God, oh, oh -- fuck, Alyan, God, so fucking hot, just taking it, you don't -- even -- ngh," Damon's ramble was cut on a low groan as his hips worked restlessly, fucking Alyan's face like he couldn't stop himself even if he wanted to. Alyan hollowed

his cheeks and suckled, his throat muscles working against the gag reflex, saliva and precome flooding his mouth and dribbling down the side of his chin. He felt Damon tense up, his fingers painfully tight in his hair, and that was all the warning he got before Damon screamed, arching off the couch as his hips stuttered against his face, flooding Alyan's mouth with hot spunk.

Alyan tried to swallow as much as he could, his own dick leaking copiously inside his pants. It was the first time he'd gotten this turned on with blowing anyone, and it sort of made sense that when he pulled back, come dripping down his chin and onto Damon's pricey couch, Damon just grabbed hold of him and yanked him up his body, mashing their mouths together, licking away the taste of himself from Alyan's mouth.

"Fuck me," Damon breathed against his lips. "Now, fucking do it now, Alyan, please --" Alyan cut him off with an urgent press of lips, grabbing hold of Damon's pants and yanking them down past his knees, pushing him further up the couch until Damon's back was pressed against the armrest.

"Roll over," Alyan whispered, sliding his fingers inside his mouth to wet them up. Damon complied, arms crossed against the plush armrest, his forehead leaning against them and his ass thrust out in the air. Alyan had to grab the base of his dick to stop himself from coming right then and there, it was hands down *the* hottest thing he had ever seen.

"Damon," Alyan breathed, his fingers slipping out of his mouth with a wet pop. "Want you so bad, God." His fingers slid down Damon's crease, his breath shortening as he brushed against the clenching hole hidden between Damon's butt cheeks.

"Do it," Damon moaned, rocking back against the teasing touch. "Do it, please, can't fucking stand it, do it, I need you -- oh, fuck!" Damon groaned, just as Alyan's fingers pushed past the guardian ring. He rocked back on Alyan's hand, his own fist stuffed in his mouth as Alyan scissored his fingers inside of Damon, Alyan's spare hand clutching at Damon's shoulder. "More," he gasped, his back taut as a bowstring. "More, Alyan, please --"

Alyan's fingers crooked upwards, searching, aiming for that sweet spot inside of Damon that would make him see stars. Damon had turned him inside out, and Alyan was dead committed to return the favor.

He pulled his fingers out and switched two for three, easing them in carefully and crooking them upwards, searching, prodding, until Damon cried out, his body racked by a violent shudder.

"FUCK!" Damon moaned, rocking back shamelessly against Alyan's fingers, his cock hardening between the armrest and his belly. Alyan buried his face in the back of Damon's neck, fucking him with his hand, feeling Damon's channel clench and pull his fingers in, hot and tight and fucking wonderful. Alyan couldn't wait any longer. He needed to be buried deep in Damon's ass, like, right the fuck now. If he waited any longer there was a high possibility that it would all end before it started, and even though they might have decided to start something, this was surely not the kind of first impression Alyan wanted to leave him with.

He pulled out his fingers sharply, biting his lower lip at the lewd *pop* they made, and shoved his pants hastily down his legs, finally freeing his painfully hard dick. "Damon," Alyan whispered, teeth raking down the side of Damon's neck, his heart beating fast in his ribcage.

Damon pushed back Alyan's hips, his hand reaching up to cover Alyan's on his shoulder, fingers entwining together. Alyan sucked in a deep breath, tightening his grip on Damon's hand, and slowly, oh-so-slowly rolled his hips, the head of his dick pushing past the outer ring of muscle.

"God, oh God, oh..." Damon moaned, shuffling on the couch, his back arched against Alyan's chest. "Yes, that's it, more, c'mon Alyan, not gonna break, c'mon."

Alyan bit back a groan and shoved his hips up, hard, dragging Damon down on his cock at the same time. Damon keened, loudly, his leg almost slipping off the couch as he fought to spread them wider, get Alyan in deeper.

Alyan sucked in a sharp breath, his head spinning, overwhelmed with sensation. He knew there was no chance in hell he was going to last that much longer, so he

started picking up pace, his hips working faster, harder, holding Damon down as he fucked into him with abandon.

Damon moaned and thrashed like a cat in heat, pushing back with every push and shove, his body seizing violently as he came a second time, his dick untouched, white ropes of come staining the leather of the couch.

Alyan cried out, his vision whitening as Damon's orgasm pushed him right over the edge. He came, hard and messy and fast inside Damon's hole, his whole body singing in ecstasy as he held onto Damon like it was the only thing keeping him grounded.

He collapsed on top of Damon, his breath hot and damp against Damon's skin. It took Alyan a few minutes to get back to Earth, his mind still swimming, body trembling with the aftershocks; when he did regain some feeling in his limbs, he rolled off Damon and to the side of the couch, pulling him close against his chest with a soft sigh. Damon purred, eyes closed as he curled up in Alyan's side, their pants tangled around their legs and skin covered in sticky white come, like teenagers.

"So," Damon said at length, his voice hoarse for crying out so long and loud.

"Yeah," Alyan whispered, grinning like a fool, his fingers tracing the pointy curve of Damon's ears.

"I think you should move in," he said, and fuck if that didn't sober Alyan faster than a club to the head.

"What?" he blurted out, knowing he was sounding like a complete idiot. Damon smiled at him and tucked a lock of hair off Alyan's face.

"I know Meredith would appreciate the space. And plus, it would make more sense, since we're gonna be working together."

Alyan blinked and pushed himself up on one elbow. "Whoa. Wait. I -- I can't, that's just -- that's too soon, Damon, I just can't... I mean..." he trailed off, looking flustered.

Damon lifted his head to glance up at him. "Why not?"

"I just..." he sighed and dragged one hand over his face. "I already did the whole 'working for your significant other' thing, and that left me with my ass on the ground, so yeah. I don't really -- I mean, I know you're not Sellion, but --"

Damon pushed himself to a sitting position, pulling Alyan closer to him in a half hug. "I understand that," he whispered softly in his ear. "And I'm not saying tomorrow. But, for the love of Galadriel, Alyan, we've waited centuries. I just... I don't want to lose any more time."

"I get it, but..." he hesitated, worrying his lip with his teeth. "I don't even know what I would do at the club. It's called Damon's, not... uh, I dunno, Damon and Alyan's."

"So? The name can change."

"After fifty years? Please! No, I wouldn't want you to do it anyway." Alyan looked away. "I'm sorry. I know I'm being an ass and... and I'm really crappy at this pillow talk thing." He sighed, frustration rising high. "I want to be with you," he admitted, a soft blush coloring his cheeks. "But I don't know if that's gonna be good for you or the club."

"Alyan," Damon stopped his blabbing with a gentle press of fingers on his lips. "I get it. I get all of it. And you don't have to make your decision now. But I really wish you'd think about it." A beat of silence. "I'm not Sellion. I wouldn't cheat on you. Or steal your ideas. We'd work as a team, for the good of the club, and we'd be partners."

Damon paused, and stared long and deep in Alyan's eyes. "It's what I always wanted, but as soon as I opened the club, you fled."

"I'm sorry," Alyan mumbled. "I just... I'm not like you. I'm socially awkward. I wouldn't know what to do with the place."

"Well, what about a contest for the socially awkward?" Damon grinned, pulling him in for a short, deep kiss. "Something they can let themselves loose in."

"A masquerade ball?"

Damon grinned so brightly it lit up the whole room. "That's amazing. A Carnival Ball. See?" He pulled Alyan on top of him, covering him again, kissing him fiercely. "You're already in."

Alyan kissed him back, feeling the knot of tension ease slightly. "What about a blind date night?" he whispered, his mouth trailing down to the side of Damon's jaw. "For all those who're not confident enough to go after what they want?"

Damon's eyes were shining as he pulled Alyan down on him, legs kicking and shuffling until they were perfectly aligned. "I'd say there are a million reasons why I won't ever let you go," he mumbled, his fingers tangling in Alyan's hair. "But the first one --"

"-- because I'm a dork?"

"Idiot," Damon whispered, voice full of affection. "No. It's because I love you."

Alyan swallowed and stopped mid-kiss, looking into Damon's bright, honest eyes.

"I -- I do. I mean, I love you, too," he muttered, growing three shades of red again as Damon laughed and nudged his forehead with his own.

"Blind dates and a carnival ball," Damon murmured. "We are branching out."

"We are," Alyan said with a grin, kisses short and sweet.

As the kisses grew into something more, hands swiftly prying off clothes and mapping over miles of muscles and skin, Alyan thought that if there was anything worth waiting centuries for, it was something as beautiful as this.

The only downside of all this was that no one was ever going to shut Meredith up now that she'd been proven right.

But as Damon sighed underneath him, whispers of love in his ear, a storm of butterflies kicked off in Alyan's stomach.

It was definitely worth it.

## **Sophia Titheniel**

Shy, bashful Sophia Titheniel -- NOT! She's part elf, part video editor, part photographer. She likes her men feisty, snarky, and getting it on with one another!

Originally from Italy, Sophia's now hopping the Atlantic to land in Vancouver, Canada, and looking forward to giving her professors a heart attack with her M/M projects.

Obsessed with caffeine, M&Ms (pun very much intended) and with everything supernatural, she's known to carry her laptop to the most improbable locations (those include, but are not limited to, beach, bathroom, train, and day-job) to be able to finish whatever she's writing at the moment.

Spirit Boys, her ongoing free serial, makes its home at <http://titheniel.livejournal.com>. Check out her website at [sophiatitheniel.net](http://sophiatitheniel.net). Want to harass her to hurry things up? Drop her a note at [titheniel01@yahoo.com](mailto:titheniel01@yahoo.com) -- Sophia would like to add she takes full responsibility for any thigh-clench and change of panties that might occur! ;) Enjoy...