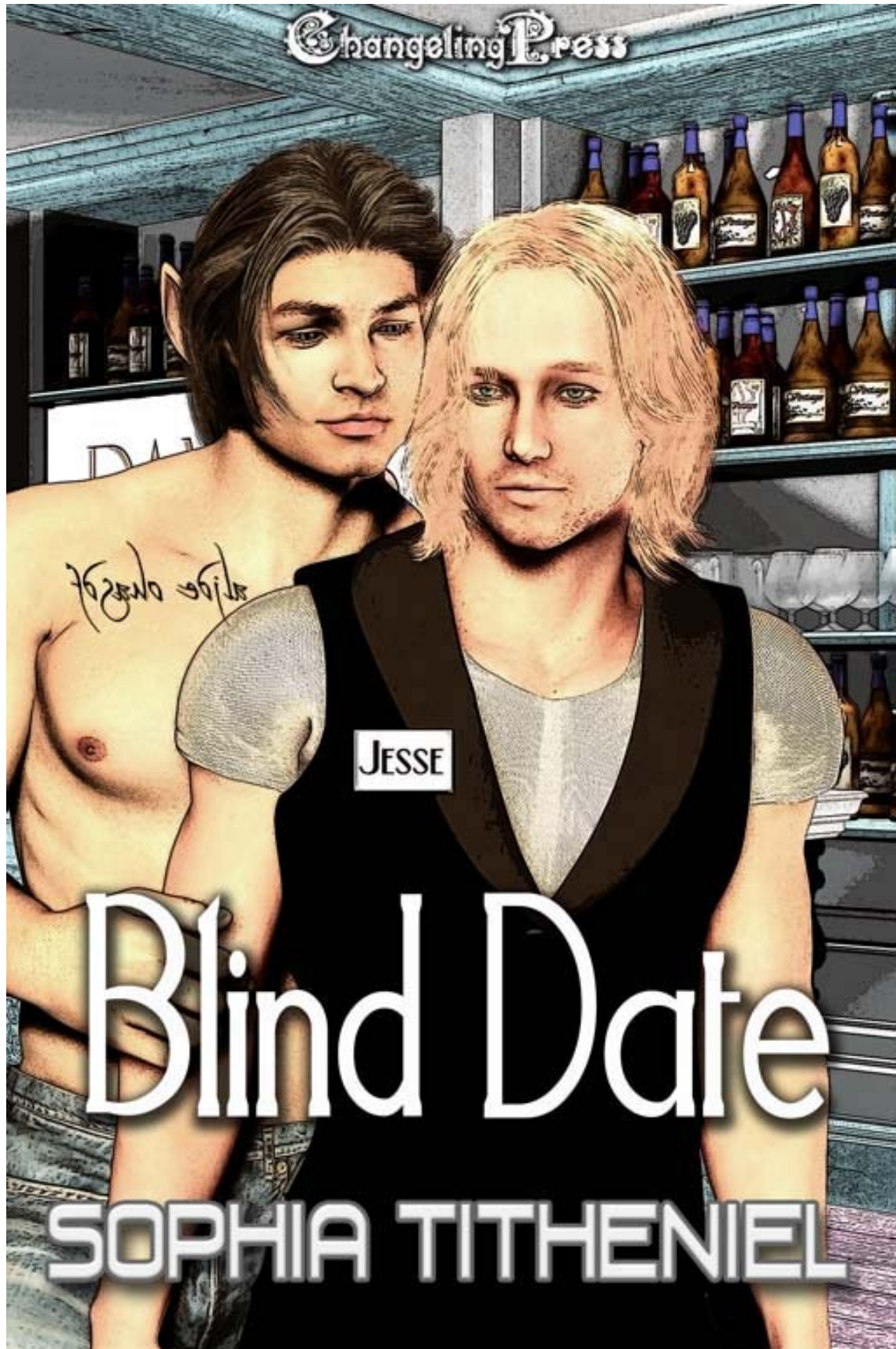


Changeling Press



Blind Date

SOPHIA TITHENIEL

Damon's: Blind Date

Sophia Titheniel

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Damon's: Blind Date

Sophia Titheniel

Life for a bartender at the most glamorous, hip multi-racial club on the West Coast should be just that: hip and glamorous. Not for Jesse, though. The only human bartender in the club, he watches the special nights at Damon's slide right past him, without having the courage to ever take advantage of any of that.

When Damon finds out that Jesse's not only closeted, but still a virgin, he and Alyan set him up on a blind date with Alagos, a skilled habitu  of Damon's nights, who wants nothing more than to introduce Jesse to the thrills of sex and bondage. After an exhilarating first time, Jesse realizes he can't get enough of Alagos. He's going to do his best to break Alagos of his "no strings attached" rule and win the Elf's heart -- one blind date at a time.

Chapter 1

"Hey, gorgeous, what're you doing out here?"

A silly grin spread over Alyan's lips and he turned on the spot, wrapping his arms around Damon's neck. Damon smiled at him, his fingers rubbing gently at the small of Alyan's back.

"Just checking out the line."

"It ain't going nowhere," Damon chuckled, kissing the tip of Alyan's nose. "Come on in, Calvin's got it covered."

The bouncer nodded and flexed his biceps at them in demonstration. Alyan followed Damon inside.

A table covered with a black velvet drape stood at the side immediately past the entrance. A stack of cards and keys were artfully placed in two different baskets lined with lace, and as the costumers walked by they picked up the cards, stood to the side to fill them in, and picked up a key in a constant, almost musical rhythm.

Blind Date Night had been Alyan's idea, and a huge success right off the bat. Clients had to sign a waiting list ahead of time, now, because they just didn't have enough room to satisfy everyone. "You considering signing up?" Damon whispered in Alyan's ear as he took his hand and dragged him past the crowded hall, where the patrons were filling in forms with their name, preferences, and gender, while praying that the lottery draw for a key (and a partner) would work in their favor.

"I don't know," Alyan said playfully, as Damon slapped his ass. Alyan turned in his arms and kissed his neck. "Maybe it's time to spice it up a little?"

"What, getting bored already?" Damon pouted, mock-serious. "Well, we can't have that --"

"Damon?"

Damon turned around, smiling once he saw Jesse, one of the club's best employees. "Yeah?"

"There are people demanding a Wednesday special, despite my trying to explain I can't get them a Speed Dating card tonight. I don't really know what to do anymore."

"I'll take care of it," Damon said with a smile. "Where are they?"

"Booth seven," Jesse said, gesturing toward the back of the club.

Damon gave a cheeky wink to Alyan and pressed a soft, wet kiss on his lips. "Don't go anywhere."

"Wouldn't dream of it."

Damon breezed toward the back booths, and Alyan turned to Jesse.

"Night's going smooth so far?" Alyan asked, walking back to the bar with him.

"Despite people not knowing the calendar, yeah, it's going fine." Jesse answered with a smile as they both slid behind the bar.

Alyan liked Jesse. He knew Damon couldn't understand the kid's shyness, especially because Jesse was outrageously good looking -- to be a human, that's it. Jesse had that fair complexion that could've almost passed him for one of Elven kind, had his nose and cheekbones not been dusted with freckles. He was tall, not as tall as Alyan, but close enough, and his shoulders were broad, the result of hard manual labor and gym work. And despite all that, and working in one of the classiest clubs in all of LA, where the most beautiful singles from all species came to mingle and pair up, Jesse stayed in the background, shaking cocktails and mixing drinks and generally being polite and professional to everyone, but still only in the background.

Alyan knew it drove Damon crazy. Damon just couldn't comprehend how someone could not want to enjoy himself, how could anyone lack the confidence that he oozed from his every pore. If Damon had a fault, it was his inability to put himself in someone else's shoes. Alyan understood Jesse's plight, probably better than most people. Alyan had spent his centuries-long life feeling awkward, out of place and uncomfortable in his skin while everything around him changed, everyone adapted but

him. Meredith made fun of him, in that exasperated, patronizing but loving older sister way, but Alyan just couldn't get past his own issues.

Jesse, in many ways, was very similar to Alyan, even if the reasons behind his attitude were different. And Alyan didn't know exactly which reasons he had, but he still felt for him. Jesse wasn't that comfortable around Alyan yet, even though he'd warmed up considerably since the very first weeks. Alyan wished he could sit the kid down and talk to him. To say what, he had no idea yet, but he just felt as though part of the loneliness most of his kind were used to feeling, because of the burden and gift of immortality, was crushing their bartender.

"When is your night off?" Alyan asked as he started on mixing himself a Screaming Orgasm. The bar was mostly quiet, thankfully, the perfect moment to try and start a conversation.

"Ah, it was gonna be tomorrow, but I told Damon I could work anyway, since Teleon is sick."

Alyan gave him a curious glance. "You've been here every night this week. Surely you want to chill out tomorrow?"

"I don't really have anything to do," Jesse said with a small shrug, turning to give Alyan a smile as he slid a glass his way, so that Alyan could pour his cocktail into it.

"Hey gorgeous, can I buy you one?"

Both of them turned to see a beautiful female Elf, her hair thick, red and wavy, her eyes sparkling blue, leaning across the bar and sliding a bill across it to Jesse. Jesse blinked, as though he didn't really get the implications behind her request. He glanced back at Alyan, then gave her a smile and passed her a shot of tequila. "No, but this one is on the house."

Alyan barely restrained from rolling his eyes a little, and kept his smile to himself. The female Elf gulped down the shot, holding Jesse's gaze seductively before sliding off her stool and pushing herself closer to him. "What time do you get off?"

"Way late," Jesse said, his tone apologetic. He glanced back to Alyan, the look in his eyes sort of desperate, and Alyan quickly cottoned on.

"Jesse, can you come here a moment?"

The female Elf slouched away with a pout, and Jesse took a sigh of relief as he downed what was supposed to be Alyan's drink. "What was that about? She was a knockout."

Jesse blushed slightly, but avoided Alyan's eyes as he finished the cocktail, mumbling something under his breath that could've been anything.

Alyan frowned, perplexed, but before he could get in a word, Damon was back, his hand sliding in the back pocket of Alyan's jeans.

"Hey there," Damon whispered, kissing the side of Alyan's neck.

"Hey. All sorted?"

"Yeah, I had Calvin kick them out," Damon said indifferently, his grin glowing brighter as Alyan rolled his eyes at him. "Come on."

"Where?"

"Meaning business."

Alyan snorted. It was one of Damon's codes. Sometimes his boyfriend (his *boyfriend*, didn't that make him giggle like a schoolgirl) was a few cards short of a full deck. Damon was crazy about *noir* movies and gangster flicks, and he found it immensely amusing that every time there was a night club scene, after you'd seen all the crowd and the dancing people and scantily-clad waitresses, there were always the back rooms where the people in black were "meaning business."

Damon had a lot of these impromptu crazy eureka moments, and Alyan had learned to give in to whatever he came up with. They were what made Alyan fall in love with him in the first place. "Right," he said, grinning at Damon and clasping their fingers together. "Jesse, you okay --"

"I'll take care of the bar," Jesse finished easily, smiling at them.

"You're awesome," Damon beamed. He tugged on Alyan's hand, and before Alyan could actually inquire if Jesse was doing okay, he was dragged away by Damon toward one of the back rooms.

Chapter 2

"You're rather crazy, you know?" Alyan whispered as Damon kicked open a door and pulled him in, backing him up against the wall as he kissed hungrily at his mouth.

"All your fault," Damon grinned, his bright turquoise eyes sparkling in mischief.

"Did you actually kick out clients so you could have one of the rooms?" Alyan inquired, his hands skating down Damon's chest, finding the buttons of his shirt already.

Damon grinned, blinking innocently at him as he sought Alyan's mouth again, his teeth nibbling in the lower curve of his lip.

"You're -- awful," Alyan groaned, his voice breathless, a hint of laughter peeking through.

"Want you," Damon groaned, biting into the line of his jaw, then down on his neck. "Been too long."

"Six hours," Alyan grinned back, his fingers seeking skin, equally eager despite his amused tone.

"Too long," Damon repeated. He smiled and pressed his lips to Alyan's brow, kissing down the bridge of his nose, thumbs stroking his cheekbones. "We should sneak away more often." Damon grinned, lips meeting lips as his fingers started to pull at Alyan's T-shirt, bunching it in his hands as he tried to tug it over his head.

Alyan smiled, raising his arms and breaking the kiss long enough to have him take it off, Damon's hands immediately going to skim over Alyan's torso, brushing past his nipples and around his hips, fingers framing his waist and teasing the curve of his tailbone.

"You're beautiful," Damon whispered, nimble hands sliding over heated skin, their breath mingling. He hovered in front of Alyan's mouth, locking eyes with him.

Alyan parted his mouth slowly, the tip of Damon's tongue slipping past willing lips, bodies pressed so closely together that Alyan knew Damon could feel his heart thumping right out of his chest.

Alyan's knees sagged as Damon carefully mapped out every inch of his mouth, fingers fluttering against his cheek as if he were as delicate as a butterfly. He moaned into the kiss, his own arms winding around Damon's neck without any conscious thought as he shook under the onslaught.

Damon's hands wrapped around Alyan's hips, and with a fluid roll of muscle, he was being hoisted off the ground and up into the secure circle of Damon's arms. Alyan's legs curled around slim hips, ankles crossing behind Damon's back. "So perfect," Damon whispered again. "My perfect, beautiful Alyan."

This time Alyan wasted no time allowing Damon's tongue past his lips, his head tilting backwards to allow a deeper kiss.

"Damon," he breathed, his eyes fluttering shut as his fingers curled tight over hard muscle. He was still taken by surprise when Damon demonstrated the endless strength he kept coiled inside his body; overwhelmed by the way his boyfriend could manhandle him and still be so impossibly gentle. It was nothing like it was with Sellion. Damon cradled him in his arms as though Alyan was made of fine blown glass. Alyan had never felt so helpless, or so cherished as he did when he was in his arms.

Damon pulled him away from the wall, steadily walking backwards until they were by the lush red couch, the cool leather making Alyan gasp and arch in Damon's hold. He didn't put him down, not yet, his cock grinding against Alyan's pants, the friction eliciting soft, garbled moans from both of them.

"Missed this," Damon moaned, mouthing down his neck and sucking gently at the hollow of his throat. He pressed a trail of kisses all around Alyan's neck and collarbone, hoisting him up a little higher so he could suck one of the hardening, brown nubs through his lips.

A thrill raked Alyan's spine, and he tightened his legs around Damon's waist, hips rolling and rutting against Damon's, breath broken by soft whimpers as his cock pushed and throbbed in its denim cage.

Alyan whimpered, his hands fisting in Damon's hair as he bucked up against his mouth. Damon turned them around and pushed Alyan down on the couch, hunkering down on the carpeted floor as he kept kissing Alyan as thoroughly and methodically as if he'd never done it before. Alyan's back was rubbing against the leather, Damon's teeth grazing his nipple and he moaned, head thrown back and bumping against the wall behind the couch.

Damon chuckled, looking up at him with eyes blown wide by lust. "Careful, love. There's no fun to be had if you give yourself a concussion."

"Hmm," Alyan moaned, shivering a little at the term of endearment. "And what did you have in mind?"

The tips of Damon's fingers brushed the back of Alyan's pants. "It's naughty." He grinned devilishly. "Fits in perfectly with our Blind Dates night."

Alyan hissed, fingers tight in Damon's hair, his head pressed back against the couch. "Tell me more."

Damon licked Alyan's throat and purred against the skin. "Well, I'd finish undressing you, baring every inch of your beautiful skin for me to touch."

"Then what?"

"Then," Damon whispered, lips hovering over Alyan's rapidly beating heart, "then I'd spread you out and lick you open, make you gasp and moan for me. God, the sounds you make, Alyan. So goddamn hot."

Alyan whimpered, struggling to hold on to Damon's hair, his other hand grappling for purchase at one broad shoulder. "Please," he moaned, rutting his hips up again and struggling to rotate his hips against Damon's, so that he could feel Damon's thick, hard cock press against the front of his pants.

Damon smiled and brushed his lips over the underside of Alyan's chin. "Then I'd lay you over the couch, legs spread wide for me as I'll finally bury all of my thick

cock inside of you. You love it when I take you like that, don't you?" Damon bit lightly at Alyan's collarbone, his hands taking a firm hold of his buttocks and squeezing.

Alyan moaned and shook, fingers slipping through the length of Damon's hair, fingernails scraping his pointed ears. "Yes," he whimpered, clutching desperately at his strong body. "God, Damon, yes --"

Damon pushed his hips up further, as though determined to fuck Alyan through the layers of clothing.

Alyan moaned a little as Damon's strong arms tightened slightly, hugging him close.

Damon kissed his belly and the lines of his hips, each soft touch an act of adoration that stole Alyan's breath away. Small, delicate kisses turned to feather light whispers of Damon's eyelashes against his skin as buttons popped on his jeans, Damon's warm palms cupping the hot, hard curve of Alyan's boxer-clad erection.

"Damon." Alyan's voice was thinner than he meant it to be, stunned and somewhat awed by each reverent kiss pressed into his skin. Damon dropped to his knees and flashed a brilliant grin up from behind bangs of dirty-blond hair.

"Turn around for me, baby." He kissed Alyan's hips once more, his cheek brushing across the wet spot on the bulge of Alyan's boxers. Alyan groaned, biting his lip as he did what Damon asked him to do, crossing his arms over the back of the couch and burrowing his head in them, shivers raking from toes up to his legs and back, a thrill of anticipation coursing through his body.

Stripping away Alyan's last bit of clothing, Damon spread his ass cheeks tenderly, big thumbs stroking the inner skin as he leaned in to nuzzle at it with his nose. Alyan squirmed and let out a breath of laughter, one that Damon echoed before pressing a quick kiss to each cheek.

The first brush of his tongue over Alyan's pink opening had him moaning out loud, hands scraping the smooth, leathery cushions to try and keep himself grounded.

"Damon -- oh fuck, fuck --"

It didn't work. Damon circled the outer ring of muscle with the tip of his tongue, feathery light brushes that slicked Alyan's hole up with saliva before he wriggled inside, tongue lax and pliant as he went in, flat as a slab and as rigid as he could make it as he drew it out.

Alyan wouldn't have been able to control his moaning and whimpering even if he tried, and admittedly, he wasn't trying that hard. His cock was hard and weeping precome, and it leaked over the cushions with every push of Damon's tongue inside of him, Alyan's whimpered words of "Damon," and "More," and "Again, again, again," barely distinguishable through the breathless string of moans flowing from his lips.

Damon's tongue pulled out and traced down the length of Alyan's crack, teasing his tight balls before sliding back up and twisting inside of Alyan's hole again.

Alyan mewled and slammed his palms against the wall, his hips rolling back into Damon's face shamelessly as he begged for more.

Damon's soft chuckle was warm against Alyan's skin, his big hands braced over the curve of Alyan's ass as he pressed him gently to the wall. His tongue knew each place to explore, and how exactly to make Alyan sob and beg from the pleasure of each teasing swipe. It had been one of the most exciting things in their relationship, just finding out every button, every kink, every place that would make the other scream, and God, Damon was a master at that.

Damon slid his hand from one side of Alyan's hip, sliding it around the smooth skin of his thigh before brushing the tips of his fingers along the underside of Alyan's cock.

The dual attack sent waves of pleasure shuddering through Alyan's system. He struggled to keep control as Damon's tongue probed expertly at his ass, his fingers teasing the sensitive skin of his cock. "God, Damon, Damon, please--"

"Come on, baby." Damon pulled back enough to be heard, his hand rhythmically stroking, his thumb teasing the weeping slit of Alyan's cock.

Alyan bit his lip and whimpered, a high-pitched noise coming from somewhere down his throat as he rolled his hips up, breath breaking. Damon's hand was

wonderfully hot and tight around his cock, and his ass still pulsed and clenched from where Damon had tongue-fucked him. Moaning, he threw his head back and pumped his cock through the slick, welcoming channel of Damon's hand.

"Beautiful," Damon whispered. "You look so perfect."

He pressed his lips over Alyan's cheek, then shifted down to his neck. He let the arm he had around Alyan's chest slide lower, his warm hand caressing his ass teasingly before slipping a finger inside Alyan's entrance, feeding him just the tip before pulling it back out to run in circles around his quivering hole.

Alyan wailed, more precome slicking up Damon's hand. Heat coiled tight in his belly as he didn't know which way he should go, if he should snap forward or thrust back against Damon's hand, his moans becoming higher and more disconnected as a wave of pleasure shook him from within.

"Come on, Alyan," Damon encouraged, his arms coiled around Alyan's slim hips as he continued his delicious torment, the pad of his finger playing teasingly with the slick hole beneath it. Damon's lips pressed warm over Alyan's spine, and his arms tightened as his slick fist drew a choked wail from Alyan's lips and come splashed across the couch, thick, fast and messy.

Damon wrapped Alyan in his arms as Alyan's body turned to warm butter and melted against him, easing him down onto the couch, snug in Damon's arms, and tipped Alyan's shaking chin up to steal a kiss.

Alyan blinked slowly, trying to come back from the earth-shattering orgasm that had rocked through his body. "That was..." He struggled to try and find words for what he was trying to say, but Damon cut him off with another kiss.

"Yeah," he said simply. He pressed his thumb over Alyan's lips, and Alyan instinctively sucked it into his mouth, getting a soft noise out of Damon's throat.

"Do you need..." he didn't complete the sentence, but Damon shook his head with a grin, kissing the tip of his nose.

"Nope," he muttered with a wink. "But I might need a change of pants."

Alyan blushed, but a warm, almost proud feeling was spreading through his chest, knowing that he managed to get Damon to orgasm without even touching his cock. "We could do with a shower," he muttered, his eyes gleaming, but Damon shook his head with a chuckle and kissed him again.

"Don't have time," he whispered. "You know that if we get in a shower together, we won't ever get out in time for the draw, and I don't want to leave Jesse by himself too long." Alyan nodded, trying to push himself to a sitting position as Damon sat up himself. "To be honest, I don't know what's wrong with him."

"There's nothing wrong with him, I think," Alyan said, looking around for his discarded clothes. "He's just shy."

"Lately he's getting worse. I mean, I know he's human and they're brooding creatures in and out of themselves, but I don't even know if he's enjoying working here anymore."

"He said he's coming in tomorrow, too," Alyan revealed. "I don't think that's the problem."

Damon shook himself out of his dirty jeans and looked around for a cloth to clean himself and Alyan. "Then what would you think it is?"

"A woman -- an Elf maid, actually, hit on him at the bar, and he was just... completely flustered. I had to come in and save him."

Damon's eyes suddenly twinkled in a spark of understanding. "Did you really?"

"Yeah. I think he's just... lonely. And shy. It's hard to get through to him."

"Oh, but I will."

"Damon --"

Grinning, Damon swooped down on Alyan, kissing his nose again as he ran a washcloth over his cock. "Worry not."

"When you say that, I am actually terrified."

Damon laughed and stuffed himself into fresh his jeans. "I won't do any lasting damage. I just need to find out."

"Curiosity killed the cat, Damon."

"Human proverb? Really?"

Alyan snorted and tried to regain feeling in his legs, pushing himself up tentatively and wrapping his arms around Damon's waist. "Don't scare him off, love, okay?"

"Scare him off? Me?"

Alyan raised his eyebrows at him, and a softer grin spread across Damon's face. "I just want to help him out, okay? I care about him. He's a good kid."

"All right," Alyan granted, kissing his cheek. "Just be nice."

"I'm always nice."

Alyan shook his head with a chuckle. Damon bounced out of the studio just as the speakers cracked to life, the music turned down and a suave voice called, "Welcome to Damon's Blind Dates night! The lottery draw is now open..."

Chapter 3

Jesse looked around at the tables, at the customers waiting for the draw, nervously glancing for Damon's charismatic presence. He didn't mind being at the bar alone, but at the same time he felt better if Damon was there with him to manage things. He was only a bartender after all, and he knew that most of the crowd was there not only because of the night's specials, but because of Damon himself.

No one really came here to see Jesse -- a human working in the most posh Elven club on the whole West Coast, and it didn't matter how many times Alyan and Damon both told him the club was multi-racial. He still felt like the underdog, despite trying as hard as he could not to let it affect his work or his relationship with the bosses.

Jesse had been working at Damon's for about three years now, and he had to admit that since Alyan came on board for the management of the club, he felt less out of place. Alyan was just naturally sweet, and had a natural charm to him that made Jesse feel less tense when he was at work. He knew of course that Alyan and Damon were a team in more ways than one, and Jesse's feelings for his boss's boyfriend were completely innocent. Still, it felt nice to have someone take notice of him, even though it was just in a friendly way. The women didn't count. They were drawn to Jesse like bees to honey, and all of them, without fail, just couldn't wait to sink their long-manicured fingernails into him, but Jesse never quite had the courage to say outright that the problem wasn't really in any of them, but rather with him.

It didn't help that no one in his family had any idea. Hell, if his father knew what he actually did for a living, he'd have a fit. Despite being used to the mingling of races, his old man still turned his nose up at certain... practices, shall we say. And something told Jesse that the nightclub wasn't going to be to his father's tastes.

The beautiful female Elf in charge of the lottery draw was speaking through a microphone, calling numbers, when suddenly Damon's hand came down on his shoulder and squeezed. "Hey there, man."

Jesse smiled briefly. "Hey. Business okay?"

"Never been better," Damon grinned, but he wasn't looking at the lottery, he was glancing back at the studio's door. "You know what, I can take the bar tonight. You take off early, mingle, have fun."

"Uh... but... no, Damon, really, I'm okay."

"Well, you work six days a week, and you have college on top of that. It's a good night. Me and the other guys can manage."

Jesse bit his lower lip, unnerved and agitated at the same time. "Damon, really. I just... I wouldn't know what to do."

"I'm sure you could find something to do tonight," Damon said with a wink.

Jesse shook his head. "If you don't need me, I'm just going... home." He knew he was sounding defeated, almost, and he wished he could kick himself in the ass. Way to look like a loser.

Damon's grin faded in a genuinely concerned, if knowing, look. "Jesse."

Jesse swallowed "Yes?" *God, please God, don't let it get me in trouble...*

"I'm worried about you. Alyan, too."

"Why?"

"You just don't seem to ever have any fun," Damon said easily, leaning on the bar counter, arms crossed over his chest. "I mean, I know I'm only your boss and all that, but I worry."

Jesse blushed, shifting on his feet. He was spared answering for a moment by the arrival of a couple of clients, and both he and Damon quickly prepared their drinks, smiles firmly in place. Jesse didn't dare look at Damon as he worked, the sounds of the lottery cushioned by the agitated rush in Jesse's ears.

Once the patrons had moved on, Jesse finally turned back again to face his boss. "I don't... have many friends," Jesse confessed then, rubbing the back of his neck without glancing up. "It's not your fault. It's no one's fault."

Alyan had emerged from the studio, and was walking briskly toward them, looking at the back of his boyfriend's head with amused, if warning eyes.

Damon looked behind him when he heard the division to the bar flap open, and grinned at Alyan, wrapping his arm around Alyan's waist. "Hi."

"What're you doing to him?"

"Me? Nothing."

Jesse smiled at their antics, the knot in his stomach giving way slightly. "Don't listen to him, Jesse. He's being... well, he's being his annoying self, that's who he's being."

"It's fine."

"No, it isn't," Damon said, eyes bright with mischief. "Come on, Jesse, how long has it been since you got laid?"

Jesse fumbled with the cocktail shaker and nearly dropped it at the question, his blush spreading from his cheekbones to his neck and chest, the rush of heat quickly melting into sweat. He didn't even see or hear Alyan reproaching Damon, too wrapped up in his own embarrassment.

"Jesse? Don't mind him, he's being a dick."

Jesse mumbled something unintelligible.

"What?"

"Leave him be," Alyan repeated, but Damon was not to be deterred.

"I didn't catch that."

Jesse looked between him and Alyan again, redder and redder.

"... ever."

"What?"

"I said, never." Jesse swallowed. "I never... did it."

* * *

There was silence after that. It was as though the music had jarred to a stop and everyone had turned to look at Jesse.

It wasn't the case, of course. People were too busy picking up their keys and wandering off to the upper rooms of the club, and the music was still strong and loud, but for Jesse, it could've very well been the center ring in a circus with a single spotlight on him.

Damon blinked, then apparently managed to pull himself together, and tried to play it cool. "Oh. Oh! Okay. Um. Yeah. Okay. Well then, we need to get onto that."

"Get on to -- what? No, uh, no, I -- I mean --" Jesse stuttered, not understanding what Damon was on about.

"Damon, can't you leave him be?"

"Of course not. Come on, you need to live a little. How old are you?"

"Twenty-four," Jesse replied, feeling acutely aware that he was talking to beings who were thousands of years old. Neither of them batted an eyelash, though. Damon tapped his chin with a finger, as though pondering what the best course of action was.

"Okay," he said at last. "You're taking a week off, starting now."

"What?"

"For the next week, you will come to work, but you will enjoy the club as though you were a customer. Everything on me."

Jesse hesitated, looking between the two of them, trying to figure out whether they were joking or not. "What?" he repeated, feebly, not really believing what he was hearing.

"Are you on a quest to mess with his life?" Alyan asked, a hint of amused exasperation creeping up in his tone.

"Nope. Just to get you to have some fun," Damon added, turning to Jesse again.

Alyan shook his head and took half a step forward, looking way more understanding. "I think what my boyfriend is trying to say, with his usual eloquence, is that you need to live a little; you can't just watch things happening around you. Trust me, I did it for long enough, and it never pays off."

The words rang honest, and, sadly, hit too close to home for Jesse to ignore them. He swallowed and lowered his eyes, realizing for a jolt that it was the first time someone ever cared to notice how monotone his life was. And the first time someone thought about doing something for Jesse, no questions asked.

"Come on." Damon encouraged. "You can go change in the studio while I arrange for your lucky night," he added with a wink.

Jesse hesitated, then nodded again, finally deciding to cross the proverbial threshold and give in to Damon's plan.

It was with a thrill of foreboding that he walked into the studio and started taking off his bartender's uniform, as though he'd unconsciously agreed to something that was going to change his life, irrevocably and forever.

* * *

Alagos kept his keys in his pocket, surveying the club with bright, attentive eyes. He was so used to the night scene at Damon's he didn't even go through the draw anymore. He just picked up a key, and whoever was waiting behind the door was fine in his books.

Sometimes though, he liked pursuing the clientele. Tonight was one of those nights. "Hey," he sat in a stool before the bar, nodding at Damon with a grin.

"Alagos," Damon greeted, beaming. "How're you doing, friend?"

"Just fine," Alagos said easily, shaking his bangs out of his eyes. "Checking out the scene, the usual. Hi, Alyan."

Alyan nodded and waved, easy and comfortable behind the bar as though he'd always been there. Alagos sometimes found it hard to believe that he and Damon had only been together four months. That, in Elven time, was no more than five minutes, and despite that, they worked together like a well oiled machine.

Alagos wasn't as jaded as people made him out to be. Sure, he was a slut, and he had no qualms about admitting it. Relationships weren't for him, but he was happy to dip and taste whatever flavor he could find while he waited to grow up. For an Elf, that might mean forever, but Alagos didn't mind. He knew he looked young, and fit. He'd

been called beautiful, and gorgeous, and mesmerizing enough times now to believe it, and with that came a certain cocky confidence that most people confused with arrogance.

Alagos didn't care. What he cared about was to get booze flowing in his veins, grab a warm body for the night and fuck until he passed out.

That's when he saw him. Standing by the far end of the bar, talking quietly to Alyan, his shirt rolled up past his elbows, displaying nicely-toned forearms. It was the very first time Alagos really noticed him, yet he knew he'd seen him before. He stood out in that kind of place, mostly because of his nervous posture, the desperate attempt not to draw attention to himself -- certainly a new practice at Damon's. He was human, young, maybe a bit too young for Alagos, and looked prim, proper and preppy enough to draw all sorts of predators to him like honey for the bees.

Yeah, he'd have one of those.

Alagos signaled Damon over. "Who's the beauty over there?" he asked him, nodding toward where Alyan was talking to the young human. "He looks familiar, but I don't think I've met him."

"Not in these circumstances, probably." Damon said with a wink. "That's Jesse. Our back-up bartender. I gave him some time off to have fun."

Alagos sat back, appraising his target. "How come I've never seen him before?"

"Because Jesse goes to all sorts of lengths so people won't notice him." Damon grinned. "He's a bit of a loner. I'm trying to change that."

"Really." Alagos smirked and took his drink, downing it whole. "Well, I sure as hell noticed."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

* * *

Alyan put another highball in front of Jesse, who shook his head and pushed it away. "No, I can't, I've had enough."

"This one from that Elf over there," Alyan said as he turned to where Damon was talking to the newcomer. "The blonde?"

Jesse had seen him, alright. He'd been watching him pretty much every night the Elf came to Damon's, excusing himself to the bathroom to stroke himself to orgasm every time the Elf would take off to the secret rooms upstairs, some new companion on his arm, imagining what wicked games they would be playing, blushing to himself as in his mind's eye he replaced Alagos's partner with himself.

"Oh," he said simply, not knowing what to do, his stomach clenching as a shiver raked down his spine.

Alyan winked at him. "Will you drink it?"

Jesse looked over at Alagos, and startled as he found the Elf staring straight at him. Instinctively, Jesse reached for the drink and downed it in one go. He set the glass down and waited, his left leg shaking in a jittery, nervous motion.

Alagos didn't so much as blink, but ran his tongue hungrily over his bottom lip.

Alagos wasn't one to wait for an invitation. He watched pretty green eyes widen, and grinned. He halted a few steps away from Jesse. Still interested, but still no crossing of personal space.

For now.

"Hey," he called with a sultry, slow smile. Jesse's eyes skimmed from the few open buttons on Alagos' shirt down to the jeans that clung to his strong, lean legs, and took the seat next to him, nudging at his fingers.

"Hi." The voice surprised him. It was low, raspy, hot enough to slice right through Alagos and pump straight in his blood. "I see you... I mean, you come here often."

Alagos chuckled lowly at the shy statement. Jesse was looking uncomfortable, and his attempt at boldness intrigued Alagos more than the sleek routine he was used to from other partners he had. "Every other night."

Those plump lips that had enchanted him in the first place twitched, pulling into a coy half-smile. "Cute," Alagos said with a grin. "Do you always drink like that?" He tipped his head in the direction of the drink Jesse had just left behind.

"Like what?"

"Like you needed a little Dutch courage."

Jesse's eyes shifted hastily downwards, and he licked his lips nervously. Alagos followed the pink tongue as it darted out over full, pretty lips, and reached out to run his thumb brazenly over a plump lower lip. "Wanna know something?" he asked, feeling the sharp intake of breath from Jesse's lips. "You're the prettiest thing in this room."

There was something innocent, yet playfully seductive in those green eyes as they looked up at him again. "You say that as if it justifies everything."

"It does." Alagos replied confidently. "I take it you're here alone." He'd not seen anyone hanging around Jesse, and Damon hadn't mentioned any particular date for the bartender, which suited Alagos just fine.

Alagos reached into his pocket. "I have one of these," he said, sliding the key on the table so that it nudged Jesse's fingers. "Be there in fifteen minutes," he instructed, pressing the key into Jesse's palm before reaching down and biting on his bottom lip.

Jesse gasped and stared dazedly for a second or two, his fingers curling around the key. Alagos knew that no matter how new to the scene Jesse was, he'd worked there long enough to know what the rooms were for.

Alagos pulled back and smiled at him, licking his own lips, the lingering taste of oranges and martini melting on his tongue.

He turned his back on Jesse and walked off, trying to play it as cool as he knew how to. Alagos couldn't let him know just how much that playful nip had affected him. For the love of Galadriel, it was a good thing he was wearing the tightest pair of boxers known to Elfkind, or he'd be completely obvious to everyone that crossed his path.

Chapter 4

Alagos knew Jesse had not done as told the moment he tossed his own keys on the small table by the door. The lock clicked not two minutes after that, and Alagos grinned to himself.

Someone was impatient.

Perfect.

Jesse closed the door behind his back, his hands fumbling a little with the lock. He smiled nervously, putting his key down, too, and smoothed the front of his shirt when he saw Alagos staring at him. "Hi," he whispered, blushing up to the roots of his hair, and for some unknown reason, the sight was enough to have Alagos's mouth run completely dry.

"So what did you have in mind?" Jesse asked, taking a step forward and looking around, trying to play it cool.

Alagos let his grin stretch across his lips, stepping forward and crowding Jesse against the wall. "Oh, I'll show you," he whispered gruffly, running his stubbled jaw across the smooth line of Jesse's neck, arms bracketing his head.

The breath caught in Jesse's throat, bobbing with each swallow. He smelled spicy, like soap and clean sweat, and Alagos couldn't resist nipping lightly at his earlobe.

"Oh." Jesse swallowed, his hands resting lightly on the curve of Alagos's biceps, a butterfly soft touch that spoke of a certain kind of uncertainty Alagos had never encountered before.

A crazy thought went through his head, and he had to bite his tongue to try and not let his excitement show at the mere idea. Could Jesse possibly be...

He hooked his thumbs in the elastic of Jesse's waistband and tugged Jesse away from the door, leading him deeper into the room. "Gonna mess you up. You all right with that?"

A blink of fear was quickly suppressed as eagerness flashed bright in Jesse's green eyes. "If you think you can."

Alagos smirked. He didn't expect the witty comeback, and it stirred a spark in his stomach. "Darlin, you ain't gonna be able to walk out of here on your own legs by the time we're through."

Jesse barely suppressed a moan as his pupils went wide and black. "Yeah?"

Alagos nipped again at Jesse's ear and whispered back, low and sinful, "Yeah." He let his hips roll leisurely against Jesse's crotch, letting him feel just how hard he was. "And you'll be feeling so good, so very good, you'll think you're dying."

Jesse's eyes fluttered shut, and his hips stuttered up in answer. Alagos grinned against his neck and puckered his lips around a spot of skin behind Jesse's ear, suckling on it until the skin turned red and sore, and Jesse was moaning softly under his breath, his own cock rapidly hardening in the groove of Alagos's thigh.

"See, you can't just *have* it, that'd be too easy," Alagos whispered as he let his fingers hook in the open neck of Jesse's shirt, loosening it enough so that the hollow of Jesse's throat was bared for his pursuit. "You gotta work for it. And trust me, darling, I'll make you work all right."

Jesse bit his lower lip, head tilted to one side to give Alagos more room. "Work how?" he whispered, his eyelashes blinking up at him.

Alagos's grin was dark and feral as he sneaked one arm behind Jesse's back and yanked him closer, making him ride the strong width of his thigh. "Guess you'll have to find out."

Jesse's hands instinctively tightened on Alagos's arms as he was pulled off the wall and into the middle of the room, toward an appropriately silk-draped bed.

The bed dipped as Alagos pushed Jesse down against it. "I'm going to fuck you now," Alagos whispered, folding Jesse face down over the end of the bed and unclasping the button of his jeans. "And then we're really gonna have some fun."

Jesse shivered as Alagos reached beneath him to tug at his fly. His voice caught on a breath as Alagos's fingers brushed against his skin. "That's... pretty naughty."

"Says the boy not wearing underwear." Alagos hummed, and as suddenly as it disappeared, the blush was back on Jesse's freckled cheeks. Alagos swallowed, feeling his own cock swell at the sight before his eyes.

He placed one hand on either side of Jesse's hips, fingers curled over the edge of his pants, and pulled.

As he thought. No underwear. Alagos grinned and spread his hands over each rounded, beautiful white ass cheek. The fabric had pooled around Jesse's calves, tight and restricting when Alagos wedged a leg between them and widened his stance.

Alagos tugged Jesse up to suck on his collarbone, and Jesse struggled to get his hands beneath him and counterbalance Alagos's hold, his breath coming in short, gasping pants already.

Alagos fished around in his pocket and tugged out a condom, just as his fingers probed between Jesse's ass cheeks, cold and dry, and Jesse shuddered, lurching forward a few inches.

"You ever done this?" Alagos whispered in his ear.

"Yes," Jesse replied quickly, too quickly, shoulders too tense for Alagos to believe him.

Alagos's middle finger rubbed in a circle over Jesse's hole, and he smirked against his neck, his lips tracing a wet line down the curve of Jesse's shoulder.

"Hm-hm. I'm not sure I buy that," Alagos purred, placing the condom down on the bed by Jesse's hip. He spread Jesse's legs wider, the watery-soft cotton of Jesse's slacks creasing up under Alagos's knees.

Jesse gasped softly, his hands tightening on the sheets. "I --" he groaned, his forehead falling forward, buried in the pillow. Alagos smirked and covered Jesse's body with his own, his mouth dangerously close to Jesse's ear.

"It's all good, darling." Alagos muttered, his eyes sparkling in the darkness. "A man likes to know if he's doing things right," he breathed, the tip of his tongue running down the curve of Jesse's ear, teeth sinking lightly into his lobe.

Jesse whimpered, his thighs shaking with the strain. Alagos let his hand trail down from Jesse's ass crack up to fondle his balls, letting them roll in his palm, pulling them up high against Jesse's body as he fit his denim-covered erection in the crease of Jesse's ass.

Alagos smirked at Jesse's low moan and stepped back, quickly taking off his shirt, revealing his muscular torso, his eyes fixed on Jesse to gauge the reaction as he bared his inked skin.

Jesse sucked in a harsh breath, and Alagos could almost trace the movement of Jesse's eyes as he took in the dragon tattoo crawling across his hip.

And he hadn't seen all of them yet.

Alagos shuffled out of his pants, standing gloriously naked before Jesse, the Elven inscriptions running across his calf and the side of his chest, foreign and dangerous, and he smirked at Jesse's small "Oh" of wonder as Alagos crawled back onto the bed, the wings of the phoenix on his back stretched wide enough to encompass his whole shoulders.

"Those are really beautiful," Jesse whispered, his fingers hesitant as they hovered above Alagos's tattoos.

"Thanks," Alagos murmured, pushing himself back in position, his mouth trailing open and wet down Jesse's neck, sucking lightly, his rigid cock parting Jesse's ass easily.

Jesse tensed up immediately, but Alagos didn't push it all the way in, merely spread the thick, white precome by grazing the head over the crease of Jesse's ass, getting his hole slick and wet.

Jesse moaned, tremors raking his body, his voice gruff and sinking lower in his throat as Alagos rubbed the crown of his cock over the soft, hidden skin of his ass. Alagos watched, mesmerized as Jesse showed him, with no inhibitions or pride, just how everything Alagos was doing was affecting him. It was one of the hottest things Alagos had seen in quite a few years.

Alagos ripped the foil with his teeth, well practiced as he rolled the rubber over the head of his cock, feeling the slickness of the lube on his fingers. Knowing this was going to be Jesse's first time put a little more pressure on Alagos, and where he wouldn't usually take as much time with preparations, he made sure his fingers were slick and coated with lube as he reached between Jesse's legs, fisting his cock.

Alagos pressed Jesse's cheek into the bedding as he jerked him off with short, rough twists of his wrist. It couldn't have been easy to breathe, half smothered in the bedding, but Jesse whimpered and moaned like he had never felt anything like that in his life, thrusting as far as he could into each twist of Alagos's wrist.

"Yeah, you love it," Alagos purred, collecting the precome over the head of Jesse's dick and spreading it down to his balls, his hand slick, sticky wet. Jesse moaned and fought to push his cock through the tight fist of Alagos's hand.

Alagos sucked at a spot on Jesse's nape, letting go of his dick with a smack as he brought his precome-coated hand between the cheeks of his ass. He rubbed his fingertips over Jesse's hole, spreading the sticky fluid over the pink, puckered entrance, pushing through the tip only before pulling back and going back to tease the outer ring of muscle.

Jesse pushed back roughly on Alagos's hand, sweat beading down his back and sticking to his shirt. He was starting to look incredibly debauched, hair sticking up, dark and damp, his cheek pressed into the bedding, mouth parted around a string of breathless moans. Alagos pushed his middle finger in to the first knuckle, and Jesse keened, spreading his legs wantonly and bucking into Alagos's touch.

Alagos grinned, knowingly, and swiftly added another finger, biting into his lower lip as he stretched and scissored, Jesse's impossibly tight heat sucking his fingers in.

Fuck, was he tight. If he had any doubt about Jesse being a virgin, they'd have flown right out of the window by that point. He was tighter than anything he'd ever felt, tight enough to make Alagos's head spin like a wheel. "Fuck, darling, so fucking hot. Can't wait to break in and take your sweet cherry." He pressed a hot kiss at the base of Jesse's neck. "Gonna make you scream my name till you won't know any other word."

Jesse smothered a moan, squirming back against Alagos's fingers, rocking up onto his tiptoes in an effort to get deeper, *more*.

"Can't believe you never did this before..." Alagos corkscrewed his fingers and Jesse yelped, thrusting back desperately. "And yet you hang at the bar, all doe eyes and tight pants and open shirt, just begging for someone to slam you against a wall and make you take every inch of his dick."

The image was maddening. Alagos could just picture Jesse, debauched, wild, his red lips stretched around a thick cock, and that was enough to send him reeling. He pulled his fingers out of Jesse's ass with a wet, slick pop, and holding Jesse by the sharp curve of his hips, Alagos lined up and sunk in.

The rubber-covered head of his cock vanished into the hot-tight-perfect heat of Jesse's ass, and he felt the shockwave spark violently through Jesse's body. "Christ, look at you." Alagos groaned, his teeth sinking into his lower lip.

Jesse's breathy, drawn-out moan echoed through the room and went straight down Alagos's groin, tingles spreading from the base of his spine to his thighs and straight up his dick. Alagos grunted and kept him still, thrills of pleasure running through his veins as Jesse twitched and twisted helplessly, his mouth open in an obscene O as he struggled to suck in lungfuls of air, only the plum-shaped head of Alagos's dick keeping him open, hovering on the edge.

Alagos groaned and tightened his fingers on Jesse's hips, sweat beading his brow and falling into his eyes as he tried to keep his shit together. He was going to make it last, he was going to make sure that no matter how many other people Jesse would sleep with in the future, he would always remember his first time. His pretty human would scream his name so loud every other patron in the club would know to whom that tight little ass belonged to now.

Jesse moaned again, tossing his head back, his arms trembling, the tails of his shirt bunched up halfway on his back. The change in angle had his legs spread further apart, Jesse's cock bobbing against his stomach, hot and hard. Alagos could just imagine what it'd feel like to lay Jesse down and blow him dry, then move lower to fuck him again with his tongue. The possibilities were endless.

"Come on, sweetheart." Alagos purred, his fingers sinking into Jesse's hips as he was drawn back onto Alagos's lap.

"Fuck!" Jesse hissed, trying to edge away, his whole body locked and shaking. Alagos bowed his head and sucked a bite into the curve of Jesse's shoulder, just to hear Jesse hiss out words from between his red swollen lips.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Jesse chanted, his fingers feebly curling around the bedding, sweat mapping his back, sticking his shirt to his skin.

Alagos thought he'd never seen anyone look so open and honest and fucking desperate as Jesse did right then, his ass full of cock, back tense and legs wide apart. His fingers curled around Jesse's hips as if they had been made to. It was easy to keep him pinned. Not that it stopped Jesse from squirming, as if Alagos wasn't playing by his rules.

Jesse keened as a hard thrust banged right against his prostate, and Alagos hid a smile in the reddened skin of Jesse's shoulder.

Not only was he going to ruin the kid for everyone else, but he was going to make sure he would beg for it.

Beg *loudly*.

Chapter 5

"There," Alagos grunted, repeating the move, getting Jesse to buck and spread his legs as far as they would go. "That feels good, doesn't it?" Alagos bowed to kiss his neck, the tip of his tongue lapping up at the sweat dripping down Jesse's back. His shirt was soaked through, and Alagos pushed it up higher as he rocked into him, hitting on his prostate with each roll of his hips.

Jesse moaned and tossed his head back, rutting against Alagos as though it would make a difference. "More," Jesse groaned again, but Alagos merely chuckled, using his own weight as leverage as he sat up, arching Jesse back against him and impaling him on his hard dick.

"Yes, you do," Alagos murmured, pushing apart Jesse's legs with his knees as he shoved in deeper. Jesse's body seized up, shaking with the beginning of his orgasm, and Alagos swiftly reached around, squeezing hard at the base of Jesse's dick, stalling his release.

Jesse sobbed and twisted under Alagos's grip, his sweat making him glisten like a jewel under the dim light of the room. When Alagos was sure Jesse wasn't going to come, he let go and spread Jesse's ass cheeks further with his spare hand, his fingers rubbing at Jesse's stretched hole.

He slid a finger in alongside his dick, and Jesse went rigid with a loud, keening sound, before melting against the bedding, his hips jerking back helplessly.

"You like that?" asked Alagos as he rubbed the stretched skin teasingly. Jesse whimpered, but nodded his head, and Alagos cautiously tested a second finger. The room was full of all kinds of fun toys, and if Alagos could have his way, the night would turn to morning before they were done. "Let me in then," he encouraged, privately marveling as his second finger slowly slid up to the knuckle.

He bet that, with a little workout, Jesse could take his whole fist. The mere thought was enough to bring him dangerously close to the edge -- it had been long enough since anyone had aroused him like that. He wanted to try and see, wanted to fuck Jesse unconscious. The thought of Jesse's tight, just fucked ass around his hand, flesh clinging to flesh, made him almost dizzy.

"Please," Jesse sobbed quietly, his dick hard and red, blood-heavy against his stomach. "Please, Alagos, let me -- let me come."

Alagos didn't heed him. Instead, he twisted his fingers free sharply, just as his hips drove his cock in alongside them.

Jesse screamed, and the impossibly tight heat was too much for Alagos to handle. He came, unexpectedly, fast and hard, filling up the condom to the brim and taking his breath away.

Jesse slumped on the bed as soon as Alagos released his grip on Jesse's hips, moaning and mewling, his own hands pawing at his weeping cock.

Alagos's knees shook a little, but he steadied himself and quickly stripped Jesse's soft dark slacks from the tangle around his legs, slapping his hands away from his groin. "No, no, no touching."

Jesse whined, his wrist twisting in Alagos's grip. Alagos felt a spark in his belly, and he pinned Jesse's hand behind his head.

Jesse's sharp intake of breath at the move confirmed his thought, and he reached behind the headboard to grasp at the silky black scarf that hung there exactly for that purpose. He tied up Jesse's wrists and wrapped the end around the brass railings of the bed frame.

"I'll take care of you," Alagos whispered, his voice softer now, pushing Jesse's legs up and apart. Jesse kicked, whimpering, a low sound that came from deep in his throat. Alagos leaned over and licked at the hollow of Jesse's throat.

"Please," Jesse groaned. "Please. I need it, it hurts, please, *please* --"

Alagos let the tip of his tongue travel all the way up to Jesse's lips and pushed right past them, shutting him up as he took his breath away, his kiss hard and

demanding, almost fucking Jesse's mouth with his tongue. He shuffled until he fit right between Jesse's legs and used his hand to spread Jesse's cheeks to find his swollen red hole.

"I'm going to make you come so hard you'll pass out," Alagos promised, biting at Jesse's lower lip before lowering himself on Jesse's body.

At the first swipe of his tongue across Jesse's hole, Jesse let out a long, loud moan, his ankles twisting and wrapping around the back of Alagos's head. Alagos reached behind him and forcefully unwound Jesse's legs. He pressed his thumbs into the soft, tender flesh and held Jesse's thighs apart as he stabbed his tongue repeatedly over the swollen flesh.

"Oh, God! God!" Jesse bucked up against him, struggling to get more of that sweet, torturous friction.

Alagos took his time lapping over the abused flesh, carefully scraping his teeth and soothing with his tongue. He held Jesse's legs open wide and pressed the flat of his tongue in, feeling the muscles clench viciously as Jesse bucked up with a strangled keen.

Alagos licked him open thoroughly, his fingers slowly running across the pad of Jesse's feet, tickling mercilessly, grinning to himself as Jesse whimpered and tried to kick out, his cock bouncing on his belly, painfully hard and weeping trails of precome on the fabric of his shirt.

Alagos pulled back, his tongue finding Jesse's balls and lapping up a wet swathe up to the edge of Jesse's cock, chuckling when Jesse rutted his hips up, thrashing like a trapped butterfly beneath him.

"So hot," Alagos murmured, pushing Jesse's legs further apart as he let his tongue trail back down to Jesse's hole, circling the outer ring, then moving down all the way to the crease of his ass. "Can't believe you've never done it. It's like you were made for it. I will make you come so hard, you'll think you're gonna die with it."

Jesse twisted up, his cock bumping against Alagos's cheek, leaving trails of white, sticky precome all the way down to his jaw, his breathing harsh and uncontrolled.

"Please." Jesse strained for Alagos, trying to get the pressure he wanted.

Alagos wouldn't let him. He ran the stubbled edge of his jaw across Jesse's sensitive skin, smirking when it drew a hiss of pain from between those pretty-full-pink lips.

Alagos fiddled with the loose ends of the scarf, tugging the end down as he pushed Jesse's knee up, fastening the strap below the swell of his thigh. It held Jesse's leg perfectly spread and elevated. He repeated the move with the final strap and sat back, admiring his handiwork.

Jesse squirmed helplessly on the bed. There was enough give in the scarf to give him the illusion of some freedom, but the more he struggled, the tighter it pulled.

Alagos reached for the provided tube of lube in the nightstand, and grinned as he poured a generous amount in his palm. Jesse watched, eyes hooded, his ass clenching in anticipation as Alagos began to probe experimentally at the swollen skin.

One finger slid in easy, without extra lube, and another. He managed three before he met friction, and pulled back.

The lube was thick and slippery when he poured out another handful. He returned to Jesse's ass with the same three fingers and slid right back in.

Jesse threw his head back and moaned, loudly, his legs shaking violently with the strain of being held so wide.

Alagos smirked and flexed his fingers inside Jesse, crooking them up, searching, probing, feeling Jesse's muscle squeeze and give way every time he pulled back and pushed in again. He leaned over, his teeth scraping the tendons of Jesse's neck as he pulled his fingers out completely before adding more lube and sliding right back in.

Jesse's breaths were damp and ragged against Alagos's cheek, his moans thin and incoherent. He was so far gone, barely hanging in there in the white haze of pleasure Alagos had put him in, and that was exactly what the Elf wanted.

Alagos sank his teeth in the fleshy part of Jesse's ear, his tongue shooting out to soothe the sting as Jesse whimpered and bucked on Alagos's hand, his legs kicking out wildly.

"You think you can stand one more?" Alagos purred in his ear, circling the curve of it with the tip of his tongue as his pinkie joined the other three fingers as he was sliding back in Jesse's slick hole. "It's pretty slutty, allowing your first time to do such naughty things to you."

Alagos had to grasp at the base of his newly hardening dick to stop himself from coming right then and there when Jesse didn't deny his claim, merely bit his lower lip, his deep, green eyes almost black, the pupil blown wide, lust and want making him look feral, wanton like the slutty virgin Alagos claimed he was. "Or maybe even my whole hand? What do you say to that, darling? Think of how full you'd feel. My whole huge fist fucking you open and raw. You wouldn't be able to walk for a week. And then I could slide right back in, so easy." He smiled against Jesse's skin, his eyes trained on Jesse's cock, red and glistening against Jesse's belly. "Would you like that, sweetheart?"

Jesse keened, thrashing under Alagos's hands, and nodded, blinking tears from his eyes.

Alagos drew his fingers back and applied more lube. He'd not done it in a while, but he still remembered the first imperative. Lube, lube, lube, lube. Then he would slide in easy.

Three fingers, then his pinky, and he traced the stretched flesh with his thumb before carefully pushing inside.

Jesse choked, his scream silent as he gasped in huge gulps of air. His pretty pink hole was stretched so wide around Alagos's hand, smooth and shiny with lube. Alagos eased forwards, eventually sinking up to the knuckles, the widest part of his hand spreading Jesse open.

"Such a good little slut. First time you have a dick up your ass, now first time you have a fist up your ass -- or you had one before? Maybe one of your own?"

Jesse threw his head back and forth furiously. "Oh, God. Oh, God."

"That's a no, then." Alagos slid in further, until Jesse was clinging around his wrist, all tight, hot flesh.

Giving his wrist an experimental half turn, Alagos circled his fingers, knuckles rubbing carefully in the search for Jesse's prostate. Jesse sobbed, desperate and wretched, his whole body seizing up and arching off the bed as he came, hard and messy, all over his belly. Alagos bit his lower lip, hard enough to draw blood as his own cock spasmed at the sight and feel of Jesse's body clenching down viciously on his hand.

"Fuck," Alagos hissed, eyes shut tight, his other hand going to squeeze at the base of his dick to keep himself from coming just by hearing the sounds Jesse was making. "Fuck, so fucking hot, gorgeous, so good, good little slut, just taking it, Dear Lord, Jesse," Alagos groaned, his knuckles rotating slightly in the constricted space, as he fisted his cock with his other hand, fast and furious as Jesse mewled and tightened around his fist.

It didn't take much longer for Alagos to come, too, coating the back of Jesse's thighs with thick, white fluid.

Jesse moaned, his head floating in the hazy cloud of his post orgasmic bliss, his body quivering slightly with aftershocks. He felt wrung out and used, his come slicking down his abs toward his hips and down the curve of his thighs, Alagos's fist keeping him open and on edge. Every time Alagos's knuckles hit his prostate, a moan fell from his bitten, bruised lips, his cock hardening subtly with each prod and thrust.

"Look how beautiful you are, all fucked out and needy," Alagos rasped, nuzzling the curve of Jesse's neck with his stubble. Jesse garbled out a strangled moan, his legs spasming in their restraints. The edge of the scarf was brushing on tender skin, leaving raised, red marks. Alagos bowed over Jesse's body, slowly edging out his fist as he licked the underside of Jesse's knee, grinning to himself when Jesse yelped and kicked out wildly.

He licked Jesse clean, slowly and methodically, collecting every bit of his come while Jesse came down from the high, his limbs like marshmallow under Alagos's fingertips.

After he was done, he undid the restraints around Jesse's ankles and hands, and collapsed next to him in bed. Time passed in a trickle like sand through an hourglass, and if Alagos had kept true to his word and fucked the kid unconscious, he had to admit he wasn't that far behind.

He blamed it all on the monumental orgasm he just had, and how tired that made him (despite having had several of those in the past few hundred years). That was the only explanation as to why Alagos hadn't bounced from the bed the moment he'd come, made for the shower and disappeared without a word.

Instead, he laid his head on the pillow, tugging Jesse's warm, sated body against his side and allowing sleep to pull him under.

Chapter 6

"So, how did it go?" were the first words out of Damon's mouth the next morning, when Jesse ambled down the stairs with a very, very uncomfortable step and a loopy grin on his mouth.

Jesse scratched the back of his head, looking sheepishly at the tips of his shoes, last night's clothes hanging loose on him. "It... um. I'm glad I have the week off, because I think I will spend most of it recovering."

Damon beamed brightly at him. "That's awesome."

Jesse looked away, clearly a little bit uncomfortable, and not only physically. "Damon uh... how -- how well do you know Alagos?"

Damon caught something in his tone, and he moved from where he was restocking the bar to guide Jesse toward one of the booths. "Not so well, but as well as anyone, I guess," he said, sliding on the padded bench and biting his cheek not to smile as Jesse very slowly and carefully edged his way in, grimacing all the way through.

"I just... I never..." he stuttered and broke off. "I mean. Okay. It's just... I don't know what the etiquette for this sort of things is. I mean, what do I do now?"

Damon blinked. "Well, whatever you want?"

"Oh."

There was something missing. Damn it, where was Alyan when Damon needed him? Alyan was the sensitive part of the two of them. "Do you want to see him again?"

"Yes! I mean -- I don't. Or, I do, but... I don't know if he wants to."

Damon rubbed one hand over the back of his neck. "Alagos isn't famous for doing relationships," he said, as gently as he could. "Did you guys talk about it last night?"

"We... um. We fell asleep, and this morning..." He blushed deep red and bit his lower lip, eyes skating downwards.

"What?"

"We... um... we kinda didn't talk because we did it again, and then he was late."

Damon blinked. "Uh... I'm sorry, I didn't catch that."

"We... did it again. Uh. And -- and then he was late. So we didn't really..."

Damon didn't listen in to the rest of the sentence because his brain was still stuck on the "morning" part, trying to process the fact that Alagos had stayed the night.

"Wait, wait. You mean you woke up and he was still there?"

"Yes," Jesse bit his lip. "That a bad thing?"

In all honesty, Damon didn't know what to tell him. "I guess you need to talk to him about it."

"How?"

"Jesse, for one, this is your job, so you are bound to see him again --"

"That's the thing, too. What if he hated it and he just... doesn't want to see me ever again?" Jesse asked in a rush. Damon shook his head with a barely suppressed grin.

"I don't really think that's the case, kiddo. But there's one way to find out."

Jesse looked expectantly at him. "Just come back tonight and find out."

* * *

Jesse picked out something from his closet that he'd never worn before, and just bought on a whim after last winter's sale -- a pair of soft, tight, worn out jeans that were probably two sizes too small to be decent, and another button-down shirt, black this time. He checked himself nervously in his mirror at least eleven times before going out.

He called a cab because he just couldn't think about riding his bike to work without his back seizing up in protest. Come to think of it, he didn't even know if he would be able to be fucked again. His ass was still sore and pulsing from the activities

of the previous night, but if there was even the smallest chance that Alagos was going to be there, he would take the risk.

Alagos was there, of course. As he had been almost every other night for the past few years, and Jesse's stomach tightened, butterflies batting their wings wildly as he walked toward the bar.

Alagos turned even before Jesse managed to make his presence known, and his eyes immediately darkened, a slow, sensual smile spreading on his face.

"If you can walk here on your own it means I didn't do my job right," he whispered in Jesse's ear.

Jesse shivered, looking up at him with what he hoped were sultry, inviting eyes. "I have a whole week off," he whispered, his voice rougher than he had intended, probably out of nerves. "Maybe you can... I mean, we can... you..."

Alagos's hand slipped inside Jesse's back pocket and tugged him against his chest. "As long, as hard as you like, pretty." He muttered, the tip of his tongue tracing the outer curve of Jesse's ear.

Jesse shuddered and closed his eyes, his dick throbbing in earnest at the mere sound of Alagos's voice.

It wasn't a special night. There was no Speed Dating, nor were there any keys being passed around, but Jesse suspected Alagos had a golden guest key or something similar, because he was immediately steered toward the staircase to the upper level.

That's how it began. That night, Jesse went down on his knees and did things with his mouth that would've made a seasoned sailor blush. He couldn't really handle another wild fucking like the previous night, so Alagos had him lay out on the bed and suck on three different dildos before Alagos had gone to straddle his face, fucking his mouth with abandon and coming all over his face.

With Alagos, Jesse had discovered he came harder when he was being called names, when Alagos's lush lips spilled all sorts of obscenities in his ears, when he was tied down, his ass in the air and ready for a spanking. It was as though Alagos had

opened something inside of Jesse he never thought he possessed, and it made his heart beat faster and his stomach clench only thinking about it.

Alyan had warned him, too, against getting too attached to Alagos, but by that point, for Jesse it was like a drug.

Every Friday for Blind Date night, he had his night off, and he would meet Alagos in the upstairs bedroom that he had begun to consider theirs -- however dangerous that line of thought might have been.

Alagos had taught him what a safe word was, and how to use it, but so far Jesse had never needed it. Alagos knew exactly what Jesse liked, and wanted, and just how to give it to him.

One day Jesse had brought with him his test results, without needing to be asked, and after that night they had foregone condoms. It felt nice. As though they were in a real relationship, not just a string of one-night stands that just wouldn't go away.

It wasn't until after six months after the first time, when Jesse caught a spectacularly bad cold that nailed him in bed for over ten days, making him miss not one, but two blind dates, that he acknowledged it to himself.

He'd fallen in love with Alagos, for some inexplicable reason that went far beyond sex. And somehow, he couldn't help hoping that maybe, in some corner of Alagos's mind, his feelings were requited.

He bounced back after a week on antibiotics, and was behind the bar when Alagos walked into the club. Alyan gave him a fond, if exasperated shake of his head when Jesse quickly pretended to be absorbed with work, where Damon merely winked at him and began shaking a margarita for Alagos.

"Hey there," Alagos said, his voice low and raspy as usual, slouching in his stool, his whole body leaning toward Jesse.

"Hmm? Oh, hi," Jesse said, his confidence a little higher now, but still feeling that incredible pull at his stomach whenever Alagos was around, which made him overcompensate. "How are you?"

"How are you, I should say. They told me you were on your deathbed."

Jesse snorted. "I had a cold, that's all." He looked sideways at where Damon was pretending really hard not be listening, and blushed. "Uh, how are you doing, then?"

"I'm good, if lonely."

"Oh?"

"Hmm-hmm," Alagos nodded. "What time do you get off?"

"Err... at three, I think?"

Alagos smirked and slid the key across the bar to him, leaning in to whisper in his ear. "Meet you upstairs."

Jesse stared after him, clutching at the key in his hand as his heart did cartwheels.

The next three hours would be the longest of his life.

Chapter 7

Alagos chuckled and pushed his thumb back inside Jesse, teasing the flesh that struggled to close after being so thoroughly fucked. He scraped his knuckle over the rim, getting another long, drawn-out moan from Jesse before bouncing from the bed over to the cabinets.

“Alagos,” Jesse begged, strung out and boneless on the bed, his dick hard and leaking on his stomach, wrists bound behind his head and his legs bound back against his chest with a black, silk scarf, completely exposed to Alagos’s will.

So far he’d come twice, once down Alagos’s throat, and the other while Alagos fucked him from behind, his dick untouched, only with the pressure on his prostate as he rocked back on Alagos’s thick cock, his wrists straining against his bonds.

Alagos was perusing the cabinet of toys, gloriously naked, his hard cock curled up against his stomach in a testament to perfection. The collection of toys was updated every other week, and Jesse knew there were dozens they hadn’t yet tried, anticipation making his stomach clench.

There were dildos of all shapes and sizes, some brightly colored, others naturally hued. Vibrators, too, anal beads, nipple clamps, the whole deal.

Jesse licked his lips and tried to struggle against the scarf, rubbing the inside of his thighs against his belly, trying to get some friction. Alagos turned around and smirked, crawling up the bed again and stroked his dick a couple of times, lazily collecting precome that he went to smear across Jesse’s pretty pink lips.

“So eager, my good little slut. I’ll give you what you want, trust me.”

Jesse mewled and whimpered, his eyes half mast as he watched as Alagos laid the items he’d picked by his side on the bed. There was a vibrator, something smooth

and slim, and a dildo, thick, ridged and heavy, and guaranteed to leave Jesse hobbling for a week.

"Patience, dear," he whispered, caressing Jesse's calf. "I assure you, you're going to see stars."

Jesse whined softly at the back of his throat, sucking hungrily at Alagos's come-covered fingertips. Alagos took a moment just to drink in the breathtaking beauty that was on display before him, open and needy, long limbs and smooth, rippling muscles that led to a perfect face. Alagos bowed over Jesse and pressed a quiet kiss over Jesse's panting mouth, soft, unhurried, his tongue gently probing Jesse's mouth, slipping past his bruised lips to tangle with Jesse's own, tasting the bitter, salty aftertaste of his own come in Jesse's mouth.

"Beautiful," Alagos whispered when he pulled away, sticky fingers trailing down Jesse's chest, "So beautiful."

Slowly, carefully, Alagos snapped the nipple clamps on, his tongue following to lave at the pink, hard nubs peeking from between the hard silver. Jesse whimpered and bucked up again, or as much as he could in his restraints.

"Choose, darling," Alagos murmured, picking up both the vibrator and the dildo and tracing them down Jesse's chest, to his hips and the groove of his thighs. Jesse groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as the thick head of the dildo teased his swollen hole. "Easy things first, maybe?"

Alagos watched as Jesse gasped and squirmed around the width, trying to get used to it, trying to force it deeper inside his ass, past the outer resistance. "Yes," Jesse moaned, voice low and needy, "God, yes. More, please --"

Alagos dipped his head to kiss at the sweat pooling in the small of Jesse's back, his forearm draped over the slight curve where his spine met his ass to prevent him from rolling back. It was intoxicating, knowing that he could just stay there and watch, watch his fill, stare at Jesse's quivering muscles and hear him moan and beg until his voice was reduced to incoherent mumbling.

"You look so fuckin' beautiful, spread out like this," Alagos mumbled into his skin. Jesse moaned and tried to push back, but Alagos was holding him down, preventing any movement. "At my mercy."

"Always" Jesse moaned, his thighs trembling with the strain.

Alagos bit his lower lip, the statement making his breath catch in his throat curiously. "Shh." Alagos's lips licked a swathe from his tailbone up to his neck, rolling the dildo in a circular motion, but not feeding Jesse an inch more of what he already had inside. "So good," he murmured, kissing the damp hair at Jesse's nape. "Your ass looks made for this," Alagos whispered in his ear, pulling the dildo out and then back in again a few times, making Jesse thrash and scream. "It's just waiting to be filled. I bet I could drive this thing," he rolled the dildo again, pushing it forward, "As deep as it goes, and still you'd be wanting more..."

Jesse groaned and fisted the scarf that kept his wrists bound high, his body on fire. "Alagos, please --"

Alagos smiled, breathless, his own brain swimming in a haze of pent-up lust, his hand petting Jesse's trembling thigh in a soothing circle. Then, without warning, he drove the dildo in as deep as it would go, quickly pulling it out once more. Jesse wailed, his back arching as he tossed his head back against the headboard.

"Think you can take both of those at the same time?" Alagos murmured. "Or this, and my dick? Hmm? What say you, darling?"

Jesse gasped, his chest heaving, ass clenching, desperate to be filled. "Anything, Alagos. Anything."

Alagos drove the dildo in again, his own fist curled around his cock as he watched the thick black plastic being engulfed by the red, abused ring of muscle hidden between Jesse's ass cheeks.

It didn't matter how many times they did it, Alagos just couldn't say enough. He couldn't pull himself free. Jesse did it for him on every single level, and it almost scared him to realize how dependent he was on Jesse. It scared him, a bone-deep chill that went right into his very core.

"Alagos," Jesse breathed, clenching and unclenching his fists. "Alagos, please, God, want you. Need you. Alagos --"

Alagos tilted his head down and captured his mouth in a long, breathless kiss, his wrist rotating slowly, maddeningly so, fucking Jesse's ass with slow, controlled thrusts.

His fingers slid along the length of the dildo as he was pulling it out, carefully edging them back in alongside the fake cock, and Jesse whined, sweat stinging in his eyes. For a minute, Jesse was so tense Alagos wondered if he really would fit, then his wrist shifted the dildo just right, Jesse keened, and Alagos's two fingers slid in up to the knuckle.

"So very good, darling," Alagos purred, kissing a long, wet line from Jesse's neck down to his chest. "See, it's all downhill from here."

Jesse nodded and panted, ragged and raw, his body shaking violently with each thrust of the dildo, Alagos's fingers stretching the walls of his channel as he went.

Alagos wrapped one hand around Jesse's rigid dick, stroking it quick and fast, in counterpoint with the thrusts in his ass. He knew that if he wanted to fit alongside that dildo, Jesse needed to be as pliant and loose as possible, and getting him to orgasm would ensure that.

It didn't take long. With a soft, muffled cry, Jesse came for the third time in a row, his body convulsing as his cock spurted rope after rope of come, adding to the mess on his belly and on the black satin sheets.

Alagos kept biting his cheek until he tasted blood, trying to keep himself in check as he watched his beautiful human come apart at the seams underneath him.

"Take it easy," he murmured against Jesse's sweaty skin, his own breath cut short, as he pulled the dildo out from Jesse's ass, his fingers quickly thrusting right back in, in its stead. "You still feel so fuckin' tight."

"Please," Jesse moaned. "Please, please." He arched his body as far as the scarf allowed him to, his ass clenching around Alagos's fingers until Alagos took pity on him

and eased them out all together. The emptiness that followed only lasted for a moment before he was stretched again.

This time it was Alagos, pushing inside him, his dick stretching Jesse as wide as the dildo had. A hand settled on his belly, stroking soothingly, Alagos's hips rolling languidly, his cock sliding in inch by excruciating inch.

Alagos groaned. He undid the straps on Jesse's legs, letting them fall down on the bed, on either side of his thighs, his voice loud and heavy in the still air around them. "God, so good. You like that, Jesse? You like feeling me fill you up like this?"

Jesse couldn't form words, let alone full sentences. He gasped as Alagos pressed against his prostate, squirming as much as he could in the attempt to make the sensation last. For too long he was utterly absorbed in the feeling of Alagos moving inside of him, and didn't notice Alagos had stilled, not until he felt something press against his stretched hole.

"No," Jesse gasped, his ass clenching like a vice around Alagos's cock, "I can't -- 'stoo much -- no --"

"Shh," Alagos whispered in his ear, the hand on Jesse's belly curling around his cock, stroking it to try and take Jesse's mind off the painful pull of his hole. "You're gonna feel so good. I promise. You'll feel every last inch of me."

Alagos's teeth scraped along his nape and up to his ear, still not moving at all, the head of the dildo nosing at Jesse's hole right beside his throbbing dick. His fingertips went to probe between Jesse's ass cheeks, fondling the outer ring. He pushed one of his fingers inside, groaning as the tight, slick heat sucked him in.

Jesse cried out, his body tensing for an instant before going completely lax, his eyes veiled, chest heaving with desperate gasps for breath. Alagos smiled down on him from above, and slowly the thick black head of the dildo began to ease past the stretched ring of Jesse's ass. "Breathe," Alagos instructed. "Breathe." He continued to slide the dildo into place, Jesse's thighs tight and trembling under his.

Jesse whimpered, every muscle in his back bowstring tight. Alagos gently stroked his side, twisted the dildo a fraction, and it was in.

"Christ, fuck. So good, Jesse. So fucking good." He leaned down, his own body pushing the dildo deeper as he laid a soothing kiss on Jesse's shoulder. The head of Alagos's cock pressed right against Jesse's prostate, and a spark of heat travelled down Jesse's spine.

Jesse whimpered, his voice veiled with wonder, and Alagos's lips began to trace a pattern all over his sweaty neck and chest, tongue fondling his sore nipples through the silver of the clamps. "I'm gonna make this good for you, just wait," Alagos murmured in his ear. He gripped the base of the dildo and slowly started to pull back, just an inch, then drove right back in, jabbing right over the soft bundle of nerves inside of him.

Jesse moaned and tossed his head from one side to the other, trying to spread his legs, to relax. The hand that wasn't keeping the dildo firm against his sweet spot kept working on his half-soft cock in a slow, rocking motion.

There was no more room for words. Alagos rocked his hips sensually, just a few, short rolls, enough to slide in and out and in again a few times, the two cocks hitting Jesse's prostate every time. The combined stimulation had Jesse hardening rapidly in Alagos's hand and shuddering with each slow thrust, his moans and babbling pleas incoherent by now.

"I got you." Alagos whispered, his lips burning a path across his shoulders. "Just let go for me, Jesse. Trust me, and let go."

Jesse sobbed as Alagos rolled his hips and pleasure shot across his spine. Alagos bit into his earlobe and rolled his hips again, going as slow as he dared, the plastic dragging against his own dick and feeling so much hotter than it had any right to be. He knew that Jesse was still uncomfortable, even if his cock was slowly filling up with blood, throbbing hotly in his palm as he thumbed the slit, dragging his fingers down to squeeze the base before stroking upwards again.

Alagos's hand grasped Jesse's hip just as he rocked back up, and Jesse wailed, his head thrown back as the change in angle had his hole stretching to adjust, Alagos's hips rolling smoothly as he was pulled backwards over the two stiff dicks filling him up.

Jesse's voice died on a scream, fingers clutching the scarf tightly, Alagos's cock pulsing inside him, hitting his prostate over and over against the unforgiving plastic that dragged along with it.

In a way, it was over before it began. It took only a few more short, controlled thrusts to have Jesse come all over himself, his body giving way completely as he was pulled under by the aftershocks.

"Jesus Christ," Alagos groaned, just as his vision blackened out and he came, too, his spunk easing the passage as he emptied himself in Jesse's ass, the dildo sliding out and tumbling off the bed.

Chapter 8

It took remarkably longer for the both of them to come out of the post-orgasmic bliss this time. Jesse had passed out, his body lax and sated, coated with come, and Alagos had had just enough presence of mind to undo the knots in the scarf before rolling over and passing out, himself.

It might have been an hour later, or an hour and a half, when Jesse stirred and rolled over, his face pressing in the curve of Alagos's side with a contented snuffle, still halfway between sleeping and waking.

"I don't want to wait another week," Jesse whispered after a long minute had gone by, his rough fucked-out voice sounding like whiskey on gravel in the stuffy quiet of the bedroom.

Alagos forced his eyes open and tilted his head up, glancing sideways at him. He didn't say a word, but held Jesse's nervous glance for a few seconds before rolling off on his side, massaging his temples as he tried to drag himself to a sitting position.

"Alagos?" Jesse asked quietly, wanting to reach out to him but not knowing how. He ended up sitting up himself, tugging at the sheets to try and cover himself, feeling suddenly way more naked than he had in any of their previous encounters.

"Jesse, what are you saying?"

"Nothing," Jesse said quickly, "Nothing, forget it."

Alagos pushed himself against the headboard, crossing his ankles as he watched Jesse fidget, perched on the end of the bed, ready to bolt like a skittish, stray kitten.

"I'll be going then," Jesse said after another minute of awkward silence.

"Wait --"

Jesse stayed, swallowing, his back taut as a bow. "Why?"

"You always stay the night."

Jesse shook his head and tried to look about for his scattered clothes. "I work tomorrow, too. I can't --"

"You can't ask that of me."

Jesse sighed, his shoulder slumping, too-long hair falling in his eyes. "I'm sorry."

"I don't know what... I mean." He sighed and rubbed his hand across his face. "I'm not made for -- this."

"This what? This me?" Jesse clarified, suddenly hurt. "Because my ass thinks you're doing just fine."

Alagos groaned and shuffled out of the bed, walking around the bed and sitting right next to Jesse, his arm draped across his shoulder, palm cradling Jesse's cheek as he turned Jesse's face toward him. "I'm sorry," he muttered, and the words rang sincere, and true to Jesse's ears. "I didn't mean it like that. I never... I just never had something like this. Someone like you. And I don't know what the steps are from here. I have no idea what I should be doing or saying. God, I haven't had, or wanted, a relationship in ... well, let's say we would've sent messages through pigeons back then."

Jesse snorted in laughter despite himself. "You're old."

"I am," Alagos said, suddenly serious. "And I won't be aging. I won't be changing. And there's nothing I can do about that. And at some point... you will grow tired of it."

"Shouldn't this work the other way around?" Jesse asked, his hand covering Alagos's thigh. "Shouldn't you be worrying about me withering to a wrinkly old man?"

It was Alagos's turn to laugh. "Trust me, I really don't care about that. I never did."

"Then why do you do what you do?"

"Because it's easier," Alagos said. "I have no shame in admitting it. I made the decision not to care, because it would mean that it made everything in my life so much easier." Alagos's thumb rubbed across Jesse's lower lip. "Till now. And that, for someone who's... Galad, it hurts me to say it... Four thousand six hundred and forty-two years old, it's pretty scary."

Jesse looked taken aback, and his hand shook on Alagos's leg. "What are you saying?" he asked, his heart and head pounding rhythmically as he tried to make sense out of what Alagos was saying.

"I depend on you too much," Alagos said quietly. "I never waited a week for the same person to sleep with. I made my motto never to fuck someone twice. And these last two weeks, when you were sick... I came so close to your apartment, so many times, but I just couldn't bring myself to ring your door. One, it would've been creepy, and two, I just... it scared me too much. Both of actually going to those lengths for someone... and missing someone in the first place."

Jesse's face finally cracked into a smile. "And it would've been creepy."

Alagos laughed and nodded. "Yeah."

Jesse leaned in, their foreheads brushing together. "I missed you too. All of the time."

Their lips met, Alagos's hand cradling Jesse's head, their tongues tangling in a breathless, soft kiss. "What are you doing tonight?" Alagos asked then, his words a puff of soft air against Jesse's lush lips.

"I'm working," Jesse said with a small smile.

"Cancel," Alagos muttered, kissing him once more. "Dinner. On me."

Jesse's smile was so bright and brilliant it could've rivaled the light of Galad. Alagos caressed Jesse's lips with the back of his hand and pulled him close again, sealing their mouths in a kiss that felt like a promise -- not yet a reality, but surely a glimmer of hope, the dawn of a new start. For the both of them.

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&M's (pun very much intended) and with everything supernatural, she's known to carry her laptop to the most improbable locations (those include, but 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>. Want to harass her to hurry things up? Drop her a note at titheniel01@yahoo.com -- Sophia would like to add she takes full responsibility for any thigh-clench and change of panties that might occur! ;) Enjoy!