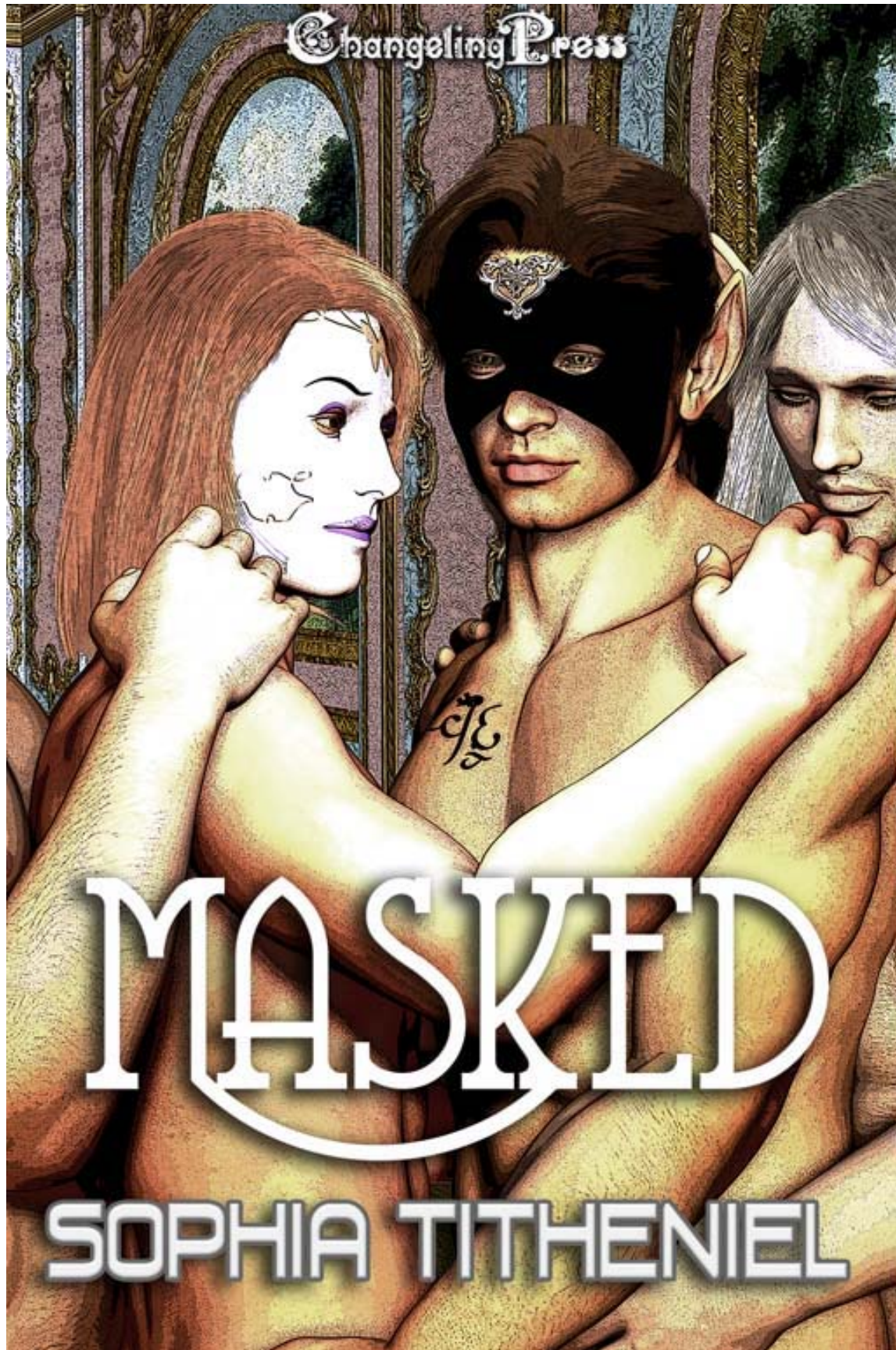


Changeling Press



# **Damon's: Masked**

## **Sophia Titheniel**

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ISBN: 978-1-60521-271-5

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

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## **Damon's: Masked**

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**It's time for the annual Masked Ball at Damon's. Meredith, Alyan's meddlesome sister, organizes it herself. All guests are granted anonymity, thanks to mandatory costumes and masks, and couples and singles mingle in the great club's ballroom for a night of adventure and eroticism.**

**The ball is Alyan's chance to spice up his and Damon's relationship a little. With the help of his sister, he picks the perfect disguise and lures Damon to the master bedroom for a highly erotic foursome with two beautiful strangers. It's the first time Alyan tries something this daring. What will happen when Damon finds out the two strangers are none other than their friends, Jesse and Alagos?**

## Chapter 1

December always was a busy month for Damon. For one, it meant that he had to organize every single night according to some celebration or other. And it also meant that he and Alyan spent every single moment of the day together, which sounded wonderful when you said it like that, yes, but was way less romantic in reality.

All he and Alyan could talk about lately were figures, furniture, bar refurbishments, schedules, dry cleaning bills, organization, bar shifts. Alyan was completely on top of things, thank Valar, and Damon had to admit there was nothing that he appreciated more in a business partner than precision and punctuality. And that would've been all fine and dandy if a business partner was all Alyan was to him.

Alyan was his everything. Still, Damon couldn't help feeling as the club grew, their relationship was going awry. They didn't fight; in fact, they still got along perfectly -- they'd been best friends for centuries, after all. One month of stress was not going to dent that.

What was going to dent things, and had already, as far as Damon was concerned, was their sex life. Lately they were both so worn out the best they could do was lie in bed and cuddle. Which was great, but at the same time, he missed the fire that had cemented their relationship in the first few months.

He knew December was tough. Hell, he had been managing it all by himself for ages, and he was glad he had Alyan's support in organizing it all this time -- but damn it, not at the expense of their love life.

"Damon?"

"In here." Damon peeked up from under the counter where he was restocking the liquors for Speed Dating night.

Alyan leaned against the glass surface of the bar and smiled down at him. "Meredith called. She wanted to let you know the catering for Masked is coming for a rehearsal tomorrow afternoon."

"What? Wait, Masked is not until the 13th --" Damon surged up from where he was kneeling on the floor, eyes frantically searching for a calendar. He found one right next to the cashier.

It was the 10th, and Friday would be the 13th. Well, fuck. "I can't believe it's time for Masked already," Damon moaned, laying his forehead on the bar. "Tell me again what possessed me to let Meredith organize it?"

"She did it last year when you were sick as a dog and it turned out to be the best event of the whole month. You said so yourself."

"But I was also too out of it to realize the potential for damage. And now I'm very sober, and alert, and I fear disaster."

Alyan chuckled. "It's a big masquerade ball. Come on. Let her play in her sandbox. She'll be fine."

"I know," Damon sighed, the puff of breath rolling his bangs off his forehead. "Maybe we'll get some quiet time while she masters the event?"

"We could." Alyan's voice lowered one notch. He leaned in, and Damon barely dared to breathe. Their lips brushed, and right that second, the bells on the door chimed, loudly, and they both jumped back with mirrored groans.

"Jesse, hi," Damon said, drawing out every syllable. "Wasn't expecting you yet."

Completely oblivious, Jesse smiled and bounced behind the bar. "I know. I got your message about the refurbishments and I decided I should help."

"Alagos isn't home?" Alyan said shrewdly, but Jesse merely laughed.

"Oh, he's home, all right. Pouting at me for ditching him."

"I feel his pain," Damon muttered under his breath, but Alyan had already stepped behind the bar to help him and Jesse -- gone were all traces of sexual innuendo.

Damon heaved a sigh and massaged the back of his neck. Just a couple more weeks, then the New Year would roll along, and finally they'd manage to take a break.

\* \* \*

"You mean to tell me you haven't fucked in over three weeks?"

"Shh!" Alyan looked around the crowded coffee shop, waving his hands agitatedly in front of his sister's face. "Keep it down, will you?"

Meredith shook her head and sipped her coffee, surveying Alyan with narrow, shrewd eyes. "How did you let this happen?"

"I didn't let this happen. I don't voluntarily give up sex, you know," he muttered, eyes skittering from side to side as though he was afraid someone might listen in.

"But it has happened, right? That's why we're here."

Alyan sighed. He rubbed his face with both his hands and nodded. "Yeah."

"Okay, care to tell me how this all started?"

"There's not a precise day," Alyan mumbled. "We're just busy with the club."

"Right." She paused, took another sip from her cup. "So when was the last time you two had sex?"

Alyan blushed crimson. Even if there had never been what you would call a line between him and his sister, in terms of sharing personal information, he still didn't feel quite comfortable talking about his and Damon's sex life in a very public place. Especially considering that public place wasn't two blocks away from Alyan's former office. And true, Alyan was doing so much better now that he wasn't working in that smothering, nine to five environment anymore, but that didn't mean he was comfortable with being caught by one of his ex-coworkers while sharing intimate details with his sister.

"It was, um, four weeks ago," Alyan confessed, downing his coffee as though he wished it were whiskey. "We were closing up... Jesse and the other bartenders had gone home. We, um, sneaked in one of the rooms and... you know."

"Wait, oral doesn't count. It's either all the way, or you need to give me another date."



"It *was* all the way," Alyan gritted out. "But we've both been too busy, or too tired, or too --"

"Boring," Meredith finished, biting into a chocolate éclair and giving her brother a look. "All excuses."

"They aren't excuses!"

"You are immortal beings. Your sex drive should behave accordingly. If it dies after only a few human months, well, then, we have a problem."

And that was precisely what Alyan was afraid of, what he couldn't admit, not even to himself. Alyan knew that even if his parents, bless their souls, would never say so, he was quite the disgrace to the Elven kind. He lacked the charm, he lacked the innate confidence, sensuality and elegance that was distinctive of their race. When the barriers between humans and Elves had come crumbling down, Alyan saw it as a blessing, a way he could mingle and draw as little attention to himself as possible. He lived life on the sidelines and that had always been fine with him, but Damon?

Fuck, Damon. Alyan buried his face in his hands and sighed. Everyone said he and Damon were an explosive couple, opposites attracted, and so on, but Alyan knew just how exciting Damon's life had been before they got together.

Even though it had been Damon who pushed for Alyan to move in with him and be all domestic, Alyan couldn't squish that nasty voice at the back of his mind that kept reminding him how boring he was. And if their sex life had gone sideways he knew, reasonably, that he wasn't the only one to blame (takes two to tango and all that). He still couldn't help but feel like it was up to him to try and fix it.

"What can I do, Meredith?" Alyan urged her, feeling slightly desperate. "I don't know what he wants."

"You're his boyfriend," Meredith retorted. "And you've been his best friend for the best part of a millennium. If you don't know, how should I?"

"Because you're his best friend, as well," Alyan pressed. "If there's anyone in the world that knows anything about him, it's you. I'm not going to ask his exes."



"Well, maybe you should," Meredith said bluntly, leveling him with a hard stare.  
"They didn't seem to have a problem keeping him between the sheets."

"You're supposed to be on my side."

"I am."

"Then be helpful!"

"I am being helpful. I'm telling you, right now, that if you want to know how to get your sex life back on track, I am not the person you should ask for help. After all, I've never slept with the Elf."

Alyan sniggered. "One of the few."

Meredith smacked him on the head. "I'm serious. There're opportunities to, as they say, rekindle the flame, and it's up to you to try and find them."

"So what am I supposed to do, track down each and every single one of Damon's partners?"

"Not all of them," she smirked. "One's gonna be enough."

Alyan blinked at her. "One who?"

## Chapter 2

Jesse was dozing off on the couch when Alagos came home from work. He could tell, because the moment Alagos stepped in, he felt a flash of bright light going off behind his closed eyelids, and he smiled.

"I thought we'd talked about this," Jesse whispered, cracking one eye open.

"Not my fault you're lying there all debauched and shit."

Jesse stretched lazily and angled his hips forward, smirking as another flash went off. "One would think that you wouldn't want to work at home, still."

"But you're gorgeous," Alagos repeated, snapping another photo. "How could I resist?"

"How could you, hmm?" Jesse grinned and leaned up on his knees to grab the camera, snapping a clumsy photo of Alagos before putting it down on the coffee table. "I might have an idea."

Alagos's fingertips skimmed over Jesse's sides, butterfly light, and Jesse giggled, his arms snapping around his chest in protection, a mild glare thrown in Alagos's direction. "I never said there was to be tickling involved."

Alagos grinned devilishly. He leaned in and bit Jesse's neck, nimble fingers playing with the belt of Jesse's jeans. "So much better than work."

"I'd say," Jesse sighed and bared his neck in surrender.

"Definitely better than work," Alagos whispered into Jesse's throat as he finally managed to tug Jesse's belt out of its loops. "I was taking that photo shoot today and all I could think about was you, napping here, waiting for me to get back."

Jesse reached into his back pocket and pulled out a condom, grinning at Alagos's expectant expression.

"You've been carrying that around all day?"

He sounded honestly surprised, and Jesse chuckled. "You wanna stare at it or do something with it?"

Alagos rocked his hips into Jesse's, the hard swell of his cock rubbing against Jesse's denim clad thigh. "I just might," he muttered, snatching the condom out of Jesse's hand.

Alagos's mouth covered Jesse's, tongue darting inside, his hands sliding past the waistband of Jesse's jeans and down his crotch. Jesse whimpered and bit Alagos's tongue, rocking into the huge palm enveloping his hardening cock with a strained, choked sound.

"Want to suck you dry," Alagos mumbled against Jesse's chin, his teeth raking down the hard line of Jesse's jaw. "Can I just blow you? Will you let me? Hmm? Want your beautiful cock in my mouth, been thinking about you all day."

Jesse groaned and pressed his lips together to smother the noise, burying his face in Alagos's neck as his hips stuttered against his hand. "Fuck yes," Jesse whispered, rough and hoarse. "Please, oh God --"

"Do you want me to?"

"What part of -- ah -- fuck yes -- didn't you get?" Jesse groaned and tossed his head back, spreading his legs wider.

Alagos let his hands slide up to Jesse's hips and pin him down on the couch as he crouched lower on the carpet. He pulled Jesse's pants down, nuzzling the curve of his thigh with his cheek, the tip of his tongue rolling up the juncture of Jesse's pelvis and hip, until he pressed right under his sac.

"Ngh!" Jesse clutched at the cushions with one hand and at Alagos's hair with the other as Alagos lavished attention on his tight balls. He sucked them into his mouth and rolled them in his palm before licking up the length of Jesse's straining cock.

Alagos lapped at the head of Jesse's cock with slow, wet kisses, alternately sucking lightly and running his tongue around the ridge. He kept one hand on Jesse's hip, thumb rubbing over the sensitive skin of his thigh while he used the other to roll Jesse's balls.

Jesse always made the most beautiful sounds when he was being sucked off. They were quiet, but desperate, and his hips tried to jerk under Alagos's hand.

Easing up, Alagos let him thrust upwards, taking Jesse deeper into his mouth. Inch by inch, he teased Jesse by taking a bit more, then pulling back, and the soft moans slowly became more and more incoherent.

Reaching between Jesse's legs, Alagos probed carefully at the tight ring of muscle, enjoying the shudders of anticipation that ran through Jesse's body. Jesse groaned and bit his lip, tossing his head from one side to the other, his thighs trembling as Alagos relaxed his jaw and took him deeper, his finger rubbing in a teasing circle over Jesse's hole.

Jesse's hands both came to rest at the top of Alagos's head, not too hard, just petting, hips stuttering gracelessly in the wet heat of Alagos's mouth.

Alagos grinned up at Jesse, or as much as he could with his mouth full of cock, and he pressed the tip of his finger right past the outer ring.

Jesse gasped, low and ragged, his body seizing up as if he didn't know what to do with himself, whether to rock back on Alagos's hand or thrust up into his mouth. "Oh God. Oh-oh, fuck, Alagos -- Alagos, God..." Jesse groaned, one of his fists stuffed in his mouth as he shook on the end of the couch, overwhelmed with sensation.

Alagos worked his finger steadily, in and out, in and out, doubling his suckling efforts as Jesse struggled to keep quiet. He pulled back with a wet popping sound, and licked his lips debauchedly, pressing a soft kiss to Jesse's navel before shifting lower, and lower, the tip of his tongue trailing down Jesse's hip, down to his balls, until it curled around his finger and pushed in with it inside Jesse's ass.

Jesse's thighs trembled on either side of Alagos's shoulders, shaking with the effort of holding himself open. Alagos took pity on him, and hooked one ankle over the back of the couch, forcing the other over the edge of the cushion.

"Better?" he asked, looking up the line of Jesse's chest to his wide eyes and flushed cheeks. Jesse nodded hesitantly, his fist still in his mouth.

"I gotcha," Alagos soothed, easing Jesse's fist from between his teeth and kissing the red indents. Jesse's whole body trembled as Alagos continued to circle his hole with one slick finger. He reached for Jesse's belt and folded the leather carefully as he probed with two fingers.

Jesse whimpered, then opened his mouth for Alagos to slide the leather between his teeth. Jesse relaxed a little, looking at Alagos through heavy-lidded, lust-filled eyes that made Alagos's dick twitch.

Fuck, if Jesse wasn't the hottest being Alagos had ever laid eyes upon in all his centuries of traveling the Earth, then he had no idea who or what was. He took Jesse's cock back in his mouth, determined to make him come as many times as he could, have him boneless and spent and sated, so that when he went to work at Damon's, he still remembered who he belonged with.

It didn't take long. With the combined pressure of Alagos's fingers in his ass and his mouth on his cock, Jesse came seconds later, his moans muffled by the leather belt he was biting into.

Alagos swallowed all he could, some of it trickling down his chin, and he collected it with the tip of his fingers, pressing them wet and sticky inside Jesse's clenching hole before he paused to strip out of his jeans and slide the condom over his aching cock. He slipped his hot, hard dick inside of Jesse, pressing his mouth over his breastbone, teeth teasing the soft skin there.

Jesse bit into the belt and clutched at Alagos's shoulders, shaking with the intensity of the aftershocks, his body surrendering to Alagos.

"Fuck," Alagos breathed, pulling Jesse closer to him as he drove his cock deeper into him. "So perfect. Won't ever let you go."

Jesse's answer was lost to the belt, but there was no hiding the look in his fever-bright eyes. Alagos kissed as far down his belly as he could before pulling out of Jesse and maneuvering him up over the back of the couch. Alagos was just tall enough to line back up and slide in, deeper this time.

Jesse garbled a moan into the leather and braced himself against the cushions. Draped over Jesse's back, Alagos was free to kiss each and every freckle as he slowly kept pace with Jesse's breathing.

In this position, every thrust lined Alagos up with Jesse's prostate, and soon Jesse was squirming desperately, his pleas loud, despite the belt, which only made the words unrecognizable.

Jesse rolled his hips back, eyes squeezed shut, his chest heaving with desperate, garbled moans. Sweat was pouring down his hairline and into his eyes, his body glistening like a jewel in the light of the living room. Alagos pressed his lips in between Jesse's shoulder blades and wrapped his arm around his waist, pulling Jesse back into his thrusts.

"Jesse, Jesse," Alagos whispered against his skin, again and again. Jesse shuddered, his own hand locking above Alagos's on his hips, fingers tangled, sweaty and hot.

Jesse mumbled something that Alagos knew meant "You too," and he smiled, hiding his face in the back of Jesse's neck, his breath becoming harsh, ragged, his own release curling up at the base of his spine and spreading through the rest of his body.

He wanted Jesse to come before him, and then he would carry him upstairs, lay him on the sheets and tease him until he came a third time. Then he'd roll him over and fuck him until the both of them would collapse, unconscious and sticky wet in their own bed.

He must have said some of it out loud because Jesse tightened around him, the motion of his hips growing erratic as he impaled himself on Alagos's dick with every push and pull. Alagos guided their joined hands to Jesse's red, bloodheavy cock, and the moment their fingers brushed the leaking head Jesse groaned and came, shaking violently against the couch.

"Lay down," Jesse groaned, urging Alagos off him. "Now."

Alagos nearly died then and there, but there was no mistaking the quick whipsnap of Jesse's voice. He pulled out, sitting back on the white, plush rug, and Jesse knelt between his spread legs, still shaking and half covered in come.

Tossing the condom in the trash, he grabbed the camera and thrust it at Alagos. Alagos's eyes widened, but before he could ask what he was supposed to do, Jesse bowed his head over Alagos's crotch and swallowed him whole, and Alagos's finger snapped the first picture without thinking about it.

Jesse made odd, slurping noises as he licked and sucked at Alagos's cock, Jesse's hands pinning Alagos down by his hips, keeping him completely helpless. He looked up at the camera with a coy little smirk, eyelashes sweeping over high cheekbones, and Alagos curled his come-sticky fingers through Jesse's hair as he snapped picture after picture with his other hand.

He was pretty sure that when he came, deep and fast in Jesse's throat, the camera slipped in his grasp and the image ended up a little blurry, but he didn't give a shit.

"Hmm." Jesse licked his lips and lay his head on Alagos's thigh, looking spent and debauched. "Those better not go around."

"Are you kidding me?" Alagos muttered, voice rough and sated, like whiskey, neat. "They're gonna go up in our bedroom. Inspirational."

Jesse giggled and fumbled with his pants, trying to pull them on.

When the doorbell rang, both of them groaned and moaned, and Jesse glared at Alagos, pointing at the door. Alagos sniggered, tucked himself in, and wiped the worst of the mess off his shirt with a handful of Kleenex.

"Coming," he called out in a raspy voice, which had Jesse collapsing in a fit of giggles at the bad pun.

Seriously, sometimes it was like dealing with children.

"Alyan?" Alagos frowned once he opened the front door to find his friend staring awkwardly back at him. "Hi, what's up?"

"I need to talk to you about... something."

"Sure, come on in."



Jesse was almost decent again by the time Alyan and Alagos walked back into the living room. He had even gone as far as to throw a pillow over the wet spot on the couch, and the camera was nowhere to be seen. Alagos couldn't help but giggle.

"Hey," Jesse said with a small smile. "What brings you here? I thought you guys were busy organizing that singles party tonight."

"We were." Alyan sighed and sat down on an armchair, rubbing at his forehead. "I just... I came by to talk to you, actually," he said finally, turning to give Alagos a slanted look. Alagos blinked.

"About what?"

Alyan took a deep breath. Was that a hint of a blush on his cheeks?

"About Damon."

## Chapter 3

Damon was already at the club when Meredith showed up with the full schedule for Masked. "Hey," he greeted her, trying to smile normally. "You're early."

"So are you." Meredith scrutinized him from behind her thick, sexy-secretary style glasses. "And no offense, *mellon*, but you look like ass."

"Smell like it, too," Damon grunted, sniffing his armpits. Meredith pretended to gag.

"Stop behaving like a troll and come here," she motioned, sitting at one of the velvet-draped tables in front of the bar. "You look like you could do with a stern talking to."

"Am I in trouble?"

"Maybe."

Damon grimaced. "Meredith, I'm really, really tired --"

"That's exactly why I want to talk to you. You're in no shape to run Masked this year."

Damon blinked. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me."

"No, I didn't. Because if I had, I would've heard you telling me what I can or cannot do with my club."

"Quit being a prissy bitch, Damon. I'm doing you a favor. The catering is all taken care of. The costumes for the waiters have already been delivered. The roster for the rooms has been drawn and will be run by myself and Lyria. You don't have to worry. Just sit back and enjoy the show, for once. Both you and my brother look like you're stretched to the breaking point. If you don't take a break now, you'll be forced to take one in a few days, and it won't be pleasant."

Damon grumbled under his breath. He knew Meredith had a very valid point, but it wasn't in his nature to give up. "I think I can take care of the event, Meredith."

"I'm not saying you can't. You can, if you want. Or you can sit back and enjoy it like it's meant to be. For the light of Valar, I don't know who's more of a downer, you or my brother. You both need a break. And Masked might be just what you need." She leveled him with a hard stare. "You opened the club because you wanted to have fun. When's the last time you had fun?"

Damon groaned and massaged his temples. "Yeah, okay, I get it." He looked gloomily at the empty club surrounding him. In a matter of hours, several hundred singles of all genders and races would mingle on the floors, around the tables, in the bedrooms. And if everything went as planned, Damon might get the chance to get home sometime before dawn and kiss his boyfriend goodnight before collapsing until the following afternoon, when everything would start all over again.

Suddenly, Meredith's offer of a whole weekend off while she took care of Masked seemed a lot less crazy and a lot more enthralling. "You sure you're OK doing this on your own -- and who's Lyria?" he asked, as an afterthought. Meredith was one thing, but letting random strangers walk into the club and treat it as their own was not something Damon was fond of.

"You know her. Lyria, she works with me in the fashion department."

"Gotcha." Damon nodded. At least it was someone with a proven track record. Shit had happened in the past and Damon was not looking forward to a repeat. It was around the time where Alyan had disappeared from their social circle, and Damon had found himself alone, trying to deal with the loss of his best friend and learning to manage the club without letting human sharks exploit it or destroy it.

The analogy hit him hard. He felt nervous, agitated, just as he had back then, and he realized that a lot of it had to do with how he felt like he and Alyan were drifting apart.

Meredith had let him come to his quiet epiphany all on his own, and when Damon looked up she was smiling at him as though she thought he was a cute, slightly

slow Golden Retriever pup. "Why don't you go home tonight? Call in Jesse, have someone else fill in for now."

"Nah." Damon shook his head. "Alyan's coming by later." He paused. "At least we spend some time together."

"Suit yourself." Meredith patted him on the head and smiled. "As long as you show up with your own costume on Friday and participate with everyone else rather than work your butt off, I'm game."

"Deal." Damon smiled and shook Meredith's hand.

He had absolutely no idea what he had just agreed to.

\* \* \*

Jesse hung up the phone and turned to smile at Alagos. "She said he agreed faster than she thought he would."

Alagos smiled at him, taking the phone and pulling Jesse in for a kiss. "You sure you're okay with this?"

Jesse kissed Alagos's mouth softly. "I owe them more than you can imagine. If it hadn't been for Damon, you would never have taken the key to that room, now would you?"

Alagos kissed him back, his fingers brushing Jesse's long hair off his shoulders, palm resting soft and light over the juncture of shoulder and neck. "I know. And I'm all for it. I just want you to be sure about it. Once we start the games, there's no going back."

"I'm sure." Jesse grinned and tangled his fingers in Alagos's hair. "You know, you're cute when you worry."

Alagos snorted. "I am not... I'm not cute. Babies are cute. Puppies are cute. I'm handsome. Ruggedly, manly handsome --"

"And modest," Jesse laughed, bringing their foreheads closer together and kissing his nose. "Come on. We need to get ready."

"It's not until tomorrow."

"So what? I need to find my outfit."

Alagos shook his head, almost in exasperation, but followed Jesse's lead to the bedroom. He'd learned that sometimes there was just no point in arguing.

\* \* \*

Alyan felt Damon toppling into bed sometime after five am. He cracked one eye open, looking sideways at his boyfriend in the soothing darkness of the bedroom. "Hi," he croaked, arms feeling like lead as he moved them between the blankets, reaching out to stroke Damon's hair. "All good?"

"Hmm," Damon mumbled, shuffling on the mattress to get closer. "Now, yeah."

Alyan smiled. He felt a little sappy but he couldn't help the warm feeling that spread from his heart to the rest of his body at Damon's quiet confession.

"I'm glad Meredith's taking over t'morrow," Damon slurred, snuggling his cold face in the crook of Alyan's neck. "Missed you."

Alyan shivered. He snuck his arm under Damon, pulling him closer. Damon was still fully dressed, and Alyan forced himself awake to help him out of his jeans and shirt, tucking him in by his side like a boneless doll.

"I'm glad, too," Alyan whispered, adjusting Damon's arms so that they ended up cocooned together. "Some time off will do us good."

"You" -- *yawn* -- "you coming to the ball?"

Alyan pressed his lips to the side of Damon's head and let one of his hands trail down his back, palm splayed wide at the dip of Damon's spine. "Wouldn't miss it for the world."

Damon smiled. He yawned again and rubbed at his face, looking apologetically at Alyan. "I'm sorry," he muttered, gesturing eloquently southward. Alyan barely restrained a giggle.

"Don't worry," Alyan murmured, his thumb running in a circle over the dip of flesh and bone that flowed from Damon's spine into the perfect, round mound of his ass. "We'll catch up."

"Hmm," Damon muttered his approval, and with a final, chaste kiss to the side of Alyan's mouth, he was out for the count, heavy and warm and beautiful, as always.

Alyan held him tighter, all chances of him going back to sleep shattered by Damon's quiet reminder.

Tomorrow.

God, Alyan prayed to whatever entity, Elven or human, willing to listen to him. If his plan didn't work, he wasn't sure he was ready to face the consequences.

## Chapter 4

Masked was the event to be at. Of that, everyone was sure. Bookings for tables had started rolling in weeks ahead of time, and the queue of hopefuls who hadn't made reservations extended for five blocks.

Five blocks of feathers, corsets, flowing skirts, ruffles, hats, and masks of all kinds. Five blocks of Elves, humans, Dwarves, Fairies, all waiting in line, whispering excitedly and all hoping for a pass to the ball.

Meredith was waiting at the entrance with her friend Lyria, an explosive five foot four blend of Elven and human kind, admitting the invited guests in first, her bright eyes sparkling from behind a richly carved half-face black mask. The line was moving swiftly, all things considered, the swishing of costumes and robes drowned out by the loud blast of the music. For the occasion, the bar had been turned into a buffet of drinks and finger-food, with caterers scantily dressed as angels and demons taking care of the guests. Everything was covered in rich, glowing glitter, and fireflies danced in bunches around the ornate rice paper lamps scattered amongst the tables.

When Damon walked in from the back door to take it all in, he felt as though an enormous weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He smiled. Maybe he'd been overly worried after all.

He made his way through the crowd and joined Meredith by the door, tapping her on her shoulder with a smile. "Hey there."

"Where the hell did you come from -- oh, Damon. It's you. I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you under the sparkles."

Damon snorted. He was wearing golden First Age fight armor, his face protected not only by the helmet but by a full-face golden mask that left his eyes as his only recognizable feature. "Have you heard from Alyan?"



"He said he's gonna pick up his costume and meet you here," Meredith said while Lyria let another couple through -- Snow White and a Dwarf. Damon blinked, but he quickly shook it off. It wasn't his business to judge.

"Honey, you're way too tense," Meredith observed. "What are you standing here for? I'll send your boy your way as soon as he comes in, I promise."

"I'm just -- I'm not used to not doing anything around here," Damon confessed.

Meredith laughed. "I can tell. But you will adjust, at least for tonight. Go, have a drink, take a look around. He'll find you."

Damon sighed. Meredith was right. It was kind of defeating the point of them taking a night off if all he could do was hover around the entrance, trying to do Meredith's job for her. He shrugged the tension off his shoulders and took off into the crowd.

He got a drink off the buffet and grimaced as soon as he gulped it down. Were they using cleansing fluid or what? After the first taste, though, he felt like the clear, transparent drink wasn't that bad after all. It numbed all his taste buds in one go and positively scalded his throat, but hey, it helped his nerves. Damon couldn't complain.

"Save some for me," someone whispered huskily from behind him.

Damon put down his glass and turned, slowly, his pulse picking up again when he found himself face to face with the most beautiful sight he'd ever laid eyes upon.

Alyan was gorgeous -- Damon had always known that, but this? It was something completely different, something that Damon had never seen before.

The blue, purple, and white glittery mask was skin-tight on Alyan's high cheekbones, and his dark brown eyes burned like melted chocolate beneath it. His hair was beautifully styled in loose curls over bare shoulders, and the corset he was squeezed into only enhanced his waist and the sinuous curve of his hips. Damon sucked in a sharp breath and instinctively put his hand on Alyan's waist, pulling him closer, the velvet of the skirt hot and plush under his fingertips. "Wow," was the only thing that came to mind.

Alyan made one fucking *stunning* woman.

"Hi," Alyan whispered, ducking his head, the soft sweep of his curls hiding the angles of his mask. He cleared his throat and looked up at Damon under the sweep of long eyelashes. "So... uhh. Do you like it?"

Damon didn't think his brain was functional enough to compute an answer to that particular question. He swallowed and made a sound that he hoped would pass for affirmative, his hand tightening on Alyan's waist.

"Good," Alyan breathed out, leaning in closer. That's when Damon realized the mask wasn't indeed a mask. It was painted straight on Alyan's fair skin. It made his heart skip a beat. "Because I have another surprise for you."

"I don't think I can take much more," Damon whispered truthfully, his lips tracing Alyan's pointy, bejeweled ear as he spoke. He felt, more than saw, Alyan's grin against his neck before he answered.

"That's a pity. I have so much more planned for tonight."

Damon swallowed, all the blood rushing southward from his brain straight down to his cock. "Lead the way."

Alyan smirked, sensual and oozing confidence as he took Damon's hand and swayed his hips through the crowd to get to the staircase that led to the bedrooms.

Damon couldn't do anything but follow.

## Chapter 5

The master bedroom was nothing short of sinful. There were drapes everywhere, rich reds and alluring, silky blacks. Anything from blindfolds to restraints and toys were lying about the cabinets, as though on display, and the candles burning on the shelves weren't for lighting purposes.

Damon had rarely used that room. He'd build it on a whim when he first opened the club, when he was still playing the scene, but he grew bored of it quite quickly, and preferred to rent it for one of their many night events.

To be perfectly honest, he had thought that specific bedroom had been booked for Masked quite a while ago. He had no idea why Alyan was leading them there of all places. It's not like there was a shortage of bedrooms anywhere in the club.

It became apparent why when from the shadowy corners of the alcove, two other figures emerged. One of them was wearing a dark, Venetian-styled mask, tattoos running down his arms and torso, black leather pants clinging to strong, muscled legs. The other appeared to be wearing very little in terms of garments, only an elegant black mask trimmed with gold, covering half his face, several veils protecting his modesty, tinkling bracelets at his wrists and ankles. A concubine, maybe?

Damon was too stunned to actually follow that thought process before both men came close enough for Damon to actually distinguish familiar features under their masks. He gasped and spun around to look at Alyan, unsure, dumbfounded, and incredibly aroused. "What..." he muttered, mouth too dry for proper speech.

Alyan was blushing under his makeup. He slid closer to Damon and wrapped his arms around his chest. Damon wished he'd thought of a less bulky costume. "It's for you," he murmured in his ear. "It's all for you."

Alagos stepped closer to Damon and smiled at him, framing his face with one hand. "You have a very thoughtful partner, for sure."

Damon swallowed and looked around at Jesse, who was wearing a mirroring smile and crowding in close, his hair pulled back by a golden circle. "But --"

"No buts," Alyan murmured.

"I can't, Alyan," Damon whispered. He caught Jesse and Alagos sharing a look, and he had the fleeting impression he was reacting just as they'd thought he would.

"It's all right," Jesse whispered, kissing the side of Alagos's neck and reaching up to cup the back of Damon's head.

"It's just for tonight," Alagos promised, his voice husky and soft.

Damon struggled to find other faults in the plan. He looked around at the three of them, feeling uneasy. He'd never told Alyan that he and Alagos had hooked up, and he didn't know whether he should say so now, or later, or ever at all. The truth was, part of him wanted this. He wanted this desperately. But not at the price of his relationship with Alyan.

"He knows," Alagos said, as though he could read his mind. "That's why we're here."

Damon didn't understand. He glanced back at Jesse, who was draped on Alagos's back, fingers playing idly with the waistband of Alagos's pants.

Jesse smiled at him, eyes hooded and lust-ridden. "Just go with the flow," he mouthed, throwing Damon's words back at him.

"We know what you like. And your boyfriend wants to give it back to you," Alagos whispered.

Damon let out a short bark of laughter, and the knot of tension in his stomach suddenly gave way. He turned in Alyan's arms, his hands running up and down his bare shoulders. "You're okay with this?"

Alyan laughed throatily, shaking his head at him. "No, I went to the trouble of getting this all ready, but I'm really not cool with it all," he joked, his palms pressing flat over Damon's chest.

Damon laughed softly. He leant in and pressed his mouth over Alyan's, finding it open and hot already. It was as though everyone had been waiting for that signal. Alagos moved suddenly, walking to the bed and scooting backwards, legs spread wide. Jesse walked up to him and climbed on the mattress, straddling Alagos's legs. Jesse stroked Alagos's cheeks below the edge of the mask and leaned down to kiss him.

Damon and Alyan broke apart, both panting. He could feel heat pouring off of Alyan's body, his arousal thick in the suddenly heavy air of the room. "How did you know?"

"Later," Alyan whispered. "Come on, Damon..."

Damon glanced at the bed. Alagos was lying on his back, his hands tangled in Jesse's loose hair, Jesse's hands shoved into Alagos's costume pants. "Oh God," Damon moaned, turning back to Alyan and claiming his mouth in another kiss, tugging his lower lip between his teeth.

Alyan mumbled something unintelligible and pulled Damon closer, his fingers trying to reach for the buckles on the armor. "Off," he muttered. "Want you. All of you."

Damon couldn't complain. Getting out of the costume proved to be far more difficult than he'd counted on, but finally the only thing between him and Alyan were the layers of Alyan's velvety dress. He yanked him closer, fitting their bodies together, and Damon fisted his hand into the flowing material of Alyan's skirt.

Alagos's voice floated back at him as through deep water from the bed. "Are you going to stand there all night or join us?"

Damon turned to see Jesse lying on his back on the bed, the veils of his costume peeled apart and only the glow of his golden bracelets gracing his skin. Alagos knelt above him, his own pants discarded, his body sliding hot and sweaty already against Jesse's, their cocks hard and flushed.

Jesse licked Alagos's ear, his jaw, shifting sinuously down on the bed to map out the symmetrical lines of Alagos's body with his tongue, his hand wrapping around both their cocks. Damon felt his heart pound in his chest, knees weakening, eyes glued to the

sight on the bed. Alagos groaned, turning his head sideways to give Damon a slanted look from under his mask.

"Have you forgotten how it's done?" he muttered, his tone soft and husky.

That kicked Damon into action. He took hold of Alyan and pushed him onto the bed, pushing his skirt up past his waist and nearly choking on a moan when he was presented with the mind-blowing sight of silk stockings and panties. He framed Alyan's thigh with both hands, feeling the lace heat up over soft skin, and Alyan shuddered underneath him.

"So hot," Jesse muttered, sliding his thumb over the head of Alagos's cock, smearing precome over them both. Damon could feel the heat radiating off of Jesse and Alagos, could sense every move they were making, and his pulse raced under his skin.

"Quit thinking," Alyan whispered, wrapping his hand around Damon's cock and tugging. "Just let go."

Damon shuddered and bucked up in Alyan's hand. He almost couldn't breathe, the heat too strong, the air cloying and thick with sex and a thrumming thrill of the forbidden running down his spine. He grasped Alyan's knees and pushed them up and apart, Alyan's skirt flying up and nearly obscuring his face. Damon leant forward, pushed it out of the way and bowed his head to kiss him deeply.

Alyan's hands came up to cup Damon's ass, fingertips dancing over smooth skin, spreading him open for anyone to see. Damon could hear whispering from Jesse and Alagos, but couldn't understand what they were saying, not until Alagos shifted closer, breathing in Alyan's ear. "Finger him," Alagos said, his voice husky. "Jesse said he wants you to finger Damon."

Alyan groaned softly and pressed a dry finger up against Damon's hole, circling the rim as he licked his way inside Damon's mouth. Damon knelt and fiddled with the strings of Alyan's corset, desperately trying to get it out of the way, fingers fighting against tight straps, straining to find skin.

"Fuck yeah," he heard Jesse moan, and he rolled his hips backwards, slowly, teasingly, wanting to put on a show.

Jesse groaned and tightened his hand on his and Alagos's cock. With his peripheral vision, Damon could see the precome glistening and trickling down Jesse's knuckles. Jesse leaned up to whisper in Alagos's ear, and Alagos chuckled. "You can tell him. You're allowed."

Jesse let go of a long breath, his eyes rolling back as he rocked his hips up into his own fist. "I want... I want Damon to fuck Alyan's mouth."

"Fuck," Damon grunted, his cock twitching from where he was pressed up against the silk shadow of Alyan's stockings. Alyan's hands tightened on Damon's ass, eyes bright, makeup already smudged in places, glitter and purple blending together.

The idea of fucking Alyan's mouth while he was wearing a plush maiden dress turned Damon on more than he could admit. He bit his lower lip as he inched up Alyan's body, letting the head of his dick trail over the smooth velvet of the corset, making Alyan shudder.

Alyan's hands spread wide over Damon's ass, pulling Damon up until he was kneeling over Alyan's face.

"Yeah," Jesse groaned. "Keep your fingers in while he does it."

"Can you deep throat him?" Alagos asked softly, his eyes sweeping hungrily over Alyan's body. "Can you swallow him whole?"

Alyan nodded rapidly, opening his mouth wide, waiting for Damon to take them up on the challenge. Damon guided his dick over Alyan's parted lips and traced their outline with his cock, coating them with glossy, pearly precome. Alyan made a strangled sound at the back of his throat, his hands flexing on Damon's ass, trying to urge him on, but Damon wanted to take his time.

He used his thumb to collect precome off the plum-shaped head of his cock and pressed it on Alyan's tongue. Alyan's eyes rolled back and his lips immediately closed around Damon's finger, sucking and scraping with his teeth, his painted mask half-ruined already. Damon exchanging his thumb for his index and middle finger, keeping Alyan's mouth wide open before pushing his dick all the way between his lips.



Damon groaned, hips stuttering as his cock slowly sank in that sinful heat, trying not to buck too much when Alyan's finger returned to his ass. It was dry, too dry, and Damon shifted uncomfortably, trying to focus on the burning hot mouth around his dick, when another finger joined Alyan's at his hole. He looked around to find Alagos staring at him, the lube open and lying on the bed next to him as he slicked up Damon's clenching hole and Alyan's fingers.

"Fuck," Damon grunted, and shoved his dick further into Alyan's mouth, making him take it all.

Alyan inched his legs up, the stockings brushing Damon's bare thighs and making him shiver.

Damon could hear more whispering from Jesse and Alagos, but he was too far gone to pay too much attention. Alyan was swallowing him down completely, Damon's balls slapping against Alyan's chin, and the two slick fingers circling his rim were driving him wild. It was a miracle he hadn't come yet.

"Ask him," Alagos ordered, and Jesse moaned, rutting up against Alagos's body.

"I want," Jesse moaned, "I want Alagos to fuck Damon with his hand. Wanna watch..."

Damon didn't know how much Alyan had signed up for, so he looked down at him, once, trying to make sure Alyan was okay with that. Alyan merely smiled, or tried to, and nodded once, quickly, moaning deep in his throat when the movement forced Damon that much deeper.

Damon shuddered and glanced around at Alagos. Alagos was staring directly at Damon, his eyes dark and full of lust, and Damon leant forward slightly, planting his hands firmly at either side of Alyan's head, putting his ass on display.

Jesse let go of their cocks, the smack of skin on skin sending a shiver down Damon's spine. Alagos lay on his back, legs bent at the knees and feet firmly planted on the bed, and Jesse sat on his lap, straddling him with his back to Alagos's face, rubbing his ass along the length of Alagos's dick as he seated himself to watch.

Alagos cursed under his breath, reached around with one hand to fondle Jesse's balls as he slid a finger into Damon's ass.

Damon grunted and rocked against Alagos's finger. He tossed his head and groaned, thrusting his hips and fucking Alyan's mouth while Alagos fucked him with his hand, stomach tight, hot coils of heat burning at the base of his spine. When Alyan pulled back for a moment, gasping for air and mumbling something in a gravelly voice, Damon didn't even hear him the first time around.

"Do it," Alyan muttered, his hand fisting around the base of Damon's cock. "Kiss him. Go on. Kiss Jesse. Wanna see."

The words weren't even out of Alyan's mouth before Jesse was there, hands framing Damon's head as he yanked him around and slammed their mouths together.

Damon found himself in the middle of a three-way assault, and he couldn't even comprehend this, had no clue what to do with his hands. Jesse's mouth was hot and confident, something at complete odds with the almost bashful way he kept whispering in Alagos's ear. Damon moaned against Jesse's lips, their tongues tangling wildly as he fucked Alyan's mouth, rocking back on Alagos's expert fingers. His balls were tight and full, hitting Alyan's chin with every rocking thrust, his body overwhelmed with sensation.

"Fuck, Alyan, fuck -- ah, I'm gonna --" he gritted out, gripping Alyan's hair tightly and shoving all the way down his throat, feeling the flutter of Alyan's throat muscles close around the head of his dick. Damon could almost taste the orgasm bursting at the seams when Alagos called out, "Stop!"

## Chapter 6

*Oh, hell no!* Damon whined when everyone followed Alagos's command, and everything around him stopped.

Alyan stopped sucking his dick, Jesse sat back on Alagos's hips and grinned, almost apologetic, and even the fingers in his ass slipped out. Damon was on the very edge. All it would take was a breath, and he'd be gone. "Oh God," Damon groaned. He took several deep breaths, trying to calm himself. When he turned to level Alagos with a death glare, it was to find him grinning wickedly back.

"Our show now," he whispered, the usual, familiar smugness in his voice. He pulled Jesse back towards him before rolling him down on all fours, facing the headboard, Jesse's head buried in his arms.

Alagos spread Jesse's legs apart as far as they could go, cupping his balls and teasingly stroking his dick as he did so. Jesse twitched and mumbled unintelligibly into his folded arms, sweat breaking out all over his back.

Alyan turned his head to the side, watching as Alagos leaned in, his hands spreading Jesse's cheeks as he lowered his face level with Jesse's ass.

Jesse keened and Alyan bit back a moan, fighting against his dress to try and sit up. "That's hot," he breathed. Damon couldn't help but agree.

Damon shifted on the bed, inching closer and kneeling between Alyan's spread legs, his fingers finding Alyan's satin panties and pushing them aside. He pulled out Alyan's thick, hard cock and lined up against it, his head turned to the side to drink in the scene as Alagos's tongue traced the crack of Jesse's ass. Alyan whimpered and rutted up against Damon's cock, his skin burning hot to the touch, still trapped in the many layers of his dress.

Alagos's tongue flicked out, circling the rim of Jesse's ass once, twice before delving inside. Jesse moaned, clutching the bedcovers, his dick heavy and dripping as Alagos licked his way inside his hole.

"Fuck, fuck --" Jesse gasped, bucking wildly, his bracelets clinking together. "Fuck --"

Damon's entire body was on fire. His dick jerked against Alyan's hand, and he almost came right then and there. He gripped the base tight, not wanting the games to stop before they'd really started, and he leaned in to bite at Alyan's neck, marking him, tongue shooting out to soothe the sting, almost mimicking the flicks of Alagos's tongue against Jesse's ass.

"You can touch if you want." Alagos's palms skating down Jesse's thighs. Damon swallowed, his dick jumping in interest. Alagos winked before settling back to work, the sounds of his tongue almost louder than the noises slipping from Jesse's lips.

Damon glanced at Alyan, catching the lust in his eyes. "Do it," he whispered, biting into the point of his ear. "Touch him, come on."

Alyan slowly reached out to caress Jesse's back, tracing up the muscles lightly, over his shoulders, enjoying the feel of his warm, sweaty skin. Jesse panted, chest heaving, hips bucking, and Alyan shifted slightly on the bed so he could wrap his hand around Jesse's dick.

"Oh God, oh-oh-oh *fuck*," Jesse keened, lifting his head and craning his neck back to try and look at Alagos.

Alyan's fingers curled in a fist around Jesse's cock, smearing thick dollops of precome over the head, thumbnail catching the slit. Jesse cried out loudly, jerking his hips and letting out incomprehensible words, and Alagos sat back on his haunches, licking his lips. His eyes were bright, wild, and he wiped his face with his hand before taking hold of his own erection, smearing his saliva over it and stroking himself.

"Roll over," Alagos growled, and Jesse obeyed without even questioning whether Alagos was talking to him or not.

Jesse sprawled on his back, spread-eagled and wanton, his eyes fixed on Alagos. Alyan kept touching him, stroking his dick, and Jesse closed his eyes, breath erratic, short and sharp. He moaned in pleasure when Damon joined the party, Damon's hand closing around Jesse's balls, rolling them together.

Alagos chuckled softly, lube in hand as he slicked himself up. "Open up," he ordered quietly. Jesse forced his legs further apart, his hard cock resting on his stomach and leaping into Alyan's hand every time he stroked over the head.

Damon could see the muscles in Jesse's legs starting to shake with the strain, and he shifted closer, sliding his hand up Jesse's thigh, pushing him open further.

Jesse looked startled for a moment, then relaxed, the weight of his leg pushing against Damon's hand while Alagos lined himself up. Jesse tugged Alagos's head down and whispered in his ear, and Alagos grinned at him and kissed him briefly.

"Tell 'em," he encouraged, his fingers brushing Jesse's sweaty hair out of his eyes.

Damon was pushed out of the eroticism of the situation for an instant as he took notice of the warmth in Alagos's eyes, the tenderness that had never been there with any other partner, Elf or man, Alagos ever picked up before. It made him smile. Alagos deserved that. Jesse deserved that, too.

"Want to watch Damon fuck you," Jesse told Alyan, his face bright red from both shyness and arousal. For Valar's sake, Damon was going to die, that's how hot it was.

"How do you want me?" Alyan asked huskily, his voice rough with desire.

"On -- on your back," Jesse muttered, glancing to Alagos for approval.

Alagos nodded, bowing down to capture Jesse's mouth in a hot, demanding kiss.

Alyan lay back on the bed, fighting with his dress, but Alagos stopped him, one hand covering Alyan's fidgeting ones.

"Keep it on," he whispered, and yeah, yeah, Damon agreed.

Alyan looked up at Damon with a quirked eyebrow, a wicked smile making its way to his lips.

"You wanna fuck me with my dress on?" he whispered seductively, pulling his skirt up and spreading his legs, his pink hole on display, the line of the satin thong cutting right into it.

How could Damon refuse something like that?

*Yeah, exactly.* He surged up, sealing Alyan's dirty mouth with a kiss as he reached between his legs to yank down his panties.

"Fuck," he heard Jesse moan from their side, but he was too concentrated on the picture of wanton seduction in front of him to notice. He bunched the panties up in his hand and brought it down to Alyan's cock, stroking it with the satin.

Alyan bucked and whimpered, his back arching off the bed as he thrust up into Damon's hand. "Do it," Jesse pleaded, his hands reaching up to grab Alagos's biceps. "Fuck me. C'mon, Alagos, please --"

"Yeah, yeah, okay." Alagos braced himself with one hand on Jesse's hip as he guided his dick into Jesse's hole.

"Ngh," Jesse grunted, his mouth hanging wide open in a silent scream as Alagos pressed inside him in one smooth, unrelenting thrust.

Damon watched, not quite knowing where to look, at Alagos's cock sliding into Jesse's ass, slick and smooth and burning hot, or at Alyan's hard dick leaking into his satiny fist. He sucked in a lungful of thick air and waited till Alagos was all the way in, blanketing Jesse with his body before letting go of Alyan's cock and grabbing around for the lube.

As Damon slicked himself up, Jesse glanced over at Alyan and grinned. Alyan grinned back, and his mouth fell open when Jesse wrapped his hand around Alyan's cock. Damon bit back a groan as he watched his boyfriend fucking someone else's hand, head tossed back and legs kicking wide, all silk and temptation, and fuck, if he wasn't inside of him in the next three seconds he was going to die.

Alagos wasn't moving, waiting for Damon, and Jesse shifted his hips a little uncomfortably, impatient, forcing Alagos to slide out and back in again.

"Come on!" Jesse moaned, unable to stop his small movements as he kept stroking Alyan's cock.

Damon was kneeling before Alyan not a moment later, cock hard and slick, bobbing against his stomach.

"Open him up for me. Fuck him with your fingers," he heard himself say, and Jesse let go of Alyan's cock to reach around, straining his wrist as he flicked his fingertips around the rim of Alyan's ass.

Alyan keened and grabbed at his knees, his cock leaping up and leaking on the underskirt of his dress.

"Yeah, like that," Alagos moaned, tossing his head back as he fought to keep from thrusting up into Jesse's willing body. Jesse whimpered and writhed, his fingers breaching Alyan's hole, making him moan and rock back on his hand.

Damon stared at where Jesse's fingers vanished in Alyan's ass, then lined up, adding two of his fingers, making Alyan jerk up and scream, scissoring them briefly before pulling his hand away. Jesse took the hint and did the same, and next thing Damon knew he was sinking in Alyan's tight, burning heat, his heartbeat running in a wild rush in his ears.

Damon's hands tightened on Alyan's hips, grounding him, pulling him in, spreading him open, thick cock pressing inside relentlessly until Damon was all the way in, his balls bumping against Alyan's body.

Alyan reached out, grasping for something to hold on to, *anything*, and the first thing he found at his side was Jesse's hand.

No words were exchanged. They just grabbed hold of each other, and Damon could see the exact moment when Alagos thrust hard for the first time. Jesse's grip on Alyan tightened, his body clenching, and he grunted loudly, his legs splayed as Alagos began to fuck him with intent.

Damon wrapped his hands around Alyan's ass and pulled him up on his thighs, dress rumpling up as he fucked into him hard, fast, rough, as if he was dying for it, his cock dragging relentlessly over Alyan's prostate.



"God, oh God, oh -- fuck, Damon, fuck -- ah, fuck me --" Alyan yelled, bucking into Jesse's grip, eyes squeezed shut.

"Touch me?" Jesse begged, his eyes heated and desperate. Damon and Alagos both groaned when he slid his hand across Jesse's stomach to take hold of his cock. He turned his head a little, facing Jesse, and Jesse mimicked his movement, their faces less than an inch apart. Alyan could feel Jesse's breath tickling his lips.

"Go on," Damon whispered, and he barely even had to move before he and Jesse were kissing. God, Alyan was so close to the edge, Damon could tell. He was going to explode any moment, and by the looks of it, Jesse was in the same boat. Damon fucked Alyan soundly, not slowing his pace or giving Alyan a moment to rest.

"Hottest -- thing -- ever," Alagos moaned, and next moment he was clenching up and coming, his final thrusts hard enough to push Jesse up the bed and against the headboard.

Damon agreed. It was almost too much, and as Alyan let go of Jesse's mouth, panting. Damon took hold of his hips and yanked, impaling him on his stiff dick. Alyan cried out, body seizing up as he came, harder and faster than Damon had ever seen him, covering his chest and Jesse's hand, his balls clenching and emptying with such force that some even went past his head.

"Oh God," Jesse groaned, his lips brushing against Alyan's. Alyan tugged his dick harder, faster, and it didn't take long before it was Jesse crying out Alagos's name and coming, just as hard.

It was only Damon now, and Alyan looked up at him, his eyes wild, hair tangled, makeup completely ruined. "Come on," he urged, digging his silk-clad heels into Damon's ass.

Alagos pulled out of Jesse and shifted around behind Damon, running his hands over his arms and kissing the back of his neck. It was a trigger. Damon groaned, loudly, thrusting once, twice, and a final time, his dick spurting inside Alyan, heating him and slicking his passage.

Damon collapsed on top of Alyan, and for a moment, all he could see were Alyan's dark, deep eyes, and the shining lust and adoration reflected back in them.

\* \* \*

It took rather a long while for any of them to move, speak or even catch their breaths. Alyan's arms had gone immediately around Damon's back, but after a few moments he started feeling increasingly uncomfortable -- too hot, too tight, sweat trickling in his eyes and down his back, making his skin prickle. He kissed the side of Damon's head and tried to nudge him up, mumbling against his ear, "Gotta get up. Can't breathe."

Damon made a grumbling sound but rolled on his back, squishing up next to Jesse and Alagos.

Alyan smiled. All the tension leading up to Masked had been worth it, even though there had been moments, especially when they had stepped into the room, where Alyan had thought it had been a huge, incredible mistake. Talking it out with Alagos and Jesse had been the worst hurdle. Alyan wasn't a prude, but again, there were some things that he really didn't feel comfortable sharing. Especially not with one of Damon's old hook ups. *Especially* not in front of said hook up's boyfriend.

However, as Meredith had predicted, both Alagos and Jesse had been surprisingly sensitive and helpful with the matter. It had been Alagos to suggest a costume for Alyan, revealing one of the kinks that Damon had never felt quite comfortable sharing with Alyan himself.

As Alyan got rid of his dress and looked back at the sweaty, sated and dozing mass of bodies on the bed, he couldn't suppress a shiver. He'd given Damon what he'd wanted... what he'd thought he'd wanted. He'd brought back a piece of Damon's wild past. And now?

Now he had to deal with the possibility that *normal* might not be quite enough anymore.

## Chapter 7

Alagos woke up with harsh, bright light poking at him. He pressed one hand over his eyes for a moment, then looked around blankly, smiling when he found a warm, lax Jesse sleeping right next to him.

Alyan and Damon were gone. Alagos couldn't say he was surprised. They were probably home, picking up right where they'd left off. "Hey," he breathed, and winced at how rough his voice sounded. "Sleeping beauty. Wake up."

Jesse made a snuffling sound and buried his face deeper in the pillow. Alagos couldn't help but laugh. "Wake up. It's nearly -- holy shit." Alagos blinked, looking at the clock on the cabinet by the mirror. "It's noon."

"*Hmpf?*" Jesse enquired, cracking one eye open. "Oh. Hi," he added, looking away, suddenly sheepish.

"Hi." Alagos tilted his head up and in and kissed the corner of Jesse's mouth. "Sleep well?" he asked, just to be cheeky.

"Yeah," Jesse muttered, and for a crazy instant, Alagos got the impression he was lying.

Nonsense. "You want to go home?" Alagos whispered, running his hand up and down Jesse's arm. "Although we probably need a shower before we're fit to leave this place..."

"I showered earlier," Jesse said, giving him a tight smile. "You go ahead. I'll get us some clothes."

Alagos startled. Okay, that *definitely* wasn't the reaction he was expecting. It wasn't like Jesse to refuse a shower together... Especially not after the amazing night they'd just shared. "Is everything okay?" Alagos asked, cautiously, followed almost immediately by a thought that chilled him to the bone. "Did I hurt you?"

"No!" Jesse shook his head quickly, and his smile was more honest this time. "Are you kidding? You could never hurt me." He kissed Alagos's lips, soft and closed-mouthed. "Go shower. I'll order takeout."

"Yeah, sure."

Alagos spent fifteen minutes under the shower, mulling through thought after thought, but he couldn't put his finger on what it was that had Jesse so uptight. He got out of the shower and towel-dried his hair.

When he walked out into the bedroom, Jesse was already dressed, and a change of clothes was sitting on a chair by the bed. "I ordered sushi," he offered.

"Great," Alagos said, pulling on his clothes.

Jesse looked away, and Alagos sighed and massaged his forehead. He still felt achy and loose from the previous night. Even if he wanted to get seriously worried, his body was refusing to go along with his brain. "Let's go." He offered a bright smile that Jesse returned, so that at least was a start. His stomach rumbled, and he decided once he had some tempura in his belly he'd figure out what the hell had gone wrong with Jesse while he was asleep.

\* \* \*

Jesse was almost grateful when, not two hours later, Alagos passed out on the couch, snoring softly and clutching a pillow. He didn't know how he would've dealt with the tension growing in his belly much longer.

He tried to be rational. There had been nothing in Alagos's attitude that had hinted at the possibility he wouldn't have wanted to be exclusive anymore after the previous night.

Jesse knew it was mostly him overreacting and over-thinking. He'd stayed up, looking at the ceiling, mulling things in his head until Damon had nudged at him and whispered that he and Alyan were going to go home.

It hadn't escaped him that he'd only been able to fully relax once those two were out of the picture. Which was terrible of him, because he'd been the one to talk Alagos into it in the first place.

Alagos hadn't really been on board with the idea when Alyan first brought it up. He'd said that Alyan was worrying too much and that he was sure Damon was just busy, and they would enjoy themselves once December was over, but Alyan had looked as dejected and desperate as Jesse used to feel when he was unsure of Alagos's feelings, and he'd wanted to help out. It was a small thanks for what Alyan and Damon had done for Jesse, right?

Right.

So, they'd gone full steam ahead with the plan. And Alagos had asked him a hundred times over if he was sure. Jesse had never been with anyone but Alagos, after all, but Jesse was determined to go through with it.

And the night itself had been amazing. They never once crossed the line. Alyan hadn't set any boundaries, but Jesse couldn't help but feel happy that Alagos had fucked him, and not Alyan or Damon. That, for some inexplicable reason, meant something to him. Even though, if truth be told, it had been Jesse asking Damon to fuck Alyan -- Jesse'd been making most of the requests for the night, after all.

Fuck, this was stupid. Jesse shook his head and rubbed his fist across his forehead, trying to smooth out his thoughts. It was all his fault.

Jesse knew he tended to be paranoid. He knew he had self-esteem issues -- he knew he was in another league, hell, from another species, and that had never been quite as clear as it had been last night, with the three Elves on the bed, beautiful and eternal, and him, almost on the sidelines, awkwardly asking for things he'd never allowed himself to think.

Jesse knew that on most days, he still didn't understand what Alagos saw in him. What made Alagos decide to stay with him. And even knowing all of these issues, he'd gone and opened the fucking Pandora's box. He must be a glutton for self-punishment or something.

Jesse spent the next few hours doing everything he could around the house. His shift started at eight, and for a while he toyed with the idea of calling in sick. He

doubted either Damon or Alyan would hold it against him or order him to come to work anyway, but that somehow felt like a cheat.

He didn't wake Alagos up. He wrote him a quick note and put it on the coffee table before picking up his keys and heading out. Getting some air would do him good.

## Chapter 8

"Hold it, hold it --" Alyan laughed as Damon chased him behind the bar. He grabbed the water hose and held it threateningly at chest level, glaring at him. "Not another step."

"Or what?" Damon grinned smugly. "You're gonna drench me to death?"

The patrons scattered about the club chuckled to themselves. It wasn't full Happy Hour yet, and the crowd was not as thick as it would be later. Damon advanced predatorily on Alyan and grabbed the hose in a tug-o-war, until Alyan pulled the trigger and sprayed fizzy water everywhere.

"Asshole!" Damon laughed, wrenching the hose out of Alyan's hand and catching him by the waist. Alyan sniggered, and the laughter turned into a soft hum of pleasure when Damon captured his mouth in a kiss.

"Now you got me all wet," Alyan said with mock reprimand. "And the night ain't started yet."

"You got *us* wet," Damon replied, tracing the line of Alyan's jaw with his index finger, a smile playing at the corner of his lips. "I suggest you come up with a solution."

"We should..." Alyan paused when Damon kissed him again, his eyes fluttering closed. "We should get ourselves a room," he muttered under his breath, barely able to contain his smile.

A spark went off in Damon's eyes, and Alyan felt that familiar tightening of his belly when someone cleared their throat behind them. "Uhh. Sorry, guys. I, um. I just need to get to my uniform."

"Jesse. Hi!" Alyan flushed and scrambled out of the way, pushing himself and Damon out of the puddle as he patted himself down, ridiculously trying to dry off. "You're early."

Jesse shrugged with a smile. "Had nothing better to do."

Alyan frowned. "Why? Where's Alagos?"

"Umm. He's sleeping. At home. Well, at his house. Don't know what plans he has."

Damon had stopped mid-way through trying to dry himself off with an apron to give Jesse a weird look. "What's up?"

"Nothing's up." Jesse walked around them to get to his uniform, quickly donning his vest and nametag. "Not too busy yet?"

Damon and Alyan exchanged a significant look. Jesse fidgeted and tried his best to avoid their eyes. He kept forgetting Elves were especially apt to tune in with one's emotions -- mostly because Alagos did so little of that -- and he didn't like the way Alyan and Damon were staring at him. It was as though they could read inside his heart, and it made him feel stupid, and also a little sad.

"Okay, you know what -- Damon. You mind the bar for a few, will you?"

"Gotcha." Damon nodded and quickly went to grab some cloths to dry off the counter.

Jesse looked confusedly at Alyan as the Elf took his arm and led him out of the bar and towards the offices. "What -- why?"

"We'll be right back," Alyan called over his shoulder, and Damon answered with a simple thumbs up.

"Now, tell me what's up your ass -- and I'm pretty sure it's nothing fun, so don't even try to give me any cheek," Alyan said the moment he closed the door behind them.

Jesse sighed and shook his head, rubbing the back of his neck in a trademark gesture. "It's nothing."

"Bullshit. Look, me and Damon talked it over -- we really don't want there to be any awkwardness between us. We're friends, and it was one show only. I'm not the most sharing person, and trust me, if it hadn't been a desperate situation I wouldn't



even have thought of something like that." Alyan paused and looked straight into Jesse's eyes. "That's what you're worried about?"

"No. I mean, yes and no." Jesse flopped down on the armchair before the desk, looking thoroughly depressed. "It's not your fault. I knew what I was walking into -- and well, it's been... it's been pretty amazing, make no mistake."

"But?" Alyan prompted after a few moments of silence had gone by. "Come on, Jesse, there's a *but* hanging in there bigger than the whole of Lothlorien."

Jesse cracked a smile. "But it made me think."

"You know what Damon would say? Sex is not supposed to make you think. It's supposed to be out of instinct."

"That's what I'm worried about," Jesse breathed out in a rush. It was easier to keep talking if he focused his eyes on the corner of the rug under the desk, so he did. "For me... this was all new, you know? Weird, even. And maybe in a good way. I trust you guys, this has nothing to do with you... but... but Alagos..." He swallowed. "That's how he used to be all the time, right? Before me, I mean."

"As co-owner of Damon's, I have to say there's a rule of discretion on each and every one of our clients," Alyan said. Then he smiled, his hand covering Jesse's. "But yeah, that's how it was."

Jesse nodded. He knew it, he'd witnessed it, but hearing it out loud didn't hurt any less. "What if he wants that back?" he muttered, not looking at Alyan. "I'm nothing like the life he used to have. I'm not... I'm not wild or glamorous. He's never settled before, why --"

"Why now?" Alyan interjected calmly. Jesse nodded. "Well, I might have a shot at that, if you let me."

Jesse nodded again. He was grateful he wasn't required to speak anymore. Made things easier.

"Because he's head over heels for you," Alyan assured him. "Because you fought for him. You showed him just how much you care. You made yourself vulnerable in front of him, and that was a real wake up call for him. No one else ever thought quite as

highly of him as you did. No one cared as much. And trust me, if I had thought this would damage your relationship with Alagos, I would never have asked your help."

"I wanted to help," Jesse blurted out. "I'm not saying I regret it --" He took a deep breath and looked up at Alyan's calm, understanding face. "I'm just scared."

"Did you tell him any of this?"

Jesse laughed. "Yeah, right."

"Why not?"

"Alyan, Alagos isn't like Damon. He's... he doesn't want to talk about things like this."

Alyan smiled at him, shaking his head. "So your solution is to mope on your own and eat yourself up with doubt and anxiety?"

Jesse thought about it for a moment. "Sounds about right."

Alyan snorted. "Go home. We got this covered for tonight. Just go to him, tell him what you told me." He smiled. "Sometimes everyone needs reassurance. And from what I saw last night, Alagos will be only too happy to give you some."

Jesse sighed, still looking dubious. "You think so?"

"I know so. Now clear out. I need to get changed before I catch something."

Jesse stopped on his way to the door, giving him a curious look. "I thought Elves couldn't get sick."

"We can't. But that doesn't mean I have to go around in wet clothes."

Jesse laughed. "Fair enough." He was almost at the door when he turned around again, glancing back. "Alyan?"

"Yeah?"

"Thanks."

Alyan rolled his eyes at him and waved one hand in his general direction. "Just go, for Valar's sake. Go get your Elf."

Jesse nodded, smiling slightly as he literally ran out of the office and into the parking lot. All of a sudden, he couldn't wait to get home.

## Chapter 9

When Jesse got home, Alagos was almost ready to go out. "I thought you were at work," Alagos said, smiling at him. "I was going to join you."

"Yeah?" Jesse said, looking slightly uncomfortable as he closed the door behind him.

"Yes -- wait a minute." Alagos frowned and walked up to him. "You were at work. You're still wearing your uniform. What's wrong? Did something happen?"

*"Ineedtotalktoyou,"* Jesse said in one single breath.

Alagos simply stared at him. "Okay. Let's -- well, let's talk." He looked around, clearly out of his element. "Umm. You want to --" He gestured to the couch, and Jesse nodded gratefully.

They sat down next to each other on the couch, and it was hard to tell which of the two was more uncomfortable. Jesse cleared his throat, trying to find the right way to start.

"Is this about last night?" Alagos prompted him after a few moments of silence. Jesse nodded. "See, I'm not an idiot," Alagos said, a small smile tilting up his lips. "Was it something I did? Or didn't?"

"No." Jesse took a deep, calming breath. "No. This -- it's not about you. Or, well, yes, it is, but you didn't do anything wrong."

Alagos nodded, slow and careful. Jesse felt his chest constrict. It was obvious that Alagos was trying his best not to make waves, and all his doubts and insecurities felt even more stupid. Nevertheless, he'd said he would tell him. "I'm afraid at some point you will miss it. Your old life, I mean," Jesse blurted out. "After last night... you're so in control, I never saw you quite as..." He cleared his throat, a soft blush creeping up his neck. "Well. You know. And it got me thinking."

"But you were the one insisting we do this."

"I know. That's why I said it's not your fault. It's just me. Sometimes I can't even believe that I got you, you know?" Jesse added with a tiny smile. "And last night... last night was amazing, and it's hard to believe you'd give those kinds of experiences up just for this," he finished, gesturing towards himself.

Alagos just watched him for a full, long minute, long enough for Jesse to start squirming, cheeks hot and flushed. Alagos stood, pulling Jesse to his feet. He wrapped him up in his arms and turned him around, forcing him to face the mirror. "We're going to take care of this once and for all," he said, his voice still serious, but softer now. "Strip."

"Uhh," Jesse said, uncertain, but Alagos stood firm behind him, his hands tight on Jesse's hips, and after a few more moments of silence Jesse gave in. He quickly kicked off his boots and dress pants; next went his shirt, and his vest with his name tag dropping on top of the pile.

"All of it," Alagos whispered against his ear. Jesse shivered and avoided the mirror as he stripped out of his boxer briefs.

"Now look at yourself," Alagos said again, his hands framing the V of his hips.

Jesse swallowed and ducked his head. Alagos's fingers found his chin and tipped it up, forcing him to look at their reflections in the mirror.

"You just don't get it," Alagos said. "You're the most beautiful thing that's ever happened to me. You're beautiful, and gorgeous, and sexy. The only thing I was scared of last night was that I wasn't going to be able to keep my head in the game because I was mesmerized by how fucking gorgeous you were."

"I'm not," Jesse blurted out, spinning around to face Alagos, away from the mirror. "You are. You're perfect, you're like a fucking god."

At that, Alagos chuckled. "I never knew you held me in such high regard," he said then, almost reverently skimming his palm down Jesse's side, raising a trail of goosebumps on his skin.

"If you could only see yourself the way I see you," Alagos whispered. He knew Jesse well enough now to know that he wasn't going to believe him, not on his word alone. He had to show him, and maybe they could put the issue behind them, once and for all. "Turn around."

"Turn around where?" Jesse said, and Alagos took him by the shoulders, guiding him around so he was facing the mirror once more. "No, Alagos, come on --"

"Trust me," Alagos whispered, leaning down to kiss his shoulder. "Just trust me on this, okay?"

"Okay," Jesse breathed, even though the look on his face told Alagos quite plainly that he was anything but okay.

"There is no other man, Elf or human, who can rival what you're staring at right now," Alagos whispered. Jesse thought Alagos wouldn't notice his gaze drifting, but Alagos was staring in the mirror, too, and caught his chin with the tips of his fingers, forcing him to look up again. "Just look. Look at yourself. Look at yourself as though you were me."

Jesse's nose scrunched up and he half smiled, head ducking in shame. "Stop it," he muttered. "Just -- stop it."

"No," Alagos said calmly. His hands slid down from Jesse's shoulders to his hips, pulling him close against his pelvis. He rocked them both gently, trying to get Jesse to loosen up. "Look in the mirror."

"Alagos --"

"For me?"

That was the first time Alagos had said something like that, and it hit Jesse harder than he'd expected.

Slowly, hesitantly, his eyes raised up to meet his reflection, and he found Alagos staring at him hard enough to burn holes into the smooth reflecting surface.

"Thank you," Alagos whispered, kissing the side of his neck. Jesse shivered violently. Alagos's hands shifted away from his sides, one of them going to splay flat open over Jesse's stomach, the other moving up to his chest, fingers toying with his

nipple. "You are beautiful. You've given me everything, without question. Sometimes I still can't believe you won't grow tired of me --"

"I couldn't," Jesse said impetuously.

"But I'm afraid, too," Alagos admitted. "I'm afraid that I don't deserve someone so good, so beautiful. You're whole, Jesse. And since we got together, I am trying so hard to be the partner you deserve."

Jesse's mouth was hanging slightly open, shock and surprise vying for priority on his face. He looked quite ridiculous, but for once, he didn't care. He didn't give a damn.

"You are," Jesse said at long last. "You're everything, and more."

Alagos smiled briefly. "That's what you think." He rubbed his fingers against Jesse's nipples, reaching down with his other hand to wrap around his half-hard cock, his fist working it with firm, soft strokes that made Jesse moan and thrust up into Alagos's hand.

"Alagos," Jesse breathed, his hands reaching around him to grasp at Alagos's hips. His eyes caught the reflection in the mirror, and he flushed, squirming on his feet. "I can't -- not like this."

"Why?"

Jesse gestured helplessly at the mirror. "I'm -- it's --"

"Just take a deep breath and look," Alagos instructed, kissing a wet line down his neck. "Just look. Take it all in."

Jesse sucked in long gulps of air, and he knew he was way too worked up given how little was going on at the moment, but he couldn't help himself. He gasped, hips lurching forward in Alagos's hand, his eyes meeting their picture in the mirror.

Alagos was beautiful, as he always was. His dark hair was a beautiful contrast to the fairness of his skin. Against his fully dressed form, Jesse looked -- he just looked --

"Powerful," Alagos finished the thought in his mind for him. "You can make me or break me with everything you do, or say. And it drives me wild that you don't see that."

Jesse swallowed. After a long moment, his hands left his sides and covered Alagos's arms around him, over his chest and around his waist. Alagos buried his face in the crook of Jesse's neck, breathing him in, and Jesse *looked*.

It wasn't just his body anymore. It was the both of them. Like a puzzle coming together, curves and angles fitting to perfection. Jesse looked, as though for the first time, and what he saw hit him square across the chest with the force of a freight train.

"We fit," he whispered hoarsely, and he felt an answering shudder as Alagos pressed in closer against him, his hard, denim-clad dick pressing against the small of Jesse's back.

"We do," Alagos agreed quietly. "It's just you, Jesse. It's us, and no one else."

Jesse groaned, his hand tightening over Alagos's against his own body. "I'm in love with you," Jesse whispered, holding Alagos's eyes in the mirror. "And I wouldn't want to have anyone else."

Alagos swallowed but didn't answer. Not immediately. His hand tightened on Jesse's chest, the strokes on Jesse's dick stilling for a moment. Then Alagos flipped Jesse around and kissed him fiercely on his mouth.

Jesse gasped and stumbled, his body sliding up against Alagos, breath leaving him in a rush.

"Want you to see," Alagos whispered between heated kisses. "Want to take you so high you'll never come down."

Jesse could barely moan and nodded his approval, his hands frantically trying to dislodge Alagos's clothes, aching for the touch of skin on skin.

"Drive me insane, that's what you do," Alagos groaned, shuffling out of his jeans and pulling Jesse tight against him. Their cocks bounced together and both Alagos and Jesse let go of identical, loud moans.

"Chair." Jesse reached for one of the chairs with one hand as he fought to pull Alagos's shirt off him.

Alagos got the hint and stumbled backwards, one of his legs twisting around the leg of said chair and dragging it closer, until he could flop down on it, breath ragged

and torn. Jesse almost crashed against him, straddling his hips, lips clashing together, teeth snapping at each other as they kept kissing as if they were dying for it. "Turn around," Alagos whispered between kisses. "Want you to see."

Jesse moaned, deep in his throat, but didn't complain. He flipped around, bracing himself with one leg on either side of Alagos's hips, his eyes immediately finding his reflection in the mirror.

"So gorgeous." Alagos groaned, his palms skimming down Jesse's flanks, fingertips sinking into the curve of skin and bone of Jesse's hips. "Fuck, Jesse. Look," Alagos said again, his fingers dancing on Jesse's sides as though putting him on display.

Jesse squirmed, flushed with part embarrassment and part arousal, but he didn't look away this time. They took the scene in, their frantic movements stilling for a brief instant, lips parted and wet breath gushing hot against each other's skin.

"I love you too," Alagos whispered finally, holding Jesse's gaze, and Jesse's breath hitched, his whole body shaking as it took in the weight of Alagos's admission.

Alagos's fingers curled around Jesse's cock again, stroking him slowly, teasingly so, and Jesse spread his legs wider apart, one hand on each knee as he planted his feet on the floor and ground against Alagos's cock, letting Alagos ride the crease of his ass, precome smearing hot and sticky against Jesse's clenching hole.

"Ah -- Alagos, God," Jesse groaned as the thumbnail caught his slit, collecting Jesse's precome and smearing it down his hard cock. It glistened almost obscenely in the mirror, and Jesse looked away again, teeth sinking into his lower lip.

Alagos tightened his hand on Jesse's dick and reached up with his spare one, turning Jesse back to face their reflection again. When he made to let his hand drop, Jesse's hand covered his, keeping it against his cheek as they both watched each other in the mirror.

"Fuck," Jesse breathed out, and this time there was nothing but awe in his voice. No shame, no embarrassment, no self-consciousness. Alagos smiled against his cheek



and leaned up to kiss him, slowly, leisurely, tongues tangling together as they shared the same breath, their movements slowing down, then picking up pace again.

Jesse rocked into Alagos's hand and then back against his cock over and over again, the passage slick by now, panting and sweating, arms thrown back to grasp at Alagos's biceps to keep himself grounded.

"Let go," Alagos encouraged him, his mouth tracing the dips and bumps of Jesse's spine, fingertips playing with his nipples as his fist picked up pace. "Come for me, c'mon, Jesse --"

Jesse's whole body seized up and he threw his head back against Alagos's shoulder as he came, fast and hard and immediate, as though on command. White, thick ropes of come spurted from his dick and coated Alagos's hand and wrist, some of it hitting Jesse's stomach and even his nipple.

Alagos watched as Jesse's mouth fell open further, silent in his scream, his eyes fluttering shut, head tossed against Alagos's chest with abandon, the pale column of his neck taut and lean. Alagos watched as his own hand pumped Jesse's cock, squeezing out his orgasm as his own blood sped south, rushing in his ears, heat spreading from his belly to the rest of his body.

And Jesse kept moving, kept writhing in his lap, kept rocking against him, spreading his legs wider, riding him until Alagos couldn't take it anymore. He let go of Jesse's spent dick and grabbed him firmly by the hips, holding him down as he thrust his hips up, the chair creaking under the strain.

"Yes, yeah, that's it, come on, come on, Alagos, come *on!*"

Alagos held him fast as he buried his face in Jesse's neck, smothering down a loud groan as he came, hot and thick in the crease of Jesse's ass.

## Chapter 10

"Can you stand?" Alagos whispered affectionately in Jesse's ear.

"Do I have to?" Jesse mumbled, his lips tickling Alagos's neck as he spoke.

Alagos chuckled. "If you do, we can go laze around in bed."

"Hmm. Bed." Jesse looked up and smothered a yawn against Alagos's shoulder, making him laugh. He grinned, sheepish, and tried to stand, wobbling on slightly unsteady legs. Alagos stood up immediately to help, wrapping his arms around Jesse's chest.

"Come on," he said, caressing Jesse's hair and tucking it back behind his ear. "I wanna show you something."

Jesse blinked, his eyes heavy with post-orgasmic bliss. "What?"

"Surprise."

Jesse made a pathetic sound and shuffled his feet, clutching at Alagos's back. "I don't like surprises."

"You'll like this one," Alagos promised him, guiding him towards the master bedroom.

Jesse heaved a long-suffering sigh, but Alagos knew it was all a show. There was a mellow, sated look about him that made his skin glow as if he, too, belonged to the Elven race.

Alagos couldn't keep the grin off his face as he pushed the door open and tugged him forward. "I went to the studio while you were out," he said, fighting hard to keep his voice neutral. "And I picked up something that I thought you might like."

Jesse's frown melted into an expression of surprise, then horror, then giggly embarrassment. "Oh God..." On the table by the window lay a collection of close-ups of Jesse's face, Alagos's cock disappearing between his lips. "What the hell --"

"I told you I would keep them in the bedroom," Alagos said brightly, pulling Jesse towards him. Jesse's skin was hot to the touch, flushed both with the remains of his orgasm and the new rush of embarrassment and arousal at seeing the sequence of photos of their previous escapade.

"Seriously, put them away! What if someone sees them?"

"I'm not planning on letting anyone else into this bedroom, if you must know," Alagos said, his voice gravelly and serious. Jesse opened his mouth to say something, and closed it again. He swallowed and nodded.

"Where does that leave us, then?" he whispered. It was as though he didn't dare say it out loud, not if Alagos didn't confirm it first.

"Wherever you want," Alagos said, honesty thick in his voice. "I'm not perfect, nor will I ever be. My past is my past, and you know it already. I don't really believe in promises, but if there's one thing I can promise you, it's that I won't ever lie to you, and I will do whatever I can to be deserving of you."

Jesse's eyes were shining with adoration and awe as he moved closer in the space of Alagos's arms. "And I can't promise you I won't be my insecure self anymore," he said. "But I can promise that I will try. And I will do whatever I can to be the person *you* deserve."

"You already are," Alagos said, almost without thinking. Jesse blushed softly and smiled, shaking his head and leaning on the tips of his toes to press his lips against Alagos's full mouth.

"Now, seriously, can you put those away?" Jesse muttered after a moment, looking sideways at the photos on display on the table.

Alagos laughed. "Consider them a reminder. If you ever want to know how I see you," Alagos said, tracing the words into Jesse's skin as he pulled him into his arms and kissed the line of his neck.

"On my knees?" Jesse joked, but his voice sounded rough, husky even.

Alagos smiled, scraping the hollow of his throat with his teeth as he spoke. "Beautiful, sexy, hot as hell, and all mine."

"Yours, yes," Jesse agreed with a rush of breath, wrapping his arms around his back. "Yours."

"As I am," Alagos said, his lips shifting from the side of Jesse's throat up to his chin and lips. "It always goes both ways, Jesse," he said, staring deep into his eyes. "Just remember that."

Jesse looked back at him, took a deep breath and nodded. He wasn't humoring him, this time, and they both felt it. As Jesse pulled Alagos on the bed with him, hands finding each other over the sheets, they both knew the time for games was over.

This time, they meant 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 hopped the Atlantic to land in Vancouver, Canada, where she's giving her professors heart attacks 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...