



# FAR AWAY PROMISES

MARIANNE GUENON

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By

Marianne Guenon

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Far Away Promises  
Copyright © 2008 Marianne Guenon  
ISBN: 978-1-55487-097-4  
Cover art by Martine Jardin

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Published by eXtasy Books  
Look for us online at:  
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## Dedication

*To AJ, DJ, Mandy and especially Anne for  
giving their support and feedback when I really  
needed it the most.*

# Chapter One

"Damn it! Why won't this thing start already?"

"Would you like some help?"

He looked up from his squatted position next to his broken down push lawnmower to stare straight into a pair of the most exquisite hazel eyes he had ever seen. The stranger held his gaze, until Varick caught himself gaping and hastily straightened up, tripping over the immobile mower. He couldn't catch himself in time and fell head first into the other man's long arms. The man didn't even flinch, but instead seemed to welcome the touch, catching him with ease. The man didn't release him immediately, casually cradling him in his arms.

"I take it that your answer is yes."

Embarrassed, Varick quickly pulled away, but not before noticing toned muscles underneath the loose black hooded sweatshirt the man had on. He carefully stepped back over the lawnmower, putting some distance between them. "I...I don't need any help, but thank you just the same." Varick turned to escape back into his garage,

praying the man would just leave and then he could finish mowing his lawn. That is if the piece of junk would cooperate and decide to start. The sound of an engine turning over followed by a soft purring stopped him dead in his tracks.

Warily glancing over his right shoulder, Varick could see the man clearly displaying a smug look of satisfaction on his face while still standing next to the now running lawnmower. Mouth hanging open, all he could do was stare. He hadn't taken the time before to get a close look at the man other than his gorgeous eyes and feel his muscular arms. The old adage, tall, dark and handsome didn't even begin to describe him. At a height of six-foot-four, he stood above most people he knew, but the stranger towered over him, making him guess he must be almost seven feet tall if not taller. His dark chocolate brown hair, casually tucked behind each ear, hung loose just past his shoulders and his strong chiseled facial features seemed sculpted out of the finest, deep tan marble framing full kissable lips.

Varick had to use all of his willpower not to adjust himself as he felt his cut offs become very snug in the crotch. Since moving to Medfield a little over two years ago, he had made some friends and even went out on a few dates. Sure he had been tempted by a handful of them, but so far had shied away from starting any type of relationship with anyone. He knew he hadn't truly

desired any of them and didn't want his life to equal just a long line of casual affairs. Call him a hopeless romantic, but he wanted that one special someone everyone wished for, but only the lucky few ever found. He seemed destined to live a solitary life, even though it wasn't one he had chosen.

To find his libido affected so quickly by this stranger shocked and even scared him a little. He felt an unexplainable pull to this man. Varick didn't know what to do about it and even wondered if he should do anything about it. He did, however, feel obligated to at least thank the man even though he hadn't really accepted his offer of assistance. The man emanated an air of dominance, making him hesitant in his approach. Stopping just behind the idling lawnmower, he held out his hand, tentatively offering it to the stranger, his heart pounding so hard, he thought the entire world must be able to hear it. "I don't know how you fixed this hunk of junk so fast, but thanks."

"Not a problem. I'm glad I could be of some help. I'm Cal by the way."

The man firmly grasped Varick's proffered hand, the direct contact of his touch sending a warm tingling sensation straight to his already stiffened cock, making it even more impossibly harder. He prayed the painful bulge threatening to burst any second through his jean shorts would go

unnoticed under the loose t-shirt that hung down below his waist. Struggling to maintain his composure, he returned the firm handshake with his own solid grip, hoping the man wouldn't sense his now sweaty palms. "I'm Varick. Do you live around here?" The man slowly released his hand.

"As a matter of fact, I'm new in town, temporarily relocating here due to a project I've taken on. Just scoping out the sights to see what's around. I'm actually looking for a place to stay. Maybe as a local, you could give me some pointers as to where would be the best place to start?"

Varick unconsciously looked over to his house, thinking about the empty bedroom next to his own. *You and those sexy eyes of yours could just move in here with me.* A low chuckle brought his attention back to Cal.

"If I can't find a decent place, I just might take you up on your offer."

Not realizing he had spoken aloud, Varick turned three different shades of red. Before he knew it, Cal had moved closer to him and whispered in his ear, his hot breath falling on his skin sending waves of desire pulsating through him.

"I'm glad you think my eyes are sexy. I find your deep dark ones extremely sexy as well."

Wishing a hole would suddenly appear so he could just fall into it, preventing him from embarrassing himself any further, Varick decided



to ignore the situation altogether and get Cal to leave as quickly as possible. "Ahem, well I suppose now that you got my mower running again, I better get going on my lawn. Thank you again for your help and I hope you like staying in Medfield. It's a quiet but easygoing town." For a brief second, Varick thought he saw a flicker of anger appear in Cal's bright eyes, but it disappeared so quickly. It must have been his imagination.

"I'll leave you to your work then. Perhaps we'll run into each other again real soon. I would enjoy the opportunity of you showing me around town."

With that, Cal abruptly turned and started walking down the sidewalk. As Varick watched him, he had to fight the urge to call him back. He had the inexplicable feeling he had hurt Cal in some way by his brush off, which seemed rather odd as they were total strangers to each other. Being a small town, he would more than likely run into Cal again and made a mental note to buy him a drink or even take him out to dinner to make it up to him.

He looked down at his running mower and smiled. Cal would be a handy man to have around and not just because he seemed to be a genius when it came to mechanical things, but in ways Varick only dared in his fantasies. Wanting one last look at Cal's sweet, tight ass, he glanced back

in the direction Cal went only to find the man had disappeared out of sight.

"Man, that guy sure took off fast." Slightly disappointed, he started pushing the lawnmower across his yard, knowing his dreams would be filled with a pair of hazel eyes and luscious lips having their wicked way with him tonight.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh my, Varick, this is absolutely wonderful. It's exactly how I envisioned it. You really have some amazing talent. I can see why Roxanne recommended you."

Standing on an upper rung of his ladder, he paused from his work. "Thank you Mrs. Jamison. I'm glad you like it."

"Varick, you are such a rarity these days, a young man with manners. As I mentioned before, please call me Shana." She continued to survey his work. "It would have been way too expensive to install actual awnings over each of the restaurant windows. The beautiful green ones you have painted looked so real and I love the lighted wrought iron carriage lights in between them. They fit very well with the feel of my restaurant."

Descending from the ladder to load more paint on his palette, Varick stood next to her, scanning over the almost completed trompe-l'oeil mural, pleased with what he saw. The awnings did

indeed look so real, you could almost see them fluttering in the light afternoon breeze.

That he could create such *tricks of the eye* still amazed him. Having come to Medfield with not much more than the clothes on his back and a few personal belongings, he had a rough start, forcing to sell what little jewelry he had in order to rent a room in a small boarding house. He would always consider the owner of that boarding house, Roxanne Griffen, his guardian angel. She was the one who discovered his hidden talent and had helped promote his work around town and even into the nearby city. Now, over two years later, he owned his own home and had enough money in the bank to be a bit choosier on the commissions he took on. He turned toward Shana. "I should be done by the end of the day. I just need to add some finishing touches to the last light."

"Well, I'll leave you to your work then. I need to see about preparing tonight's special. I fully expect you to stay for dinner to celebrate the completion of your commission."

Varick scanned his work clothes. No matter how hard he tried, he invariably got paint all over whatever he wore while working. "It would be an honor to help you celebrate, but I do feel I should go home and change after I am done."

Shana scowled at him. "All right, but I want you to promise me you'll come back tonight. Knowing how hard you work, I bet you haven't

had a decent meal that didn't come out of the microwave in awhile. "

Varick grinned at the petite plump woman standing next to him with her hands on her hips. She reminded him so much of his mother, no-nonsense on the outside, but so warm and caring on the inside. His smile faded for a moment with thoughts of his family and how much he missed them. Not wanting to upset Shana, he quickly snapped out of his blue funk. "I promise, Mrs. Jami... Shana, I'll be back in time."

She grunted and with a nod of her head, scurried back into the restaurant to get ready for the dinner crowd.

Varick ascended the ladder once again and went about working on the lantern between the last two windows. As he painted, his thoughts invariably wandered in the direction they had been going over and over again for the last two weeks. He wondered whatever happened to Cal. After their brief encounter that Saturday morning on his front lawn, he hadn't seen him again. The sensible part of him thought he should be glad he hadn't run into him. He had to admit to himself that Cal's dominating presence had been both daunting as well as exciting. He couldn't trust himself not to start something that he would more than likely live to regret later. Varick finished up the last lantern while lost in his thoughts. A deep familiar voice invaded his musings, stopping him

in his last brushstroke.

"Well, you may have no knack for anything mechanical, but I see that you have hidden talents elsewhere. I wonder what others you may harbor that have yet to be discovered."

Adrenalin pumping through his veins, Varick held his breath and glanced down the ladder, once again looking straight into those same bright hazel eyes that had plagued his dreams every night for the last two weeks.

"Come down."

Without a thought, Varick obeyed, leaving his palette and brushes on the top of the stepladder. Upon reaching the sidewalk, strong hands grabbed his own and pushed him to the wall past the last window. Just as tall and muscular as he remembered, Varick felt dwarfed as his hands were pinned above his head. A firm grip prevented him from moving, but not too strong to actually hurt him.

Cal dipped his head. Luscious full lips locked onto his own with such fierce intensity Varick thought he would come just by the sheer power coursing through the kiss. That tongue demanded entrance between his lips and, unable and unwilling to resist, Varick gave him full access, adding his own to the play. Their tongues danced with other, Cal's leading all way, maintaining control throughout the long passionate kiss. He tasted like a delicious red wine, bold and full of

life.

Cal suckled his bottom lip and released it slowly.

Feeling suddenly empty from the loss of his touch, Varick let out a soft husky whisper, "Please don't stop." Consuming hazel eyes burned with the same fierce intensity that his kiss had held.

"Begging so quickly. Maybe there's hope for you yet."

Instead of giving into his pleading, the man backed away, but still kept his arms pinned to the wall behind him.

"I think I'll make you wait a little longer. Your wanting will only make our next kiss that much sweeter."

Varick lowered his head, avoiding further direct eye contact with this delicious demon of desire he longed to taste again. Anger ran through him, more with himself for begging like a wanton fool, than with Cal for making him feel so much so fast. Getting hold of his emotions took all of his self-control. Raising his head, he glared hard into hypnotic hazel eyes. "Let me go. I have work to finish and I made a promise to the restaurant owner, Mrs. Jamison, to be cleaned up and back here for dinner tonight."

"Do you always keep your promises?"

The slight catch in Cal's voice and the strange look in his eyes told Varick that there was something more to this odd question than mere

curiosity, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what it could be. For some reason, he felt compelled to answer the question honestly. "I strive to, but there was one time in my past I wasn't able to do so." He looked grimly off into the afternoon sky. "That one time I failed to keep my word will haunt me for the rest of my life." Released, his chin was captured in a gentle grip.

"Who knows, maybe someday you'll be given a chance to redeem yourself."

Varick knew in his heart that chance would never come. "Unfortunately, that will never happen, but thank you just the same for your support. Now I really must pack up my equipment and get ready for this evening."

"Would it be all right with the owner if I joined you?"

Inwardly thrilled that Cal wanted to be with him, Varick forced himself to stay calm. "Mrs. Jamison wouldn't mind a bit. In fact, she'll probably be very happy to see me bring a friend. She's always worrying I work too much and have no fun in my life."

"I foresee quite a bit of fun in your life from now on. I'll meet you back here at six o'clock."

Varick answered with a nod of his head, too excited to say anything more. Cal touched his cheek, then quietly left him standing there underneath his ladder with hope of a happier future beginning to bloom in his heart.

## Chapter Two

Varick watched Cal silently approaching, dressed in a snug deep grey pullover shirt, showing off his toned upper body quite nicely. His black leather pants seemed made to order, fitting his legs perfectly as though almost painted on, but not appearing too tight. His delicious chocolate brown hair was pulled back much like his own long black hair, in a simple ponytail caught at the nape of his neck with a leather tie. "I see you didn't change your mind." Cal's eyes glittered as they focused on him.

"Nothing will stop me from getting what I want and what I want right now is you."

Before Varick could react to Cal's bold statement, a friendly voice came from behind him.

"Varick, you did come back, how wonderful! And I see you brought a friend with you to help celebrate, too. I'm so glad."

Mrs. Jamison cheerfully greeted the two men at the entrance of her restaurant, Dominique's, giving Varick a motherly hug around his waist.



"Shana, this is my friend, Cal."

Cal smiled warmly at the petite woman, extending his hand toward her. "It is a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Jamison."

She grasped Cal's expansive hand with both of her own small ones. "Oh, another polite young man. I was just telling Varick today how there are so few of you left in the world. Please, call me Shana. There's no cause for formalities here."

"Then Shana it is. This is a delightful place you have here. I've a feeling I'll be coming here a lot more often in the near future."

Cal gave Varick a knowing side look, implying just whom he would be dining with at Dominique's on a regular basis. He didn't need to acknowledge the man's insinuation as his slightly heated cheeks told the whole story.

"Not wanting you to dine alone, I had reserved a spot for you at a table with some of my friends, but now I have a feeling a table in a quiet corner would be better." She personally escorted them to a cozy spot in the back of the restaurant, away from the main dining area and bustling kitchen. "I must see to my other patrons, but please let Brenda know if you need anything and dinner is on me!" Before either of them could refuse her generous offer, off she went, turning her head long enough to wink at the two men before seeing to her other customers.

"Shana's a rare person in this world. She only

sees the good in people and always thinks of others before herself. I know of only one other person I've met since coming to Medfield that I could say the same about. I don't even want to think about where I would be if it weren't for Roxanne." Varick silently looked off into dining room, not focusing on anyone or anything in particular, lost in his thoughts. He felt a comforting touch on his knee, drawing his attention back to the present. Cal's hand gently squeezed, sending the increasingly familiar tingling sensations straight through him, kindling the ever present embers of his growing feelings for this dynamic man.

"People like Shana and this Roxanne you refer to may indeed be rare, but I think there are more people out there who'd fall into the same category. Some may go astray for a time, but eventually they'll realize the right path they need to take."

Cal's casual observation struck a hard chord with Varick, stirring up painful memories he thought had been successfully buried deep enough not to resurface again. He desperately needed to change the subject before these memories took a firm hold and ruined not only this evening, but any chances he may have with Cal. Looking over to him, Varick placed his hand over Cal's, reassuringly squeezing him back.

"I'm sorry to be so depressing tonight. I don't mean to spoil our first dinner together. I promise

to enjoy the evening and not think about might-have-beens anymore.” For a second, Varick thought he saw the same strange look in those captivating hazel eyes he’d noticed earlier, but it was gone so quickly, he chalked it up to his own anxious mood and let it go.

“That’s one promise I’ll see to it that you keep. Now, let’s take a look at the menu shall we? I’ve built up quite an appetite from a long day’s work and I’ve a feeling that both of us will need as much strength as we can muster for what will be coming after dessert.”

Varick immediately looked down at the menu Shana had placed on the table in front of him, purposely ignoring Cal’s very direct comment on what they would be doing after dinner. Cal’s deep chuckle only made him bury himself even further into his menu at the same time feeling his cock straining through his casual khaki slacks, already excited by the prospect of the upcoming events of the night. Swiftly, that same hot hand moved from his knee to his crotch, rubbing his cock through the two thin layers of material, until Varick thought he would come right there in the restaurant. Not having anything between his thick shaft and Cal’s skillful hand other than the light barrier of his clothing would surely be the end of him.

Cal whispered, “Ah, your cock is full of anticipation for this evening. I’ll make sure it

won't be disappointed. Now you must remember where we are, Varick. You're not to come right now, is that understood?"

Varick didn't dare say anything as it would just come out in a deep groan so he let his eyes do the talking, pleading with Cal. Part of him wanted Cal to stop before he embarrassed himself by coming in his pants, while another part loved the uninhibited thrill of being controlled by Cal right under the noses of the other restaurant patrons. The submissive side won out as Varick gave into the overwhelming feelings, leaning back slightly to give Cal more room to play underneath the table.

Varick felt his stiffened cock pushing even harder against the layers of thin material and his balls tightening under Cal's accomplished stroking. He closed his eyes, blocking out the outside world, concentrating only on both the exquisite pain and pleasure caused by Cal's touch. He began panting in short breaths, trying desperately not to come as ordered. Just when he thought he couldn't take it anymore, Cal suddenly stopped his erotic petting, bringing his long arm back up from under the table.

"Very good, Varick. You've shown decent control over your sensual needs. Bear in mind, this was just a small test to see what you can handle. I'll be anxious to find out later on this evening just how far your control can be pushed."

His breathing returned to a more normal cadence, Varick had the courage to look Cal straight in the eye, a little angry and a lot frustrated over his little test. "You have the upper hand now as we're in public. I don't wish to cause a scene for Shana's sake. Just what makes you think I'll submit to you once we're alone?" Even in a sitting position, Cal easily loomed over him, dominating their intimate space.

"Oh my, the young pup is baring his fangs. Be careful, I think your frustration is showing. Believe me, whelp, I'll have you begging on your knees for a good, thorough fucking many times over before the night is through."

The assertive declaration made his pulse quicken, but still part of him hesitated in giving all of himself over to Cal. Backing down, Varick tore his eyes away from the intense gaze and back to his forgotten menu, muttering under his breath, to no one in particular. "We'll just see who ends up begging who."

"Did you say something, Varick?"

"Nothing." A low laugh sent shivers down his spine. Varick had the feeling he was in for an unforgettable evening. He also realized the ache in his crotch eased only a little with the loss of that stimulating touch. Cal sat close to him throughout the rest of their dinner, overwhelming all of his senses. The combination of his rich deep voice, all-consuming hazel eyes, fresh earthy scent and a

thick muscular thigh in constant contact with his own all served the wicked purpose of making his unfulfilled need remain strong.

Dessert topped everything as Cal insisted on feeding him his vanilla bean cheesecake, one luscious bite at a time. Throughout all of this, Varick managed only some small talk, his mind unable to focus on anything heavy duty with the burning craving for the return of that masterful touch still foremost on his mind.

Shana came over to the table just as they were finishing up dessert. Varick hoped she hadn't seen Cal feeding him, but by the knowing look on her happy face, he knew she had.

"How was everything this evening, gentlemen, good I hope? I'm sorry that I haven't had a chance to stop by sooner. It sure has been busy here tonight. Not that I am complaining, mind you."

Cal became the self-appointed spokesperson as Varick seemed to have lost the use of his voice.

"Shana, the porcini dusted sea bass was exceptional. I don't believe I've ever tasted a dish where such bold and delicate flavors blended so well together."

Shana beamed from ear to ear. "I'm very glad you liked it. It is one of a few new dishes we are trying out on the dinner menu. I'll definitely tell Jordan, my executive chef. He'll be so thrilled that you enjoyed one of his latest creations."

"Well, if this dish is any indication of his talent,

it'll be a great pleasure to come in on a regular basis and try them all. Now about the bill. We appreciate your generous offer, but I feel it's only fair that we pick up the tab."

Shana looked over to Varick then to Cal. "I'll not hear another word on the matter. Dinner on the house is the least I can do for the fabulous job Varick did for me. Besides, it's good to know he has someone like you as a friend. Enjoy the rest of your evening. I think it'll be quite interesting." With that prediction, Shana took off again, stopping at a table near the center of the room to chat with another group of customers.

"Well, I think I've eaten enough to energize me for the rest of tonight's activities. What about you, Varick?"

Varick finally found his voice again. "I've had quite enough. I think it is time I headed on home." Not seeming to care who could be watching, Cal brushed his lower lip with his thumb. It took all of his strength not to part his lips and suck it. As though reading his mind, the man seemed to know what his heart desired.

"Soon, my young pup, you will be allowed to suck my finger and much more." Cal lowered his hand. "And I do agree. It's time *we* headed home."

## Chapter Three

As they were leaving, Shana insisted they take a whole vanilla bean cheesecake with them, handing it to Varick as he walked out the door. Embarrassed, Varick muttered a quick thank you and hurried to his pickup truck. Cal thanked her as well, giving her a wink before following.

Varick had a hard time concentrating on his driving with Cal sitting in the passenger seat, the cheesecake box being the only barrier between them. But Cal seemed immune to the sexual tension building in the cab. He made casual conversation as they drove through town.

"Shana is a very astute woman. It's no wonder her restaurant is so successful. She has a good head for business. We will definitely be spending more evenings there. I wasn't kidding when I told her the food was some of the best I have ever tasted and I have traveled enough to experience much in the way of fine cuisine."

Cal leaned closer, careful not to crush the box between them and reached for the zipper on



Varick's pants his voice low and husky, "Right now, there's something else I would love to taste."

Varick bucked at Cal's touch, swerving off the road. He overcompensated as he attempted to get back into his lane and crossed slightly over the median. Thank goodness there was no oncoming traffic at the time. "Cal, please stop! The last thing I need is to have an accident because you are feeling frisky right now."

As though slapped, Cal quickly removed his hand, saying nothing further, looking straight ahead through the windshield.

Varick immediately felt guilty for yelling at him. It was true he didn't wish to get into an accident, but he had to admit he was more upset with himself for reacting to Cal so quickly. He looked over at the stone-faced profile, wanting to make amends. "I'm sorry, Cal. I didn't mean to yell at you. I'll make it up to you once we get to my house, I promise."

Cal remained silent, except for a slight tick in his clenched jaw.

Varick knew he probably just totally screwed up any hope of any more fun this evening so he thought it best to cut it short and hope for another chance some other time, if there even would be another time. "Look, I am really sorry. Maybe we should call it an evening. Both of us have had very busy days and it might be better if we wait for another night when we are both thinking a little

more clearly. Is there anywhere I can drop you off?"

Still facing forward, Cal flatly replied. "Your house."

Seeing he wasn't going to win this battle, he continued driving home, the icy silence making him shiver with apprehension on what would happen once they arrived there.

\* \* \* \*

Varick dropped his keys on a small wooden stand as he entered the front door. The rest of the drive home had been unbearable, but upon reaching the house, the tension grew to an even more suffocating level. Cal followed him through the door, carrying the cheesecake box he brought in from the truck. This he placed on the stand next to the tossed keys and wordlessly proceeded to Varick's stereo system on the back wall of his living room next to his flat screen HD television.

Not sure what to do to make everything okay again, Varick thought it was best to remain silent and stood by the sofa, waiting for Cal to finish surveying his sound system. He noticed Cal pulling a CD from his vast collection, but from where he was standing, he couldn't make out which one he had chosen.

Soon, sounds of Coldplay's *X&Y* could be heard playing softly in the background. Cal

turned to Varick still showing no emotion on his ruggedly handsome face. No longer able to stand the silence between them, Varick tried once more to make amends for what happened on drive home. "Cal, please believe me, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I need to—"

"Strip now."

Having been interrupted by the abrupt command, all Varick could do was stare in disbelief. Cal regally stood with his thick arms folded over his chest and with such heated intensity in his gaze, it sent twinges of desire straight to his cock.

"Varick, do as I ask or I will complete the task myself."

Varick quickly complied, toeing off his casual loafers first, then proceeded to pull his navy blue polo shirt over his head, revealing his slightly tanned broad chest and six pack abs. His hands shook a little as he undid his belt and pushed his khakis down below his knees, pulling them off one leg at a time. All during his striptease, Cal never moved, not even to blink, as though he didn't want to miss any part of the show. All that remained were his white boxer briefs. He had never stripped for anyone before, but found it quite a turn on as evidenced by his hard cock straining to be free of the confines of the finely knit material.

Blushing, but determined he could do this,

Varick maintained eye contact with Cal as he slowly lowered the briefs with both hands. Now freed from its white cocoon, his cock pointed straight up nearly to his navel. He let the now forgotten briefs fall to the floor around his ankles and proudly stood naked in front of the man he craved with his very soul.

“Go into the bedroom and brace yourself against the wall.”

As the music continued to play in the background, Varick quietly obeyed and went straight into his bedroom. He flicked on the track lights that basked the room in a warm glow. He walked over to the back wall of the bedroom to stand spread eagle with his hands splayed in front of him.

Quivering with both anticipation and a little fear, it seemed like an eternity of waiting until Varick felt the heat of a body come up behind him. Slowly gentle fingers undid the tie holding his hair and pushed the unbound locks over his left shoulder, the long silky black strands cascading down his smooth chest created a sensual awareness. Hot breath on the back of his neck, sent tiny sparks of excitement straight through his rigid cock. The sparks turned into a full blaze when soft, enticing lips brushed his skin while gently nipping at his neck and right shoulder as though instinctively aware of just where to kiss, igniting passion even more.

Large, warm hands covered his own as gentle lips caressed his neck. A long, hard cock nestled in between the top parting of his ass cheeks as the man moved closer. Laving his right ear, Cal whispered into it, his deep voice thick with possessive desire.

“Know that you’re mine, always and forever.”

Varick’s entire body immediately drew taut, long buried guilt rising to the forefront, overshadowing his growing desire with an instinctive compulsion to flee. When he attempted to extricate himself out from under him, the firm grip tightened around his wrists, pinning him securely to the wall, preventing him from moving. Varick’s legs spread farther apart as he struggled to break free from the vice-like grip. That long, hard cock slipped easily between his ass cheeks, its head rubbing up against his tight puckered ring. As his heart raced, the primal urge to be thoroughly fucked overpowered the urge to escape.

Ceasing his struggling, his heavy breathing returned to a slower cadence as Varick gave into his mounting desire and leaned back against the broad smooth chest. He relished the feel of Cal’s thick cock still teasing him from behind. “Please fuck me, Cal. I need to feel you inside me now.” Raspy breathing fell into rhythm with his as that stiff cock rubbed against his ass muscles.

“Oh, I’ll fuck you, be assured of that, but first

you must tell me just whom does this delectable, tight ass belongs to?"

Varick bit his lower lip, torn between his growing need to belong completely to Cal and the guilt he thought had been successfully buried with the past, but now seemed to have reared its ugly head once again to unmercifully taunt him. With a heavy heart, he leaned his head forward, his chin coming to rest on his chest. "I hunger to be yours completely, Cal, but please don't ask for something I can't give you, not now and probably not ever." Lowered arms pushed his down to his side, then turned him to face quiet man. His chin cradled in one hand, was raised, forcing him to look directly into those gleaming hazel eyes.

"Whatever it is that you feel prevents you from belonging to me, we will work through together."

Firm, but gentle fingers stopped his reply.

"As I told you earlier, I always get what I want, and that includes you. I won't allow anyone or anything to come between us."

"I don't wish to hurt you, Cal, and I know in my heart if I commit myself to you, I'll only end up doing just that." Swiftly, Cal's lips covered his, reigniting his yearning that had waned due to the intrusion of his guilty memories of the past. A persistent tongue demanded entrance and Varick wholeheartedly welcomed it, praying he wouldn't live to regret his growing feelings. As their tongues danced, Varick found himself pushed up

against the wall, still facing Cal. When the man finally pulled away, his hooded eyes smoldered the likes of which Varick had never seen.

“Now, tell me, who do you belong to?”

Unable to break away from that masterful gaze, his voice thick with desire, Varick huskily whispered his answer, “You, Cal, only to you.” A serious visage appeared on that handsome face.

“On the bed, now.”

Without a second thought, Varick obeyed, quickly climbing on top of the bed, his thick thighs spread apart and his muscular ass pushed high, just begging to be fucked. He heard a soft chuckle from the other end of the room. Peering over his shoulder, he saw Cal imperiously watching him, in what must be his natural stance, his feet firmly planted shoulder width apart and his massive arms crossed over his wide chest.

“I’ll make use of that delectable ass of yours soon enough, but right now I have something else in mind. I still need to teach you a lesson in manners for your outburst on the ride home. Turn over and lie still.”

Wanting to protest, but feeling it would only make matters worse, Varick reluctantly complied, flipping over onto his back, his arms at his sides and his rigid cock standing at attention, its swollen red plum color head glistening with pre-cum in the soft bedroom lights. Once Varick settled down, Cal walked over to the end of the

bed with an air of determination to complete the task at hand.

Lying down along side, his head propped up by his left hand, Cal firmly grasped Varick's cock with his other hand.

Varick shuddered as the touch sent exquisite sensations pulsing up and down his shaft.

"Remember, do not move."

Varick felt a wet warmth as Cal took all of his cock into his mouth. Cal's tongue and teeth began their magic, teasing all along the hard length, stopping sometimes at the tip and laving the split underneath. His lips smacked against his balls as Varick tried to stay still as ordered, but expert sucking made that more and more difficult until he could no longer take it. Just when he was about to come, Cal pulled his mouth away from him and placed his thumb on one side of the base of his cock and the tips of his index and middle fingers on the other side, then squeezed.

After a moment, his need lessened, but his frustration increased. When he thought things couldn't get any worse, Cal started his teasing all over again, making sure not to miss any part of his cock with his sensuous licking and sucking, even laving his balls to make the need to come much stronger this time. Once again, just as Varick reached the point of no return, Cal pulled away and used the same trick to stem his orgasm. Varick knew he couldn't last much longer. "Cal, I've



learned my lesson, please, please just let me come."

With a wicked smile on his face, Cal lowered his head and, with gusto like never before, gave Varick his answer. Taking his entire long hard cock into his mouth and his sac in his right hand, he sucked and fondled until Varick couldn't hold back the storm furiously brewing within him. "Cal, I'm coming...oh please...don't stop...Cal!"

As he screamed his name, Varick flooded that mouth with his hot salty-sweet cum. Cal held still, taking all Varick gave to him, not letting one drop escape, but swallowed the entire load.

Emotionally exhausted, eyes closed, Varick lay quietly as the last passionate wave receded. He sensed movement on the bed and then felt the velvet texture of Cal's full lips as they grazed his own in a playful kiss. It was erotically stimulating to get a little taste of himself in the kiss. He opened his eyes as Cal brushed errant strands of black hair away from his sweaty face.

"Your control reached a higher level than I ever would have expected and I'm very proud of how well you handled yourself while receiving your lesson. Now let's see how much that sweet ass of yours can handle."

Unbelievably, just the thought of Cal being inside him rekindled his hot need as though Varick hadn't just experienced the most powerful orgasm in his life.

"I'll be right back. Stay where you are."

Varick watched him go out and return a moment later with a small jar in one hand and the cheesecake box in the other. He laid them both on the night table next to the bed.

"Turn over, and show me that sweet ass of yours," Cal commanded as he opened the jar.

Varick immediately complied, getting on all fours, spreading his thighs wide apart, as he lowered his head on the pillows, forcing his ass high as possible, offering it willingly. He felt a slick warm touch as a coated finger prepared him, entering him, stretching him. It stung a little, but the pain only heightened his burning hunger even more. Soon a second slick finger joined the first, increasing the painful pleasure and his arousal as well. A third finger stretched him further as his cock stiffened between his splayed legs, aching to be touched again so soon.

Cal removed his fingers.

Varick felt a different kind of pressure as the head of Cal's rock hard cock rubbed his prepared, puckered ring. He felt the thick cock slowly enter him and, with easy strokes, begin pumping in and out of him. Yearning to be taken harder, Varick shoved his hips backward, silently demanding a faster pace. A hard slap on his overeager ass was the response to his impatience. The stinging handprint only served to excite him even more.

"Whelp, I will decide on how I fuck you. Your

ass is mine to do with as I please and right now it pleases me to savor the feeling of this sweet tight hole for a little while longer. “

To help assuage his need, Varick grabbed his burning cock and pumped it hard with his hand, his balls swinging against his clenched fingers. He moaned, lost in the heat of pleasuring himself and Cal’s torturous slow pace. As though his reaction spurred Cal’s own desires, quickened thrusting slapped a firm heavy sac hard against his ass. That long, thick shaft filled him so completely as the swollen head brushed his prostate over and over, bringing him closer to the brink of total ecstasy.

A grabbed handful of hair yanked his head back at the same time a powerful body leaned over and determined teeth nipped him hard on his neck. This finally sent Varick over the edge and straight into the abyss. “Ahh...ahh...Cal!” Varick cried out as his climax shot up his cock and sprayed cum over his hand and bedspread.

“Mine!” Cal grunted loudly as he pushed deep, burying his cock to the hilt one final time before shooting his load. Both men collapsed onto the bed, their chests heaving in unison as each came down from the aftershocks of their mutual ecstasy.

Cal moved first, easing himself out of Varick. They both climbed under the covers, with Cal reaching out for him. He snuggled into the waiting crook of Cal’s arm, laying his head on his smooth chest.

Cal quietly stroked his hair. “Now about that cheesecake...”

## Chapter Four

"Good morning, sleepyhead. Did you sleep well?"

Varick opened his eyes and was greeted with a smiling Cal carrying a tray full of food. "You know I did." He hadn't slept this well in a long time. Ever since Cal moved in with him a month ago, his evenings were filled with hot sex and a great night's sleep. "What's all this? Breakfast in bed? I didn't even know you could cook." He good naturedly kidded his lover as he stared hungrily at the delicious food Cal had brought in.

"There are several things you don't about me yet. I like to keep you guessing. It's more fun that way. Now eat before it gets cold and then come join me in the living room."

"Yes, Mother." Varick ducked as Cal pretended to box his ears.

Cal let out a laugh before leaving him to his breakfast.

He dove into the food on the tray with gusto, having built up an appetite due to the past

evening's activities. His lover had been especially insatiable last night, taking him several times, until both collapsed in utter exhaustion in the wee hours of the morning.

After stuffing himself until he couldn't eat another bite, Varick put the tray aside, got up and went into the bathroom to take a quick shower. He didn't want to keep Cal waiting too long. After a fast rinse off, he hopped out of the shower, only stopping for a moment to take the time to run a comb through his hair before tying it back in a loose ponytail. He pulled on a pair of his favorite grey sweats and a white t-shirt and went to join Cal.

Varick found him lounging on the couch listening to Nickelback's *Far Away*. It was one of his favorite tracks that he played often. He discovered Cal had a love for music and had gotten use to having the stereo on most of the time when he was home. Cal reached up and pulled him down onto his lap. He claimed his mouth and kissed him with so much passion, it took his breath away as their tongues slow danced to the beat of the song.

Cal ended the kiss as the last chords of the song faded out. "Did you enjoy your breakfast in bed?"

"Yes, thank you. It was fantastic, but now I have an appetite for something else," Varick boldly stated as he reached down to stroke Cal through his jeans.

"Well, I wouldn't want you to go hungry, as least not this morning."

Varick slid down to the floor between his lover's knees. He slowly undid each button of his fly and, as Cal rose up off the couch, slipped the jeans down and off him. He then trailed his finger down the thick vein that ran the length of the wide uncut shaft and wrapped his hand around the base nestled in a trimmed nest of dark brown curls. Taking the swelling head into his hot mouth, his eager tongue licked the warm silken skin surrounding it before he started sucking in earnest. Working his hand and mouth in unison, he enjoyed the earthy taste and the sweet pre-cum as he switched between massaging the shaft with his tongue and teasing it with his teeth.

Using his other hand, Varick cupped Cal's sac, gently kneading his balls with a light pressure, adding to the pleasure he was giving with his mouth and hand to his rigid cock. A deep throated growl rent the air as both his lover's hands fisted his hair, still damp from the shower, and pulled hard enough to send shivers of desire straight through his own cock. Varick responded with greater enthusiasm, sucking harder than before.

Hot, sweet cum shot into his mouth and down his throat. He greedily swallowed all of the delicious seed, not wanting to waste any of it. Reluctantly he pulled back, letting go of Cal's wet cock. Still kneeling between his legs, Varick looked

up and met that searing hazel gaze.

"Is your appetite sated now, whelp?"

"I must admit it was the best damn breakfast I've had in a long time," Varick breathlessly replied as he tried to stand up. Cal once again reached up and pulled him down, this time to sit next to him on the couch. His manner turned from satisfied lover to a more serious visage.

"Varick, there is something I need to tell you. My home office contacted me this morning and I'm needed back right away. I have to leave today and I'm not sure when I'll be back. "

Of all the things his lover could have told him, his leaving never entered his mind. He remembered Cal telling him the first day they met out on his lawn that he was here on business, but he never talked about his work so Varick hadn't thought about what would happen when Cal's assignment was finished. He tried very hard to keep his disappointment out of his voice, but didn't think he succeeded very well. "When do you have to leave?"

"In a couple hours," replied Cal as he gently reached out.

A warm hand slipped behind his neck, pulling Varick closer. This time their mouths joined with such intense fierceness, as though they were branding each other so that neither would ever forget what they meant to each other. Cal sucked his lower lip before finally letting go. "I could



come with you. I have no jobs lined up right at moment."

"I wish I could take you with me, but unfortunately that's not possible. Know that we'll not be apart for too long. You've become a part of my life I will not give up as I've come to care deeply for you."

"I care very much for you, too." Varick was too scared to tell him that he fell in love with him, not wanting to scare him permanently away. This must have been the reason for the royal treatment this morning. It warmed his heart to know Cal cared enough about him to make their last morning together special. "I'll be right here when you get back, I promise." Hazel eyes darkened for a second, but quickly returned to their normal bright color.

"Whatever happens, trust your instincts, Varick. Everything will work out, that I *promise* you."

\* \* \* \*

"Well, what is on the schedule for the day. Let's see...oh, goodie, nothing as usual." It had been two weeks since Cal left and all Varick had done was mope around the house. He couldn't even bring himself to go back work, even though he had several commission offers during the past two weeks. His heart just wasn't into it. He hated to

admit it, but he missed Cal terribly. The month they were together was the best time he had in his life.

Varick could handle the fact that Cal had to go away due to his job, but what really bummed him out was when Cal told him he wouldn't be able to contact him by either phone or e-mail while he was away. There wouldn't be any access where he was being sent.

Varick walked into his kitchen to make himself some lunch when he heard a crashing sound coming from his bedroom. He quietly walked down the hall and peered into his room. What he saw left him momentarily speechless.

"Varick, it is really you. The gods be blessed, we are saved!"

He remained rooted to his spot as his older brother ran across the room and gave him the biggest bear hug, raising him literally off the floor. Unable to breath, he struggled to find his voice again. "Saevar, I can't breathe." Varick managed to croak out under the pressure of his brother's muscular arms.

"I am sorry, little brother."

Saevar clasped his arms.

"I still cannot believe it is you. It has been over two years since your disappearance and we had all but given up hope of ever finding you again. When the commander of a Nitrelian exploration ship informed us that they found your DNA

signature on this world while they were conducting a precursory scan of this system, we thought he had to be mistaken. I am so thankful he was not."

Varick stared at his brother, trying to take in all that he was saying and hoping he was not dreaming. "The Nitrelians were near here? Why would they be in this sector and even more, why would they have my DNA signature?"

"Ever since your disappearance, there has been an imperial bounty out on you. The High Emperor demanded we turn a copy of your stored DNA signature over to whoever wanted it. A lot of people have been out looking for you. I am just glad it was our ally, the Nitrelians, who found you. Instead of coming after you immediately, the commander went straight to father and told him where we could find you."

With the mention of his father, Varick felt guilty for not asking about their parents sooner. "How are mother and father?"

A touch of sadness fell over Saevar's face. "They are both well, but these past two years have not been kind to them, especially for father. It seems like he has aged twenty years since your disappearance, blaming himself for everything that has happened."

Saevar sat on the bed and Varick joined him.

"We do not have a lot of time and there is much to tell you. Foremost, Battria's very existence is

hanging by a thread."

Varick heart skipped a beat. "This is because of me, isn't it?" Saevar looked away for a moment, before turning back to Varick. "We are not sure how, but the High Emperor has been made aware of your probable discovery and has threatened imperial sanction against our world. As it could not be proven at the time of your disappearance whether you met with misfortune or in actuality ran away, he withheld final judgment over Battria. Now that you have been found alive, he is demanding that you appear before him in person and fulfill Battria's well overdue tribute obligation. If you do not, then he will withdraw all imperial protection and order the immediate destruction of our imperial shield surrounding Battria, making our planet vulnerable to attack by our enemies. We must leave immediately for home and then you must travel onto Rasai to fulfill the tribute before it is too late."

Varick knew what he must do, but thoughts of Cal immediately came to the forefront. With great sadness he knew he must give up his one chance for happiness. His people needed him. Millions of lives were at stake. Sacrificing his heart was a small price to pay in securing safety for all. "I will get ready immediately, but there is one thing I have to do first. If I could have a few minutes alone, Saevar, I will not be long."

Saevar put his hand on Varick's shoulder.

“Take as much time as you need. Just notify the ship when you are ready to transfer up.”

Saevar handed him a teleport signal and then used his own to return to the ship, leaving Varick standing alone in his bedroom. Staring at the spot where his brother just vacated, he knew Saevar would make for a wise and strong ruler when his time came. With a heavy heart, Varick went into the living room, put in Nickelback’s *Far Away* for one last play and composed the hardest note he would ever write.

*My Dearest Cal,*

*For reasons I cannot explain, I will be gone from here when you return. I wish I had had the courage to tell you a great many things and now it is too late. You told me once that maybe someday I would have a chance to redeem myself with the one promise from my past that I was unable to keep. All I can tell you is that you were right, I have been given that chance and, for the sake of many, I must take it. What breaks my heart is that, in order to do so, I must break my promise to you. It seems that I was always meant to carry an unfulfilled promise with me for the rest of my life.*

*I must go now. Please know, no matter where I am or what I am doing, you alone will have my heart, always and forever.*

*I love you.*

*Varick*

Tears he could no longer hold back streamed down his face. He carefully placed the note where he hoped Cal would find it, along with the Nickelback CD. He activated his teleport signal and left the house empty save for his heart.

## Chapter Five

"Presenting Prince Varick D'Ayria of Battria." Varick steeled his nerves as he stoically proceeded down the soft golden carpet, doing his best to ignore the low whisperings he heard floating in the air around him. Flanked on either side of him were many courtiers of various fief planets all under the protection of the Empire. It seemed all were in attendance today, each hungrily waiting like starving wolves, to witness the impending punishment of the errant world who dared to defy a direct imperial command.

His father had wanted to send the entire royal guard along with him to ensure his safe arrival this time, but much to his father's dismay, Varick insisted on having only two personal guards accompany him. With the threat of certain annihilation hanging over their heads, it would not do to show up at court with a full complement of soldiers. They were in enough trouble already without adding more fuel to fire of the High Emperor's already heated wrath.

Varick had appeared before the High Emperor only one other time in his life, coming along with his father on a rare visit to the imperial court. He remembered his excitement as well as fear, keeping in mind all the proper protocol that had been drilled into him day and night before he was allowed to go. Walking down this same velvety path all those years ago, he recalled how grateful he was for the soft burgundy cushions awaiting him and his father at the base of the raised throne. Varick noticed there was no such comfort placed out for him this time around.

The significance of this omission did not elude him. It served to emphasize just how low his status had become. No matter, he would endure any humiliation the High Emperor deemed fit to put him through. The safety of Battria came first above all else, especially his pride.

Upon reaching the end of the carpet, Varick kneeled on the steely cold stone floor, bowing low before the High Emperor, his long open front coat draping around him like a silky deep blue pool. He had decided to dress simply, wearing only a light pair of wide, calf-length black trousers favored by his people and black leather knee high boots under his coat. A jeweled clasp holding his long black hair at the nape of his neck and a large sapphire stud in his left earlobe were the only concessions to his royal rank.

As the whisperings died out, the expansive



throne room became eerily silent. His quick heartbeat was the only sound Varick could hear as he anxiously waited for the High Emperor to acknowledge his presence. His thin trouser material provided little protection against the chilly surface he knelt upon, forcing him to concentrate hard on not shaking from the shivers coursing through him. Finally, a rich deep voice broke the soundless hold over the court.

“Since my honored ancestors’ time, the Rasai Empire has held firm the belief that those worlds under our protection have the right of self-rule. All that is asked for in return is a token tribute of our choosing every decade. Those few who have seen fit to rebel against their tribute have always felt the swift hand of judgment upon them. Such is the case before us today. It has been over two years since our summons for Battria’s tribute and it is only now, under threat of the withdrawal of imperial protection, do the Battrian people see fit to comply.”

“Normally, we would not take such insubordination lightly, however, we have held off judgment due to lack of conclusive evidence of Battria’s guilt. That is no longer the case. It now appears we may have been too generous in our giving of leniency. We will, however, give this world one last chance for redemption before final judgment is passed. Prince Varick, as not only the representative of your world, but also the actual

tribute in question, do you have anything to say in your defense?"

Having been directly addressed, Varick raised himself up into the proper position, his butt resting on the back of his boot heels, his hands, palms up, resting on his thighs, and his head still lowered with his chin almost touching his chest. With a voice filled with as much confidence he could muster, Varick began pleading his case. "Yes, Your Imperial Majesty, I have."

"Proceed."

"Sire, it was never Battria's intention to avoid paying, but in fact, the decision was made to honor the terms of the tribute and I was on the way to Rasai to do just that when foreseen circumstances prevented the completion of my duty."

"Who made this decision?"

Varick paused for the briefest of moments before answering the High Emperor. He had hoped to avoid going into greater detail of the events leading up today, but it seemed that was now impossible. He also had a sneaky suspicion the High Emperor knew more than he let on, including what had transpired between his father and himself the night before his ill-fated trip. "The decision was mine, Sire."

"Are you saying that King Tavon was against fulfilling the requirements of the tribute?"

Varick knew he needed to make the High

Emperor understand what really happened without damaging his father's reputation. "After the Rasaiani ambassador announced the terms of the new tribute, my father was torn between his duty toward his people and his duty toward his family. Both are very dear to King Tavon. He pleaded with the ambassador to change the terms, but the ambassador held firm. It broke my heart to see him in such anguish, and so, in the best interests for all, I decided to fulfill the tribute without his knowledge, thereby relieving my father of any guilt he would have put himself through by making such a decision on his own. Unfortunately, it seems my actions have only made matters worse."

"Did you tell anyone of your decision that would be able to collaborate your story?"

"No, Sire, I did not. I thought the best thing I could do for everyone was to quietly leave on my own."

"Do you wish for us to believe that when you left home that night over two years ago, you were not running away, but in fact were coming here to fulfill Battria's tribute?"

Varick's heart raced in his chest. "Yes, Sire, I implore you to believe me when I tell you I was not running from my duties, but indeed coming here to keep Battria's promise of loyalty, no matter the cost. If it had not been for the ion storm that caused my ship to stray way off course and crash

land on a remote planet, I would have arrived here as planned."

"What proof do you have of this claim, Prince Varick? Are we to assume you are speaking the truth and are now finally here, due to your recent rescue off this remote planet, to fulfill Battria's long overdue tribute? Or is this just a desperate ploy to try and save your world from probable annihilation if we judge against you and remove our protection?"

Varick once again bowed low before the High Emperor. "I have no proof other than my word of honor as the second son of the noble house D'Ayria. I am prepared to do anything to prove Battria is still loyal to the Rasai Empire."

"And if Crown Prince Barakal, the one who originally wanted you as Battria's tribute, is no longer interested in your service, are you willing to submit yourself totally to whatever task pleases us regardless of the personal cost?"

Varick closed his eyes, holding back the tears threatening to fall. *I am so sorry, Cal. Please know I will never forget you and will always love you.* With sheer determination tinged with sadness, Varick answered, "Yes, Sire, I am."

"Does that include your heart?"

Varick held his breath as the question from the back reverberated across the throne room. Thinking it was his imagination playing a cruel trick on him, Varick remained silent. He then

heard determined footsteps coming closer, stopping directly behind him.

"I ask you again, Prince Varick, does that include your heart?"

Totally abandoning all protocol, Varick raised his head up toward the speaker to look straight into a pair of sparkling hazel eyes he thought he would never see again. As unbidden tears fell down his cheeks, an overjoyed Varick answered the question. "Always and forever."

For a moment, their eyes held each other in a silent embrace, until Crown Prince Barakal, the man Varick knew and loved as Cal, turned his back and walked away without saying another word. For each step he took, it felt as though an ice-covered knife stabbed into his breaking heart.

Realizing his major breach in protocol, Varick quickly resumed the proper position in front of the High Emperor. Still stunned by the turn of events, he barely heard the High Emperor render his decision.

"The plea for understanding in this unusual situation has not gone on deaf ears. It is our final judgment that Battoria will remain under the Empire's protection." And with that succinct ruling, the High Emperor arose from his throne and withdrew, his personal entourage following close behind.

After his departure, a bereft Varick stood up, at a loss as to what he should do now. Just then, a

young servant came up to him and silently indicated he should follow him. The boy led him to a passageway opposite of where the High Emperor had departed. Varick warily eyed the two bulky and fully armed guards on either side of the entrance, but soon discovered his fears were unfounded when each totally ignored him as he followed the young servant through without incident.

Varick continued following him through a wide corridor, its walls covered with brightly painted battle scenes. Curious, he stopped for a moment to take a closer look at one, and soon realized that the soldier standing victorious over his enemies was none other than Cal. The familiar chiseled features, taut muscular frame and hypnotic eyes were all so flawlessly rendered that Varick could almost see him breathing.

There were major differences as well. He no longer had luscious chocolate brown hair and deeply tanned skin. Instead, he had glistening silver hair, intricately braided in classic Rasaiani battle style, and shimmering, pale blue skin emblazoned with painted war symbols on his arms and chest.

A quiet cough brought Varick out of his fascination and they resumed their trek down the deserted corridor. Soon the pair came to another doorway, this one covered with a set of heavily embroidered semi-sheer white curtains. A cool

breeze greeted Varick as he passed through the covered opening. The young boy showed him to a low gilded table nestled in a sunken area in the center of the spacious room. Several large luxurious sitting cushions in varying shades of green surrounded the table.

As soon as Varick sat down on one of the cushions, numerous covered dishes materialized on the table. He turned around to question his young escort only to discover the boy had disappeared. Unsure as to what to do, he took the opportunity to survey his surroundings more closely. Unlike the highly decorated corridor outside, the walls in the room were free of any type of paintings. He spied a small collection of weapons hung on one side wall, some he recognized, others he had no clue of their purpose.

A set of curtains similar to those that served as a door over the entranceway cordoned off the back section of the room. His curiosity getting the better of him, Varick got up and took a peek to see what lay behind. What he found took his breath away. The largest bed he had ever seen in his life dominated the partitioned space. Small golden dragons adorned the two wrought iron side posts at the foot of the bed while two larger dragons enclosed a series of twisted bars between them at the head.

Reverently, he touched the silky hunter green comforter. Visions of being bound naked to those

bars while a sexy pale blue Cal mercilessly fucked him filled his mind. His cock grew hard just at the mere thought of being with Cal on this enormous bed. Varick closed his eyes as he clung to the one of the larger dragons for support. The High Emperor accepted his plea for leniency and found favor with Battria once again, but what his exact status would be at court was left unclear. He eluded to the possibility that Cal, or rather, Prince Barakal, may no longer want him as he originally demanded. Based on the Prince's actions toward him today, his heart ached with the thought this seemed to be the truth of things.

Many questions gnawed at him. Why would Barakal go through his whole charade as Cal back on Earth, pretending to care deeply for him, only to shun him before the High Emperor and all the courtiers present? Was it revenge for the embarrassment of demanding him as Battria's tribute only to have him fail to appear? How did Barakal even find him in the first place? Earth would be considered too primitive to be an imperial fief planet. Many more unanswered questions swirled around in his head until he could bear it no more. A part of him longed just to see him again, but another part hoped he would be spared the agony of seeing someone he loved so dearly, but could no longer have.

Delicious, savory aromas permeated the air, bringing him back to the present. He had been too



nervous to eat anything before his appearance at court and now, getting a whiff of the wonderful smells wafting from the outer room, his stomach grumbled in complaint from neglect. Passing back through the curtains, he noticed the dishes on the low table were now uncovered, steam rising from the warm food.

“Did you not like the food I had prepared for you? I assumed you would be hungry after today’s events.”

Varick whirled around and saw Prince Barakal majestically standing near the doorway. His short black leather kilt left nothing to the imagination, showing off his well-toned muscles. Jeweled beads woven in each warrior braid plaited in front of his slightly pointed ears and an emerald encrusted hoop earring hanging from the upper part of his left ear sparkled in the light. The rest of his long silvery hair hung sensuously loose down his back all the way to his waist.

Varick wanted so much to run his fingers through its strands to see if it felt as smooth and silky as it he remembered when it was the color of deep delicious chocolate. His fingers also itched to caress his smooth broad chest, liking the pale blue color more and more. As always, his hazel eyes caught and held his attention. Varick knew he could get lost forever in the fierce intensity of their ever changing swirl of color.

“Maybe it is not sustenance you hunger for?”

Caught blatantly ogling the Crown Prince, Varick immediately bowed low before him with the same excitement and fear he felt the first time they met. "I meant no disrespect, Your Royal Highness. Your presence took me off guard." He heard Barakal's sandals click softly on the stone floor and felt a gentle touch upon his shoulder.

"Varick, look at me."

Varick raised his head and found himself looking straight up into those familiar eyes once more. Pulling him to his feet, Barakal folded his long arms around him and kissed him fully, parting his lips and tasting him completely. Their tongues joined in the kiss, reacquainting themselves with each other again. Finally, Barakal ended the kiss his favorite way, with a slight tug on his lower lip, but kept him enveloped in his arms.

"Ca-Sir, I don't know what to address you as anymore. It would be safe to say I'm thoroughly confused at this point in time." A low chuckle rumbled through him from the man whose arms held him close.

"You can keep on calling me Cal. I have to come to like the sound of it, especially the way you scream it while I fuck you senseless."

Heated cheeks assured Varick he turned several shades of red. "I'll have to remember that."

"Come, let's eat and I will answer all of your questions. I have a feeling we will be far too busy

later to even think about food or conversation.”

\* \* \* \*

“So, you were part of the Rasaiani delegation on Battria. My father never mentioned that.”

“That is because no one knew, except for the rest of the Rasaiani. Father often sends me out in disguise to the various fief planets. People tend to show their best face when they are with me as Prince Barakal. I can get a truer picture of what people really think when I am just a minor member of the delegation.”

Varick combed his fingers lightly through Cal’s silver hair as they lounged together on the cushions. “Can all Rasaiani change their appearance?”

“No, only members of the royal line are born with what we refer to as the chameleon gene. With this gene, we are capable of altering our appearance enough to pretty much pass for any alien race we choose. Sometimes it is fairly simple such as my disguise while on Earth with you. Other times, it is more involved and requires a lot more energy to maintain.” Cal sat up, a somber look on his face. “This is heavily guarded secret. Other than the Rasaiani, only a very few highly trusted fief members of the court know of our special gift. Varick, you must promise that you will never reveal this secret to anyone, not even

your family."

Varick didn't hesitate in his answer. "I promise, Cal." He saw Cal's mood lighten as his lover's warm hand cupped his cheek.

"I know you will keep your word." He planted a quick kiss on his lips. "The minute I saw you fencing with the guardsmen in the main courtyard at your palace, I fell in love with you. It took all my negotiations skills with father to convince him, but I wanted you no matter the cost and, as I have told you many times before, I always get what I want." Cal pushed Varick's coat off his shoulders, tossing it aside as he began nipping at his neck.

Varick remembered Rasaiani had sharp incisors as Cal's kisses contained a little bite to them. This small pain only served to heighten his growing desire. He had a hard time concentrating on the questions he still wanted to ask as exotic nibbling overpowered any other coherent thought he had left in his head.

Cal continued his necking in between words. "When you disappeared, most assumed you ran away. Deep in my heart, I knew that you weren't the coward everyone thought and, under the guise of a Nitrelian commander, I joined the hunt by scouring the star quadrant of your last known position. Father didn't mind I was gone for so long as we actually discovered several new potential fief planets during my search for you."

Varick groaned as Cal's hand expertly loosened

his trousers and began stroking the already stiffening cock he found there.

"Ah, I see you've gone *commando*, as the Earthers would say," Cal smirked. "I never gave up hope in finding you, and I bless the day we scanned Earth and found your DNA signature. I believe I fell in love with you all over again when I saw you fighting with that silly piece of primitive machinery. Seeing the surprised look on your face when I got it started was priceless, and well worth the time spent searching for you."

His now rock hard cock boldly stretched passed the top of his loosened trousers. Varick groaned as the expert massaging sent blissful waves of pleasure through him. With great effort, Varick asked the question that plagued him since finding out Cal's true identity. "There is still one thing I have to know. Why didn't you just tell me who you really were and take me back with you to Rasai?"

Cal kept on with his necking and stroking as he answered. "Father commanded me not tell you who I really was. My leaving you, portraying the Nitrelian commander who found you and then telling your father were all part of the High Emperor's final test for you to see if you were indeed an honorable man and worthy of his son. You proved that beyond a shadow of doubt today. I, of course, knew that all along, but he needed to be sure."

A lone tear fell down his cheek as Varick looked straight at Cal. "I thought you no longer wanted me when you turned your back to me and left the throne room."

Cal gently kissed the tear away. "I'm sorry if I hurt you. I wasn't allowed to acknowledge you until father rendered his final judgment. I'll never shun you again, I promise."

His desire was quickly peaking, but Varick wanted to feel Cal come inside him when he climaxed. "Please make love to me, Cal. I need you inside me now."

"My pleasure, *kyshia*, my heart," Cal tenderly whispered. "Get on your knees."

Varick quickly obeyed, shaking with anticipation as his lover kneeled behind him. He felt a familiar slick warmth as Cal prepared him for their joining.

Cal leaned forward, easing his long hard cock into him. He reached around and, with his right hand, began masterfully stroking his cock.

Varick, arching his back, reached up and behind him with his right hand to hold Cal's head close to his. His lover's whisper was a soft caress of his ear.

"You gave me your heart and your love when you thought you lost me. I give you my heart and my love now that I found you. I promised you everything would work out and they have. No more unfulfilled promises, only a new life with

one who will cherish and care for you.”

Thrusting hard, Cal pumped in and out of his sweet, gorgeous ass with all love and passion he just declared as he continued to make love to his cock with his hand.

Overpowered by all the sensations all at once, Varick could no longer hold back and spurted his hot seed onto his lover’s hand at the same time Cal jetted his own deep into his body. They collapsed on the cushions, in a mixture of sweat and cum. Cal didn’t immediately pull out of Varick, but stay joined with his arms wrapped around him.

“Next time, we will try out our bed.”

“This is your bedroom, isn’t it? My young escort was taking me to you all along.”

Cal gave him a squeeze. “This is our bedroom now, as this is our personal wing of the palace.”

Varick looked around. “I have some ideas for these blank walls. Would you mind if I painted on one or two of them someday?”

Cal chuckled. “You noticed the scenes in the corridor outside, correct?”

“Yes, they were marvelous. The main subject in all of them is too hot for words.” That answer earned him a light peck on the cheek.

“Flattery will get you everywhere. Those scenes use to be on the walls in here. I had them moved so you could do your magic in here. You are so very talented. I love your work and I love you.”

Varick couldn’t believe what his lover had done

for him. "I love you, too, Cal, always and forever."

Cal moved out of Varick and turned him around to face him. As Nickelback's *Far Away* started playing softly in the background, the two lovers kissed, starting a new life together that would indeed be always and forever.



## About the Author

Marianne Guenon loves all things science fiction and hot sexy men, so naturally the two come together most often in her vivid imagination. Writing has been her passion and her profession for quite some time and to be able to share her stories is a lifelong dream come true. Stop by at [www.marianneguenon.blogspot.com](http://www.marianneguenon.blogspot.com) sometime and leave her a note or just say Hi!