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"Want to play?" the deep voice asked.

Leo clicked on the window, and it filled the nineteen-inch screen in full, vivid color. He reached out to stroke the image, wishing he could feel the hot energy displayed there. With his other hand, he stroked his erection.

"Yes," he responded. His breath caught in his chest with the yearning to submit to the mysterious man linked at the other end of the conversation.

The image swung toward him—full frontal nudity. The cock surged thick and hard against a taut, flat belly. Shaved-bare, beautiful, smoothed bronze flesh, undulated light and dark, the flow of oozing, melted butter, the sweet kiss of warmed, thick cream. Leo could feel it pouring over his body, burning him up.

The hot, male image on the screen curled his fingers around the fat erection. His thumb brushed across the broad, flared tip.

Leo's gaze rose to his chest. The screwed, dark nipples, the

tasty, bulging pecs. Arms of sinewy steel that seemed like poetry in motion as he flexed. Leo watch the big hand ride his prick with slow, long licks up and down the rigid tool...

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BY

ADRIANNA DANE

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HOT MALE AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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CHAPTER 1

Leo Southworth was named after a brilliant constellation in the sky. Maybe that's why his entire life he'd been fascinated by things beyond his reach. And why his teachers had always told him to get his head out of the clouds.

Maybe he liked rope bondage because it kept him tied to the earth. And maybe he'd enjoyed the suspension because sometimes, when he was blindfolded, gagged, and his ears plugged—all sounds beyond his inner core stifled—it felt like he was floating free in space. Right up there with the stars.

Until the night he fell to earth and his hip was shattered. All his dreams sort of flew out the window that night and he was still trying to find a way to get them back. He gazed up at

the night sky. It was a clear night and the stars shone brightly. *Blip*.

He turned to look at the computer screen.

Can you talk?

Leo limped over to the desk and eased down in the chair. He rested his cane against the desk next to him.

I'm here, he typed in and hit return.

Up popped Sirras's avatar. God, Leo loved that image. But this was more than a simple avatar...hot burnt orange, flames licking at the edges, a blend of flame and male body, indistinct face, broad shoulders, each muscle defined by brilliant fire. The image undulated on the screen. Moving pictures. The head was in profile, a flirt of appeal, eyes hooded. And then the eyes opened to look directly at Leo.

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He was shocked when he heard the moan that broke free from his lips, the nagging pain in his hip completely forgotten for the moment.

"Show me," the image on the screen said. He rocked his hips. "Show me what you've got, stargazer."

Stargazer. Leo's screen name. On Sirras's lips it felt like watching a comet shoot across the sky, dragging a tail of yellow fire in its wake. Sirras drew out the name—*starrrrrgazzzerrrrr*. Deep and throbbing. Just like Leo's whole body.

"Stand up, Leo. Show me how much you want me."

Carefully, Leo rose from the chair. He unbuttoned his jeans and shoved them over his hips. His cock popped out, more than ready to begin the game.

"Very nice," Sirras said as the image on the screen continued to stroke the erect member.

Leo fisted his hand around the root of his cock and felt the surging climax that wanted to break free. But not yet.

"Take your shirt off. I want to see your tits."

Leo couldn't move fast enough to strip out of the shirt.

"Too naked. Did you get the package?"

"Yes," Leo said, his words barely a whisper as he again gripped his needy prick.

"Put them on. I want to see how they look."

It was odd, putting clamps on his own nipples. Usually in the scenes he'd participated in, someone else had administered the biting little nips. This set was a pair of alligator clips that would hold him fast—glittery stars dangled from the clips.

"How did you know?" he asked as he applied the first one, sucking in a sharp breath as the initial bite of sensation shot through him.

"About the stars? Or about how I knew you'd wear the clamps for me. Ahhh, see how pretty they look. They're perfect on you."

Leo felt the cut of sensation arrow through him. It was strange how he followed Sirras's commands, right to the letter. But Leo still felt he was in control. Not like when he'd been suspended.

Not like when he'd fallen.

"You're not focusing, Leo. Do you need the whip?"

Leo turned his full attention back to the screen. "No. I'm sorry. I—"

"Never mind. The stars remind me of the sky. I miss being out there, stargazer. Wouldn't you like to travel the stars? With me?"

The image on the screen thrust his hips, his hand riding up and down his cock, making Leo hungry to taste him. "Yes, Sirras, yes. With you." But he knew that could never happen. Astronauts didn't have injuries like he did. He'd never have the opportunity to go farther than his apartment now.

"Sirras, have you traveled to the stars?"

"Many times, stargazer. Tug on the clamp attached to your right tit. Let me see you stretch. Let me know you feel me with you."

Leo tugged on the clamp, drawing it from his body, stretching the nipple out, feeling the drawn out bite of pain.

"More," Sirras commanded. "Close your eyes."

Leo tugged harder and at the same time closed his eyes.

"Do you feel my hands on you, boy? Do you feel me right through this computer screen? Don't open your eyes until I tell you to."

And suddenly Leo did feel other hands on his body. Hot, hard flame that licked across his flesh. Fingers of fire encircled his cock, making him shudder with ecstasy.

"Yes, Sirras. Yes."

His body quaked beneath the hot hands that stroked over his body, flicked at the clamp-decorated nipples, drawing out the sensation of pleasure mixed with pain. A hot hand at his hip stroked the white scar emblazoned there. The heat drew the gnawing pain from inside him, leaving only the clean, crisp sharpness of intense desire in its wake.

"Come for me, boy. Come for me now." It was as though Sirras stood right here in the room with him, and suddenly he was spurting his seed into his hand. Oh God, it felt so good, the wash of his intense climax, threading through his body. He drooped over the desk, gasping for breath.

"Was it good, stargazer? Do you like what we have

between us?"

Leo opened his eyes and realized the star clamps were resting on his desk, and his nipples still throbbed from the release. It was good, clean pain that undulated through him. The kind that came with amazing, hot sex.

He looked at the screen—the image was still stroking the board-stiff prick. "It was awesome, Sirras."

"One day, you'll come to me. And it will only get better."

Leo pulled back from the desk, feeling sluggish and sleepy.

"I don't know, Sirras. Isn't it good what we have this way?"

Still anonymous. Still safe. And Leo was still in control.

"One day, you will trust me."

Trust wasn't an easy issue for Leo. Not anymore. But each time he made the connection with Sirras, the man drew more and more out of him. He'd never thought he could feel this kind of satisfaction with an online relationship. But Sirras was right, there were moments when he wanted the touch of a human hand. The demands of service to a Dominant in the flesh.

Could he move beyond the scars of the past and learn to trust again?

He watched the image on the screen, the avatar's hand slide up and down the prick that Leo could almost taste. He licked his lips.

Hot male was a mild term for the image Sirras presented. The soaring heat of desire went far beyond that. And Leo was

afraid of where it was going to eventually lead him.

CHAPTER 2

Sirras flicked off the computer screen and leaned back in the chair. The session had drained him. Maintaining the image that Leo saw took a great deal of energy. Reining in his power was a constant battle.

What would happen when Leo eventually realized the man he spoke with online wasn't really human? Sirras could only hope that when that happened, he would accept the relationship that was already beginning to flower between them. Time was running out and Sirras wanted to have earned Leo's trust before he was required to leave Earth.

The chip embedded in his neck began to vibrate. He turned his wrist and pressed one of the buttons implanted there. The hologram flickered and then appeared before him.

Sirras rose from the chair and drew himself to attention. Once fixed, he transmorphed to his species form of orange energy patterned with his DNA imprint.

"You are late with your report, Travveller. I should not be required to waste my time contacting you."

"My apologies, Crittor. I was delayed. There is much data to gather in this solar system. Much to be learned."

"Your time on Earth will not be extended. So do not request it. We realize Earth is one of the more populated regions of the Milky Way galaxy. So instead we are sending you an exxpeddator."

"An exxpeddator?"

"Yes, there are other planets to see to in this solar system. You have already spent twice as long on Earth as you did on Jupiter. It's time to move on."

Panic rose inside Sirras. Who could they be sending? And what tales would they carry back to Crittor that could end up causing Sirras to be extinguished? Or maybe that was the plan. Maybe they already knew about Sirras's relationship with Leo. And it wasn't an exxpeddator that was coming to assist Sirras in collecting data, but to replace him, sending Sirras back to Avvaris for execution.

"When will he arrive?" There was no point in arguing with Crittor. In the Travveller Division, his word was law. There was no appeal.

"He is already there. Get the job done and move on to Mars." The hologram vanished before Sirras could utter

another word.

"Hello, Sirras."

Sirras transmorphed back into his human shape and whirled around to confront the Avvarian behind him.

"You!" Had he just been shoved into the icy depths of an Avvarian hell? Raddlack—a man Sirras had thought never to see again. The reason he'd taken a position as Travveller—in order to get away before he caused both their deaths.

Raddlack transmorphed into human shape. My God, he was even more beautiful than Sirras remembered.

"Why? You were destined for far greater things than becoming a mere Travveller."

Pale blue eyes studied Sirras. Sirras saw recognition. He saw acknowledgment in his expression. Raddlack had dark blue hair glazed with shocking white, and was encased in tight, black leather head to toe. Polished black boots shone in the subdued light of the laboratory. He looked less like the mage scientist's apprentice, and more like human Goth subculture. And was totally desirable.

Raddlack stretched out his arms and studied the human form. "Not bad. I could get used to this." Then he turned his attention back to Sirras. "I asked for the assignment. They know about you and the human, Leo. I'm here to defuse the situation. You can't have him, Sirras. He belongs here on Earth, not with you."

"You don't know anything about him. You shouldn't be here. He's mine and I'll do as I please."

Raddlack strode across the room toward Sirras, a shadow

of blue flame tracking his wake. Sirras felt the steel bands of his arms wrap around him, sealing his body to Raddlack's."

"Did you think I would let you go so easily, Sirras? That I wouldn't follow you?"

"We had one night, mage-lord. One night that we both knew couldn't last. You were destined to become a powerful magissci; I'm just a commoner without royal powers. Your position...your ancients, put you in a whole different category than me. It was just one night. A mistake between us. It never should have happened."

Raddlack stroked Sirras's face, drawing closer. "That power means I can command what I want. And what I want is you. It took some time to track you, but now that I have, I want you to come home."

Sirras lifted his chin to look at Raddlack. He was torn. He had loved Raddlack, even with sharing only one night a hundred earth years ago. But he couldn't go back. The stringent rules of their society stifled him. The caste systems might have destroyed him, eating away at his soul. At least here, on Earth, there was some possibility of happiness with a man like Leo.

"I want Leo, Raddlack. Go back where you belong. Leo is like me. He's a simple man with simple needs. You and your world are too complicated. Go home, Raddlack."

"It's your home, as well, Sirras."

"Not anymore. I'm a Travveller, it's the life I've chosen."

"And you think this...Leo will want to travvell with you?"

"He may. We've only conversed online. He needs time to

trust me. But he will. And he'll understand."

"Will he?" Raddlack released him and flopped down in the chair at the desk. He looked at the laptop. He threw back the edges of his coat and splayed his legs out in front of him. Raddlack looked up at Sirras as he undid the front of his leather pants and released his cock. "I've missed you, Sirras."

Sirras couldn't help looking at the tall stalk rising thick and tantalizing from between Raddlack's legs. He remembered the sexual energy they had shared. Licks of fire that melded together so easily, blended with passion. The human body Raddlack's energy now resided in was just as enticing as the blue and white fire of his Avvarian form. Maybe more so because Sirras had become so used to the image.

"Don't do this, Raddlack. I made the break. We can't go back."

Raddlack shoved his pants down over his hips. He fisted his cock and aimed it at Sirras. "This body has interesting appendages. Teach me about them, Sirras. I've read your reports, but I think there are things you've left out."

"You aren't staying."

Raddlack leaned forward. "I can help you with him. He can't accompany you in his human form and you know that. I'm the only one who can assist you."

In that, Raddlack was right. It's one of the reasons Sirras had put off actually meeting Leo face to face. He had begun to research his own world's records, trying to find an answer.

"Why, Raddlack. Why now?"

The mage-lord's gaze shifted away. "Maybe because of him. As long as you were alone, there was a chance you would come back to me." His glance slid to the computer. "I've been monitoring your exchanges with him. With your stargazer. I want him, too. He's such an innocent, so pure and uncluttered. Together, we can heal him." He looked at Sirras. "Isn't that what you want? To heal him?"

Sirras nodded. Suddenly, he was caught between two worlds. And he wanted them both. In honesty, both of these men were taboo. Why did he always go for the lovers he wasn't supposed to want? And yet he did want them both. Raddlack with all his power and charisma. And Leo, his human, innocent and wounded. Relations with a magissci were forbidden. Intimacy with species of the planets he travvelled was also forbidden. Whichever way he turned he was doomed.

Slowly he walked toward Raddlack and dropped to his knees. The cock beckoned him; shadows of blue flame surrounded it, mingled with the short profusion of ebony and albino curling hairs where it nested.

He looked up at Raddlack. "You've certainly chosen an interesting form for your morph." He swirled a finger over the tip of Raddlack's prick.

Raddlack leaned back and closed his eyes. He emitted a deep sigh as Sirras's fingers wrapped around the thick erection.

"I wanted something interesting as long as I was going human." He slitted one eyelid to gaze down at Sirras.

"Someone you would want to fuck. Isn't that the human word for it?"

Sirras licked his lips as he gazed at a fat vein trailing like a winding purple vine up the length of Raddlack's prick. Then he looked up at the mage-lord. "Yes, that's the word."

"Have you fucked any of them yet? Have you fucked your Leo?"

"Not in the way you mean."

"Ah, yes, I have monitored your online communication. Your talk was very hot, Sirras." He leaned forward and cupped Sirras's face. "As I watched your Leo come, it made me eccsttasis as well."

Eccsttasis. The word on Avvaris for sexual orgasm. But it wasn't quite the same. And maybe Raddlack needed to learn a true appreciation for human climax so he could understand why Sirras so enjoyed living with the humans.

"Eccsttasis is not quite the same as climaxing. I guess perhaps I should show you."

Raddlack brushed a hand over Sirras's hair. "Perhaps so. I want to experience everything with this body. Everything you have felt."

Sirras leaned forward and engulfed Raddlack's prick with his mouth. He hadn't done this before with a human and the shock of his taste had Sirras's prick hard and throbbing in response to the earthy taste. He tasted of human and mage blue fire. A blend of Avvaris and Earth.

Sirras swirled his tongue over the tower of hot, human flesh, recalling the attraction for the mage-lord. Remembering

the melding of blue and orange fire, blended together and the pulsing, powerful eccsttasis that resulted from the fusion. Like a small nuclear blast, a broad melding of polar opposites coming together so perfectly. It never should have happened but it had.

And now Sirras remembered how it had been. The Avvarian laws were wrong. He sucked Raddlack's prick into his mouth, drawing on the thick cream, hearing the moans of the mage-lord as he erupted into Sirras's mouth.

Suddenly, the world opened wide. The impossible became possible and Sirras knew Leo would soon understand what it meant to be claimed by the hot, fiery passion of Avvarian desire.

CHAPTER 3

Tonight.

Leo stared at the message in the little box in the corner of the screen. He inhaled on a shuddering breath. It seemed like he'd been waiting for this moment forever and at last it was here. His fingers hovered over the keyboard. His gaze slid to the vibrant picture he kept on his desktop.

The indistinct neon burnt orange figure outlined in the photograph brought his desire surging to the surface. He stroked a hand over his crotch, feeling the stiff prick pressing against the fabric of his jeans. Was he really ready to meet Sirras and his new assistant in person?

Leo had been shocked a few weeks ago when Raddlack

had joined his conversation with Sirras. But slowly, over the last few weeks, Leo had become familiar with the other man, as he had learned to know Sirras. The threesome they had engaged in online only made Leo want to experience the same level of passion in person. Did he dare take the chance?

What time? And where? he responded.

Leo knew he shouldn't be doing it. Ever since the accident he'd stayed away from forming any type of physical relationship. But there was just something about Sirras, and now, Raddlack, that he couldn't let go.

When the dot-men network first rolled out, Leo had been hesitant about surfing through the new gay men's network. And then he'd found stardex.men. It was like finally coming home as he spoke with other men about his passion for the stars. There was even a whole digital library, including position papers on some of the newest discoveries in space exploration he'd never found anywhere else.

Uniquely unguarded conversations developed on stardex, communications that Leo had soon become addicted to, unable to stay away. And then he'd read Sirras's paper on the discovery of a new solar system located just beyond their solar system. Leo had been so intrigued by the idea he couldn't help emailing Sirras directly to try to learn more. And now there was Raddlack as well. A man who seemed to have an immense amount of information also. And knew how to fuck online as well as Sirras did. But now it was time to meet these men in the flesh.

Ten o'clock. The Warren Observatory.

Leo's leg began to ache and he stretched it out. He'd been sitting too long at the computer again and the injury made him more than aware of the fact. He reached out for the cane resting next to the desk. His fingers fondled the smooth round knob at the top.

He stared at the fiery image on the screen unable to stop the fantasy that spun through his mind, curious about the men who hid behind the sexy avatars.

For months he had been chatting with Sirras, but he had delayed meeting him in person, afraid of what he would think when he saw Leo with the cane. Leo was still self-conscious about the disability. Conversing with Sirras over the last few months had helped him to forget the reason he no longer sought out relationships in the real world. Cybersex was about as good as it got for him anymore. And now there were two delicious men to play with.

We'll be waiting for you, Leo. There will only be a short window of opportunity to actually view Avvaris.

The planet Avvaris was something he was dying to actually see. It was the one thing that could get Leo out of his apartment—the opportunity to actually view the new planet that Sirras had written about. It wasn't something that was visible to the naked eye; only the high-powered telescope at the observatory would offer Leo a chance to actually see Avvaris. If he missed this opportunity, there wouldn't be another chance for several years. He was going to have to take courage in hand and step outside his safety zone for the first time in six months.

You won't disappoint us?

Leo's fingers hesitated over the keyboard. This was not an easy decision for him. He really knew nothing about the men in this three-sided online relationship. They'd been tap dancing around each other for long enough. No real background exchanged, just talk. And sex. Cyber sex.

Talk to me, Leo. Leo opened the mic and turned up the volume.

"I'm here, Sirras."

"I wanted to hear your voice. It's the only way I can be certain you mean what you say."

"I can't wait to meet you in person, Leo." This time it was Raddlack who spoke.

Leo stared at the glowing, orange avatar. Then his gaze turned to the blue-flamed avatar. The outlines of lean, male flesh kept him hot and ready at any given moment. He lowered his hand to cup his thick erection, stroking over the heat pushing against his jeans. He wondered if Sirras and Raddlack were anywhere near as flaming as the images the men projected online. Their deep, sexy voices certainly matched the images.

"What are you doing, Leo?" Raddlack asked

"What do you think I'm doing?" It hadn't taken long for them to develop a deeper intimacy online. It seemed Sirras and Raddlack were just as curious about Leo.

"Does it feel good, Leo? Do you wish you were here right now? Raddlack and I are both waiting for you. We have a lot to show you."

Leo couldn't help it. He unzipped his fly and pulled out the rock-hard prick, stroking his fingers over the flared head.

"You're going to see us in a couple of hours, Leo. We don't want you to come yet."

"Your voice does that to me, Sirras. I can't help it." He shuddered when he heard the purr of Sirras's intonation.

"We're going to show you things when you get here. I want you hot and ready when you come. And don't forget the toy bag."

"When I come?" God, he wasn't certain he could wait.

"When you get here," Sirras amended.

"You might be disappointed when you finally see me in person." Leo felt he should prepare the men for the fact that he was a gimp.

"We won't be disappointed. Your name tells us everything we need to know."

"My name? How can my name tell you anything about me?"

"Not just your name, but your voice, too. How we talk to each other. I know you, Leo. The rest doesn't matter."

How could he think it didn't matter? Leo knew how uncomfortable it made his friends whenever he was around. They all remembered what had occurred that night. How the harness had broken and Leo had plummeted to the floor. Unfortunately, the table had gotten in the way and had gouged the side of his face as well. No, he guessed it wasn't just the limp that bothered him, but the other scars as well.

"Sirras, are you sure about this?"

"About not wanting you to orgasm?"

That did make Leo smile. "No, that's not what I mean and you know it. I mean about my coming out to the observatory." His hand rode up and down his cock, as he tried to visualize what Sirras looked like. There was a slight accent to his voice, one he couldn't quite identify. But it made him sound exotic and Leo was intrigued.

"Tell me again how you like it, Leo? How do you like to be fucked?" This time it was Raddlack who demanded an answer.

With the anonymity of the Internet, Leo had revealed so much more than he ever thought he would to another person. Let alone two people. But Sirras and Raddlack made it so easy to pour out his soul. He reached down to cup his balls, sliding a finger along the crease.

"Tell me how you like it, Sirras. And you, too, Raddlack. You've never really talked to me about what you want. You always let me do all the talking."

"Do you really want to know, Leo?"

"Yes, I do," Leo whispered. "Because I want to give it to you tonight. Whatever it is, however you want it. You and me beneath the stars tonight."

God, he was so damn hot. He wasn't sure he was going to make it another couple of hours.

"Talk to me, Sirras. Tell me how you like it, Raddlack."

CHAPTER 4

"How do you like it, Sirras?"

Sirras stroked the thick cock rising from between his legs as he felt the friction of Raddlack splitting his ass.

"I like it hard, boy. Can you give it to me hard?"

The fire in his blood ignited as he thought of fucking Leo as Raddlack fucked him. He wanted to see his cyber lover in the flesh. Wanted to touch him. To make him yield and to fuck him. In the ways of his own people. He knew that Leo would never have known the kind of claiming that he wanted to experience with Leo.

Sirras had never even known it himself. Except for one time on Avvaris. Only with Raddlack had Sirras experienced

the explosive fireflight unity of his kind. They had been lonely years, until now.

Humans were a slightly less enlightened species than the Avvarians. To some extent he had tried to respect Leo's privacy. But there had been moments when he couldn't help himself and had reached beyond to soothe the human he had become so fond of. The human race had not yet learned the secret of energy transmorph for travel.

But now he was ready to reveal the differences in his physique to Leo. Their relationship could go no further until he did. Although the relationship was still tenuous, he had to take the chance.

"I want you, Leo. Very much. I want to see you, to be with you. I want to push my prick inside you. I want to own your soul. I want you to be mine in reality, not just online."

"I can't be bound again." Leo's voice held an element of panic in it. He had told Sirras of the accident—of the helplessness and fear as the restraints broke and he'd fallen. Of being unable to save himself. Of the weeks in the hospital, and the pain of the injuries.

"That's not my way. There will be no ropes to bind you. My way will give you nothing but pleasure. Leo. There's nothing to fear."

"I'm not sure I remember how to trust. It's not easy for me." There was a long silence. And then Leo's voice came to him through the computer's speaker. "I'm not whole anymore. Sometimes I can't even control the pain. And I hate the drugs."

"After tonight there will be no more need for drugs." Once Leo felt the healing energy flow into his body, and learned how to re-situate his molecules with Raddlack's help, there would no longer be a need to fear, or to feel pain. Sirras and Raddlack would fix what had been broken.

"That's not possible, Sirras. The doctors already tried everything."

"Perhaps I know something that they do not."

"It's wishful thinking."

Sirras stroked his penis, feeling Raddlack's cock widening his hole, as he tried to soothe Leo's fears. He wished Leo was with him right now so he could show him the truth of what would happen.

He shuddered as he imagined what it would be like with Leo. To finally, after all these months experience the flesh intimacy with a real human.

Here on Earth things were so different than on his own world. He was free to love whom he wished—class was not a consideration. And Leo was the man he wanted. Leo understood him in ways no one else ever had. Even Raddlack.

What would Leo do if he discovered that the avatar he watched as he masturbated was really Sirras and not just a graphical representation? Or how difficult it had been for Sirras not to materialize inside Leo's apartment? Except for that one time when he had felt Leo's pain so acutely.

He knew so much more than Leo realized. Understood a great deal. Sirras had powers that Leo couldn't begin to understand. But maybe he would soon.

For now he would just have to bide his time. It wouldn't be much longer and he would know if Leo could accept the truth. Or if the truth would be too much for him to handle.

"Don't let me down, Leo. I'm counting on you."

"I'll be there, Sirras. I promise."

Sirras terminated the connection. There was nothing he could do but wait. He had no choice. Not if he wanted a future with Leo in it. It was up to Leo now.

The moment Sirras broke the connection, Raddlack tipped his head back and possessed his lips. He drove his cock deeper into Sirras's channel and Sirras groaned at the soul-shattering, deep penetration.

"I like these human bodies," Raddlack said. "And I like your human. I can't wait to meet him."

Sirras shoved back and arched against Raddlack. "He's fragile, Raddlack. It's a huge leap for him in coming here. He doesn't think we know about the injuries."

Raddlack's hands gripped Sirras's nipples and twisted as he pulled out and plunged deep into Sirras's rectum.

"He doesn't realize you transmorph and ride through the lines once he opens the connection on his end."

"No. He's human. Humans can't do that sort of thing. You must know that from the reports I've sent back."

Raddlack began to pump into Sirras faster. The hot friction shot like a sharp spear embedding deeply inside Sirras. Raddlack wound his hand tightly into Sirras's hair, arching his head back.

"He liked the cock ring you sent him."

"He looked pretty with the stars dangling from his tits and the etched ring around his cock."

"Mmmm. He'd look even better with an Avvarian collar wrapped around his root," Raddlack murmured and then grunted as Sirras felt him flood his rectum with his hot cum. "Fireballs, but this does not get old, does it? It feels as good now as it did when I took you my first night on Earth."

Oh, yes, Sirras knew exactly what he meant. They'd had sex every morning and every night since Raddlack's arrival. And sometimes at midday as well. And then of course there were the cyber fuck sessions with Leo. He didn't think they'd ever get tired of this human fucking. It was too delicious.

Raddlack pulled free of Sirras. Then he stepped away to clean up. "I like these human bodies, but they can be limiting to my abilities." He refastened his pants and donned the white lab coat.

"You mean your magissci powers?"

"Yes," Raddlack said as he walked over to a table on the other side of the lab and peered closely at the results flooding the computer screen. As Sirras watched, Raddlack dashed off some quick notes on the notepad resting next to the screen. "This manual work is rather irritating."

"Commoners' tasks you mean." Sirras couldn't help it, the class rules on Avvaris angered him.

Raddlack turned to look at him. "We all have our jobs to do on Avvaris."

"What we have is our niches. You have yours and I have mine. And yours shouldn't be here."

Raddlack straightened up and turned to face Sirras. "You've never understood. I take no one for granted. I respect all of our individual races, no matter their position. You wrong me if you think otherwise."

"I don't think Crittor would agree with you. He's all about rules and position, and most particularly about separation of classes."

"Sirras, your biggest problem has always been your rebellion against class structure. You fight too hard against your nature."

"My nature? It's the way our society has been for millennia. And it never changes."

"It works...that's why it remains the same." He yelled and then spun back to the computer. "We're wasting time. If Leo comes here tonight, I have to somehow get this computer programmed to alter his DNA." He shot a look at Sirras. "Or he won't be able to come with us when we leave. And that is what you want, isn't it? Without being able to use my powers as magissci, it's taking longer than it should."

"So why don't you transmorph and just go inside the system. Wouldn't it be easier?"

An odd smile crept onto Raddlack's expression. "But then I couldn't fuck you like a human. At will. Now could I? I don't morph right now because I'm enjoying you too much. You're a distraction. Why don't you go find something else to do? Finish up those reports for Crittor. That should at least make him happy. At least until I come looking for you."

Sirras shook his head and walked away toward the desk

where the smaller transmutter rested. Raddlack was right, he could at least finish the report and get that out before Leo came by. His thoughts turned to Leo.

What would Leo think when he finally did meet Sirras and Raddlack? Sirras knew he was taking a chance on meeting his online friend and cyber lover in person. It still might be too soon. But time was running out. He stroked a hand down the front of his jeans, pressing against the heat of his cock, feeling the strange, pleasant ripples shimmer through his body.

He wanted to take Leo away from Earth. Without Raddlack's help that might never have been able to be arranged. It had been so long since he'd been to his own planet, an outcast because he was different. It's part of the reason he'd chosen to come to Earth, to isolate himself from his own kind. For now, he'd found a place to settle for a while, but he couldn't remain forever. And he wanted to take Leo with him when he finally decided to travvell once again. And now everything was even more complicated with Raddlack, who wanted him to return to Avvaris one day.

He knew Raddlack was needed on their home planet. But he'd already informed Sirras that unless he went home as well, Raddlack wouldn't be returning any time soon. And then there was Leo to consider. The human who had cut himself off from his own kind, the same way Sirras had done. Everything just turned more complicated with each passing day.

He gazed at the stiff, one-dimensional turquoise and black avatar on the desktop screen—no, not representative of the man on the other end of the conversations. He knew it—he

sensed it, but Leo hid a great deal beneath the pain Sirras heard in his voice.

CHAPTER 5

As Leo dressed to leave for the observatory, he felt his injuries keenly. Tonight the memory of the accident seemed to ride him harder than usual. And he knew why.

He was about to embark on a different level in this relationship with Sirras and Raddlack. Even with the scenes he'd done in the past with various members of the BDSM community, there had still been an element of emotional separation. Never quite the intimacy he'd hoped to find in a relationship. And something told him this time, everything in his life was about to change.

When Leo realized some years back that his nature was submissive, it was as though one of those missing puzzle

pieces was finally found. And for the last few years he had been reasonably content with the dynamics of his choice. But something had gone very wrong at that last scene. And maybe part of the problem was his fault. He had wanted to maintain the emotional distance and separate the sex, the need to submit, from any real intimacy. It had become comfortable. Maybe the accident had taught him something and he just needed to listen.

There were times when you could feel the cadence wasn't quite right. He'd felt it that night, but he'd ignored his gut feelings. After all it was strictly sex, a scene played simply to relieve some pressure. The guy he'd met at the bar was someone he'd known from the scene, but not someone he'd played with before. Maybe it was something in his eyes, a shiftiness he hadn't noticed before. And had ignored.

Leo had never really heard anything bad about him, no warning bells had gone off. But it was just like something was slightly out of tune, yet you couldn't quite put your finger on it. That's how it had been with Karl. Leo hadn't realized until later that Karl had been drinking, and that was a sure sign of trouble. But that night, he'd hidden the fact from Leo. Or Leo just hadn't been paying attention.

Looking back, there should have been signs, and Leo had missed them. And he'd paid a price because of it. Karl had since left town, and Leo couldn't say he was sorry to see him go. He never had come to see Leo in the hospital. Or said he was sorry.

Sirras was different than the men Leo had known before.

Even over the Internet Leo could tell there was something unusual about him. Not in a bad way, but in a very good way. Something that resonated inside Leo.

He wasn't about ropes and pain. He was beautiful in all ways. With Sirras something seemed to say "relationship." It both scared and invigorated Leo.

Raddlack felt different from Sirras. Whereas Sirras felt almost on the same keel with Leo, Raddlack's voice was threaded with a different kind of powerful persuasion, almost hypnotic in some ways. Leo didn't know what it meant, but he guessed he'd find out tonight.

The blue jeans were new and stiff. He should have taken that into consideration. His older, worn ones would have been more comfortable. And the white knit shirt he wore was also new. He'd even taken himself for a haircut and a shave, wanting to look his best tonight. He grabbed his jacket. Then curled his fingers around the inlaid wooden knob of his cane. With luck his fingers would be curling around another knob, a little more alive tonight. He couldn't wait.

As he opened the door, he stopped dead in his tracks.

The bag! He couldn't forget the toys. That might actually call for some discipline action. Damn. He limped back in and picked up the black bag. He'd already called for a taxi and it should be waiting for him when he reached the ground floor.

The crisp night air struck him as he stepped outside. So different from the closeness in his apartment. He looked up at the sky. The stars were so bright, the black night so clear. A perfect night for viewing a planet that liked to remain hidden

from human eyes.

As he stepped into the cab he realized he was putting a lot of faith in an online association, with men he'd never met before in person. With names that Googling didn't bring up. He had to wonder exactly where that trust was going to take him?

He eased back against the seat and watched the city lights zoom by. His fingers tightened around the knob of his cane. He studied the long, smooth ebony shaft, collared by carved pewter. The broad knob that fit his hand perfectly, crafted of exotic wood only found in Africa. A gift from an ex-lover. At the time he'd explained to Leo that he'd had the cane made especially for Leo because he wanted to be certain he was supported by something strong and beautiful, just as Leo was. At the time the sentiment had almost made Leo cry.

But hadn't Sirras in one conversation almost mirrored those exact words when he likened Leo to the constellation? What did these men see in Leo that he was missing? He hadn't really thought of himself as strong. He'd hidden himself away all these months. He stroked the cane, wishing that for just a moment he had better insight into his own head. Wondering why others seemed to see him more clearly than he did.

Suddenly, the cab came to a stop and Leo realized he'd totally lost track of the time. He look up at the dark outline of the Warren Observatory. It's strong architecture illuminated with several floodlights.

"You sure this is the place, man? It looks closed to me."

Leo paid the cabbie and carefully got out of the vehicle.

"This is the right place."

"You want me to wait?"

For the first time in a long time, Leo was certain of where he was going. Maybe he shouldn't be, but his gut said this was most definitely where he was supposed to be. Leo remembered the directions that Sirras had given him and he walked around the side of the building. He saw the light flickering over a side entrance. When he tried it, he found the door was unlocked. He opened it and stepped inside the darkened recesses.

Leo knew he was about to embark on an adventure like he'd never before undertaken. The narrow hallway was lit and he silently made his way along the corridor, eager to begin.

CHAPTER 6

Leo found the entrance to the planetarium, which is where Leo had said to meet him. The room was dense black, offering only a soft illumination from the ceiling which was a surreal representation of space. He almost lost his balance as he walked into the spacious auditorium and a firm hand locked around his forearm to steady him.

"Sirras?"

"Yes, stargazer, it's me." Leo allowed Sirras to lead him down the aisle, a hand at his elbow. His touch seemed to burn right through Leo's jacket. "Wow, man, where have you been? You're burning up. Do you have a fever?"

"That's my normal body temperature. I'll explain

everything to you shortly."

Another pair of hands gripped his jacket near the collar.

"Let me take that for you, Leo." And then Raddlack pulled the jacket from his shoulders as Sirras took the bag from his grip.

"Raddlack?"

"Yes, Leo. It's me. I'm just going to take your coat back to the closet and hang it up."

Sirras pushed Leo gently into a soft, cushioned seat. "I think you'll like this." He took the cane from Leo's hand. "I'm just going to set this over here."

"What about Avvaris? I thought I was going to get a chance to see it tonight."

"Not until midnight," Sirras said. "First I want to show you something. Look up and tell me what you see."

As Leo gazed at the night sky presented above, he felt Raddlack sit down on his other side. "It's the solar system. Isn't it?" He peered closer, realizing suddenly that things didn't look quite right to be his home star system.

"Not quite." A hand rested on his thigh and Leo felt his cock jump to attention. "It's what's called the Parsonnes Star System."

"I've never heard of that one before." He felt Sirras's hand slide upward. And he felt the presence of a hand on his other leg. "Sirras," he gasped as the desire shot through him. Both of them were so hot, their touch burning straight through his clothing.

"The Parsonnes system is named after the god of

abundance worshipped by the inhabitants of Avvaris."

"P-parsonnes? That wasn't in your paper. I would have remembered. As a matter of fact nothing about any civilization was in your paper. How do you know there was a civilization on Avvaris?"

Sirras cupped Leo's jaw and turned his head toward Sirras. "He's a special god, Leo. One quite revered by the people of Avvaris."

And suddenly Sirras's lips claimed Leo's. As they sealed together, another pair of lips licked at the curve of his ear, bit teasingly into the rim. Leo couldn't stop the moan that escaped, muffled by Sirras's mouth.

"Tonight I want you to put yourself in our hands, Leo. Open your mind to believe the impossible. Can you do that for us?"

Visions of the accident assailed him, of him falling, out of control. Leo felt the panic catch hold and his heart beat faster. "I-I don't think I can do it."

Hot hands swept over his body soothing and stroking every inch. Sirras's face was close. He kissed the corner of Leo's mouth and then gently turned his head. "Look, up over there. Do you see the orange and blue planet?"

"Yes, I think so." It looked almost like a small version of the sun, bright and fiery.

"That's Avvaris."

"It is?" Leo watched the colors separate and then intertwine, ribbons of color surrounding the planet. "It's beautiful, Sirras. But how did you know it existed?" There was a long pause of silence. "Because it's our home, Leo. It's where Sirras and I come from," Raddlack said.

No, that couldn't be true. It wasn't possible. Leo tried to jump to his feet. "Let me out of here. I don't believe you. You're trying to fuck with my mind."

Hands reached for him, thwarting his escape. "Please, Leo, listen. Let us try to explain," Sirras said.

Leo couldn't believe what he was hearing. Did they really take him for a fool?

"Come with me. I'll prove we're not human. And before you ask—we're not here to kidnap you either. I just want to show you. Please. We've shared our innermost thoughts online, can't you give me just the benefit of the doubt now? For just a few minutes?"

"I don't know—"

"Leo, listen to your heart. Do you really think I want to hurt you? Honestly?"

Slowly, Sirras was leading him from the chair toward a platform on the other side of the room. Leo sat on the edge and looked up at the ceiling, tracking the movement of Avvaris. He thought about all of the months of conversations he'd had with Sirras. Of the conversations with Raddlack over the last few weeks. The mutual pleasure they'd shared. Thoughts and feelings.

"All right, but just a few minutes. And then I'm out of here."

"All right."

Sirras sighed deeply as he looked at Leo. "I'm a Travveller

for our people. I visit other worlds and report my findings back. Raddlack is a magissci, a very powerful member of our society. I am but a commoner among our people. Raddlack, why don't you show Leo our true form? Leo, please don't be shocked by what you see. Raddlack can help you with your injuries, but I want you to see what we are first. And then we're going to help you."

"What exactly is a magissci?"

"Sort of a combination mage, or magician, and technological scientist in your understanding. He combines elements of both worlds. Or maybe a type of alchemist might be a better word."

Well, Leo could sort of relate to that. He looked back up at the ceiling and the representation of the alien star system. Didn't he actually believe there might be life on other planets? Hadn't he said so all along? So why was he so surprised now to find out that it actually might be true? He took a deep breath and tried to calm himself. Okay, they'd kind of blindsided him with this news, but now that he'd calmed down a bit, he was willing to listen to what they had to say.

He'd listened to his instincts in coming here. On one level he did trust Sirras. And really, that hadn't changed. He was tired of being alone, of the self-imposed exile. And hadn't he known when he decided to come there that something different was going to happen? So why fight it?

"Are you ready?"

Leo nodded. "Yeah, okay, bring it on."

"Raddlack, show him. You can transmorph now."

Transmorph? What exactly did that mean?

"Are you sure, Sirras? That he's ready for this?"

"I know Leo. He can handle it." The confidence in Sirras's voice stiffened Leo's spine. Leo wanted Sirras to be proud of him. He had enjoyed his online experiences with this man, more than willing to submit to his commands. He wanted to please him. And he would handle whatever came next. Different from himself, but in many ways also the same.

Suddenly, Leo's eyes widened as he watched Raddlack's form change. This wasn't shape-shifter stuff. This was something totally different. The man's shape seemed to melt and liquefy. Suddenly, what floated in front of Leo where Raddlack had been just moments before was a tower of blue and white flame.

No, that wasn't quite right. Whatever it was shimmered and sparkled with pinpoints of light, undulating and alive. A sentient thing apparently, but not the least bit human.

"I don't believe this. What about his clothes? His hair? What happened?"

"Unlike your shape-shifter mythology, this isn't shapeshifting. It is transmorphing and altering our molecules into another form. That includes control of the external materials such as clothing and objects as well. They are absorbed and refashioned, so that nothing is lost, nothing destroyed, simply reshaped into another form of reality."

"What's that red stuff in the middle?"

"It's his string of DNA, an easily identifiable signature in our culture. Just like with humans—no two strands of DNA are the same."

"My God, I can't believe I'm seeing this." He turned to look at Sirras. "And you're the same?"

"My heartflame is a different color."

"You mean you're not blue?" Leo couldn't believe he was asking this. He turned his gaze back to Raddlack and shook his head. Unbelievable.

"No. I am the avatar you see when we communicate through your computer."

"Christ." And then it struck him. "You've been to my apartment, haven't you? That was actually you and not just an image, wasn't it?" And then he remembered the warmth when he'd closed his eyes and how his hip had stopped aching for a short time. "What did you do to me?"

"I just eased your pain. Commoner powers are limited. But Raddlack can heal you. Will you let him, Leo?"

"So you've known all along about me, haven't you? All the stuff I was trying to hide, and you knew. Why didn't you say something?"

"You weren't ready for us, Leo. But now, I think you are. Let us help you."

Leo looked at Sirras, highlighted by the bright flame that was Raddlack. Leo was still trying to wrap his mind around the reality of the situation. He hadn't taken any pain medication before he came, so he knew it had to be real, not some drug-induced hallucination.

"What do you want me to do?" What did he really have to lose? And what might he gain?

CHAPTER 7

Sirras let out a deep whoosh of breath. He turned to look at Raddlack. In Raddlack's present form the only way they could communicate was telepathically. Another thing he would need to try to explain to Leo. Eventually.

"The first thing we need to do is get you undressed. It will make it easier."

"In here?" Leo looked around. "Aren't there security guards or something hanging around?"

Sirras shook his head. "No, not tonight. It's just us." Sirras didn't really want to go into a lot of explanation about planting ideas and memories into the human security guards' minds. It might rattle Leo and right now they needed him to remain

calm.

As Sirras helped Leo to undress, he tried to explain what was going to happen. "Raddlack will enter your body in order to rearrange the structured scarred bone and tissue. He must do this from the inside."

"He's going to what? But...well, I mean...can't you do it? From the outside?"

Sirras shook his head. He wished he could make this easier for Leo, but there wasn't a lot of time. They couldn't just ease him into what was going to take place next. They didn't have weeks to prepare him. "Raddlack is the one who is skilled and has the knowledge. He can repair the damage quickly. It would have taken me much longer to attempt to repair the damage. Will you let him do this for you?"

Leo shrugged. "Better to at least try, I guess. I don't have a whole lot to lose, except the pain and the need for the pain medication. I guess I've got to give it a shot." He would do practically anything to get rid of the pain.

"Good. You will feel a tingling. This is where you must relax, let him inside. Let him have control of your body. If you fight him, it will take longer. Your mind and body must accept his presence."

"Hey, I'm a born submissive. That shouldn't be so difficult, should it?"

Sirras couldn't help it, he leaned forward and kissed Leo on the lips. "It will be all right. No harm will come to you. Now, up on the platform and lie on your back."

Sirras helped him to stretch out on the platform. He

couldn't help touching him, of enjoying the soft texture of his resilient, yet firm skin. So human. He thought this was one of the things he most enjoyed about the appearance of the human body. The many textures of skin, the shades of tan and white and black. Golden colors, their DNA sheathed by flesh and muscle with a skeletal base. So very beautiful in their own, fragile way.

Sirras turned to Raddlack.

::He's ready. Take care how you handle him.::

The blue flame darkened. Too bad if Sirras had made Raddlack angry.

::No harm will come to him, Sirras. If I didn't know you better, I could be envious of your concern for him. I could have wished you had such strong feelings for me. Maybe you would never have left Avvaris.::

The blue and white pillar of flame moved toward the platform.

"Are you sure he's not going to burn me alive? He looked pretty damned hot to me."

"The warmth of the energy is not what you would expect. Yes, you will feel the heat, but it will not burn you. It is cleansing energy, not destructive blaze. Although, I will admit when angered, it can turn quite destructive."

"And now? He's not angry with me, is he?"

"No, Leo. He is going to heal you."

::It's good that you at least have that much confidence in my abilities.::

:: Confidence in you was never the problem, Mage-lord.

Your position is what stood, and still stands, between us. My heartflame burns for you both. Even though it should burn for neither..:

::We'll discuss that later. Right now there are other things to attend to. Just remember, you're not getting rid of me that easily.::

Spare him the stubborn determination of a magissci. The only way they had any hope of being together was to remain exiled from their home planet. For Sirras, it was no great hardship. But for Raddlack, and their home world, it could be devastating. And Sirras couldn't ask that of him.

Sirras watched as the blue and white energy was absorbed slowly into Leo's body. Sirras had every confidence that the mage-lord would heal this human. It was that very human frailty that concerned Sirras. And why he was protective of Leo. He hadn't the strength of an Avvarian, nor the transmorphing abilities. But that was another thing that might change, if Raddlack had completed the reprogramming of the computer.

"This feels weird," Leo said. "Inside I'm all hot and boiling, but my skin feels cool. It feels like my blood is racing through my veins like a pot boiling over on the stove. Is it supposed to be like that?"

"You will be fine, Leo. Raddlack is working as quickly as possible to repair the damage. Focus on Avvaris, it's right above your head. Try not to think about what's going on inside your body right now."

Leo turned his head to look at him and Sirras could see the

trepidation Leo was feeling exhibited in his expression. His instinct to comfort had him reaching for Leo's hand and clasping it between his own.

"Tell me about your family, Leo. It's something we haven't talked about online."

Sirras saw him swallow and then Leo turned to look at him. "They live in New York. My father's a dentist, my mother's a teacher. I have one brother who's in college. He's planning to follow in my father's footsteps."

"Are you close with them?"

Leo turned to look up at Avvaris. "No. I can't say I have been for a long time. We don't communicate well."

"Is that why you moved to Phoenix?"

Leo smiled. "They always accused me of woolgathering."

"Woolgathering? What is that?"

"It's sort of like being a stargazer I guess. They never thought I had my feet firmly planted on the ground." Suddenly he bucked up and a look of pain crossed his face.

Sirras leaned closer. "What is it?"

"M-my hip. Oh, God, what the hell is he doing? It feels like the whole side of my body is being torn apart.

::Raddlack, what are you doing to him?::

::Keep him calm. This is the tricky part. The scar tissue on his face resolved easily, but the hip—this will cause him some discomfort. He needs to remain still.::

Sirras turned his attention back to Leo, and his gripped tightened on Leo's hand. "Hold on, Leo. You need to remain still. What Raddlack is doing is crucial to your complete

recovery."

Sweat broke out on Leo's forehead. He gritted his teeth. Sirras didn't think he could bear the pain and not try to do something to help him.

"D-don't know if I can take much more." Again Leo stiffened and reared up, a deep moan of agony erupted from his throat.

No more. Sirras couldn't take it—couldn't watch. It was better if Leo remained alert, but not like this. He pressed forward, fingertips to Leo's temples, forehead to forehead.

"Sleep, Leo, sleep. No more pain," he whispered, over and over again, until he felt the man suffering such intense agony relax and go into a deep sleep.

::What did you do? He should remain awake, so we can tell from his responses what's happening in case there's a problem.::

::No more, Raddlack. There's too much pain. I sent him into an induced sleep until it's over. It will have to do.::

::You're too close to him. I should have sent you away, while I did this.::

::I wouldn't have left and you know it.::

:Stubborn Avvarian,:: Raddlack mumbled.

::You should talk,:: Sirras responded, praying to the gods that Leo would be completely healed when it was over.

CHAPTER 8

Leo came out of the unconscious oblivion slowly. He couldn't figure out where he was or why he was amazingly pain free. Had he taken too much medication?

"Are you sure he's all right?" Leo recognized Sirras's voice.

"He's fine, you just put him down too deep."

Yes, Leo thought he recognized that voice as well. It sounded like Raddlack. He opened his eyes and carefully sat up, realizing he was on some sort of makeshift bed in a small room. Raddlack had apparently transmorphed back into his human form because he and Sirras stood on the other side of the room oblivious to Leo, voices raised in a fierce argument

of some sort.

"Hey," he called out. "Can you put a lid on it? You're arguing loud enough to wake the dead." For the first time in a long time Leo rose easily from the bed, not a speck of pain to cause him discomfort. It was a wonderful feeling.

The two men spun around to stare at him. From expressions of surprise, the looks turned deeper. Lustier. It was then Leo realized, much to his embarrassment, he was still naked and his cock was at full mast, to anyone who happened to be paying attention, quite obvious that Leo was up and ready for action.

Sirras strode across the room. He cupped Leo's face and kissed him, his tongue thrust between Leo's lips. Leo clung to him, made breathless by the passionate kiss.

Sirras broke the kiss and looked deeply into Leo's eyes. "How do you feel?"

"There's no pain. None at all. I can't believe it."

"Naturally. My work is perfect," Raddlack said as he joined them.

Sirras just about choked on that statement. "Modesty has never been one of your virtues, Raddlack."

Leo saw something else...blue and orange fire burning in both their expressions. It looked a lot like lust and he felt the same emotion rising to the surface inside him. Sirras leaned forward and claimed Leo's lips once more, his hand reaching down to enclose Leo's cock.

"Are you well enough?" he asked.

"For fucking?" Leo couldn't help responding.

Sirras grinned. "For fucking. Do you want us both?"

Leo chuckled. He'd never felt as free or as cared for as he did right this moment. "Both of you. Definitely." He turned to look at Raddlack. "I don't think I've ever been as intimately acquainted with anyone as I am with you, Raddlack. You've been inside me. You know things probably no one else will ever know. Thank you for what you did."

"I want to be inside you, too," Sirras responded petulantly. He turned Leo toward him and pressed him close to his body. "I want to know you that intimately."

Leo turned serious for a moment as he gazed at both men. Leo realized he wanted to be intimately tied to these men even more than he had when they communicated online and it didn't matter that they weren't human. Not just as Dom/sub, but as men, as lovers. In all ways. The intense emotion made him catch his breath. A relationship in the flesh was so much better than the distance of computer contact.

He reached up to cup each of their jaws, drawing them forward. "It's strange. I've never wanted to be intimately attached before. Oh, I've had sex, I've had lovers, I've served masters. But with you two, the whole world seems different."

"It's like that for me as well," Sirras said. "In all the planets I've visited over the last hundred years, I've never established a relationship with anyone. Until you, Leo. I know it was simply through the computer, but I felt a connection with you that I had never felt with anyone else. You reached out to me and I couldn't help but respond. That's never happened before. At least not since—" His voice trailed away and Leo saw him glance at Raddlack.

"Sirras has class issues," Raddlack bit out. "He ran away because he thought he was better than me."

Leo saw the orange flame in Sirras's eyes flare brighter. "Fool. That's not the way it was."

Leo held up his hands. "No fighting. I want to celebrate." He grinned at them. "Fuck me, boys, and make it good." He looked at Sirras. "How long was I out? Did I miss seeing Avvaris?"

He watched Sirras tear his angry gaze away from Raddlack. "No. Thirty minutes, no longer. We have an hour before Avvaris will appear."

"Then do you think we might make better use of that hour rather than fighting?"

As though the men were one unit, they picked Leo up and tossed him onto the bed. He looked up at them, breathless with the beautiful sight that ensnared him. How the hell had he gotten so lucky? Two gorgeous aliens and he was going to get to fuck them both. Or they'd fuck him. Or maybe a little of each.

Both men quickly stripped and joined Leo on the bed, one to each side.

Leo first kissed Sirras and then he turned to Raddlack. Both of them tasted delicious and felt so damn good. A hell of a lot better than trying to fuck a computer screen, that's for sure.

They each pressed closer to the man in the middle. Hot hands roamed over his body, encircling his cock, pressing between his legs...demands that opened him to their inspection. Words drifted down to him as lips, tongues, and teeth tracked paths over his body. His nipples were tugged, his testicles weighed, and fingers dipped into his anus.

His thighs were split and splayed, lifted and held in place. Teeth razed across the backs of his thighs, nipped at his cheeks, and finally a tongue rimmed his hole.

Intense sensations he couldn't believe, pleasure that drove him crazy, had him bucking and writhing beneath them.

Finally, Sirras yanked him up and positioned him on his hands and knees. Slowly he prepared his hole with lube, first with one finger, then with two. And finally three widened his anus.

"Fuck me," he yelled as he pushed back against the invading fingers. "Now, damn you, now. I can't wait any longer."

And then the tip of Sirras's cock was at his entrance, pressing past the ring of muscle, delving into his channel. When he was buried deep, Leo heard him groan, feeling him pressed tightly against his back. He looked over his shoulder and then realized what was happening as Raddlack was positioned behind Sirras, his cock buried in Sirras's ass, just as Sirras's prick was buried inside Leo.

It was too fucking perfect. Leo wrapped his hand around his own dick, and the rhythm moved into full swing. The friction of movement burned his ass and felt so damn fine. Groans of pleasure filled the small room. The bed creaked with the weight of the three horny men, like a train picking up

speed, faster and faster, the lusty smell of sex filling his nostrils, sounds of passion, sucking and fucking, in and out, until finally they all came together in a climax so powerful it shot Leo right into space.

It wasn't until long, contented moments later, tangled in each other's arms that Sirras noted the time.

"We need to get up to the telescope if you want a good look at Avvaris. It could be a long time before you see it again."

Leo leaned over to grab his clothes from the floor but Sirras stopped him. "No need. No one else here. Remember?"

He dropped the clothes back onto the floor and shrugged. "If you say so."

Sirras positioned the telescope. "Here you go, Leo. Take a look. It's the place Raddlack and I call home."

Leo peered through the scope. It took him a moment to lock onto Avvaris. "Wow, it looks so close. So big and beautiful."

A hand gripped his cock. "Just like something else, except instead of round, it's long and thick. But just as beautiful."

Leo couldn't help chuckling. And then he felt a long, thick male instrument wedged into the crease of his ass. But this time it was Raddlack's dick teasing at the opening of his orifice.

Sirras nibbled on his ear. "See something you like?"

Before sinking his cock inside Leo's channel, Raddlack lubed Leo's hole. Where he got the lube from, Leo hadn't the faintest idea, and really didn't care. The man had a fucking big prick and Leo was just glad to be well greased.

He grunted as Raddlack sank into his channel. His hands tightened on the telescope. Sirras bit his earlobe and tugged.

God, it had never been as good as this before.

"I don't want this to ever end," he whispered, tears gathering in his eyes. The emotion overwhelmed him and he just wanted to hold onto this moment forever.

"It doesn't need to. It can go on forever."

He felt Raddlack's prick filling his hole and Sirras's warm breath against his ear.

"How?" He groaned as Raddlack began to thrust in and out, his hands fastened to Leo's hips.

"You can come with us when we leave. If you want to."

Raddlack's fingers bit into Leo's hip. Leo caught his breath. It was a big step.

"You mean travel with you to other planets? But I'm human, how can I do that?" He grunted as Raddlack went particularly deep. He thrust back to counter the rhythm, enjoying the sensation of his deep penetration.

"Raddlack has a way to alter your chemistry to match ours."

That gave Leo pause. Then suddenly Raddlack was pounding into him with deep, penetrating strokes and his whole focus turned to the act of fucking. Sirras gripped Leo's cock, sliding his hand up and down the rigid prick.

Within moments Leo came, holding onto the massive telescope with a death grip.

Sirras steadied him. "You don't have to decide right this

second. But soon."

Leo turned his head to look at Sirras. He felt Raddlack slide from inside his ass. He didn't want to lose these two men, but what they were offering would be life changing. He would never be the same.

It was a moment of heavy decision. They'd already changed his life. And he couldn't bear the thought of losing them forever. But did he dare make a leap of faith this momentous?

CHAPTER 9

Leo finally had come to a decision. A week with Sirras and Raddlack had made up his mind once and for all.

"You're sure?" Sirras asked as he stroked a finger over the silver collar encircling Leo's rigid erection.

And collar is what the Avvarians apparently called it, not a cock ring. When they transmorphed into solid form for their own form of kinky sex, they used these intricately crafted circular collars from what Raddlack told him. Two days ago, Sirras had presented Leo with one.

"Yes, I'm sure. You said I can email home?"

Sirras nodded. "I've had no problems communicating with Avvaris from here." He looked at Raddlack, who was

sprawled out on the bed. "And Raddlack has been eavesdropping on our discussion from Avvaris with no difficulty whatsoever."

"He was spying?"

Raddlack rose from the bed. "It was my job. A security issue."

Sirras turned on him, frowning. "So you say."

Raddlack crossed his arms. "So it was. You were late on your check in. Someone had to do it, and it might as well have been me."

Leo shook his head. "Always bickering like two old men. I have to go along with you two just to play referee."

At that point they both turned on Leo in outrage. It made him chuckle. He had come to love both of these men. Each of them so very different. Both of them so wonderfully dominant, making him feel loved and appreciated. Let alone the fact they had saved him from a life of intense pain.

"So where do I sign up?"

"Follow me," Raddlack said as he left the back room and headed toward the main part of the laboratory. "I've already set things up." He looked at Leo. "And when I was inside you for the repairs, I laid the groundwork for the conversion. I had a feeling you would want to come with us."

"Is there anything you want to do before we leave?" Sirras asked.

Leo shook his head. "No, I think I've taken care of everything. I'm not going to change my mind."

"All right then, let's get you hooked up."

"To the computer?"

"Yes, I've reprogrammed it. Sirras sent in his final report on the transmutter, so there's no reason to delay any longer. We were just waiting for you to decide."

"Will it hurt?"

"No. But you will feel a tingling sensation as things alter. The first time you transmorph will probably cause you quite a rush. But we won't leave you alone. We'll travel as one."

"Where are we going?"

"To Mars," they said in unison.

Mars. He's always wanted to see Mars. Suddenly it seemed as though it wasn't just the whole world that lay open and waiting, but the universe and beyond. If this was a dream, he hoped to God he never woke up.

As Raddlack powered up the computer, Leo felt a tingle race through his body. It felt like he was being energized. Heat flooded him.

"I forgot to tell you," Sirras said. "We'll communicate telepathically once you've transmorphed."

"But I don't know how to do that."

Sirras smiled. "You'll learn."

The buzz spread through him rapidly. He began to see colors and bits of energy in the air around him. The world appeared to be more vividly colored, his body seemed to suddenly have turned translucent. He held up a hand to look at it and could see right through it.

"Woo, this is funky." His voice sounded muffled to his ears, thick and slow.

::Turn your thoughts inward.:: Sirras's voice was inside his head. He looked at him through the sparkling electrical field that now seemed to envelope him. Heat surged and raged through his body.

He watched Raddlack remove the wires. He felt weightless as though he would just disappear if he wasn't anchored to the floor. The air seemed to snap and crackle all around him, specks of oxygen sparkled in the air. It was an amazing feeling.

::Sirras!:: he screamed inside his head.

::I'm here, Leo. Right beside you.::

Leo turned his head and he saw the shimmer of orange fire hover close at his side. He turned to look to the other side and saw the pillar of blue and white. Both of them moved closer and closer until he realized they were merging into one single, blazing flame.

It felt heady and powerful, brilliant and forceful, and so filled with a different level of sexual energy and intimacy than he had ever known before.

::Get ready, Leo. Because here we go. Our boundaries are limitless.::

Sirras was right. And Leo realized as he understood his place between them, their opposite natures were fused by him at the elemental core. There was no time to think about the essentials, such as clothing and food. Suddenly it all seemed so unimportant.

As the single blazing disk of fire they had melded into rose and burst out into the night like the bright frenzy of a comet

soaring away into the heavens, Leo had never felt more loved as the two men of Avvaris claimed him with their fiery possession.

Adrianna Dane

Theresa Gallup uses the pen names of Tess Maynard and Adrianna Dane. Theresa has been writing since the age of 10. A legal secretary for 30 years, she is currently working on another erotic romance, as well as a full-length romantic mystery/suspense. She has been married for 30 years and has three grown children (a daughter and twin sons), and is a new grandmother.

Writing as Tess Maynard, her first published short story appeared in the ezine, *The Whispering Forest*, in January of 2004. Writing as Adrianna Dane, where adding sensual heat to romance is her motto, *Esmerelda's Secret* was her first foray into the erotic romance genre.

Having traveled and lived from the East Coast to the West Coast, Theresa receives inspiration for her stories from a variety of sources, including music and poetry, and her tastes are eclectic.

For more information about current projects, visit Theresa's websites at: www.tessmaynard.com or www.adriannadane.com

* * *

Don't miss *Captivity*, by Adrianna Dane, available at AmberAllure.com!

Captive to the charisma of a powerful, sensual master—and a slave to his own unquenchable desire...

A winged man known simply as "the wild thing" has been free to roam the jungles outside Bendar City until he's betrayed, captured, and sold to a powerful lord who values the stunning birdman's unique beauty. Lord Adolpho Serratin of the Kalamadur Oasis maintains a collection of unusual discoveries, many one-of-a-kind, and "the wild thing" soon becomes the most beloved of Serratin's possessions...in more ways than one. He is given the name Orion Birdwalker, tamed, and trained to serve his new master in all ways, including those duties involving intimate service.

Captivity, however, is not what Orion thought it would be. His new master is a charismatic, sensual man who is firm yet kind, demanding yet passionate, who teaches Orion to serve, challenge his intellect, and master the "wild thing" from the jungles in mind, body, and spirit. But in a part of Orion's soul still lingers the desire to once again taste freedom and to fly free.

When Lord Serratin is called to mediate an agreement and returns to Bendar City for the negotiations, he is unwilling to leave behind his new intimate slave. But everything is different in Bendar City. To Orion, Serratin seems cold and distant. Intrigue abounds, and soon Orion is presented with an unexpected chance for escape. It's the hardest decision Orion will ever make, since he knows he can't have both his freedom and Lord Serratin, the master he has come to love. Will he choose to flee, or remain a captive to his own passions?

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