



My KING'S
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ANN T. RYAN

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DEDICATION

To the two men who inspired it all,
thank you and may love find its way to you both.

CHAPTER 1

Tobey watched the crowd with disdain and wondered again why he had agreed to come for the celebration of the new High King. Yet another attempt by his father to get him married off to someone influential so their family might rise up in ranks. Politics in Naverya. It made Tobey's skin crawl. The things some people would do to attain power; even compromising their own principles. He stayed in the back as others tried to get as close to the royal families as possible. There were five in Naverya; Radcliffe, Rowan, Dillon, Kelleigh, and Tanner, and five kings, each ruling their own kingdom. But the Radcliffes held the most power. Thus the eldest son for every new generation held the position of High King, making the family the most fawned over. Tobey's lips curled in derision.

"Tobey! Tobey!" his father hissed, trying to get him to go over to where the royal families congregated. As usual, he stood by King Rowan's side, being the chamberlain of the Rowan royal family.

Tobey shook his head slightly and noted with pleasure that his father frowned at him. A small part of him had always loved to rebel. It would have to be good enough

that he came.

A little later, a nearby conversation caught his wandering attention.

"Word has it that King Radcliffe's seraglio has only men."

"Are you serious?!"

"Yes. Apparently, he has a preference for that particular gender."

"So, no heir then?"

"Well, there is still a chance of getting an heir."

"Only a small one."

"And even then... to carry the child to full term... well..."

Tobey listened in on the two courtiers' conversation as they hovered near him before walking away. So, the current High King preferred men. Tobey wondered whether it would fall to another member of the family to produce an heir. Although possible for men to get pregnant in Naverya, the chance of it happening was a minute one. Consummation between two men rarely produced offspring and the act of giving birth often endangered the male carrying the child. More often than not, the biology of a Naveryan male was such that during labour, he might suffer from complications resulting in severe blood loss. That was

the reason why many male couples preferred to adopt, instead. But to inherit the kingdom, one must be of royal blood. Tobey guessed adopting would not be an option for his royal Majesty.

Things seemed to be winding up. Tobey heaved a sigh of relief. With the Radcliffe family leaving, everyone else would disperse soon. His father had not managed to introduce him to any prospective in-laws and for that he was grateful. He still had his freedom. Tobey started to move towards his father, smiling to himself.

* * * *

A celebration held in his honour with his favourite concubine by his side; Adam considered himself a lucky man indeed. Fortunate enough to be born into the Radcliffe family, power had always been in his grasp. But his brother William drew the luckier lot, no matter what others might think. Will had the freedom to choose, being the second son. Whereas, as first-born, Adam had to take over the position of High King of Naverya.

"Does anyone interest you, your Majesty?" his concubine, Zachary, asked.

"Should they, when I have you by my side?" Adam winked at him.

Zachary laughed. "Aah. But, your Majesty, you are required to add more, even if you are not interested, for

political advantage perhaps?"

"Yes, I know," Adam said simply. "The seraglio will not be happy, though."

"The seraglio will never be happy, your Majesty, unless you favour them."

"But they cannot all be jewels like you, my fair Zachary." Adam smiled.

"No, they cannot." Zachary agreed teasingly as yet another noble approached with a son in tow.

"Your Majesty."

"Lord Irwin."

"This is my son, Joshua."

"Good morrow, your Majesty."

"Good morrow, Joshua," Adam replied as he admired Joshua's glossy chestnut brown hair and deep set blue eyes. Beside him, Zachary coughed. Adam nodded slightly as Zachary added Joshua's name to the list of potential men to be added to the seraglio. He viewed the room in general and saw many courtiers dressed to the nines, especially the men. He was amused at the thought that, apparently, they knew of his sexual preference and had dressed accordingly.

"All here to impress you, your Majesty," Zachary said.

"I know. It amuses me. But we still must keep the

good relations. How is the list so far?"

"Not too bad. There are ten names so far, all varying in their kingdom of origin. How many do you plan to narrow it down to?"

"Less than five, if possible. I do not want to cause more strife within the seraglio than necessary. How my father managed to control his fifty when I can barely manage ten, I do not know."

"Aah, but that is because of your prowess as a lover, your Majesty," Zachary said, touching Adam's thigh lightly. "We get jealous easily when you favour someone else and they are summoned to your bed."

"You have no reason to be jealous, though, Zachary."

"Not now. Not yet."

"Wait!" Adam held up his hand. His royal entourage stopped walking as their king turned to speak to his chamberlain. "Jeff, who is that?" Adam asked.

"Your Majesty?" Jeff frowned slightly in confusion.

"The blond man over there, walking towards Chamberlain Rowan."

"Did someone catch your eye after all?" Zachary snickered.

"That is his son, your Majesty," Jeff answered.

"I see. Call him." Adam ordered. To Zachary, he

said, "He is quite a gorgeous specimen."

"Hmmm..." Zachary looked at the man in question.
"Not as gorgeous as you."

"I do so love flattery, Zachary." Adam laughed with his favourite as he watched Chamberlain Radcliffe approach Chamberlain Rowan. The son turned abruptly and walked towards the nearest exit.

Interesting.

"Tobey!" yelled Chamberlain Rowan.

The son, Tobey, continued walking. Very interesting.

"Tobey Joseph Mitchell! You get yourself over here right now!"

By this time, every head had turned to watch the byplay. Eventually, Adam saw Tobey sigh, turn, and walk slowly to his father.

Adam watched with amusement and also curiosity as the Mitchells approached him. The son trudged along sullenly, almost as if reluctant to meet the High King. The blond man made quite an enigma. One Adam wanted to unwrap at the earliest opportunity.

"Your Majesty, Chamberlain Rowan and his son, Tobey Joseph Mitchell." Jeff introduced them.

"It is my honour, your Majesty," Chamberlain Rowan gushed.

"Oh no, the honour is all mine." Adam smiled as he looked at Tobey, who refused to meet his gaze.

"Your Majesty," Tobey grunted out as his father's elbow not so subtly landed in his ribs.

"Tobey, was it?"

Tobey looked up, directly meeting his eyes. "Only my family calls me that. Begging your pardon, your Majesty, but please address me as Mr Mitchell, instead."

"Tobey!" his father called out disapprovingly.

"Oh it is perfectly all right, Chamberlain Rowan." Adam laughed. "Very refreshing... I would like to speak to Tobey alone."

"Sure, your Majesty, anything that pleases you," Lord Mitchell said.

His entourage walked away, giving the High King and Tobey as much privacy possible in a crowded ballroom. Everyone except Zachary.

"Your Majesty?"

"It's all right, Zachary," Adam replied without looking away from Tobey, who defiantly gazed back.

"I will leave you, then." Zachary walked away, but not without glancing back to watch his king and the man he assumed would become the latest addition to the seraglio.

"You do not like me much, do you, Tobey?"

"I like you well enough as High King of Naverya,"

Tobey replied formally.

"Nicely phrased." Adam chuckled.

"May I be blunt, your Majesty?"

"You mean you weren't before?" Tobey looked at Adam blankly and Adam took a moment to admire his almond-shaped, chocolate brown eyes and the beautiful long lashes that framed them. "Fine, you may."

"Why are you speaking to me?"

"Is it not obvious?"

"You wish for me to be part of your seraglio?"

"And I get the feeling you do not want to be a part of it. This fascinates me. Would it not benefit you and the Mitchell family?"

"Perhaps. But becoming a part of the High King's seraglio has never been my dream." Tobey paused. "No offense, your Majesty," he added quickly.

"None taken." Adam looked at Tobey curiously. "But I have to warn you, I usually get what I want."

And for the first time, Adam saw fear in Tobey's dark brown eyes. "Y-your Majesty?"

"Do not worry, Tobey. I will do no harm to you or your family. I will, however, give you three months to get used to the idea of belonging to me."

"Do I have a choice?"

"In life, we rarely do," Adam said. "You can still

fulfil your dreams whilst being my concubine."

Tobey sighed and suddenly stood straighter than before. "One year."

"Six months, and that is my final offer."

"I will see you in six months, your Majesty." Tobey walked away.

And for the first time in his life as High King, Adam ended up being dismissed. He chuckled softly, thinking of the challenge Tobey would be and how he could possibly tame such a beautiful but unruly creature.

CHAPTER 2

Six months went by in a flash and a carriage with the Radcliffe crest emblazoned on its side awaited Tobey outside his house. Although Tobey had prayed the High King would have forgotten about him, it became apparent he had not. But it was not like the man did not leave a similar effect on Tobey. He recalled the first time he had seen the High King who had towered over him by a few inches, his broad shoulders filling out his lean and muscled build. The High King's slightly wavy black hair framed his strong jaw line and beautiful greyish-blue disconcerting eyes which made Tobey's stomach flutter in a way that had never happened before when he spoke with a man.

"Do your best, Tobey. Remember what you have learnt." Those were the only words from his father before he entered the carriage. There were no words of love, just advice on how to please the High King. Tobey waved to his crying mother and younger sister before letting the carriage's window drapes slip from his hands to give him privacy.

Inside the carriage, Tobey remained alone with his thoughts.

* * * *

"He is here," Zachary informed Adam quietly.

"Thank you, Zachary. Have him prepared and brought to my chambers."

"Your Majesty... I... I."

"Are you worried, my fair Zachary, that my affections will shift?" Adam teased whilst kissing him lightly.

"You seem far too enamoured with him."

"Possibly because I have not had him yet?"

"I hope so," Zachary replied softly.

"I will be back in your arms sooner than you think."

Adam hugged Zachary close, letting his favoured concubine feel his half-hardened cock.

"Do we have time?" Zachary asked, rubbing himself against Adam.

Adam responded by taking both their clothes off.

* * * *

Tobey sat quietly in the tub as servants poured hot water and oils smelling of herbs and flowers into it. A man dressed in fine robes entered, dismissing the servants. Tobey recognised him as one of the High King's

concubines.

"Here." The man thrust something into Tobey's hand.

Tobey looked at the object. "A bung?"

"You know these things? Good. Then I do not have to explain to you where it goes." The man looked annoyed to be having the conversation at all. Well, he wasn't the only one.

"It's not like I wanted to know about them."

"His Majesty is big. Bigger than most average men. It would be better for you if you wore it before meeting him," the concubine said plainly.

"Noted." Tobey held the man's gaze as he inserted the cold, steel bung into his hole without flinching.

"Good. You do not require further assistance then?"

"What do you think?" Tobey asked almost challengingly.

"That you better tread carefully. The seraglio is not a place for arrogance." He smirked.

"Thank you for the advice." Tobey forced a smile and wondered, not for the first time, what he had gotten himself into.

The question stayed on his mind as he finished his bath and prepared to serve the High King.

As Tobey walked behind a servant along the long corridor to the High King's bedchamber he saw more men come out of their rooms. All were gorgeous and all were a part of the seraglio. Some viewed him with disdain; others barely acknowledged his presence, deeming him as no threat to them. And more than a few watched him with envy. He wondered about this place where gorgeous men fought for the attentions of a single man.

"Not just any single man, milord, but the High King himself," his guide said.

Tobey started, not realizing he had spoken aloud. "I see," Tobey said quietly.

"I have overstepped my bounds. Please forgive me, milord. I should not have said anything."

"No, no, 'tis quite all right. Tell me more about the seraglio of his Majesty... uhhhmm... what is your name?"

The servant looked taken aback, as if no one had asked for his name before. "L-Luke, milord. I'm to be your personal attendant."

"Tell me more, Luke." Tobey smiled encouragingly.

As Tobey listened to Luke, he realised the seraglio was not a simple place. There were now sixteen men in the seraglio, including him. Some men were tributes sent by other kingdoms while others had simply caught the eye of the High King. The current favourite was Zachary with

Joshua a close second. Politics existed everywhere, especially in the seraglio of the High King of Naverya.

"Lord Zachary practically rules the seraglio, sir."

"You call him lord? Was he a courtier then?"

"I do not know. He was here before I came. But I could find out for you, milord."

"Tobey."

"Milord?" Luke sounded scandalised.

"Just Tobey will do."

"But 'tis not done, sir. We have to address the entire seraglio as such."

"Hmmm, all right then... but when it's just you and me, please do call me Tobey."

"But milord..." As Tobey arched an eyebrow, Luke smiled. "All right T-Tobey."

He smiled at his new personal attendant as they continued down the corridor.

"We are here milord... Tobey..." Luke pointed towards the large door emblazoned with the Radcliffe crest.

"His Majesty awaits inside."

"Thank you, Luke. I will see you later, then?"

"Not likely, sir." Luke laughed. "His Majesty will probably keep you with him for a few days."

"I see. Well, I will see you in a few days then. Wish me luck."

Luke looked at Tobey, taking in his thick blond locks, deep brown eyes, and genuine smile. "If I may be so bold milord... Tobey... I doubt you will need it." He winked.

Tobey laughed, not without a tinge of apprehension.

Luke knocked on the door before taking his leave.

CHAPTER 3

"Enter." The High King's voice rang out clearly.

Tobey took a deep breath and opened the door.

"Your Majesty?"

He stood with his back towards Tobey, looking out the windows into the night. As he turned around, Tobey had to rein in his emotions, just like he did the first and only time they met. An attractive man with a commanding figure, the High King of Naverya was not a man to be taken lightly. Tobey did not have a preference for either gender but the High King might change all that.

"Tobey." The High King smiled at him. "You made me wait a long time."

"On my part, six months went by too fast, your Majesty."

"As honest as ever, I see."

"I thought that is why you wanted me? You called me refreshing, if I do recall."

"Aaaah yes, that, you certainly are. You do realise I could order your death if I wanted to?" He walked towards Tobey, grasping Tobey's chin lightly as he stared deep into Tobey's eyes.

"You could. But you wouldn't." Tobey replied.

"You are not a cruel king."

"You are lucky then." The High King chuckled.

Tobey's vision clouded for a moment. "Perhaps some may view me as such."

The High King sighed. "'Tis not so bad, you know. Being in my seraglio." He pulled Tobey closer to him, letting Tobey feel his half-hard cock in the process. Tobey felt his own twitch in response.

"Perhaps not. Shall we get to it then?" Tobey moved away slightly out of the man's embrace before untying the knot to his black silk robe, letting it fall to the floor.

"You make it sound like a business transaction," The High King reprimanded softly.

"Is it not, your Majesty? Even now, my father hopes that my position as your concubine will benefit our household. And King Rowan himself is filled with glee. I am simply stating the truth."

"There is more to it than just that. And judging from the way your cock is reacting, you are not overly averse to the idea either." The High King gestured towards Tobey's half-hard penis.

"No. You are an attractive man, your Majesty. Why should I not find pleasure in looking at you?" Tobey replied honestly.

Tobey went to the large bed and made himself

comfortable on it, resting his back against the downy pillows. "Come."

"And I wonder who the High King is here." He chuckled softly.

"Why, you are, your Majesty." Tobey laughed.

"That is the first time I have heard you laugh. It is a wonderful sound." The High King walked slowly over to where Tobey lay in the middle of the bed, almost as if he feared Tobey might bolt at any moment.

Tobey blushed.

* * * *

Tobey's blush looked so becoming that Adam wanted him to blush again and again before the night was over.

"You are a sensitive one, Tobey," he said, licking Tobey's nipple experimentally. The tip formed a tight bud in response.

"Your tongue does things to me..." Watching Tobey hold back his moans, Adam resolved to do everything he could to hear the sweet sounds.

"Hmmm... your nipples are a thing of beauty. Look at the rosy pink colour. And the way it is budding so exquisitely every time I take it in my mouth."

"That is what Rafe said, too. That you would love my nipples." Tobey blurted out.

"Rafe? Who is Rafe?" Adam asked, tweaking Tobey's nipple almost painfully as he waited for a reply.

"M-My trainer..."

"Trainer?" Adam asked with dangerous undertones to his voice.

"My father hired someone to train me in the arts of pleasuring a man before coming to you," Tobey replied.

"Someone tasted you before me," Adam said, displeased.

"Not all the way. No man has taken me that way before."

"Good. You are mine, Tobey. Only mine." Adam's hands tightened around Tobey's wrists. Tobey belonged to him and no one else.

"Y-Your Majesty..." Tobey groaned, his cock dripping with pre-cum. "Gonna c-come..." Adam sucked Tobey's cock harder and put his finger into Tobey's hole, pushing the bung in deeper. When the cold plug touched Tobey's prostate, he finally came. Cum spurted out of his cock in a rush. Adam swallowed every last drop before licking his lips contentedly.

"You taste good, Tobey. Thick and warm. Sweet and salty." Adam kissed Tobey, parting his lips, knowing Tobey tasted himself on Adam's tongue. "My turn. Turn over. On your knees. It will be easier the first time."

Tobey turned over on his stomach and Adam arranged pillows under him. Bracing on his elbows, Tobey spread himself wide open on his knees. Adam caressed Tobey's back soothingly, letting his fingers trail along Tobey's spine as his concubine arched into the comforting touch. Adam played with the steel bung in his hole, pulling it slightly out and then pushing it in deeper. The tip of the bung touched his prostate and Tobey moaned, feeling his cock harden again.

"Even your hole is pretty. Puckered pink," Adam said and tugged the bung slowly out. Tobey whimpered in response. "One cannot help but taste it too."

Adam licked around the tight rim before sliding his tongue in. He relished the sounds as Tobey moaned louder, letting his tongue slip deeper inside, coating Tobey's soft insides thoroughly. Adam licked his way out slowly, stopping to swipe his tongue over Tobey's smooth butt cheek before nipping it gently.

Adam reached for the bottle of oil placed conveniently on the side table and poured a generous amount, coating his hard cock thoroughly before adding some into Tobey's hole. Inserting two fingers into Tobey, he stretched the narrow opening, searching for Tobey's pleasure spot and flicking it every now and then. Tobey whimpered every time he did and pushed his ass up higher

in the air, begging for more.

"Ready, Tobey?" Adam placed his cock outside Tobey's entrance. Tobey nodded in assent, still whimpering. Adam pushed in gently, gritting his teeth, trying his best not to thrust in all at one go, his instincts battling against him. Tobey's tight ass, tighter than the men he usually slept with, and knowing that he would be the first man to breach Tobey's pink hole made Adam's cock harden further in anticipation. He wanted to make it good for Tobey's first time. He needed Tobey to remember it and never want anyone else.

"Relax, Tobey..." Adam groaned, his cock trying to make its way past the ring of muscle. He turned Tobey's head, kissing the man whilst whispering reassurances. "I need you to push out. Okay, baby... push out. It will hurt at first, but after that we are all good." Adam licked Tobey's nape. Tobey's scent aroused him and he wondered when his control would break. Tobey's muscles finally relaxed, welcoming him. Slowly, inch by inch, Adam pushed his way further into Tobey's welcoming heat. Adam heaved a sigh of relief when his cock filled Tobey's hole to the hilt. "All right?" he asked.

* * * *

Tobey breathed in deeply. His breath hitched. The High King's thick cock filled him, the burn overwhelming

yet incredible. He shifted slightly and the man's cock touched a place in him that made him see stars. Moaning, he begged, "Move... please."

"With pleasure." King Radcliffe chuckled.

Tobey gripped the bedcovers tighter when the High King moved over him. Too much. The squelching sounds his hole made when his lover moved furiously in and out of him and the sounds of their harsh breathing were the only noises reverberating in the still of the room. The groans his king made when he pushed into him deepened into growls. Tobey clenched his muscles tight, wanting to hold his lover in as long as he could. By the time the High King turned him over on his back and thrust into him once more, Tobey's moans were barely recognisable. He came without even touching himself, without his lover touching him. And moments later the High King came apart in his arms, the hot, wet spurt of his seed claiming Tobey as his.

Tobey felt sore all over, especially his hole where he could feel a trickle of cum sliding out. He had lost count of the times they had made love. He didn't even know how many days had passed. A relentless lover, the High King only let him rest during meals and for baths when both became too sticky, covered in sweat and cum to the point it

became uncomfortable.

Tobey stretched and tried to move out of the man's arms, but he gripped him tighter, murmuring his name in his sleep. The High King looked much younger when he slept and Tobey smiled softly, brushing away the lock of hair that had fallen across his face. In the next instant, Tobey reprimanded himself for the gentle feelings blossoming in his chest whenever he had looked at the High King. A mere concubine, he had to stop dreaming he would be anyone of importance to the man. Tobey resolved to put away any growing desire he had for the King. Much safer that way. He needed to protect his heart.

* * * *

Adam woke up feeling empty, and he realised the reason when he discovered Tobey missing from his side. He looked around the room, relieved when he saw Tobey seated on one of the leather seats, reading a book.

"Tobey?" he called out, his voice raw, even to his own ears. Tobey had drained him dry. Even now, exhausted, the thought of Tobey arching below him made his cock twitch in anticipation.

"Your Majesty?" Tobey placed the book back on the table and made his way back to the bed.

"I do not like waking up alone."

"You are not alone," Tobey said.

"But you are not in my arms."

"It was getting too warm."

"Come here, Tobey." Adam beckoned.

Tobey sighed. "Your Majesty. Do you not require rest?"

"None of my concubines have ever said that to me before. Usually they want more." Adam laughed.

"Maybe you should call for one of them instead of me," Tobey snapped.

"Maybe I should. But not right now. I just want to hold you close. Come here," Adam patted the empty space next to him.

And Tobey went, allowing the High King to embrace him even as his heart warmed dangerously.

"I must attend to affairs of the kingdom soon," Adam said, stroking Tobey's hair. Tobey lay atop his chest, his puckered nipples almost tempting Adam into another bout of lovemaking.

"I know," Tobey said simply.

"What, no pouting?" Adam half-teased.

"You are High King. If you allowed your

concubines to distract you from your kingdom you would not be the man I admire."

"You admire me?"

"Only as High King," Tobey admitted grudgingly. "Your policies have made improvements to Naverya. Especially the poverty stricken areas. The Rowan kingdom now has fewer people begging along the streets. For that I am grateful." Tobey said earnestly.

"It is nothing."

"It is something to those who sometimes go to bed with empty stomachs."

"I accept your gratitude then, though I am only doing my job to make the lives of those who live in Naverya easier," Adam smiled.

"Your Majesty..."

"Adam," he said, surprising himself.

"Your Majesty?"

Adam cleared his throat, "Call me Adam."

"All right... Adam... I have some ideas to help Naverya's common folk... if you would not mind listening?"

"I am all ears."

* * * *

Outside the High King's royal chambers, the seraglio rumbled in distress. The newest addition to their 'family' had spent more than seven days with their King. And although the King attended to matters of the kingdom, Tobey never left the King's bedchambers. No one else from the seraglio attended to the King.

"He's still in there with him!" Joshua shouted. "Are you not worried?"

Zachary could only clench his fists. "He is the High King, Joshua. And you knew his attentions would shift. We all did."

"I have only been here six months. Six months! And someone else has caught his attention!" Joshua continued to pace to and fro.

"You are making me dizzy, Joshua. Stop pacing. He has only been here less than two weeks. Our King will tire of him soon."

"Do you really believe that?! Have you seen how happy the King looks lately? He *sleeps* with the stupid bitch! He never does that with the rest of us!" Joshua said bitterly.

Frustrated, Zachary rubbed his forehead. "Leave me, Joshua. I need to think."

"I will take my leave then. But do something about him, Zachary. He is a threat to all of us."

The High King had placed Zachary in charge of the seraglio, and since he had taken charge fewer incidents of arguments had occurred within the 'family'. But now, with the addition of one Tobey Mitchell, all that seemed to be changing. Even his position as the High King's favourite could be at risk. The High King had not called on him once since Tobey came along. Zachary thought perhaps it might be time to remind the High King of why he had chosen Zachary to be part of the seraglio in the first place.

CHAPTER 4

"You need to be more careful, sir." Luke commented quietly to Tobey.

"We have known each other for close to a month and you are still not comfortable calling me by name," Tobey looked in chagrin at Luke. "What do I have to be more careful of, Luke?"

"Sorry... Tobey. I am not used to calling my betters by their name," Luke said sheepishly.

"Again, I am no better than you. You just work for my... my... the High King, that is all."

"Let us agree to disagree then? Certain appearances must be kept." Luke paused and looked at Tobey worriedly before continuing. "Tobey, you need to take care. There are rumours flying around the household. The seraglio is not pleased with you."

"Did you think I was not aware of it?" Tobey asked. "Oh, they have made me aware of it..."

"Tobey?"

"No one from the seraglio has spoken to me, Luke. Only Zachary. And he was barely civil, himself. I found gifts from Ad—the King damaged, and possessions that my mother had sent me from home destroyed. So please do not

think I am not aware that they hate me."

"You never mentioned anything. Why have I not noticed this?" Luke asked in surprise.

"What is the point? I find it pure childishness on their part. Besides, they are merely superficial things," Tobey shrugged.

"You are too kind, Tobey." Luke shook his head. "You will not survive here like that. Am I to think that even the High King does not know of this?"

"I am not kind, Luke. I just know there are more worthy things to fight over and there are things that should just be left alone. To bother the King with this... would only make it worse. He has other things to worry about, more important matters."

"I doubt he sees this as less important, Tobey. The King cares for you. All of us can see that. That is why they hate you so."

"I am a novelty to the King... for now. His feelings for me will fade away just like they did for the other men in the seraglio."

"You really do not see how he looks at you, do you? It *is* different, Tobey. Trust me on this. Even the other personal attendants have mentioned so."

"Let's give it a couple more months, shall we, Luke?" Tobey said, laughing half-bitterly.

"Do you really not see how he treats you?" Luke asked, dumbfounded.

"I... I..." *I don't want to hope*, Tobey thought quietly to himself.

"Just be careful, please. I worry for you. Men can be spiteful too."

Tobey walked over to where Luke stood and gave him a hug. "Thank you for caring, Luke. I think you are the only one here who does."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"Tobey?! Are you in here?! I told you—" Adam walked into the room and stopped short at the sight of Tobey hugging his personal attendant.

"Adam!" Tobey let go of the man and smiled widely at Adam. "I thought you would be much later."

"Leave," Adam addressed Luke, ignoring Tobey.

"Yes, your Majesty. I will be back later Tob—milord" Luke caught himself before saying Tobey's full name, but not before the High King had noticed it. Luke left the room hurriedly.

"Adam?" Tobey asked warily, aware of the sudden tension in the room but not quite sure of the cause.

Adam stalked towards Tobey without saying a word. Grabbing Tobey by the chin, he forced Tobey's lips to meet his. No gentleness touched the kiss. Adam's tongue

roughly scraped the roof of Tobey's mouth and a small part of Tobey revelled in the kiss. But when Tobey tasted the metallic tang of blood, his blood, he pushed Adam away.

"What is wrong with you?!" He looked at Adam, whose lower lip was covered in his blood.

"What is wrong with you?!" Adam shouted. "You allow another man to touch you? Do you know not who you belong to?"

"Are you serious? This is about Luke?"

"Oh, Luke, is it?" Adam sneered.

"Adam... he is just my personal attendant."

"Then do not allow him to touch you so blatantly!" Adam shouted.

Tobey laughed.

"What is so funny?!"

"You, my dear Majesty... are jealous."

"What?! That is ridiculous," Adam looked at Tobey as if he had grown two heads.

"You are. I can smell the vinegar all the way from here," Tobey walked slowly towards Adam. "The High King is jealous of an attendant. 'Tis funny."

"Do not bait me, Tobey." Adam glared at him.

Tobey held out a hand to caress Adam's cheek. "You have nothing to be jealous of, do you not know that?" He hugged Adam tightly, only releasing the pressure when

he felt the muscles in Adam's body relax.

"You make me feel so many things, Tobey. You make me feel too much." Adam sighed.

"If it helps any... you do the same to me," Tobey sighed dramatically.

Adam choked out a laugh. "Not a good feeling is it?"

"No. But I am slowly getting used to it," Tobey rubbed his head against Adam's chest lovingly.

* * * *

Adam loved stroking Tobey's hair. It made him feel a lightness in his chest that had been missing 'til Tobey came along. He looked down at Tobey's sleeping form, huddled close on his bare chest, his breath teasing Adam's nipples. About to kiss Tobey awake, a knock interrupted him. Not wanting to rouse Tobey, he went to the door.

"What?!" he asked the clearly shocked royal guard. After all, the High King himself had answered the door.

"Y-Your Majesty. Forgive me. It is just..." he gestured towards the attendant standing a metre away.

"You interrupted me for a mere attendant? Did I not order that I was not to be disturbed?"

"He is Lord Zachary's personal attendant, your

Majesty."

Adam raked a hand through his hair roughly. "What is it?" he asked the attendant.

"A message, your Majesty, from milord."

"Fine. Give it to me and take your leave."

"Yes, your Majesty."

Taking the missive, Adam shut the door firmly in the guard's face.

"Adam?" Tobey called out.

"'Tis nothing, Tobey, go back to sleep." Adam walked back to bed and took Tobey in his arms.

"What is wrong, who was it?"

"Just Zachary's attendant."

"Zachary?" Tobey went quiet for a moment. "What did he want?"

"'Tis nothing, Tobey."

"What did he want, Adam?" Tobey repeated. The firmness in Tobey's voice was surprising considering he'd been fast asleep a few minutes before.

"He sent me a bottle of perfumed oil and a message, that is all."

"He wanted to see you, didn't he?"

"You will not let it rest, will you?"

"I am stubborn, you know that. Go to him." Adam refused to let go of Tobey when he attempted to push away.

"What?!"

"I have kept you with me long enough. I heard the seraglio is not happy about that."

"Did they do anything to you?" Adam looked in Tobey's eyes intently, trying to read the truth.

"No..."

"They did, didn't they?"

"'Tis nothing, Adam."

"Tell me."

"I can stand up for myself. Do not worry."

"You are a funny one, Tobey Mitchell. Telling me to see my other concubines. Telling me not to worry." Adam looked at Tobey, bemused. He caressed Tobey's cheek lightly, half in wonder that he had this man in his arms.

* * * *

"They were here first and I took something of theirs. I would hate to feel that way if I were in their position." Tobey laid his head on Adam's shoulder, inhaling his smell. If he could have him, he would want Adam all to himself. But he could not be selfish, Adam *was* High King. Adam belonged to the rest of the seraglio as much as he belonged to Tobey.

"I never belonged to anyone. But, right now, I just want to be with you. Is that not enough?" Adam looked at

Tobey, the sincerity clear in his eyes.

Tobey bit Adam's shoulder hard, earning a gasp from Adam, before licking the injured skin. Cupping Tobey's butt, Adam brought their groins together, rubbing their hardening cocks against each other. No more words. Just moans, gasps, whimpers and grunts.

CHAPTER 5

When Tobey first arrived with Adam at Court, the Ministers looked at him in bewilderment, wondering at his role in the biweekly court procedures. Tobey meekly walked two steps behind Adam and followed him to his throne. He remembered the gasps that echoed through the courtroom when Adam pulled him onto his lap from beside the throne. His surprised expression had reduced the High King to loud chuckles, which made the Ministers look further bemused.

This bemusement turned into admiration in the following weeks when the Ministers soon realised Tobey would not merely act as a form of entertainment for the High King. Tobey listened intently to the reports given by the various Ministers, offering his opinions and coming up with proposals to aid in the improvement of the welfare of the Kingdom. He would converse quietly with the High King whilst still being seated on the man's lap; a weird sight for all to see. One Minister dared to remark on why Tobey could not be simply given a chair and the High King laughed and said his brain processed information better when Tobey sat on his lap. The Minister blushed and Tobey had discreetly pinched Adam's side.

* * * *

"Your Majesty."

"Jeff. What is it?" Adam looked up from the papers he perused. Jeff rarely looked him up in his study unless it was urgent. He wondered what brought Jeff to him now.

"May I speak freely, your Majesty?"

Adam sighed. "Yes, Jeff, you may. You have been by my side for more than a decade now."

"There have been murmurings of displeasure from the seraglio."

"I see. And?"

"Take care not to dismiss the seraglio so easily, your Majesty. Jealousy can make one do many things."

"Did you hear anything that may be of threat to Tobey?" Adam asked worriedly.

"Your favourite used to be Zachary. How has that changed in just a matter of months?"

"Is it Zachary, then, where all this jealousy is stemming from?"

"No. But the servants gossip. You have to treat them equally, your Majesty... or, at least, visit the others too."

"And for the first time since I became High King, I

feel no such inclination."

"Then I hope you might come to a suitable solution for all. May I take my leave, your Majesty?"

"Yes you may, Jeff." Adam frowned, his thoughts mired deep in memories of the previous High King's seraglio.

* * * *

Tobey trailed a lone finger down Adam's chest. He looked at Adam's closed expression and knew something had happened. Adam had entered the bedchamber, barely concealed lust all over his face, and taken him right there against the wall, hard and fast and furious. He did not even manage to clean himself up before Adam had carried him easily to the bed, as if he weighed nothing, and held him close.

"What is wrong, Adam?"

Adam kept quiet till Tobey poked him in the side. "Ow! Stop that!"

"Then tell me what is wrong."

Adam opened his mouth to speak but closed it again before kissing Tobey gently on the lips. "I love you, you know."

"I know. I... I l-love you, too, Adam." Tobey

confessed almost breathlessly. He never thought he would fall in love. But he had. With a man who wanted to give him everything within his power. He knew Adam loved him. He could finally believe in it. It showed in the way he held Tobey after they made love. It revealed itself when Adam smiled gently only at him. "But something is bothering you. Tell me." Tobey said firmly.

"The seraglio. Jeff told me some things."

Tobey's heart broke a little then. Sometimes it was easy to forget he slept with the High King. The High King with his own seraglio of men. He remembered two months ago, when Zachary had come to Adam's door, trying to lure Adam back to him. He also knew Adam had rejected Zachary that night. The High King hadn't slept with anyone else since he'd arrived.

"You should go to them," Tobey said softly.

"Why?"

"To be fair," Tobey said simply.

"You want me to sleep with other men to be *fair*?!" Adam pushed Tobey away and got up to pace the floor. "What is wrong with you, Tobey?" His voice broke. "I thought you loved me!"

"I do, Adam!" Tobey willed himself not to cry. He knew what the seraglio thought of him. He knew most considered him a threat. He knew some in the seraglio had

royal connections that could threaten Adam's life. "But—"

"I get it, Tobey. Please go back to your own bedchambers."

Tobey looked at him in confusion.

"This is where I sleep with *all* my concubines. Or did you not know that?" Adam said viciously.

Tobey nodded before quickly covering himself with a shawl and, moving to leave, closed the door quietly when he left. He made it to his own bedchambers before his tears began to fall.

* * * *

Word soon spread that Tobey was no longer the favoured concubine. Some in the seraglio mocked him when he appeared in the common baths. Others took to shredding his clothes. Tobey never once cried in front of them. Only in the safety of his room would he let down all his defences. He missed Adam and often wondered whether the love Adam had showered on him over the past few months had been a dream.

"You have to stop this moping, Tobey, and win him back." Luke urged. It was always Luke.

Tobey sighed. "He has grown tired of me. I told you so."

"No, he has not. I remember what you confessed to me when you broke down after leaving his bedchambers that night. *You* left him."

"No! He asked me to get out! Did you expect me to beg him to let me stay like a mere dog?!" Tobey shouted, tears falling down his face.

"You told him to sleep with the others, Tobey. What did you expect?" Luke said softly.

"I miss him. God, I m-miss him."

Luke took Tobey into his arms and whispered, "Then get him back. He was always yours to begin with."

"I d-do not know how..."

"We will figure out the how later, Tobey. For now, we need to get you healthy again."

* * * *

It turned out that they didn't have to figure out how. The opportunity came when the King of Kelleigh came over to the Radcliffe kingdom for a 'visit'. Tobey knew more went on than just a visit. He heard from Luke that the King and Adam had been in a meeting for hours. He had once been privy to such meetings, now Adam did not even invite him to court sessions. His heart sank further at the thought.

Tobey thought he'd lived through the worst until he saw the beautiful man who sat on Adam's lap when he came down to dinner. Tobey left his face carefully blank when he walked into the room, Adam's eyes following his movements. He wanted to choose a seat as far away from Adam as he could, but that wish did not get granted.

"Tobey. Come here." Adam's voice rang out clearly.

Tobey nodded before making his way to Adam's side in silence.

"Sit there." Adam pointed towards an empty chair right next to the King of Kelleigh. He used to sit in the chair the King of Kelleigh now occupied, on Adam's right hand side. That had changed when Adam threw him out of their bedchamber. The other concubines glared at Tobey, noting the significance of his current position. Jeff, who sat to Adam's left, stared at both of them worriedly.

"Yes, your Majesty," Tobey replied softly. He knew why Adam insisted he sit there. Adam wanted Tobey to see what he had brought on upon himself. He refused to allow Adam to see the pain within him when Adam stroked the beautiful stranger's arm.

"This is Kyle, Tobey. Pretty, isn't he? King Kelleigh here is giving him to me as a present."

Tobey willed back the tears that threatened to spill. He had chosen this path. He would live through it with

pride. Adam would never see him cry.

"I thank you, King Kelleigh, for the beautiful gift you have bestowed upon our King." Tobey turned towards the young King, bowing his head.

"Kyle is a beauty all right, but you..." King Kelleigh reached out, lifting Tobey's chin lightly to meet his gaze. "You are precious, Lord Mitchell."

Tobey looked at the King, who he might have found attractive before Adam. The young King had ascended the throne after his father's recent demise. His green eyes sparkled when he looked at Tobey, almost mischievously, his fingers lightly grazing Tobey's lips.

"Get your hands off him." Adam yanked Tobey from King Kelleigh's grasp and into his arms, unseating the man already there. Tobey tried to look at Adam but the latter held him tight against his chest. He could only hear Adam's fast heartbeat and his own, rapidly increasing.

"I apologise, High King. I did not mean anything by it." King Kelleigh murmured.

"He is mine. And you don't touch what is mine." Adam ordered harshly.

"I will remember that. What about my proposal?" King Kelleigh asked, worried.

"Speak to my Chamberlain."

With that, Adam lifted Tobey into his arms and

strode away from the dining hall, unaware of the mixed emotions of the men he left behind. Some amused. Others bewildered. And not a few blinded by rage.

"Your Majesty?" Tobey said tentatively when Adam threw him on the bed, pausing to look at him intently.

"You are mine, Tobey. Do I need to remind you of that?"

Tobey could only shake his head. Adam stripped himself of clothing before putting a knee on the edge of the bed to reach for the oil bottle.

"Get your clothes off, Tobey. I have no time for gentleness, it's been too long." Adam stroked his cock with oil as he continued to look at Tobey.

Tobey tore his clothes off as fast as he could before reaching out for the bottle in Adam's hand. He lay back on the bed, pouring some onto his hand. Spreading himself wide, he prepared himself for Adam. He was tight, tighter than usual; Adam had not called for him in weeks. That period had taught him how to please himself, however, and he did it now, inserting two of his fingers and spreading them wide inside of his ass. He hit his pleasure spot and his hips jerked involuntarily into the air.

The mixed scents of their arousal filled the air making Tobey's nose flare in excitement. He watched with wide eyes as Adam approached him almost in a predatory manner, his hand pushing Tobey's away before he spread Tobey's legs further apart. Tobey's cock strained up, turning a deep red as the tip glistened with pre-cum. He whimpered as Adam leaned forward to lick the wet spot.

"Adam... *please*..."

"Please what, Tobey?" Adam asked as his tongue teasingly swirled around Tobey's cock.

"In me. Please, Adam. C-can't last long." Tobey groaned.

"So pretty, Tobey. So pretty when you want my cock so badly." Adam whispered hoarsely as he gathered the pre-cum that leaked from his own cock and spread it around Tobey's puckered hole. He guided his hard prick to Tobey's entrance and pushed in with one smooth move.

Tobey's tight passage throbbed around Adam's hot shaft. He knew that he wouldn't last long. Tobey bucked under him, seeking completion as Adam started to move.

"Mine, Tobey. You are mine." Adam grunted out as he rammed his cock into Tobey again and again.

"Yours. Always yours, Adam." Tobey moaned. His body flushed pink, his eyes dilated black as Adam pounded him into the sheets.

Stars exploded behind Tobey's eyes as Adam's cock touched his pleasure spot again and again. All too much. The love he felt for Adam. The familiarity of Adam in his arms again.

"Open your eyes, baby. I *need* to see you." Adam groaned out.

Tobey opened his eyes and Adam slid out halfway only to push into him once again. The look of love that blazed in Adam's eyes combined with his smooth thrust made Tobey come. Adam followed close behind, Tobey's wet heat convulsing around him.

Later, when Adam tried to pull out of him, Tobey wrapped his legs tight around Adam's waist. He didn't want to let Adam go just yet, having missed the fullness of Adam inside him and the wetness seeping out of his hole. Adam only smiled, shaking his head when Tobey's lower lip jutted out in a pout. Turning to lie on his back, Adam hauled Tobey on top of him, ceasing his previous attempt to pull out. They fell asleep that way, Adam's arms wrapped protectively around Tobey, his limp cock still resting inside Tobey's sore hole.

CHAPTER 6

Almost as if the last few weeks never happened, Tobey moved back into Adam's bedchamber. He sat in on court sessions again. Some of the Ministers had even been relieved to see him there. Later, through Luke, Tobey found out that Adam had taken out his anger at their separation on everyone around him, including the Ministers.

"He is calmer when you are around," Luke had said to him.

Tobey stayed up late during the nights with Adam to speak of many things; their childhoods, their fantasies, their first loves. Though Adam got jealous when Tobey started speaking of his and proceeded to change the subject by making love to him as a strong reminder of whom he loved now.

Afterward, when Adam asked him whether he still felt anything for the ten-year-old Suzie of the past, Tobey laughed.

They spoke of many things, except the one still causing distance between them.

* * * *

Adam felt torn. For the first time in his life, he realised he could be, that he *was* satisfied with only one man. And the man he held in his arms now was not him. He had come with images of Tobey running in his mind. It was not fair to any of them.

"Your Majesty?"

"I am going back to my chambers, Zachary."

"So soon? You are not staying the night?" Zachary stroked Adam's chest, moving downwards to his now flaccid cock.

"I need to get some sleep," Adam moved off the bed, putting on his robes.

"*He* is there, isn't he?"

Adam did not answer; instead, he kissed Zachary one last time before making his way out of the room. If he had turned back, he would have seen Zachary's face wet with angry, silent tears.

* * * *

Tobey woke up to the feel of Adam's arms around him. He smelled Adam's fresh scent and knew he had showered before coming to bed. The thought of Adam with another man made his heart clench almost painfully. But it had to be done. Adam had to be fair to the rest. One of the

men in Adam's seraglio could even be carrying his heir now. That thought made the pain in Tobey's chest grow sharper. Without realising it, tears fell down Tobey's cheeks. Tobey wondered when he had become so weak.

"Tobey... are you crying?"

"N-No..."

Adam turned Tobey to face him, grasping Tobey's chin. Tobey struggled and laid his head flat on Adam's chest instead. Adam felt the hot tears. "You are crying. What is wrong?"

"Nothing, Adam. I'm fine. Just go to sleep."

"Talk to me. Or I won't."

Tobey continued to keep quiet.

"I am sorry, Tobey."

Tobey looked up then into Adam's eyes. "For what?"

"For causing your tears. I'm sorry."

"'Tis not your fault. I have just been feeling odd lately."

"Just tell me and it will."

"Adam?" Tobey looked at him quizzically.

"Tell me and it will only be you."

"I can't," Tobey said, the words wrenched painfully out of him.

* * * *

During the third week after he'd moved back in with Adam, Tobey started feeling funny. He lost his appetite. He felt bloated all the time. He had intermittent dizzy spells. He even threw up when he smelled food. Not wanting to worry Adam, he kept it all from him.

"Tobey, you are barely eating again," Luke scolded him. Luke had become a close friend to Tobey, listening to his woes, advising him on matters concerning the seraglio.

"I have no appetite."

"Yet again. Something is wrong. We have to call the physician."

"No, don't. If we do that, the High King will know of it. I do not want him to worry."

"You do care for him."

"Of course. He is the King."

"No, you care for him as a man, Tobey," Luke said softly.

Tobey didn't argue. It was futile to do so when Luke spoke the truth.

The next morning, Tobey woke up again to feelings of nausea. And this time, he had stomach cramps to

accompany it. Clutching his midsection, he moved carefully out of Adam's arms and made his way quietly to the privy. He threw up into the chamber pot and heaved a sigh of relief when finished. Wiping his mouth, he stood up slowly, only to meet Adam's worried gaze.

"You are ill," Adam said, censure in his voice. "Did you not call for the physician?"

"I am all right. Do not fuss."

"No you're not, Tobey. You have lost weight. Why did I not notice this before? We are calling for the physicians," When Tobey started to say something, Adam added, "And that is my order as High King."

"And who am I to say no to that," Tobey said, half in pique.

"You... you are my... beloved." Adam said simply.

* * * *

"Well, what is wrong with him?" Adam demanded impatiently.

"Congratulations, your Majesty."

"I beg your pardon?!" Adam asked, angry the physician dared to congratulate him on Tobey's illness.

"'Tis a rare miracle indeed. Lord Mitchell is pregnant."

"He's what?" Adam asked, not believing what he had just heard.

"He is with child, your Majesty."

"But that cannot happen. It doesn't happen," Adam shook his head in disbelief.

"I think it just did, Adam," Tobey said in wonderment from the bed. The physician looked at him in shock for addressing the King by his name. "Am I really with child?" Tobey asked the physician.

"Yes, you are, milord. I have done the necessary tests. And your symptoms match."

"I see," Tobey rubbed against his stomach experimentally. "He... she is in here... a child..." Tobey looked at Adam then, smiling softly. "Our child."

"Leave us."

"Yes, your Majesty."

As the physician left, he took one last look at the scene behind him and saw the High King kiss his concubine gently on the lips before taking him in his arms. It was the first time he had seen such a tender expression on the King's face.

CHAPTER 7

"Adam, you are being ridiculous."

"I forbid you from moving around too much. In fact, it would be much better if you did not leave the bed at all."

"You forbid me?! Do you even hear yourself? Tell him he's being ridiculous, Luke!" Tobey looked at the servant for support.

"I am afraid I cannot, milord."

"Because he is High King?!" Tobey said sulkily.

"Because he is right. It is rare for men to get pregnant in Naverya. The last successful birth I heard of was ten years ago. And even then, the child bearer had complications during birthing."

"See." Adam arched an eyebrow at Tobey. "I am right."

"Yes, yes it seems you always are." Tobey stuck his tongue out at Adam. Luke smothered a laugh.

"Luke, leave us. It seems I need to teach someone who exactly is High King here," Adam said, giving Tobey a mock glare.

"Yes, your Majesty." Luke smiled before leaving the two of them alone.

"Oh, you need to teach me a lesson now?" Tobey asked.

"Yes, it seems you never learn," Adam approached the bed where Tobey was seated quite comfortably, tucked in under the coverlet.

"Maybe you never taught me properly?" Tobey teased.

"Oh, really?" Adam chuckled softly before sitting on the bed and kissing Tobey gently on the forehead. "Perhaps I should remind you again then?" He pressed a kiss on Tobey's lips, parting them to let his tongue slide against Tobey's.

Tobey moaned in pleasure. Grabbing hold of the lapels of Adam's robe, he brought Adam closer. When the kiss turned from gentle to urgent, Adam gently pushed Tobey away.

"Adam?" Tobey opened his eyes.

Adam looked at Tobey, with his reddened lips and dilated eyes and he wanted to push Tobey down on the bed and take him. But he held back. "You are with child."

"Yes, I know that. I wake up feeling nauseous. And my stomach is growing," Tobey looked down at the small bump which had already formed, and stroked it gently.

Adam looked at where Tobey's hand rested and felt his heart clench at the sight. He touched Tobey's stomach

almost reverently and looked at him. "Our baby."

"Yes, Adam, our baby," Tobey smiled before kissing Adam again. Once more, Adam pushed him away. "Adam, what's wrong?"

"I don't think we should make love. It... it might harm the baby." Adam sounded miserable.

"No, it will not. I've asked the physician. It is all right as long as you don't plan to throw me against the wall or something. Though I wouldn't particularly object, were I not with child," Tobey drew circles on Adam's thighs.

"I still think we shouldn't..." Adam half-heartedly replied, his cock already hardening as Tobey's fingers trailed along his inner thighs.

"Do I look fragile to you?" Tobey looked at Adam coyly before sliding his hand beneath the robe, letting his thumb graze Adam's slit.

Adam gasped before groaning, "Dammit, Tobey, stop tempting me so."

"Are you tempted?" Tobey said mischievously as he stroked Adam's length starting from the base, rubbing the balls gently. And suddenly Adam found himself flat on his back as Tobey straddled his hips.

"What the—" Adam gasped out before Tobey kissed him, sucking his tongue slow but firm. "Tobey?"

"Sometimes, Adam, you talk too much..." Tobey

untied Adam's robe, letting his hands linger on Adam's chest, flicking his nipples lightly.

Adam moaned. "What has gotten into you?"

"I'm pregnant?" Tobey said before licking a trail down Adam's chest along his sternum, leaving small bites on his lower abdomen.

"Tobey..." Adam groaned out.

Tobey did not respond. He'd been taught it was impolite to speak with his mouth full.

"Enough Tobey," Adam muttered hoarsely, tugging at Tobey's hair none too gently.

Tobey pulled off Adam's wet, thickened shaft with a resounding pop, licking his lips in slow motion.

"I do not want to spend myself in your mouth," Adam said, beckoning to Tobey with his hand. "Come."

Tobey smiled, lowering himself carefully down on Adam's slicked cock. As he felt the slow burn of Adam's hard length filling him up, he groaned in relief and pleasure. Adam held on to his hips, jerking himself upwards before sliding out almost immediately. "Dammit, I forgot... On your side Tobey," Adam lifted Tobey effortlessly and repositioned Tobey, his back against Adam's front.

Tobey lifted his left leg up, hooking it around Adam's shin. Pushing his ass against Adam's groin, he

whimpered. "Hurry, Adam..."

"Slow. We must take it slow," Adam said repeatedly, as if reminding himself. He separated Tobey's cheeks gently before guiding his hard cock into the lubricated hole. "Mmmmmppphh..." Adam groaned out loud. "It's been too long."

Tobey clenched his butt cheeks, the muscles wrapping themselves tightly around Adam's cock eliciting another groan.

"Dammit, Tobey, slow..." Adam gritted out.

"Fast," Tobey replied before clenching his muscles again.

Tobey stroked his cock and Adam smacked Tobey's hand aside, wrapping his long, callused fingers around the shaft and continuing the tugging motions. He stopped at the slit, swirled his finger in the pre-cum that leaked out, and spread it all around Tobey's swollen length. Tobey moaned softly when Adam matched the rhythm of his hand to the deeper and deeper thrusts of his cock, hitting Tobey's pleasure spot almost every time.

"Let go, Tobey," Adam whispered in his ear, before biting then licking it. He thrust deeply one more time, his hand clasped around Tobey's straining cock. Tobey let go.

Much, much later, Tobey laid half on his side, half on his stomach as Adam cleansed his raw hole with a damp cloth. When finished, he softly kissed Tobey's butt cheek, making Tobey blush.

"Adam!"

"What? I love your butt," Adam took Tobey in his arms.

"You're half hard again."

"With you? Always." Adam kissed the top of Tobey's head. "Rest, Tobey."

"Hmmmm..."

Tobey let his eyes drift closed and fell into a dreamless sleep.

* * * *

"He is becoming more of a threat to us now." One man said to the other.

"Something must be done," the other replied.

"What did Zachary say?"

"I did not tell him. He might alert the King."

"Why would he? His position is at risk, too. Ask him. The King trusts him the most. And the servants listen to him."

"What is your plan?"

The man took a small bottle out of his satchel and gave it to the other. "This. Just three drops and the child will be erased. With any luck, the father with it."

* * * *

"I hear congratulations are in order, your Majesty."

"Oh stuff it, Will." Adam said, hugging his brother tightly. "News travels fast."

"Well, it is splendid news, and it hasn't occurred in years." Will smiled. "So, congratulations again, brother. You always did like to do things differently."

"Yes, but the physician has warned us of the complications that might occur during the birthing."

"I think you should worry even now. Did our father not warn us before?" And for once, Will was serious.

"I remember his warnings well, Will." The late High King had only two sons. Adam had grown up without his mother; she died whilst giving birth to him. Will's mother was their father's favourite concubine and she had died of mysterious causes. Investigations had been launched, but no one really knew what happened. Their father knew someone within his seraglio had carried out the act, but having no proof, he could do nothing. "Tobey's food is always tested beforehand, and he now has a

personal guard. Caleb."

"Caleb? Your own personal guard?"

"He deserves the best," Adam said simply.

"Take good care, Adam. Treachery is everywhere."

"I know."

CHAPTER 8

"Zachary?"

"Your Majesty. It's been a long time."

"I apologise for not seeing you in a while."

"It's all right. I hear Tobey is with child. Congratulations, your Majesty. You have an heir now."

"Thank you, Zachary. I always could rely on you for your graciousness."

"If I may be so bold, your Majesty, why are you here today?"

"I cannot just come to see you?"

"Your heart has not been with me since Tobey came."

"It seems like Tobey's honesty is rubbing off on everyone around me," Adam said wryly.

"So it is the truth," Zachary said sadly.

Adam walked over to Zachary and took the smaller man in his arms. "I am sorry, Zachary."

"I have missed your touch." Zachary inhaled Adam's scent, clutching him tightly. A few moments later, he moved out of Adam's arms. "So, tell me, why are you really here?"

"Thank you, Zachary," Adam said.

"Will you not stay the night?" Zachary asked plaintively.

"I..." Adam looked at a loss for words.

Zachary sighed. "It's all right, your Majesty. Go, if you must."

"Again, my thanks Zachary... for everything," Adam paused. "If you were not part of my seraglio, where would you be?"

Zachary appeared shocked before answering, "I do not know, your Majesty, I have never thought about it."

"I see... well, I bid you goodnight then... my fair Zachary," Adam embraced Zachary, kissing him on the cheek before making his way to the door.

"Your Majesty!" Zachary called out.

Adam turned. "Yes?"

"I have not heard anything, but it doesn't mean everything is all right. Please tell Tobey to take extra care. They do not tell me everything."

"Why not tell him that yourself?"

"There is a limit to my graciousness, your Majesty," Zachary said with a wry smile.

"I understand. Thank you, Zachary."

"That is the third time you have thanked me today

on his behalf," Zachary said half-bitterly.

"And I mean it every single time."

"I know you do," Zachary replied softly.

Adam heard Zachary's door close as he walked down the hall.

Zachary's reassurance that he'd heard nothing relieved Adam, but he knew he couldn't let his guard down. Tobey's life, and that of their child, was at stake. He would protect them with everything he had.

He entered the room they shared and saw Tobey lying on his side. He wanted nothing more than to enfold Tobey into his arms and hold him. He walked closer and knelt down to look at Tobey's face reposed in sleep.

"Are you watching me again?"

Adam started then laughed out loud. "You're awake?"

Tobey opened his eyes, a smile evident in his gaze even as he reproached Adam. "It's hard to sleep with someone watching you. Creepy."

"Yeah?" Adam stood up and sat on the bed, his hand caressing Tobey's cheek. "Why weren't you asleep, baby?"

"Because you weren't here," Tobey replied.

Adam could see the sadness in Tobey's eyes before he had tried to cover it, leaving his face almost blank.

"I came from Zachary's." Adam said abruptly.

"Oh." Tobey's eyes widened before he closed them tight. Even in the darkness, Adam could see the tears on Tobey's lashes.

"I didn't sleep with him, Tobey."

"What?!" Tobey opened his eyes then.

"I know you want me to be fair to the rest. So that I might have an heir if you couldn't bear my child. Yes, Luke told me. Because you would not."

"I—"

"I have not finished, Tobey. Let me speak." Adam paused and upon seeing Tobey's nod, he continued. "I tried... tried sleeping with my concubines. But after the last time when I nearly called out your name while releasing myself in another's arms, I realised I couldn't do it anymore. I realised then that I didn't want an heir, Tobey. I just want you. No one else. The last time I slept with someone other than you was two months ago. Ask anything of me, Tobey, but don't push me to someone else. You are having my child now. There is no need for anyone else." Adam stroked Tobey's rounded belly lovingly.

"I... I love you Adam."

"I know Tobey. I know. I love you too. But you know that." Adam grinned.

"Yes, I know that."

* * * *

"So tell me, how did court go today?" Tobey asked.
"Since you do not allow me to accompany you for sessions anymore."

"Are you still griping over that?"

"I am bored to death, Adam. You forbid me from far too much."

"That's because I worry."

"I know. That is why I listen," Tobey said before grinning, "Mostly. So tell me how the kingdoms are and whether my suggestions worked."

* * * *

"I can no longer button my pants. Has it only been three months, Luke?"

"Perhaps I should call for the tailor soon?"

"Probably. My stomach is getting bigger by the day."

"I have to say that, for only three months, your stomach is bigger than usual."

"Hmmm, could it be because I am a man?"

"Or because you are eating more now?" Luke

teased.

"Did you just imply that I am fat?" Tobey chortled.

"Why no, milord. I wouldn't dare."

"And speaking of that, my food is later than usual today."

"Perhaps because you asked for cherry pie in the morning?"

"It's not me who wants it," Tobey pointed to his stomach.

"Blaming our child now, Tobey?" Adam snuck up from behind and hugged Tobey, resting his hands on Tobey's slightly distended tummy.

"Adam!" Tobey cried out in delight, folding his hands over Adam's larger ones.

"I will take my leave then, your Majesty, milord," Luke smiled at both men, who'd already forgotten he was in the room, before he left.

CHAPTER 9

Adam woke up with Tobey in his arms, as usual, snuggled against him. Kissing Tobey softly on the nape of his neck, he mumbled sleepily, "Tobey."

"Tobey?" And still Tobey did not respond. Tobey, the lighter sleeper between them. Adam turned him around. "Tobey, Tobey?" Adam called out worriedly and noticed Tobey's body temperature was hotter than usual.

Adam shifted Tobey into a sitting position and gently placed him onto his lap. Tobey, sweating profusely now, no longer felt warm, instead his body was turning cold. "Tobey, wake up, dammit!" Adam smacked him lightly on the face but Tobey remained still, breathing shallowly.

"Caleb! Caleb! Get in here!"

The door to his chambers opened immediately and Caleb peeked in. "Your Majesty?"

"Call the physician. Something is wrong with Tobey. Hurry!" Adam ordered. To Tobey, he softly said, "Dammit, Tobey, I demand you wake up!" Adam continued to clutch onto Tobey's shoulders, tears rolling down his face.

"Your Majesty..." A voice tentatively called out.

"Your Majesty. The physician is here. You have to let Tobey go now." Adam looked up and saw Luke next to Caleb, with the physician right behind the two.

"Tobey is not waking up," Adam whispered.

"I know, your Majesty, but you have to let him go for the physician to look at him," Luke said slowly, as if talking to a child.

Adam forced himself to let Tobey go and Caleb and Luke took Tobey out of his arms. Adam stayed in his spot, only his eyes following Tobey.

"He is bleeding!" Luke said in panic to the physician.

Adam felt the dampness in his lap then, and slowly looked down to see the red smear of blood that Tobey had left behind. And for the first time in his life, Adam prayed. *Please don't take Tobey away from me. Please let our child be all right. Please.*

* * * *

Tobey was dreaming. He heard voices and wanted to wake up. But he could not. His eyelids were too heavy and he had no strength. He felt like he was drowning in a sea of darkness. He could hear, but he couldn't see nor move his limbs. And sometimes he heard someone crying,

calling out his name. But no matter how much he wanted to wake up, he could not. He could only listen.

* * * *

"Your Majesty, you have to eat."

"I'm not hungry, Luke. Please take the tray away."

"How will you take care of Tobey if you fail to take care of yourself, Adam?" his brother asked.

"I am fine, Will," Adam continued to hold on to Tobey's hand, needing to feel the pulse, weak though it was, reassuring him that Tobey still lived.

"He has always been the stubborn one." Will sighed. "Did he eat before I came?"

"He ate once yesterday, your Grace, but it was just a few bites of bread," Luke said.

"And Tobey?" Will asked, concerned.

"He will be all right if... when he wakes up... b-but the child is gone, your Highness..." Luke said sadly.

"What was the cause?"

"The physician said it was a slow-acting poison."

"Bloody hell."

* * * *

"Your Majesty?"

"I do not want to see you right now, Zachary," Adam said, anger laced in his voice.

"You think I am responsible for this?" Zachary said quietly.

"I don't know, Zachary. Someone from the seraglio did this and when I find out who he is, he will pay for causing Tobey pain." Adam looked up and Zachary could see the misery in the High King's eyes, and the hatred too.

"It was not me, your Majesty. I may dislike Tobey for stealing you away but I would not harm an innocent child."

"Fair enough, Zachary. An investigation will be carried out. We will find out then."

"I..."

"Anything else, Zachary?" Adam said without taking his eyes off Tobey.

"Nothing, your Majesty. I will take my leave then."

But Adam no longer listened, already engrossed in stroking Tobey's head gently.

* * * *

Adam lost track of the number of days Tobey stayed unconscious. He only knew he wanted to be there

when Tobey woke up. Will took over the affairs of the kingdom and for that, he was grateful.

"Wake up, Tobey. Please. I don't want an heir. I just want you. Please come back to me." He begged, hoping for Tobey's eyes to open, but other than Tobey's shallow breathing, he received no response.

* * * *

"A-A-Adam..." A raspy voice called out to him. Adam felt a hand stroking his head gently, dragging him away from his sleep.

He opened his eyes and saw a familiar pair of brown eyes looking back at him. "To-Tobey?" Adam said almost in disbelief.

"Adam...." Tobey tried to smile only to grimace in pain.

"Caleb! Caleb!" Adam called out.

"Your Majesty?" Caleb said as he opened the door.

"Call for the physician. Tobey has woken up."

"Yes, your Majesty," Caleb smiled, relieved. For the first time since the favoured concubine had gone into a coma, he finally saw the High King smile again.

* * * *

"Adam? What does he mean, Adam? Tell me what he means?" Tobey asked, his eyes looking slightly manic.

"Tobey..."

"I still feel our child. So what does he mean when he said our child is gone?! What does he mean?! Dammit, answer me!" Tobey shouted agitatedly.

"Tobey..." Adam began again before his voice broke seeing the tears roll down Tobey's face. Taking Tobey into his arms, he held on tight as Tobey pummelled his fists into Adam's chest.

"I still feel Elliot. He... She.... We were going to call her Elle for short..." Tobey cried out.

"Shhhhhh Tobey," Adam stroked Tobey's back gently as Tobey continued to sob.

* * * *

Tobey alternated between bouts of anger and depression during the next two weeks. He vented his frustrations on everyone, especially Adam. The servants were scared of him and only Luke dared to remain by his side.

"How long are you going to be like this, Tobey?"

"Shut up, Luke."

"I know you have lost a child. But the High King, he needs you right now, too."

"I don't care anymore."

"Yes, you do. You still care for the King. Once you get better—"

"I will not get better. How does one get over the loss of a child?!" Tobey shouted.

"So you do not mind losing his Majesty, too? Because that is what you are doing now by pushing him away every time he comes to visit you," Luke said softly. "Think about it, Tobey."

Tobey stayed stubbornly silent.

* * * *

"I need to see the High King."

"Yes, milord. I will tell him." The guard said enthusiastically before knocking and entering the room.

"Your Majesty?"

"Yes," Adam's voice rang out.

"Lord Mitchell is here to see you."

"Tobey?" Adam asked, hope evident in his voice.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Send him in immediately."

"Tobey." Adam smiled widely and got up from his

seat to take Tobey into his arms. His smile faltered when he Tobey took a step back. "Tobey?"

"I don't think I can do this anymore, Adam."

"Do what, Tobey?"

"I... I do not think I can be here anymore."

"Tobey—" Adam started walking towards Tobey.

"No wait... listen... the seraglio is no place for me. Even before our child..." Tobey took a deep breath in before continuing on. "Even before... I was not completely happy, Adam."

"What are you trying to say, Tobey?" Adam asked worriedly.

"Let me go, your Majesty."

* * * *

"Are you just going to let him leave?" Will asked his brother, who stared forlornly out the window.

"What am I to do? He was not happy here. He was not happy with me. The light that used to be in his eyes, 'tis gone."

"And what about the light in yours?"

"I will be fine. When he is." Adam continued to look out the window and watched silently as the servants loaded Tobey's belongings into the carriage. Tobey stood

there, his back to Adam, Luke right next to him.

Will walked over, giving his brother's shoulder a tight squeeze. "It will be all right, Adam."

Adam's shoulder shook under Will's hand. Adam had tried his best not to run to Tobey and tell him not to leave. He clenched his fists, willing Tobey to turn around so he could see Tobey's face one last time. But Tobey never did. He boarded the carriage, followed closely by Luke, and when the carriage finally moved off past the palace gates it took Adam's heart along with it.

* * * *

Luke held on to Tobey's trembling hands tightly. "It will be all right, sir. Everything will be all right." Since Tobey left the seraglio, Luke had taken to addressing him as *sir*, still uncomfortable with the idea of calling Tobey by his name.

Tobey cried silently, his willpower fading as he recalled Adam's broken expression when he had asked Adam to allow him to leave the seraglio. But he had to do this. As the carriage took him further and further away from the palace, he prayed for Adam's happiness.

CHAPTER 10

Many months passed and several changes took place in Naverya. Prince Will made the palace his permanent residence, assisting the High King in matters concerning the kingdom. Four men from the seraglio were executed, including one Joshua Irwin. The remaining men in the seraglio were given houses on various lands belonging to the Radcliffe family. They no longer resided within the palace grounds. Only Lord Zachary remained by the High King's side, taking over the position of royal Chamberlain after the previous occupant passed on. A task well suited to the diplomatic Zachary.

Adam wanted to run after Tobey countless times, but he understood Tobey needed time to heal. He prayed Tobey would come to him after he had mourned the loss of their child. He waited patiently, keeping in contact with Luke who sent him frequent letters on Tobey's progress.

* * * *

"When will you go to him, Tobey?"

"I don't know, Luke."

"Do you not miss him?" Luke asked innocently.

Tobey glared at Luke. "You know damn well I do!"

"Then why are we still here and not with the High King?"

"I n-need time."

"Bullshit, Tobey. It's okay for you to be with him now. If you put it off any longer, he is going to find someone else. Someone else worth caring about who has not abandoned him."

"You know why I left!" Tobey said accusingly.

"Yes, I do. And I also know it is now safe for you to go back. He misses you, too, you know."

"I..." Tobey looked at Luke, his emotions coming to the fore. "Is it okay, Luke? Can I be with him again?"

"Yes, Tobey. It *is* okay now."

"Oh God..." Tobey tried to wipe the tears that fell down his cheeks in hot gushes. "Look at me, crying like a girl." He laughed.

"Let's get your man back, yeah?" Luke winked at him.

"Okay, Luke."

* * * *

"Your Majesty. A letter has arrived from the Mitchell household."

"Give it to me." Adam opened the envelope eagerly, recognizing Luke's handwriting.

"I will leave you then."

"Thank you, Zachary," Adam replied absentmindedly as he continued to read the letter's contents.

Your Majesty,

Milord is doing well these past few months. He has been occupied attending to matters of the household, amongst other things, since his father was taken ill. He is most grateful for the sum of money you have sent us, but wished for me to convey that he would return the money as soon as he can. I told him you would not want it, but you know milord, he is still as stubborn as ever.

He is smiling again, your Majesty. You have asked me, especially, to inform you of this and I am glad I now can do so. He is smiling, and it is a most beautiful sight.

I have told him of what goes on in the palace, as you have requested. Although milord did not say much, I believe he was

happy in particular to hear news that your seraglio no longer resided within the palace. I did not inform him of Lord Irwin's and the other lords' treachery or the measures taken. I will leave it to your Majesty to tell him, should you wish.

One last thing, your Majesty. Milord said he would like to see you again. I believe this news should make you happy as it does for me relaying it.

Your servant,
Luke

* * * *

"He's here, Tobey."

"Who's here, Luke?" Tobey looked up from the ledgers he perused.

"His High King. He is here." Luke said excitedly.

"What do you mean? He's here? As in here... in my house? He is *here*?" Tobey asked in disbelief.

"Yes here. In the drawing room. He is waiting for you, sir."

Tobey continued sitting, looking at Luke with

widened eyes. "W-What should I do, Luke?"

"Go to him."

"But do I look okay?" Tobey asked worriedly.

"Just go to him, Tobey!"

* * * *

Adam paced the room, waiting for Tobey to appear. Random thoughts rolled through his mind. *How is he? Is he good? Will he be happy to see me?* He heard Tobey's voice speaking to Caleb, outside the door... then it opened and Tobey entered, looking the same and yet different.

"Y-Your Majesty," Tobey said tentatively.

Adam looked at Tobey intently before crossing the room in large strides, taking the smaller man into his arms. "Tobey?" He whispered almost in disbelief.

"Adam." Tobey looked up into Adam's eyes, caressing his cheek gently. "I have missed you."

"So have I," Adam replied before kissing Tobey softly on the lips. A loving kiss, one that started gentle but turned desperate as they tasted each other again after so long. Adam gripped Tobey's hips, bringing them flush together. Their hardening cocks rubbed against each other in sweet relief.

It took a few moments for either to register that someone had knocked on the door. They broke apart reluctantly, with Adam's arm still around Tobey's waist.

"Enter!" Tobey called out.

"Milord?" Luke looked to Tobey, a question in his eyes. "He is waiting outside."

"Bring him in, Luke," Tobey said, smiling.

"Bring who in, Tobey?" Adam asked, perplexed.

"Joey Mitchell Radcliffe," Tobey replied before adding, "Elliot's twin." A flicker of sadness appeared in Tobey's eyes before quickly disappearing.

The High King remained speechless as Tobey introduced him to a baby boy with golden hair and greyish-blue eyes the same hue as his own.

CHAPTER 11

Tobey went back with Adam, along with Luke and Joey, on the day that Adam had come for him. An announcement about the birth of their child went public and celebrations carried on for three days, everyone in the Radcliffe Kingdom joyous their King finally had an heir. Simply happy he had Tobey by his side again, Adam considered Joey an added bonus. One he would always be grateful for.

"Are you angry with me?" Tobey asked him.

"For what, baby?"

"For not telling you about Joey."

"No, Tobey, I'm not. I understand why you did it. Though I still wished I had been there with you throughout the whole pregnancy." Adam said regretfully.

"I'm sorry, Adam."

"You were protecting our child. I understand, Tobey." Adam kissed Tobey gently on his forehead.

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For not giving up on me."

"Never." Adam kissed him hard.

* * * *

"Does it hurt?" Adam traced the long scar along Tobey's midsection gently.

Tobey snickered. "No, it doesn't, Adam. It has been so long. It doesn't hurt anymore."

"Will it tear open if... if—"

"If you made love to me long and hard?" Tobey said cheekily.

"I'm glad you find it funny. Because I do not." Adam rolled to his side, facing away from Tobey.

"Hey." Tobey touched his arm gently.

Adam shrugged his arm off.

"Ouch!" Tobey said.

Adam quickly turned to face Tobey, grabbing his arms tightly. "Where are you hurt Tobey? Where?!"

When Tobey laughed, he realised the man had trifled with him.

"Tis not funny, Tobey. I almost lost you twice."

"I know, Adam. I am sorry. But I'm here now. The scar really doesn't hurt anymore. You haven't touched me since we came back. I'm getting worried you don't care for me in that way anymore. Is it because I'm ugly now?"

"Ugly?! What are you talking about?!" Adam looked at him, for the first time seeing Tobey's insecurity

behind the smiles and the laughter. "Is that what you think?"

Tobey looked at him before nodding.

"Tobey..." Adam sighed. "This scar shows you bore my child. It is a warrior's mark. How can I not love it?" Adam kissed the jagged tissue gently to prove his point. "Would you love me any less if I had a scar on any part of me?"

"No!" Tobey replied immediately.

"Why not?" Adam asked.

"Because I love *you*. Not for your scars or... oh..." Tobey paused when he finally realised what Adam tried to tell him.

"Yes. I love *you*, Tobey."

"Then why the... not touching?!"

"I didn't know whether your body was ready."

"It's been almost a year since we last touched, Adam."

"I could still hurt you, Tobey. What if the stitches broke apart?"

"Adam. The stitches have dissolved, only the scar remains. Feel it." Tobey grabbed his hand and brought it to his stomach.

Tobey was right. Adam could not feel the stitches at all. But could he risk it? He wouldn't want Tobey hurt,

although it hurt Adam to be in Tobey's presence and not touch him the way he wanted to.

"Adam," Tobey said sternly. "Make love to me or I'll find someone else who will." Tobey suddenly found his wrists grabbed tightly in Adam's dominant hand. The left hand pressed against Tobey's neck in a grip that felt gentle yet firm at the same time. "Adam?" Tobey said warily.

Adam's hand tightened slightly around Tobey's throat. It amazed Tobey how he didn't feel threatened at all. He relaxed knowing Adam wouldn't harm him.

"You are *mine*," Adam said roughly.

"Then *prove* it," Tobey said challengingly, a glint in his eye.

Adam reached for the bottle of oil on the side table, pouring a generous amount on his cock. He quickly covered it completely, all the while staring at Tobey. Tobey gazed right back, watching the bulbous head of Adam's cock turn purplish-red. Adam's nose flared when Tobey licked his lips in anticipation.

Adam pushed Tobey's legs up until his knees almost touched his shoulders. He kissed Tobey in a mash of tongues and teeth. The kiss lacked skill. It was rough, dirty and wet. Before long, Tobey felt Adam's oiled finger enter his hole. He could only whimper, trapped under Adam's hard body. Adam tugged his hair to the side, exposing

Tobey's neck which he licked and bit hard before entering Tobey in one hard thrust. The dual assault left Tobey breathless. His hips moved upwards in an attempt to get Adam deeper into him.

Adam didn't say anything. He continued to gaze at Tobey and bucked relentlessly into him. In and out and in and out. He never broke the stare. No need for words, they communicated on an elemental level. Tobey moaned, finally breaking Adam's intense stare-down when his eyes closed against the pleasure as it became too much. His cum slicked both their stomachs in thick, creamy jets of white. A few moments later, Adam groaned his release. Tobey felt the wetness seeping out of his hole even as Adam softened inside him. Adam turned to his back, hauling Tobey gently on top of him.

EPILOGUE

Tobey stared at the sight in front of him, at the two beautiful men he loved more than his own life. The High King lay on his back on the floor as he lifted his—*their* child up high before bringing him down. Joey laughed as his father repeated the motions, then squealed in delight. Both had grown closer during the few months Tobey had been back in the Radcliffe residence. The first word out of Joey's mouth had been "Dada" and it occurred while Adam bathed him. Slightly jealous that Joey's first word had been for Adam, his envy soon faded. The look of wonderment and barely concealed tears when Adam looked at his son made it impossible to stay upset. Besides, Tobey had another chance to get their child's first word the next time round.

Tobey stroked his stomach gently, feeling the slight protrusion. Another miracle borne out of love. He would tell his husband soon. Perhaps after Adam made love to him again during the night. Tobey needed it rough one more time before Adam reverted to gentle sex. His husband could be very protective of him and the people he loved. Adam looked over to Tobey, smiling wide, Joey snuggled closely in his arms and Tobey grinned back, grateful for all

the people in his life. He might not be living the dream that he'd envisioned three years ago. But he lived a bigger dream now. A dream filled with peace, laughter and love. Lots of love.

And that was more than enough.

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I love to write in my free time, conjuring up circumstances that may possibly take place in another time and space. The imagination truly is boundless.

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