

# TWO NIGHTS and a DAY

A short, kinky, MM erotica

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### INTRODUCTION

**Two Nights and a Day** is a short story connected to the enemies to lovers MM urban fantasy, Dark Flame, Book 1 of the Flame-Born series.

This short erotica details a day the protagonist Michael spent consumed by a sexual trance called a Haze, which is brought on by absorbing too much of the supernatural energy called Flame. A day in which Commander Gabriel Flanagan had to assist Michael in an intimate and challenging way when Michael still considered him an enemy.

The short story gives insight into how the two men fell for each other even though it took a while for Michael's head to catch up with his heart. And shows how compatible they are sexually, even though Michael would never want to admit that outside of a Haze.

This is an unapologetic erotica, no holds barred, dirty kinky stuff, and will not be to everyone's taste. If you don't enjoy erotica that includes dildos, bondage, and sub/dom dynamics, this short story is not for you. If you do, then this is nine chapter of naked naughty with our two men from Dark Flame, and I hope you enjoy reading it.

Thank you Kat

# CHAPTER ONE

The stringent scent of lemon and bitter herbs draws me away from dark dreams. Images of chains and fear evaporate, and an echoing patter reaches my ears. I wake to a pleasant heat sloshing across my skin. My eyelids flicker. I'm greeted by mellow light and its reflection off falling drops of water.

I'm in a large shower room. No shiny bars. No guards. Just sandstone tiles and low lighting.

My head rests against unusually warm skin, the roundness of a shoulder. Beside my face, long strands of wet hair cling to the lines of a muscled neck. The streaks of antique gold fall all the way down to the full curve of a pec. I know that long mane. I recognize that broad chest.

I'm sitting in Flanagan's lap, sunk between his thighs, cold tiles beneath my butt, and cradled in one of his meaty arms. He's soaping me with citrus gel, then rinsing the suds away with a jet of water from the separate showerhead. And apart from the metal collar still encircling my neck, I'm buck naked.

So is Flanagan.

Nothing between my arse and his groin.

Shit.

His ministrations are gentle and perfunctory. No groping while I sleep. His care is almost impersonal. *Almost*. He's watching his hand as he works, his fingers carefully washing every rise and fall of my torso, and when he soaps along my thigh, his hand slows.

I should be jumping off his lap. Shooting a litany of expletives and racing out the door. I have no desire to move. In fact, I'm enjoying the feel

of his large soapy hand, relishing the delicious tingle his gliding touch draws from my skin.

I'm not sure I could move if I wanted to. My body feels floppy and weak, like a rung-out rag. Everything's hazy, not in focus, as if I've downed far too many vodkas. The Flame pulses in my lower back like a fiery heartbeat, sizzling through muscle and vein, but the sensation's not unpleasant.

It's the pain in my balls that prevents me from relaxing. An overwhelming pressure along the length of my rock-hard cock to its swollen head. Man, I need to come. My nuts must be a deep shade of purple; they're that tight.

I lift my left arm from where it rests against his knee and awkwardly flop it onto my lap. My hand has no strength. Though my fingers curl around my shaft, I'm unable to grasp. What's wrong with me?

Flanagan stretches to replace the showerhead into its hanger, then with a finger beneath my chin, tilts my face to his. "You're awake," he says softly.

"Hey," I whisper, slurring the word, unable to focus on Flanagan's features. I see a blur of intense silver eyes, dark blond beard, and golden highlights, and the rush of hate I expect doesn't rise.

"Don't worry," he says. "The weakness is temporary." His deep voice echoes off the stone walls of the shower room. "Your nervous system has been compromised, burned out by more Flame than you could safely absorb. Your Anlu'kyr blood will soon have you back on your feet. Your bruises are already healing."

Oh yeah, my vampire upgrade. How could I forget? "How long?"

"I'm not sure. Some of your strength has already returned. You could heal the rest in a matter of hours, but it could also be days. I thought you would appreciate a shower after..." He pauses. "Do you remember what happened in the cage?"

Images of Belanger's ugly face flicker past my eyes. "Yeah. Yeah, I remember." My breathing hitches, but the tension soon subsides. I'm too drunk to care about all that right now. Only the throbbing need beneath my inadequate grip matters.

Flanagan tucks my head back into his shoulder, then squeezes gel onto my thigh, rubs up a froth, and spreads the suds down my shin. The sensation of his calloused hand smoothing across my oversensitive skin pulls quiet moans from my throat. With my nose pressed to his neck, his distinctive earthy scent is noticeable beneath the sharp citrus. That smell, so good, like a winter forest. My parted lips are flush with his pulsing vein. It's all I can do not to lick him.

Flanagan must be aware of the effect his touch is having on me—my swollen cock is difficult to miss, straining upward over my abdomen—but if he is, he's not showing a response.

"It's called Hazing," he says after my third attempt to stroke my own dick.

"The sex trance?"

"That's right. For at least twenty-four hours, you'll feel an overwhelming urgency for release and seek constant touch. The Haze is something all new Channelers go through while their body adjusts, but you somehow absorbed an enormous amount of Flame in the cage. Even after Grounding, the effect will take a while to subside." He glides his soapy hand along the inside of my thigh, making me shudder. "When Hazing is strong, a Channeler is lost to sensation. Everything else takes second place. They can lose days and not remember anything that happened."

I can believe it. You could offer me the world's riches right now, and all I'd want is a firm grip.

"Need to come," I say, twitching my useless fingers.

"I know." Flanagan smiles. There's a twinkle of humor in his eyes.

"S' not funny. Hand doesn't work."

His lips broaden to a grin. He tilts my head up until our eyes meet. "I can help you. I want to. But it's likely you won't remember any of this, and I'll have the wildcat version of Michael to face when you're sober. I think he will try to scratch my balls off when I tell him I gave him a naked shower. Made him come in my lap. Hmm?"

My brow crumples as I think about that. He's probably right. "Don't tell him," I conclude. "Our secret."

He chuckles, causing an echo. "You will know anyway, eventually. The memories always come back. You will remember your Haze desires as your own, but I'm unsure how you might react to their...newness."

"Tah! I'll get over it."

Flanagan runs a hand over his face to remove a sheen of water, then pushes wet hair back. His strange silver eyes sparkle in the low light. He reaches to turn a knob, and the falling water changes to a sprinkle. Then he shuffles me deeper into his lap, settling himself against the wall as though

preparing to be there for hours. He holds me to him with an arm around my waist.

"I will help you," he says. "I will let your Channeler's instinct for what you need guide me, but I must be careful, Michael. You will crave for things you never knew you wanted, and because of the nerve damage, I will have to give them to you. This places us in an awkward situation."

He sounds reluctant, but the change in position has jammed his semihard cock against the side of my butt cheek. A thrill bubbles through my center. Not so reluctant. It's weird to get off on arousing a guy, but I couldn't give a shit right now.

"I just need your hand on my shtick...dick."

"You need stimulation."

He picks up the tube of shower gel from its basket on the wall and dribbles citrus liquid onto my swollen shaft, causing me to shudder. A groan leaves my throat when he smooths the cool soap downward to beneath my balls. I'm surprised the water's not steaming off them; they're so hot. When he slowly massages my tight sack, the groan strengthens.

"Fuck, that's nice."

He watches my face as he works his hand. I close my eyes, reveling in his competent fingers.

"Open your legs for me," he whispers.

I do as he says, letting my knees fall apart to give him better access. I've got about the strength to spread my feet wider.

"Good boy," he says.

I don't feel the sting of his praise. The desire to punch him in the face doesn't bother to lift an eyebrow. He can call me what he likes as long as he leaves his hand on my junk.

Intense sensations cascade from his massaging fingers through my insides. My balls prickle where his touch draws Flame from my skin. The tingles tickle all the way to the tip of my cock. Lovely. And the painful pressure has gone. The urgency to come has even diminished. A bit.

"Keep doing that," I mumble into his neck.

"I intend to," he says and buries his nose into my hair, pulling in my scent with a deep breath. A strangely intimate gesture—one that would have me violently jerking away on any other occasion. Right now, I only want him to do it again.

"Have you ever been with a man before?" he asks.

"Nah. Not into men."

He huffs a laugh.

"What?" I say, looking up. "I'm not."

He trails his finger down my taint, between my cheeks, and over my sphincter.

"Watch it, Viking," I say, though I shift toward the touch. A surprising ripple of pleasure passes through me as he circles once, then slips away. "Keep them fingers where I can see 'em."

His eyes crinkle with amusement. "The Haze releases buried desires. Suppressed parts of our nature, but it doesn't change an individual's natural preferences. As the Haze deepens and you ask me for more, I would like you to remember that."

I frown. "Nothing suss-spressed here." Nothing. I want to come, and if there's only dude available, then dude it is.

He chuckles again, sliding his palm over my shaft.

My body jerks in his lap at the touch. "Aaah."

Lifting my soapy cock straight up in his grasp, he explores the swollen length, stroking his thumb over the head, then following the veins to the base and back.

"You have a beautiful member. Finely balanced."

Member? "That fine member needs attention. You're s'posed to move your hand up 'n' down."

"Patience," Flanagan murmurs. He does move his hand, but so slowly he might as well not bother. I try thrusting to increase the tempo and only manage a pathetic shuffle.

"Be still," he says. "Watch."

I do as he says, eyes fixed to his hand gliding up and down my hard cock, my foreskin shifting back and forth over the head. His movements are sure and steady. Soap gathers and bubbles across his fingers.

"S'good," I mumble. "Keep going."

It's bloody surreal seeing my stiffy in the grasp of a man. Strangely hot, though. There's something about those strong, sun-browned fingers with their confident grip that turns me the fuck on.

My eyes wander along the tendons of Flanagan's forearm and bulging triceps, over the rounded deltoid, then down to the hard curves of his fursprinkled pecs. He's a beast of a man, but his golden skin and long limbs give his size an unusual beauty. His muscles aren't the overblown bulges of

a gym rat. His potent, sinewy contours are real, built from toil and experience. He'd have gone down a treat at the boxing gym. Every young guy there would have followed him like a lost pup, wanting to emulate him or be fucked by him.

He catches my straying gaze, and his lips curve. "Does that feel better?"

I blink, focusing to take in his words. My eyes return to the rhythmic shift of his hand. I do feel better. The slow pace has settled the raging pressure to more of a languid need.

"Yeah. Yeah, it's nice. Don't stop." My speech comes out clearer.

He offers a soft smile. "I have no intention of stopping. I'll help you for as long as you need me to."

"You're gonna make me come soon, though?"

He leans down to whisper in my ear. "Oh, I'm going to make you come, Michael. I'll get to watch as you spill onto my hand."

Fuck. For some reason, those words send a double bolt of arousal through me. The image almost makes me blow my load.

"You're a fucking tease." I look him in the eyes and thrust my hips up. "So, watch me spill, then?"

He smirks but doesn't move his hand any faster.

"Later," he says. "Release won't satisfy you."

I check his face because the guy has got to be winding me up. "That's—that's a joke, right?"

"As soon as you're done, your erection will return, and you'll immediately want more. I assure you this only leads to frustration and ball ache. Constant and steady stimulation is far more effective."

I wriggle in his lap. "I dunno," I say, breathless. "Need to come bad."

He pulls me closer and presses a kiss to my head. I'm amazed again how much I don't want to kick his lights out for the gesture.

"You'll have to trust me."

Trust the man who put a collar around my neck? Who chained me in a cage, then left me there at the mercy of his fucked-up soldiers? I shouldn't. So why do I? Why am I so relieved he's the man looking after me while I'm in this pathetic state?

"You promise I'm gonna get better, yeah? I'll be able to wink...wank my own dick soon?"

I feel the stretch of his smile against my forehead. "I promise."

Sneaking one more peek at his confident fist wrapped around my cock, I say, "Okay then, Viking, I'm gonna have to trust you. For now."

# CHAPTER TWO

"I think we've been in this shower long enough," he says after we've both watched the slow rhythm of his hand for another five minutes. "Let's get you dry."

Before I can answer, he hooks his arm under my knees and stands up in one smooth move. His head almost touches the shower ceiling.

A rush of need hits me with the absence of his touch on my dick. "Hand," I remind him.

"Patience."

He carries me through to the main bathroom, also low lit, decorated with the same sandstone tiles as the shower. He strides past the massive circular bath, the tasteful wood and stone fittings, plonks me onto the toilet, and props me up against its back.

"I'm sure you need to relieve yourself," he says, holding me there with a hand on each shoulder. "Are you steady?"

"Yep. Yep. Totally got it."

He lets go and steps back. I slide sideways. "Nope. Nope. Not got it."

He catches me before I topple to the floor, props me up again, and we grin at each other. He looks good when he smiles; that fierce brow relaxes.

"I'm drunk as a skunk," I slur.

"Indeed." Fixing me in place with one hand on my shoulder, he plucks a white fluffy towel from a rail on the wall and drops it around my shoulders. After drying himself one-handed, he proceeds to scrub me dry. "Pee if you can," he adds, matter of fact.

I peer down at my flagpole erection. Yeah, that's about as likely as getting wine from a corked bottle. In fact, the way it's angled, if I do

manage a whizz, I'll be spraying all over Flanagan's face. A snicker at the thought escapes, and he side-eyes me.

While he bends to rub the towel over my skin, the ends of his swaying hair tickling my shoulders, I can't help ogling the man again. He's so ripped. My gaze meanders down from his mountainous pecs and across every rippling ridge of his abs. Down the contoured V of his obliques to... "What the fuck is that?"

There's a python swinging between his legs. Semihard and jiggling with every movement. A sack with two golf balls hangs behind it. How does he get that monster up to full salute? It'd be the size of a Redwood.

I glance up to find his mouth upturned with soft amusement. He's not a bit self-conscious with his massive schlong bobbing before my face.

"You've got some eclipment...eqipment... It's fucking massive is that." His eyes sparkle, but he makes no comment. "Can you pee?" he asks instead.

I shake my head, nearly toppling myself again. "Nope. Nada." My bladder does pulse with the need to go, but there's no getting liquid through this tent pole. Not unless it's jizz.

In one move, Flanagan hooks me under my arms and lifts me clean off the toilet, then rotates me until my back is to him. Planting my feet on the tiles, he braces me upright with an arm around my chest. "Is that okay?" he asks.

Shitballs, the man's strong. I'm six foot and all muscle, yet he handles me like I'm a featherweight. "Yeah. Yeah s'okay. What's the plan?"

Peering down over my shoulder, he gently grasps my erection and angles it downward. "Try to relax," he says. "Think of something... ordinary."

Ordinary? I stare down at his hand holding my cock. His huge *male* hand. Nothing ordinary about that. I squeeze my eyes shut and try not to think about how much I want to fuck his fist. An immediate image of his massive donger bouncing in front of my face comes to mind. I want to see that thing erect and ready. I want to touch it. Lick it. Funny thought that. My dick double-twitches in his hand.

"Focus," he says, laughter in his tone.

"I am. Here, give it to me."

I can't lift my arm, so he takes my hand and wraps it around my shaft, helping me to angle downward. "Concentrate," he says.

Closing my eyes again, I try to think of something boring. One-one thousand. Two-one thousand. Cities of the world. Capital of Finland? No fucking idea.

Without warning, my shaft floods with heat, and a jet of pee arcs out from the end.

"Yeah!" I shout as the stream hits the toilet bowl.

"Good boy," Flanagan says, and I ignore the traitorous thrill that gives me.

When I'm done, he shuffles me to the sink and gently washes the head of my cock with soapy water, then pats me dry with a towel. Can't believe how comfortable I am with a man taking care of my dick. Holding it with me while I take a leak. Haze-fueled wonders will never cease.

I catch my naked reflection in the mirror. Scruffy dark hair, pale skin, and jade-green eyes. The bruises have almost cleared; only a slight yellowing remains across my cheekbone and a small red line where Belanger split my lip. The dull metal collar still circles my neck, swirling silver script etched into its surface. I wonder if Flanagan will dress me. God, I hope not. I shudder at the thought of itchy fabric against my sensitized skin. For some reason, a dressed Flanagan doesn't sit well with me either.

After washing his hands, he hooks me under the knees, swings me up, and carries me like a bride into his bedroom. I take in the huge room with blurry eyesight, getting a sense of Scandinavian style décor—all light wood and natural textiles. It's only when I see the concertinaed doors at the end, opening a whole wall to the night, that I realize I felt no tightness while in the smaller space of the shower. I *must* be drunk.

Lamps of dancing flame within glass wall sconces light the room. No electric lights for the Flame to mess with. He takes me past a giant, furcovered bed with a row of iron rings fastened into the wall above the headboard. We pass bookshelves filled with multicolored volumes, then cross the wooden floor to a set of dark leather couches. The worn three-seater loungers face each other beside the open door. A soft breeze tickles my damp skin and carries the fresh scents of grass and woodland into the room.

As Flanagan lowers himself onto a couch and settles me in his lap again, I notice plates of food laid out on the coffee table, a jug of water

beside them. The smell of spicy chicken draws a loud burble from my stomach.

"Are you hungry?" Flanagan asks.

I squint at the food. I'm hungry, but I can't imagine eating. The pressure's already tightening my insides again, my cock's as hard as a fence pole, and all I really want is for Flanagan's hand to milk me until there's nothing left.

Not elated about needing a guy to feed me either.

I level him with my serious face. "How're you gonna feed me and keep your hand on my dick?"

Without replying, he leans me against the couch arm and reaches to a side table. I catch a glimpse of something on the back of his shoulder—an oddly colored swirly tattoo—but I can't quite focus to see it. When he returns with a leather hair tie, the tattoo seems to have disappeared. I must be seeing things.

I watch, mesmerized, as he takes his time sweeping his long dark gold hair with its three thin plaits into a knot. Pale highlights catch the flickering lamplight. Then he reaches again and, this time, returns with a blue tube. Without warning, he squeezes cold lube onto my shaft and balls.

"Aaah. Watch it."

With a soft, cheeky smile, he spreads the clear gel down my erection and over my sack, all the way to my arse crack. Hope rises. Does he plan a quick jacking session before we eat?

He shuffles me around until I'm facing the table, butt nestled between his massive thighs, my back against his chest. After placing my limp hands on his thighs, he clasps the whole of my junk in one huge fist and proceeds to knead my balls.

Oh man, that feels good. Sensual pulses flood my groin, and my head falls back on his shoulder, mouth slack. I rock into the pressure. The press of his giant cock against my lower back—still semihard—punches a sizzling thrill through me.

"Need to come."

"Food first."

"Can't eat like this," I say, breathless.

"I'm going to take care of that."

I lie back in his arms while he fondles my sack, writhing for more, desperate for his hand around my shaft. He flicks my nipple with his finger,

circling and pinching. I shudder in his arms as his touch sucks tingling Flame through my skin and sends sparks of arousal to my throbbing cock.

"You're making it worse. Let me come."

"I assure you release will make little difference. The relief will last but a few minutes."

A few minutes sounds wonderful right now. "I need more, Flanagan. It's so tight."

"There's a painful pressure in your lower back," he says. "I know. I've got you."

Without warning, he grasps my shaft and, with a sudden burst, jerks me so hard I arch off his lap.

"Oh, yeah, yeah, that's it."

He forces my body back down and fastens me with an embrace to fix me in place. "Keep still," he says against my ear.

I can't. I thrust around in his hold, my lower back bumping against his hard cock. His moving hand is hot and tight, and I'm sure he's going to jerk me to release. But then he pinches my nipple and twists hard.

"Aaah." The pain shoots a bolt of hot arousal straight into my center, like a hot pin into a tight balloon, and the tension releases in a sudden burst of tingles.

My body shudders. "What was that?"

Flanagan stills his hand on my shaft and pinches me again, so hard I cry out. In response, a wave of warm Flame passes through me, flushing from my middle and out through every limb, leaving my hair standing on end. Whoa.

He moves his hand down to my balls again and massages the tight sack in his fist as I quake in his arms. "Good boy," he whispers. As my shudders soften to trembles, he keeps a tight hold of my nipple, rubbing the hard bud between his fingers. "How do you feel?"

My cock's still tight, my balls are hot, I still want Flanagan's fist, but that painfully tight pressure is gone. My eyesight has cleared. A plate of veggies takes shape on the table—sticks of carrot and cucumber. The sound of my gurgling stomach breaks the silence.

"I feel better. Don't get it. I should feel worse." How am I not rocketing over the edge with cum on my chest? Or at least so desperate I can't speak?

"The Flame is in control of your arousal," Flanagan says. "Your desire to come is of no interest to her. What she wants is stimulation. When you

give her that, she settles."

"That hurt, though."

He chuckles, a warm rumble against my ear. "Pain is intensely stimulating. A quick fix when the pressure becomes too much. And I think you enjoyed it." He pinches my nipple again, making me arch into his touch. He's playing my body like a blasted bass guitar.

"It was alright," I lie but can't help a grin.

He laughs again. "The Flame loves the intensity of mild pain. While she remains in control, you will love it too."

She? "So she's an attention whore."

He shakes his head and laughs. "She's a Goddess, Michael."

Oh, a Goddess. Right. A demanding Goddess. A woman who likes torture and sexual madness. I raise my head to eye the morsels of juicy food waiting to fill my stomach.

"You gonna feed me, or what?" If an orgasm's off the menu, I'll take the chicken.

He leans forward, bracing me in place between his thighs. One hand still holding my tackle, he reaches with the other to pour a glass of water. I lick my lips at the sight. I've been too distracted to notice that my mouth is as dry as sunbaked stone. A Hazing Channeler would likely die of starvation and thirst if they didn't have someone to keep them from an obsessive stream of wanking sessions.

Flanagan brings the tall glass to my mouth, and I gulp the sparkling liquid down. When the glass is empty, I smack my lips and nod. "Nice. What's next?"

He lifts a piece of the chicken and offers it to me. I snatch it from his fingers with my teeth. Hot chili spice bursts across my tongue. Mmm, delicious. When I try to repeat this with a length of raw carrot, he pulls his hand away.

I turn my head to frown at him. "Oi."

"Slow down," he says, tone quiet. "We have all the time you need."

*I'm not your fucking pet*, flies to my tongue. I stop the words just in time—don't bite the hand that feeds you and all that. Don't bite the man gripping your bits. Shifting to look him in the eye, I accept the carrot with exaggerated care.

"Better," he whispers. Grrr.

"Aren't you going to eat?" I ask.

"I'll have something later."

He continues to feed me the chunks of chicken and veggies, his movements deliberate and careful. I find myself settling within his circle of muscle, sinking into his broad chest and that unusual heat he gives off. His other hand slowly strokes my cock as he feeds me. So fucking intimate. I should be cringing and squirming with discomfort, and yet I wouldn't want to be anywhere else in the world. It seems as long as the Flame's happy, I'm happy.

He watches my mouth from the side as he feeds me. When I check, the soft heat in his eyes has intensified. I can't help noticing the iron bar still wedged against my lower back.

"You into men?" He must be. Otherwise, this would be one grim task.

He reaches for another piece of chicken. "I enjoy either gender," he says simply.

"So, bisexual." For some reason, it doesn't surprise me the big guy bats for both sides. He must have his pick of the hotties here at Blackriver. The young soldiers surely fall over themselves to hop into the commander's bed. Or is he too professional for that?

After feeding me a piece of tangy orange, he says, "Supernatural creatures are mostly pansexual. They don't identify with sexuality the way humans do. A Shifter will mate with whomever they fall for, regardless of gender. The Fae marry their predestined Mate but also indulge in poly relations with both sexes. And the Anlu'kyr are completely polyamorous. Gender difference is irrelevant to their tastes."

Sounds about right. If the sex-obsessed Flame sustains all supernatural life, it's not a shock they'll fuck anyone. "I bet they're a horny lot, these supernaturals."

Flanagan's eyes crinkle. "You are one of these supernaturals, Michael."

"Oh, shit, yeah. Feeling pretty horny too." We both grin again, and it strikes me how easy it is to share humor with this man who should be my enemy. Is that just the Haze or early Stockholm syndrome sinking in?

With the next piece of orange, Flanagan turns my head to brush his thumb across my bottom lip, tugging the flesh as he wipes away a drop of juice. I find myself taking the thumb into my mouth and sucking. Our eyes meet as I circle the pad with my tongue. Fire flashes across his silver irises. He swallows, jerking his hand back.

"Do you want more food?" he asks, a catch in his voice.

If all this turns him on, surely the guy needs to come as much as I do. Does he plan to stay wood hard with no relief? "You gonna smack one out later?"

He half smiles but avoids my eyes. "I'm fine. I'll help you sleep now." I snort. "No way I'm getting to sleep."

"The demand for stimulation may keep you awake. I have a few tricks, though you'll have to trust me."

"If your tricks involve an orgasm, I'm all in."

"I'm afraid not, but we'll see."

I groan. "You're a cruel man, Mr. Viking."

He only smiles.

# CHAPTER THREE

e carries me over to the massive bed, my limbs still useless and dangling as he lays me on the dark furs. I should fear that there might be permanent damage, but I don't fear much right now. My whole attention is on the gentle giant looking after my every need, on his deft hands, and what he plans to do with them next.

I'm astounded by how different Flanagan is from what I assumed. I thought the man who chained me and locked a collar around my neck was an almighty A-hole. But he's kind of okay. Arrogant, dominant, controlling even, but all right.

He lies beside me, his broad chest filling the space, long legs stretching all the way to the end of the bed. His massive cock, semihard now, bounces over his muscled thigh as he rolls toward me and props himself on an elbow. His impressive cockhead is a deep rose color, its bulbous size perfectly proportioned to his length. Raised veins web the firm breadth of his shaft. Not that I'm checking that out.

I look up to find him wearing his serious face. "What?" I ask.

"Do you trust me?"

"No."

He expels a breath. "I have no desire to harm you, Michael. Do you at least trust me to help you through this Haze?"

"Sort of. A bit. Why?"

He reaches past me, and I hear a familiar clinking sound. When he holds the shiny metal chain up, my heart thuds in my chest.

So much for not feeling fear. "Can't you just lock the door?"

"You bent silver-coated iron bars," he says quietly. "If the prince uses the Call, a window will be no obstacle. I'm a light sleeper, but I worry I'll wake to find you running into the night, naked and vulnerable. And though I've taken a day's leave, my captains could still need me."

Why does the thought of him leaving me clench my chest? "You think I could still go bat shit?"

"Your transformation may not be over. I don't want you to get hurt, and while my soldiers remain at risk, I'm unwilling to take a chance."

The faces of the prison guards come to mind. Their accusatory glances as Laasya told me how I'd landed four of their colleagues in the infirmary. I don't remember any of it, but I believed Laasya.

Flanagan drops the chain to stroke the back of his hand down my cheek. "I can help you. Use a Flame Hold to keep you calm."

"That mind control thing you do?" Not sure how I feel about that either.

He slips his hand around to my nape, just above the collar. "Let me take your fear away."

I lick my lips, my mouth as dry as a desert. I'm not as bothered about the chain as I would be without the Haze. I have no urge to escape. My world has collapsed to one concern—my balls. All I want is Flanagan's hand on my cock.

I suck in a breath as though about to dive into deep water and squeeze my eyes closed. "Okay. Okay. Go on. Do it."

Without preamble, he rests his palm on the base of my head, and Flame gushes upward along my spine to meet his touch. A long groan leaves my lips as pure pleasure floods my body. I'd forgotten how good this feels. Bliss dissolves tension, and I slump into the fur, into a floaty sky filled with warm clouds.

I hear the words "Be calm." Then firm lips touch my forehead, beard prickling skin, and the collar shifts against my neck. A click sounds.

"Open your eyes," Flanagan whispers.

Mind drifting through a star-speckled mist, I reluctantly pry one eye open. His handsome face leans over me, fierce silver eyes filled with concern and soft affection. My hungry gaze travels down his contoured chest, golden and delicious. I drink in every rise and fall until my eye settles on a flesh-colored snake.

"You are one hot Viking," I slur when I return to his face.

His brow rises. "Ah. I may have overcompensated. Look up at the chain for me, Michael."

"Hmm?"

He points, and I follow his finger with my one eye. A long, metal chain slinks from my neck, over the fur, and up to the wall above the headboard. Pretty.

"What about it?" I ask.

His face visibly relaxes. "Are you comfortable?"

I try my best to think about that, my mind sloshing around my body to find something other than euphoria. I discover one nagging and painful ache ruining my happy state. "No."

His brow crumples. "Is it the collar? I could adjust it."

Collar? I try to raise my hips and manage an awkward flump against the furs. "Pain. There. Down there."

He lets out a sigh. "Of course. I'm going to help you with that." He twists to the side table behind him, back muscles rippling. I catch a flash of that strange swirly tattoo again. He returns with more lube. The man's not running out anytime soon.

I shudder again when he slathers a layer of the cold gel all over my hard cock. He smooths another dollop over my balls, spreading a generous line down to my glory hole. Once he's thoroughly lubricated between my arse cheeks, he slaps a palmful onto his erection. That gets my attention. I stare enraptured as his hand slowly rubs shiny gel all over that glorious dick.

The display is over far too soon. After replacing the tub to the side drawer, he lies down beside me, then slipping an arm under and around my waist, in one move, he flips me on top of him. The chain clinks and rattles.

With an oomph, I land facedown in a star shape over his body. He arranges me with my face nestled in the crook of his neck and our hips aligned. Our chests meet, muscle to muscle, and even with the slightest movement, my slicked cock slides against his semihard length. I mumble satisfied noises into his neck.

He glides his hands down to my arse cheeks and grips them. Then, with firm pressure, he very slowly massages my two globes, shifting my hips to brush my cock against his.

Oh, man, that's nice.

His neck smells of earthy forest and lemon. I lick over his vein, enjoying how it bounces beneath the skin. A shiver passes through the big

guy, so I do it again, then let my lips slide over his neck as he shifts me against him. My nipples are crazy sensitive. The nubs rub over his granite pecs with each shift up and down, delivering sizzles to my twitching dick. I try thrusting my hips to increase friction, but I'm too floppy and relaxed. I only manage a feeble squirm.

"Is this okay?" he asks.

"Need to fuck you," I inform him, almost incoherent.

His never-gonna-happen chuckle tickles my ear. "I understand. Can you bring your knees up?"

With some effort, I bend my legs, splaying my hips more. The position shoves me deeper against his groin.

"Good boy."

With his broad hands gripping my butt cheeks, he continues to rock us together while I muffle moans into his neck, the tinkling of the chain the only other sound in the room. He nuzzles my hair, taking in quiet breaths, his cock now hard as a tree trunk beneath me. He must have a will of steel not to seek relief for himself. Surely he wants to fuck something right now. Possibly me. But the only sign of any discomfort on his part is the hitch in his breath and his parted lips seeking my skin. I almost wish he'd lose it and ram me. A wild thought, but I have an instinct a good fucking would satisfy her majesty the kinky Goddess.

A continuous pleasure pulses up from my groin, the steady stimulation managing to satisfy, but I'm not falling asleep. How can I? I'm just too high on arousal. A constant stream of filthy images flitters through my drunken mind, like porno on a loop. An orgy of naked men and women in every dirty position. But mostly involving Flanagan. For some reason, I've got him standing over me, stroking that big dick right in front of my face. What the hell's gotten into me?

"Could you sleep?" Flanagan's deep rumble yanks me back from my X-rated thoughts.

I snort against his neck.

"I see," he says and stops his steady pressure.

The Flame instantly jacks up her demand, and I mumble a complaint.

"Shhh. Will you trust me?"

At this point, I'd do anything he asks. "Go," I manage.

Flanagan slips a finger between my lubed cheeks, and a reactive tension grips my body.

He stills, waiting while I let the fear go.

When I relax again, he skims his digit over my butthole, and I jump with the sensation that zaps through my center. When he applies pressure and slowly circles the sphincter, I push back, a long groan leaving my chest. Feels like he's found a magic button. The Flame's white-knuckled hold on my groin eases. Her fire in my spine settles to a quiet warmth. She seems to fall into a state of purring satisfaction.

"Don't stop," I slur.

He kisses my head in response. With one hand, he pulls open my cheek; with the other, he plays with my hole. Never dipping inside, just skimming and circling. And fuck, it's good. I've got to admit I'd like his finger inside, feel the stretch of his digit deep in my arsehole. I know that would release the tight discomfort. But our hard cocks still rest against each other, lubed foreskins sliding back and forth as he rocks his hips with a steady rhythm. It's enough for now.

From his shorter breaths and the increased tension in his body, I realize this change has upped Flanagan's arousal. Why does that please me so much? And why the hell is he not slapping one out, right here in the bed? I want to ask him, but I can't form the words.

Against all odds, my mind softens toward sleep. Not quite letting go of the dirty videos but calming the images to lovemaking and slow fellatio. I settle on a vision of Flanagan stroking his lubed cock, woodland all around him, sunlight in his hair. My body slumps as I finally give in to exhaustion.

"Sleep," he says. "You need your strength. The Haze will deepen before it lifts." He kisses my hair. "I'll be here when you wake."

Deepen? That doesn't sound good. I hold on, not wanting this moment to end, but I'm tired to the bone. As the darkness rises to swallow me, though, I swear to myself I'll see Flanagan blow his load before this Haze has ended. Preferably over my face. Now there's a thought.

# CHAPTER FOUR

Idday sun warms the room, summer birdsong in full swing outside the open doors. Fingers of yellow light stretch over the wooden floor to stripe the furs with gold. I sit beside the young man asleep in my bed, watching the light slide across pale skin and tight, lean muscles. The silver swirls of his collar catch a thin shaft of light and burst into sparking lines. The links of metal chain fastening him to the wall glint silver.

He lies on his front, one leg bent, the other extended, a hand tucked beneath his parted lips. His breaths come soft and deep. The smooth contours of his long body are relaxed. The Goddess has allowed him nearly twelve hours of slumber. Unusual during a Haze, but he was exhausted, and the Anlu'kyr can sleep for days when healing from an injury. This might be true for Michael.

I should use this time for paperwork, for the many tasks that await my attention, but I'm unable to take my eyes from the beautiful man beside me. This mysterious orphan. The unusually strong Channeler who has scorched into my life like a fire.

Tipping my head to study his face again, I sweep my gaze over the curves of his full lips, the high cheekbones, the long dark lashes that lend his looks an angelic quality.

I breathe a soft laugh to myself. Not so much when he's awake. When his eyes are open to the world, Michael is more akin to a snarling demon caught in a trap. Gentle and sweet with the Haze governing his concerns, though.

All Channelers become submissive when Hazing, no matter how belligerent their personality. They only need and will do anything for relief, for touch and stimulation. Anything. It's one of the reasons the Anlu'kyr keep their bed slaves Hazed, so they can play with them as they might a toy.

Michael has managed to keep his combative cheek, as I suspected he would, but it's a joy to have him soft in my arms, compliant and willing. Wanting.

My groin twinges with the ache I've carried for days, the beast rising to rumble desire through my chest.

An unquenchable thirst for Michael started the moment I laid hands on him in the van. I recognized then we were Compatibles—equal opposites. A shocking realization. The opposite of a True Grounder is a rare Channeler indeed. I've never known of one. And because of the irresistible attraction that creates, even when I thought him an instrument of the prince's subterfuge, the compulsion to keep him close, to care for him, protect him overrode any other concern.

It sickens me that I failed him. I thought him safe. I should never have left him alone in that cage.

Those Shifters deserve the state we found them in. What Michael has done to them, I can only guess, but they're lucky to be alive. I needed all my enhanced strength to manage Michael in the cage. Every night, as the sun waned, I would deal with a powerhouse of fury. A turbulent storm of Flame. In all my years, I have never been so challenged to contain a man. Or beast. I've dealt with every kind of supernatural monster. Michael's raging attempts to leave the cage could match any one of them.

Still, I thought I had him—until he bent solid metal bars with his mind.

I haven't told him. I've mentioned to no one he used more than brute strength to twist the silver-coated iron. I was the only witness to the cage bars warping out of shape under the ferocity of his will alone.

And I will remain the only one who knows.

If the High Council finds out Michael isn't only a mixed breed Channeler but also a witch, they will take him from Blackriver. Take him from me. Lock him in a lab and study him. That will never happen while I have breath in my body. Michael stays here, where I can protect him, train him, contain him myself.

And the decision will be my downfall.

The choice is indefensible against the serious charge of harboring a dangerous anomaly. I face court-martial or even imprisonment. A shame. I'm happy in my role here. Twenty-five years of service to Blackriver has

not eroded my commitment. And yet, even having witnessed just how dangerous Michael is, I cannot bring myself to override my choice. I will take whatever consequences are coming.

Councilor Quinton already knows Michael is witch-born. He must. I suspect Laasya does too. But neither has breathed a word to the Council or to me. I know Laasya follows her elder's lead. But why does Quinton share my instinct to hide Michael? I have never trusted the witch. He is far too sly and clever in my estimation, but while we agree on protecting Michael, I will consider him an ally. Quinton will be able to help Michael as his power wakens—a process that can take years.

A quiet moan alerts me to my charge's rise in consciousness. I stroke dark hair from his forehead to find his frown line returning. The Haze will be stronger today, creating a constant struggle to keep pain at bay and his mind alert. The trance will awaken deeper desires in Michael he has yet to discover about himself. And I will have to provide them. It will take every ounce of willpower not to fulfill the demands with my own body, an inappropriate option under the circumstances. Under any circumstances if I'm honest with myself.

The beast claimed Michael the moment it met those wary green eyes across the bar. The first time it has pinned another as its own for nearly two hundred years. It will want to satisfy that claim at the earliest opportunity, mark him with cum and the blood of its bite. I yearn to fuck this man with every ounce of my being, but if I do, I place Michael at risk from a monster. From a virus that would chain his soul forever.

The moans strengthen as Michael ruts his hips into the mattress to find friction. He groans with the struggle, flopping an arm to his back, his fingers seeking between his firm cheeks to touch himself. His strength must be returning. His Anlu'kyr blood will have mended some of the nerve damage as he slept.

I hold down an urge to replace Michael's hand and stroke his hair instead, enthralled as he presses inside himself, pushing back onto his own finger. He's responding to an instinctive urge to touch his gland—the only stimulation that truly settles the Goddess's demand. My cock hardens at the sight of his pale curves wriggling against the furs.

A frustrated sound leaves his throat, pain bleeding through his groan. He's stronger but still too weak to satisfy her demands, to release the agonizing clamp she will have on his insides.

"Hurts," he mumbles.

I could watch this scene all day. Watch Michael's finger rise and fall as he penetrates himself on my bed, but it's time for me to help.

"I'm here," I say, scooting down to lie beside him.

I turn him onto his side with his back to me and gently nudge my groin against his hand, forcing his finger deeper inside. Then wrapping his shoulders with one arm to keep him close, I reach around and take hold of his straining erection.

My touch draws a hiss. "Yeah. Please."

"I have you," I say. His submissive plea, so unusual from this man's lips, hardens my cock even further.

His engorged member feels oak hard in my fist, skin stretched tight across his shaft. If it weren't for the Flame's care, Channelers might incur lasting damage to veins and muscles from the permanent erection Hazing gives them. A woman's clitoris remains equally swollen during their trance state. But the Flame wants her servants healthy and able to satisfy her needs. She regenerates the tissue, keeping the blood flowing and the glands willing.

Soft cries break into Michael's continuous sounds as I rock my hips, gently fucking him with his finger. The head of my erection slides against his buttock, the stimulation only taunting, a whisper of the satisfaction I would like. My groin pulses with my ache for him.

I could have brought myself to release as he slept. Let the beast straddle Michael, eyes roaming his beauty as it climaxed over his smooth skin. But I was able to hold it back. And I want this tension. This clambering demand for more. The yearning to take the boy somehow keeps me closer. Connected. Attuned to his needs.

Michael shifts in my arms, thrusting into my fist and back onto his finger. He groans his desperation. He can't reach adequately and needs it harder, deeper, faster.

"More," he breathes. He shifts his hand, attempting to add another finger.

Leaning back so I can see, I take his hand in mine and, lacing his two digits together, slowly slip them inside. He hisses with the dry stretch, and I watch with longing as his tightly puckered star parts to accept his fingers. The beast growls its frustrated desire, and I pause to take a deep shuddering breath, teeth grinding as I force its frenzy down.

I would rather be pushing myself inside Michael, stretching him, filling him. The press of my girth would grant him an instant relief his fingers cannot. But it cannot be. Certainly not while he's Hazing. And maybe never. The beast would take him with a ruthless fury.

Lifting his leg over my thigh to open his hips, I use the weight of his body on mine to force his fingers as deep as they will go. The penetration will be minimal in this position, his arm can only reach so far, but it might be enough. Moving one hand beneath his jaw, I seize his erection again, this time increasing the pace.

His hips buck into my fist. "Harder."

Tightening my grip on his shaft, I deepen the stroke, twisting my hand on the rise to squeeze the head of his cock before pulling down again. I cleaned the lube away as he slept, but his uncut foreskin slides easily over his shaft, the *shlick-shlick* sound of precum a lewd delight to my ears.

I should continue to only stimulate. Try to maintain the edge that keeps the Goddess quiet but her Channeler wanting. A climax is never enough. Only stimulation or a consistent pressure against his prostate will calm her clamping hold, but I promised Michael I would watch him spill, and it will be a joy to feel his warm cum coat my hand again.

His moans turn to soft cries, and I speed up even more, hips rocking, hard cock leaking over his skin. His unusual fresh apple scent fills my nostrils, and my hand tightens beneath his jaw, securing his head against my shoulder. My fangs slip as I press my open mouth to the side of his face.

"Yeah, yeah." Michael's shaft pulses in my grip. His hips jerk. His panting cries increase.

"That's it," I growl in his ear. "Let it come."

Heat shoots through my fist. Michael cries out. And I glance down to watch the precious cream squirt from the head of the boy's cock, splashing his abs and chest. A beautiful sight.

His body quakes in my arms, and I whisper praise, gently kissing his face as the tremors settle. I wait for his erection to soften, even if only for a few minutes, but he remains firm in my hand. The orgasm wasn't enough. He'll soon be craving more.

Michael's breathing settles, though, and his limbs fall limp. Only the slightest shift in his hips remain as his body continues to seek stimulus. I leave his leg thrown over my thigh but draw his fingers out.

"Oi," a croaky voice says.

"Good morning," I answer softly. So the orgasm was enough to bring him around some.

Despite his resistance, I move his hand to his front—his arm must surely ache, having been in such a twisted position. I know how much a Hazing Channeler yearns for penetration, so I replace his fingers with my own, not pushing inside, just circling the muscle with light pressure.

He turns his head, long dark lashes blinking over jade as he studies me. His eyes remain glazed, a sign of the trance's continued hold. A shy smile twitches the edge of his lips before he hides it with a grin. "Hey. Thanks for letting me blow." His speech is surprisingly clear.

"Feel better?"

He pauses, his hand straying to his persistent erection, his hips rocking. "No."

"You still feel the pressure?"

He grimaces. "Need to come. Can we go again? I need..." Unable to say what he wants, he pushes back against my finger, lust-filled eyes searching mine.

I whisper into his ear, "Are you asking for me inside you?"

A shiver passes over his body. "Is that okay?"

My eyes roam his face, taking in his emphatic hunger. How I wish I could satisfy his request, but he doesn't need my cock, only penetration, the consistent rub against his gland, and his body knows it. It's why the Anlu'kyr always dress their Channelers with plugs or anal dildos—specially designed toys that stimulate from the inside and keep the slave prepared for regular use. I have a few in my drawers, various sizes. I wondered if I might require one today.

I kiss his forehead, amazed again how he leans into the gesture rather than pulling away. "I'm not able to help you that way, but—"

My words are halted by his warm tongue running over my lips. "I need it. Need you."

The beast growls its claim. I almost take his mouth, almost force my fingers inside him. Jumalatar auta minua. This submissive Michael will be the death of me. I rest my head against his, breathing deep while I gather strength.

He strokes his lips over my beard, leaving them just shy of my mouth. "I know it's a lot to ask," he whispers.

I expel a breath. "Believe me," I whisper back, "there is no reluctance on my part. But this is only about managing your Haze."

He opens his mouth to argue, but I stop his words with my own. "I have an answer. You may not like it."

"Go on."

"You need a steady stimulus. A consistent pressure against the gland." He frowns.

"Something inside you," I clarify.

Michael's eyes turn hungry. "Yeah, yeah. That's right. Something inside me."

I draw in a long breath and let it out slowly. As willing as he is, he may never have been penetrated by anything but his fingers, and he's too weak to push a plug inside himself. His virgin channel will be tight. The beast's hunger, considerable. This may be a challenge for both of us.

"I'll have to show you," I say.

# CHAPTER FIVE

A fter helping Michael relieve himself on the toilet, I wash the half-delirious man in the shower, a lot easier now he can keep hold of his erection while I wash him. He drinks a full glass of water and chews down a few grapes. Then I carry him back to the bed.

My enhanced hearing catches the distant sounds of the mansion, doors slamming, the buzz of conversation, the shouts of trainers on the field. Michael's amplified senses may capture some of this too, but the enclosing trees and the raucous summer birdsong smother any disturbance. My small apartment is situated at the farthest end of the house and surrounded by its own garden. Completely private and protected from the bustle of Blackriver.

I refasten Michael's collar, telling myself it's a precaution. What if I have to leave suddenly? But I know it's really a compulsion to see him secured to my bed. To see my collar and chain on the one I've claimed. He's oblivious to both, his only concern the tight pressure inside him—her demand for more.

I leave him lying on the furs and go to the chest of drawers beside the bookshelf. Drawers I rarely open. I was a trainer for many years a long, long time ago—memories I keep in the darkness of the past. I would use toys like those in these drawers every day, keeping Channelers comfortable and ready for use, training them to accept as much Flame as their bodies could tolerate. Now, such matters tire me. I stay away from Hazing students, away from soldiers caught out by the blast of Anlu'kyr Flame. I'll Ground them in the field, but then I gladly leave them to Zahir and his

team. And yet I have always kept a set of implements, just in case my skills were needed again.

I'm glad I did. Tolerating the hands of another on a vulnerable Michael is not an option. And caring for this fiery, beautiful man has brought me a deep pleasure I haven't experienced in decades.

After collecting a few different types of implements that he may require today, I return to the bed. I find Michael with his head back, eyes closed, legs wide as he strokes himself. He's groaning with frustration, chest muscles taut as he attempts to thrust into his hand, his weakened grip still not enough to satisfy.

I'm caught for a moment, my cock hardening at the sight. Even in his desperate struggle, the beauty of his powerful body undulating against the furs is an image to behold. How I'll get through this day without fucking the man, the Goddess only knows.

I kneel on the bed between his open legs and rest back on my heels, giving my shaft a few lazy strokes as I watch his hand. The ridges of his abdominals twitch and tense as he continues to jerk himself.

"Michael."

"Yeah?" His lids flutter open. His eyes are slow to focus, but his gaze drinks in my naked torso, fixing on my erection and my gliding hand. "Fuck," he whispers, his grip moving faster on his shaft.

"I need to show you the choice."

"Okay," he says, his attention remaining glued, even when I move my hand.

I reach in a box and unwrap a few of the toys from their silk covers, then choose the smallest of the plugs. He will crave larger, longer, probably one of the specially designed dildos, but we'll have to start with what he can handle.

I raise the black toy for him to see—three inches of stiff silicon in the shape of a small bulb. I find these modern versions a revelation compared to the wooden ones we used in the past, and you can't use steel on a Channeler.

When he tears his gaze away from my groin to look, his eyes widen, but then they narrow. "Is that big enough?"

I can't help a chuckle. An un-Hazed Michael would not be asking that question; he'd be swearing at me and threatening my life.

Michael grins at my amusement, sheepish. "It's just, you know..." His eyes dip down to my hard cock, standing straight out and ready to fuck, then back up at the plug. "It looks a bit...small."

A grin breaks across my face. Werewolves are renowned for their size. I'm twelve inches with a wide girth, too much for many. Most toys will look small in comparison, but he's not ready for more. "This is just a start."

"Show me another."

I lift a larger one, slightly wider, maybe four inches long. Michael compares it to my erection again, making me smile.

"Next size," he says.

"Michael, you've never even worn the smallest."

"Just to see."

I choose a dildo, eight inches long and shaped like a cock, designed to sit inside the butt for extended periods. The Anlu'kyr use these a lot. Only far wider than any I keep. They like to fill their Channelers, like to ensure they receive a continuous fucking. They know the Flame will heal the channel and leave the slave always ready for more.

Michael's hand speeds over his shaft. "Oh, fuck yeah. That's the one."

I shake my head. Hazing Channelers have no sense of proportion. "This is too big for your first."

"Nah, it's just right."

With another chuckle, I exchange it for a different one. This plug is shaped like a cock, slightly curved, with a flared tip, but only five inches and not as thick. "This is the one."

After a frowning inspection, he eventually agrees with a lift of his chin. "Okay. But I get the other one later, yeah?"

My groin tightens, I manage to suppress the rising growl. I think an eight-inch dildo is too much, but the beast wants to chain Michael to the bed and fuck him with it. "Maybe later," I say and clear my throat.

Michael's eyes are now fixed on the toy. "So how do we do this?"

"First, you take your hand off your cock."

"Huh?"

I wait, brow raised.

With a groan, he does as I asked. Using his hips, I tug him down the mattress until his legs are off the end, then flip him onto his front. The chain comes with him, clinking over the furs; I made sure it was long enough to give Michael space to stretch.

"Kneel on the floor and bend over the bed."

Without resistance, he slips down until his knees rest on the wood and lays his chest on the furs, arms on either side of his head. I kneel behind him and push him farther away from the edge so his cock and balls hang where I can easily reach them.

"Widen your knees for me. That's it. All the way."

He spreads his knees as far as he can, the move stretching his muscled thighs and parting his buttocks. With the extra tilt to his hips, this position presents me with a clear view of his puckered rose, pink and tight and waiting. My cock pulses at the sight, and the beast surges forward, claws and teeth gnashing at my throat for release.

I take a moment to force its demands back into the depths and smooth over Michael's lower torso, absorbing his beauty to calm my shaking hands. All of it. His head of dark hair with the metal collar beneath, the lean muscles of a broad back tapering down to a lithe waist. My gaze returns to his splayed cheeks and his balls, tight and flushed between his parted legs. I may never be able to take him in this position, watch as my cock slips into that tight hole. Fucking a man who is part human and potentially vulnerable to the Lycanthrope virus may always remain too dangerous a risk.

I'm going to enjoy every precious moment his Haze allows me, though.

"Flanagan." Desperation strangles Michael's voice. Without any stimulation, her demand will be increasing, raising arousal and also discomfort.

"Shh. I'm here." I grab the tub of lube and scoop out a generous palmful, then resting one hand on his back, spread the cool gel over his crack and down to his balls. Reaching under, I lube his length with a few leisurely strokes.

His buttocks clench and stretch as he circles his hips to use my fist. My eyes fix to his now glistening hole, watching the pink star squeeze tight with each rock of his pelvis.

"Don't stop," he says, his voice breathy.

"Trust me."

I let him go and slather a liberal amount of gel onto the long, velvetsmooth plug. The phallus shape will be wide for his untrained sphincter, but the stretch will prepare him for larger. Hopefully, the flared tip will apply just enough stimulus to free Michael from discomfort and obsessive masturbation. I should prepare him with my finger, but I'm too wary of penetrating him myself. A toy to relieve pain is one thing; being fingered by someone you consider your enemy is quite another. I'll have to hope his own efforts have prepared him enough.

"Are you ready, Michael?"

"I'm fucking more than ready, Flanagan."

His exasperated answer draws a smile. It pleases me his belligerent character hasn't slipped too far beneath the Haze.

Circling his hole with two fingers, I spread the gel and stimulate the muscle. "I need you to relax as much as you can. And when you feel the plug, bear down."

"Got it."

I reach under and take his erection in my fist again, and while working his shaft, I press the bulbous end into his anus. The sphincter slowly parts, stretching open to accept the intrusion.

Michael's thighs tense, but he pushes back.

"Ugh. Keep going."

"Try to relax more."

He tries, but there's a tremble in his legs, which intensifies as the plug reaches its broadest width. I work his shaft a little faster. "Accept the stretch, Michael."

My balls ache as I watch his star open wide to accept the full girth. Michael lets loose a litany of his favorite expletives. I wait with the plug halfway while he acclimates. When he rocks his hips for more, I thrust harder, ignoring his panting groans to drive the length of smooth silicon through his tight muscle. The feel of it sinking all the way inside sends a hot bolt of lust through me, and when his pain-groans turn to deep moans of pleasure, I almost decorate my wooden floor with ejaculate.

"That's it." I let him move his hips back and forth as I hold the flared base, watching his pelvis move in small circles to fuck himself on the intrusion.

"Mmmf, yeah, feels good."

His body slowly relaxes as the plug glides over his gland, providing added stimulation. I'll not let him come again. Not yet. Though he'll argue, I want to let him settle a while with this size inside him, see if it's enough to satisfy. I suspect he'll beg me for something bigger. And I will gladly

comply. I'm not going to pretend watching a large rubber cock sliding into my boy will bring me no satisfaction.

I'll have to relieve myself at some point, though. My werewolf nature grants me the ability to hold off as long as I want and come with a thought, but faced with this temptation, even I have my limits.

When I take my hand off his erection, another steady stream of whorehouse cursing assaults my ears. I ignore his complaint and force his chest to the bed to tilt his pelvis up. Then stroking my hands over his lower back, I watch his muscular glutes and thighs clenching and relaxing around the plug. Beautiful. A quiet sigh leaves my lips. When he wakes from the Haze, he'll have forgotten his enjoyment of my touch and will hate me all over again. Is it wrong to want this Haze to last?

He groans, reaching down for his erection. "Fuck's sake, Flanagan, you're turning me on. I can feel your eyes."

I chuckle, forcing his hand away. His voice is stronger. The extra stimulation must be working.

"Settle. You can come later. It's time for some brunch."

"Eating? Now? With this plug in my arse?"

"Yes, Michael. Eating while the plug fills you. It will help you concentrate on the food and not your cock."

"Not sure about that."

# CHAPTER SIX

"Stay there and don't move," Flanagan says, leaving me bent over his bed while he disappears to the other side of the room. I hear his deep voice ordering breakfast over the phone, feel his eyes.

I'm not sure I can get up. It feels like I've got Flanagan's fist stuck up my arse. Don't get me wrong, it's bloody wonderful. A steady stream of pleasure now pulses up through my center, and when he was forcing it into me, I was more jacked up than I've ever been in my life. Lying over Flanagan's bed with my arse in the air while he milked me and filled me with hard silicon just felt so fucking dirty. I loved it. Who'd have thought?

I'm not sure I can concentrate on food. I don't think Miss Kinky Pants is settled enough to let me. I'm more alert. My sight's clearer. But I've still got Pornhub flickering through my mind, and the pressure to spill another load has my balls clamped tight. All I can think about is how much more satisfying it would be if this plug were Flanagan's massive cock.

Did he have his hand on it while he took a moment to perv over my arse? I hope so. The thought of Flanagan touching himself while he watches me lights a fire deep in my belly. The Haze has clearly addled my brain—and my dick—but I'm his to do what he wants with, and that's all I need right now. Definitely Stockholm syndrome. I'm a goner for sure. Don't seem to care, though.

Pushing my hand down to grasp my dick, I purposely thrust out my backside to give him a show. I feel his burning gaze, a building intensity. When he returns, he stands behind me, watching me wank myself over his bed. I know he's aroused because a charge fills the air like a gathering

storm, and an animalistic rumble vibrates in his chest. He sounds like an angry wolf. It's kinda sexy.

"You gonna make me come again or what?"

"Let go of your cock and sit up," Flanagan says, kneeling behind me.

Ugh. I wobble back onto my heels, needing his help not to topple sideways. The chain slides off the bed with a tinkling sound. The hard mass pushes farther inside, ramming me with intense pleasure. Stars burst behind my eyes.

"Aaah. Oooh. Fuck, that's weird." I glance back and catch Flanagan's smile. "Oi, s'not funny. I've got a rubber banana up my ass."

With me sitting between his thighs, he wraps one hand around my jaw to rest my head back onto his shoulder. The collar digs into my neck, but it's not uncomfortable. The metal band doesn't bother me; I'm all about the nethers.

He trails his other hand over my abs to take hold of my leaking dick. "Only I touch this for now," he says quietly. "Unless I give you permission otherwise."

"But my hand almost works."

"This is mine today," he whispers.

Why the hell is that so hot?

He forces my head farther back onto his shoulder and tightens both hands, pulling down my foreskin. "Rock your hips," he says, his mouth close to my ear. "Fuck yourself on that cock inside you, like you did while I watched."

His words punch megahot arousal straight through me. "Shit, Flanagan." I stare up at the ceiling, trembling in his hold as I undulate my hips. My clenching hole makes the plug feel even bigger. I moan out noises I don't recognize, mouth falling open as the hard length fills and rubs me from the inside. It's like Flanagan's quietly fucking me on the sly.

"Good boy," he says in my ear. And doesn't my shaft just pulse in his fist? "How does it feel?"

"Yeah, good. A lot, but I could take more."

He kisses my temple. "Of course you can. We'll see how it goes. If the inner pressure comes back, I'll consider one of the dildos. Have the images in your mind settled at all?"

"Oh, that's a thing, is it?"

"Most Hazing Channelers have a constant orgy running through their mind."

"It's still there, but not as bad. It's mostly you."

"It is?"

"Yeah. You keep waving that big kahuna of yours in my face."

His laughter vibrates through my back. "Is that all?"

"No. I've got men fucking hot pussy in every position. Men fucking men. Multiple blow job scenarios. It's bloody dirty stuff."

"Interesting," he says while he gives me a few lazy strokes. "Hopefully, the new stimulus will calm the images. Do you think you could eat?"

"Too horny."

"I'd like you to try."

A knock sounds at the door.

"Come in," Flanagan rumbles.

The door opens, and two sets of feet patter over the wooden floor. The rich smells of warm butter and toast waft past my nose. My stomach gurgles. I try to take a peek, but Flanagan firmly keeps my head pressed against his shoulder, so I can only look at the ceiling. He doesn't seem the least bit embarrassed or self-conscious.

The dull thunk of heavy trays on wood sounds, pottery clinks. "Will that be all, Gabriel?" a woman's voice says.

"Yes, Eva. Thank you."

"Come, James," she says to her companion. "Eyes down."

When they leave the room, Flanagan's hand moves on my shaft again. "My maid, Eva, and her assistant," he says. "Her family has served me for many years. A bloodline of Channelers, familiar with the Haze and its needs."

"You do this a lot?" I ask. For some reason, my heart sinks at the thought.

"Not anymore. It's not my responsibility, and I have no stomach for it. I've made an exception for you."

That's confusing. It sounds as though he hates what we're doing, and yet his cock's leaving a wet trail against my back. "You not enjoying this?"

His hands tighten again. He presses his erection into my spine. "I think we both know I'm enjoying this very much."

That blazes arousal through me. As well as a strange tingling warmth. "Enough to make me come again?"

"I'm going to watch you come again," he whispers with a husky laugh. Thank God.

He unclips the chain from my collar and, without warning, sweeps me up into a lift as though I'm nothing but a rag doll. I grimace as the change moves the plug inside me.

"I can walk. Let me try."

Flanagan lowers me to my feet but keeps an arm around my waist, and I try a few tentative steps. My legs wobble at the knees like sun-warmed putty, but I can hold my weight. I push off Flanagan and stumble to the couch—not easy with a rock up your jacksy.

He hovers beside me as if he's ready to catch me when I fall. "Your body is healing well. I've had Channelers in the infirmary for months with far less nerve damage. I think by tomorrow you will no doubt be strong enough to walk unaided. You may even be back to your normal strength."

"Yeah. Feels okay. Bit weak at the knees, but I reckon I could walk across that lawn."

Flanagan looks between me and the garden, a thoughtful expression on his face. "I may have to add the manacles again tonight," he says, almost to himself.

Ugh. Those heavy iron manacles. I wait for my reaction, the throat clenching unease that should have me scrambling to the nearest exit. All I find is grateful relief. It means another night in Flanagan's bed with his tender care and restrained intensity. With those strong hands that know how to satisfy. As strange and new as that feeling is, it's all that matters to me right now. When the big guy's with me, I can handle metal cuffs.

As Flanagan lowers his tall frame onto the couch, I avoid his gaze. I don't want him seeing any of that slushy stuff in my expression. He opens his thighs and invites me to sit between them like I did the day before. Steadying myself on the coffee table, I park my butt onto leather.

And arch off again like my backside's on fire. "Aaah. Nope. No can do."

With a rumbling chuckle, Flanagan guides me down until I'm kneeling on the rug-covered floor between his feet. Ahhh.

"You get used to it, I promise," he says.

Bloody unlikely.

He shuffles forward until I'm flanked by his thighs. "Turn around. I'll feed you on your knees."

I could probably feed myself. My hands might be strong enough now, and I'm about to say that, but when I shuffle around to face him, using his thighs as support, my eyes land on his bobbing cock. All thought of food goes straight out the open door.

"Look at that." I reach out and cup his semihard shaft from beneath. I can't help it. I've got to touch the thing. With him sitting on the edge of the seat, it dangles into my palm, heavy and firm. To my surprise, he doesn't stop me, only strokes my face with the back of his hand and stretches over for the coffee.

I clasp the anaconda with two fists and explore his length, pulling his foreskin back and feeling him swell. I stroke him down to his balls, then test his sack in my palm and roll his dice with my fingers. He lets me play, deftly pouring drinks and buttering toast while I fixate over his man bits.

How the hell do his lovers handle this thing? How do you suck on it without choking to death? I really want to find out.

He lifts my chin and brings toast to my mouth. I absently take a bite and crunch on the nutty taste of homemade bread with butter. He feeds me scrambled egg from a spoon while slurping coffee, but my attention never leaves my new toy.

"Keep your hips moving," he orders.

I rock my hips, and the plug shifts, nudging deeper. A groan bubbles through my chest. My hands tighten on his girth.

"Good, good," he says softly, his Finnish accent clipping the word.

Moving with the same rhythm as my pelvis, I slowly work his shaft with both hands. Pleased as punch when I get him iron hard and at full mast again. I thumb the swollen head, amazed as his cock pulses in response.

When I look up, his assessing silver gaze is intense, but he seems incredibly relaxed for a man who's having his dick whacked off at breakfast. He sips his coffee and munches down a plate of eggs and half a loaf of toast. He seems happy to let me play. Probably because he knows it'll keep me quiet while he feeds me.

"Have you had enough?" he says after giving me another piece of toast. "Hmm?"

"Michael?" He grasps my chin and wipes crumbs from my lips with his thumb. "Have you had enough to eat?"

"Yeah, I'm stuffed." My voice slurs again.

He raises my face to examine my eyes. "Hmm. The plug may not be enough."

"Fuck me instead." My words come out like I've drunk vodka, not coffee.

His eyes glitter. "I would love to, but not while you're Hazing."

Unable to hold back anymore, I lean forward to lick over his glans, trailing my tongue over the smooth flesh.

He swears in Finnish. "Michael."

I push his hand away. "Got this, big guy." And swallow the whole of his cockhead into my mouth, then suck hard. Never done this before. Can't be complicated—swallow and suck.

"Jumalatar," Flanagan hisses, gripping my head. "Michael." He doesn't yank me off him, though.

I stroke him with a tight grip and swirl my tongue, loving his salty taste and the feel of his cock filling my mouth. I hope he comes.

"Michael," he whispers, his body tense as though he's holding back a storm. He fists my hair, his eyes blazing at the sight of his shaft disappearing into my mouth. He takes a long shuddering breath. "We can't do this."

"Hmmflmflmm?" I mumble around a mouth full of dick, far too content to stop now.

I lap at the crown as if it's a juicy, Flanagan-flavored lollipop, but he pulls out with another curse.

"Hey," I complain. "I was just getting into that."

He cups my face to raise it. His mouth quirks in an amused smile, but his eyes glint with a dangerous lust. "Believe me, I would dearly love to fuck your mouth and come down your throat for you, Michael. But right now, your longing to be filled is the Haze, and I mustn't take advantage."

*Fuck my mouth and come down my throat.* Why does that sound so wondrous?

With the sudden loss of stimulation, the Flame flares, tightening my balls and sending pressure waves through my middle. I groan and fist my painful erection. I need to come. Right now.

"Stop touching yourself," he orders.

"It hurts."

With his hand on the back of my head, he guides me up into his lap. He has to help me as my rubbery limbs struggle with the complex coordination.

The plug shifts, and I can't help the comical noises coming from my throat. I straddle his thighs, muscle against muscle, and use his shoulders for balance. He grasps my hips to draw me deeper into his lap. Relief washes through me when the position squashes our shafts together.

He grabs my glutes and squeezes, forcing me to undulate so my arse clenches and relaxes around the plug. The inner rub sends ecstatic bursts through my core, firing pinprick explosions of light into my head, and clarity returns to my brain. The Flame still isn't happy, though. Her tight pressure tweaks at my insides, like she's pissed Flanagan took her toy away.

I twist my fingers into his thick hair and, clutching two handfuls as leverage, rub my cock against his iron-hard erection and watch his response. His pelvis reflexively jerks, angling to deepen the friction. His silver gaze sweeps down my tensing abs as though he could happily eat what he sees.

He wants this. Judging by the heat in his eyes, he wants this as bad as I do. This crazy need to fuck each other's brains out is definitely a shared madness. But Flanagan seems to lock his desire behind a steely composure. His gentleman side won't let him enjoy himself the way he clearly longs to.

Using his hair, I tug his head back to expose his long, muscular neck and lick over his Adam's apple.

He shudders, his fingers tightening on my hips. "Michael." A halfhearted warning.

"Shh." I do it again, biting and licking along his jaw and beneath. His beard feels soft to my lips, like a bristly fur. He tastes of lemon shower gel and forest.

He lets me nibble and suck my way down to his shoulder. I lower a hand to thumb the head of his cock while I lave his skin with my tongue. When I bite hard on the soft flesh at the base of his neck, his breathing stutters, breaking the steady rise and fall of his giant chest. A Finnish word hisses from his lips. His fingers dig into my waist, drawing me closer.

Keeping his head back with my hand in his hair, I bite deeper, then lick at the raised vein and grasp both our shafts in one hand to stroke them together. His tightly swollen cock pulses beneath my fingers. He trembles with obvious pleasure, and I'm heading toward a steady if awkward rhythm, licking and stroking, but he fists my hair and pulls my head away from his shoulder.

"Oi!" I complain.

"When the memories return, you may regret this."

"I'll remember."

"You will remember nothing, Michael. Not for months. And when you do, you may be angry that we..."

"Enjoyed some man-on-man rumpy-pumpy," I finish for him with a grin.

His sudden flash of a smile softens his face. His incisors are hella sharp. They look like wolf teeth. "I thought you weren't into men," he teases.

"I'm not," I say automatically, then pause, aware of my hand wrapped around his dick. I give him a sheepish smile. "Weeell, I might be into you."

He arches a thick brow. "You may have noted my gender."

An abashed chuckle escapes me. Yep, Flanagan is all man. And yet the things I'd do to him if he let me. The juicy images running through my mind defy all previous assumptions about my sexuality. But who fucking cares? A man wants what he wants. I don't have to navel-gaze about it. "What can I say? It's the sexy-beast-Viking look that does it for me. Who knew?"

He shakes his head. "I should have known even a Haze couldn't suppress your temerity."

"I have no idea what that means, big guy, but if it means I want to lick you all over, you're absolutely right."

Flanagan laughs—a warm rumble in his chest. A sound I immediately want to hear again. With his fingers still in my hair, he lowers my face so close to his our lips are a breath apart. "It means you're a brat under all circumstances," he whispers.

I tighten my fist in his thick mane, almost matching his grip. My strength returns to my limbs by the hour. "You seem to like it."

His eyes look up to find mine—silver on green. "I like it far too much."

I swallow, the naked sincerity in his gaze causing a flutter in my chest. "Then kiss me."

His attention lowers to my lips, and I purposely glide my tongue out, wetting the plump flesh. There's only the barest pause before his mouth covers mine. His tongue finds its way inside. And suddenly, I'm kissing another guy, his beard prickling my chin, thrusting my tongue into his mouth, and meeting his intensity with my own.

Hands in hair, we all but eat each other. The urgent need we seem to share fueling a rampant, desperate kiss. Like a horse finally let out of the gate, he devours my mouth. I push into his groin as our tongues dance. And the Flame purrs—a satisfied cat, warming my insides, sending bursts of pleasure through my core as if to reward me. Oh, she likes this.

After what feels like eons of lips and heat, Flanagan pulls away, breathless. "Michael." He holds me still with a hand beneath my jaw, the deep line returning between his brow as he searches my eyes. "You want this? I must be sure."

I meet his fervent gaze. "I want this so fucking bad. So bad. It's like... shit, like there's... you know... something between us. Am I just making that up? Is that the Haze?"

A soft smile tugs at his lips. He swallows, studying me as if I'm some exotic rarity he can't believe exists. "There's something between us. I feel it too."

"So it's not just the Haze? Because, you know, Her Majesty the Dominatrix is clearly into this. She's doing a happy dance in my belly right now." When he grins, I add, "No, seriously. Why the hell didn't we do the kissing thing last night? She's totally released her death grip on my gonads. I can breathe again."

"You'll remember that yesterday I was your enemy. This is a short reprieve. The Goddess seeks union. She likes nothing more than her Channelers coming together. It's why I must be careful. A Hazing Channeler's desires might be their own, but they're exaggerated and driven by her needs."

I lean closer to run my tongue over his bottom lip. His beard prickles my skin, and some distant part of me wonders why the hell I'm kissing a man, but another part of me instinctively knows this attraction is mine. "I want this, big guy. Kiss me."

As if he just can't stop himself, his mouth crashes onto mine, the hand beneath my jaw tightening as he plunders with his tongue. The possessive kiss burns a trail of scorching arousal down to my core. I grasp tufts of his long hair to hold on to and take his ferocity, rocking against him to spur him on.

The tempo builds, tongues lick, and pelvises thrust, and I'm pant-groaning into his mouth as the Flame responds with a pulse of fiery pleasure from my balls to the tip of my cock.

Flanagan grunts and grips my butt cheeks. Mouth fastened to mine, he rises from the couch to carry me across the room to the bed. Fur soon hits my back.

"Open your legs," he says against my lips.

I do as he asks, vaguely aware this is exactly the opposite of what I'm used to in the bedroom. When he settles his weight over me, his thick cock squashes into mine, and I jerk my hips for continued friction. Thrusting against me as though he's about to fuck me into the mattress, he covers my mouth again and shoves a hand underneath me to the plug in my ass, then presses it with his finger. Sparks burst behind my eyes. Groaning around his tongue, I wrap my legs around his waist so he can reach better.

The sensation of being stretched and rubbed from inside is wild. It makes every nudge of my cock ten times more pleasurable. The Flame bursts and spirals through my veins in response. She's happy but edging for more. The Goddess wants me filled, and I know what it is she wants me filled with.

I grasp Flanagan's butt and squeeze the hard muscle to pull him against me, drawing away from the kiss to speak. "I need more. Need you."

He rests his head against mine, breathless. His sigh sounds pained. "How I ache to be inside you, but I cannot take the risk."

Risk? "If *you* want it. And *I* want it. And *she* wants it. Why can't we just fuck like rabbits till the Haze is over?"

He huffs a laugh against my neck. This time, his sigh turns into a long groan. "You'll be the death of me, Channeler. I have no doubt. Turn over," he orders.

I pause to check his face, hope rising. "Why? What's the plan?"

"I can't fill you the way I want to, Michael. I'm sorry. But maybe I can satisfy you another way."

# CHAPTER SEVEN

I last a good half hour. Maybe less. Okay, probably more like twenty minutes, give or take fifteen.

It's Flanagan's fault. Everything he does steams with that buried ferocity, that need for total control, and yet he can be so gentle and tender he turns my insides to putty. Even though I'm plenty strong enough to shower myself now, he instructs me to lean against the wall, legs apart like he's about to pat me down, and soaps me from head to toe as hot water streams over my body. I'm so acutely sensitized that every slow caress of his hands over my skin sends zinging electricity through me. He takes his time, making sure to clean every crevice, kissing me as he rinses. By the time he turns me around to do the front, I'm a panting mess.

Drunk with lust, I rest back against the cold tiles to soak in his body through heavy lids. Flanagan's tall, muscular presence fills the shower room. His dark gold hair clings to his neck and chest, the pale highlights glimmering. His silver eyes glitter in the dimness. And he looks at me with a sort of wonder in his gaze, as if I'm the answer to a lifetime of hunger.

Is it any surprise, my hand lowers to fist myself while I enjoy the sight?

He doesn't stop me. He rests his palms on the tiles on either side of my head and leans in, his heated gaze cruising down my body the way his hands did. I suck in a breath and stroke faster, my lips parted, my eyes fixed on his erection, which bobs so close we're almost touching.

He kisses me, soft and deliberate, sliding his tongue into my mouth, and wraps his fingers around mine. He joins me with a few strokes, then twists my hand away and pins my wrist to the wall. "I'll need to feed you again with your wrists tied."

My brain does a double take. "What?"

Which is how I end up kneeling on the floor in front of the couch, hands roped behind my back, with a new leather toy clenching my nutsack and the base of my shaft. The rope is loose enough that if I wanted to, I could easily escape. He added the leather cock and ball ring to prevent me from ejaculating when the dildo up my ass rubs me just that bit too well.

And it does. Continuously. Its thick presence inside me—so much bigger than the plug—causes a torturous pleasure. A vibrating need through my body and my leather-bound dick. It leaves me on the edge of a cliff, almost but never quite falling. There's no pain now. No demanding pressure from the bitch in charge. Flanagan has finally found the combination that keeps me high enough to satisfy her. But the constant wash of arousal leaves me moaning and shifting as I kneel in front of Flanagan, tugging against the rope, desperate for friction.

He offered me nipple clamps too. Gold nipple clamps with dangly weights. That was a hard no. I found the pain attractive for some fucked up reason. I know the Goddess would bloody love them, but I decided I'd look like a prat and declined with one arched brow.

"You're enjoying this," I grouse at him as he finishes his third bowl of soup. I refused to eat—too horny—so he's making me sit in front of him, my thighs wide, while he finishes his food. "You like me desperate and fucking needy. My dick leaking cum all over your sheepskin rug."

His lips stretch into a warm smile, his eyes flashing with amusement. He places his bowl on a tray and wipes his mouth and beard with a cloth, his appreciative gaze taking in my poor, blood-flushed wiener, its shiny head wet with dribbling need. "I think my enjoyment is clear. It's you who has difficulty admitting your pleasure."

I scrunch my brow. "Some bits of it are alright. You're not a bad kisser." He's an amazing kisser. His lips are fucking addictive, even with their bristly dressing. Not gonna praise the torturer, though. "The rest of it's just bloody humiliating. I'm kneeling naked in front of a dude with his dildo up my jacksy, for fuck's sake."

"And you're enjoying it. You're a natural, Michael. Resilient and hungry. Submissive yet fiery. A trainer's dream."

"Natural? At what? Taking it up the arse? What's a trainer?"

He hooks his finger in my collar and draws my head to his crotch as he rests back on the couch, encouraging me to settle there. I have to shuffle so

I can kneel without poking the silicon up my ass, gasping as it shifts inside me. I lean into his thigh, and he adjusts my head so my face is pressed against his erection. The action feels like a gesture of dominance. One I'd jerk back from under any other circumstance, but as I breathe in his musky scent, my tense muscles soften.

What is it about Flanagan that my body responds to him so readily?

He cards his fingers through my hair, his deep voice a quiet rumble as he answers my question. "A trainer is a Grounder or Wielder, Class 6 or above. They help Channelers to increase their capacity for Flame. And in Anlu'kyr society, that includes training for the bedroom."

I turn my head to rest my chin on his hip and look up at his face. "Serious? So Channelers really are sex slaves for the vampires?"

"Absorbing their master's Flame is a Channeler's fundamental role. The Anlu'kyr cannot walk in sunlight without a daily reduction of the Flame their bodies constantly generate. But yes, the Channelers are also expected to satisfy them sexually. And the Anlu'kyr demand full submission. They keep their slaves naked and ready to be used at all times. In fact, it's against Anlu'kyr law for a Channeler to cover themselves." There's a bitterness in his words.

"That sounds horrendous. Let me guess. Chains and dildos are involved."

"Of course. A slave's plug only comes out for twice-daily ablutions. A man must remain hard whenever in public, usually with a cock ring in place. A woman's clitoris is clamped to keep her high, and nipples are clamped at all times."

"Don't their bits fall off?"

"Anlu'kyr slaves are kept permanently Hazed. While they're in that state, the Flame takes care of any sex organ, refreshing and renewing the tissue. It's how they're able to stay erect for so long without damage. A slave can handle a permanent cock ring and continuous clamping. Their tissue never numbs, so the pinching sensation remains twenty-four seven."

"Ooh, nasty."

He smiles again—a warm, indulgent curve of his full lips—and pushes a few stray hairs from my eyes. "I think you'd have enjoyed nipple clamps."

"That's because you're a dirty kinky Viking."

He grins, wolfishly. It's good to see him so relaxed, slumped into the couch, looking content. I realize just how tense he's been since I woke in the shower this morning. He's so determined to do the "right thing" by me he's unintentionally been making it worse for both of us.

He runs his thumb over my cheek. "Are you in pain?"

"No. Nada. I think we finally have this Goddess bitch licked. She's purring like an overfed kitten right now."

His chest rumbles with amusement.

"Don't get me wrong," I say. "I'm as horny as a sex-starved dog. But I feel all squishy and melty. Even with my hands tied behind my back."

"So you needed eight inches. I'll remember that."

"Don't be daft. It's not the dildo. It's because you've finally given in, and she likes it."

He frowns.

"She wanted this." I'm surprised he hasn't recognized her manipulations for himself. "You and me. Two lovers, not a man and his sex carer. She settled as soon as we started kissing. Of course she was hedging for you to fuck me, but she let us off once I was thoroughly stuffed."

Flanagan looks like he's been struck.

I lean my chin on the top of his thigh to see his face properly. "You didn't get that?"

"I—No, I... hadn't made that connection."

"She wants me pleasing you and you pleasing me. It's taken me all day to realize, but the more I give in to *you*, the happier she gets."

Flanagan's staring down at me as if seeing me for the first time. He blinks, clearing a look of bewilderment, then rests his head back with a sigh. "She is known as a matchmaker. The Anlu'kyr call her Velnushka—the fiery beloved. She loves to bring Channelers together. Multiples if that serves her needs better."

"She's a randy control freak, is what she is," I grumble. "She gets off on making a man do things he'd never consider in a million years unless blind drunk."

Flanagan brings his attention back from the ceiling. "So you still won't admit you like this?"

I meet his eyes, challenging. "Like this or like you?"

Something predatory flashes through his mercury gaze. He runs his fingers over my collar, then up to my chin. "Both. You like being with *me*.

Like this. Stuffed for me, roped for me, hard for me, Michael."

His words punch deep into my groin. Fresh arousal tingles over my skin, taking my breath. He's right. I love it. Today's been a bloody revelation. Not only have I now got the major hots for a six-foot-seven male Viking with a bondage fetish, but I like the sexual control he exerts. It turns me on. Satisfies something new and demanding inside me. Something that likes being thoroughly fucked and used by a sexual maestro.

I raise a nonchalant brow. "It's alright."

His smile stretches. He lowers my head until my face bumps against his erection again. "Rock your hips and clench."

With a sense of dread because the dildo's constant stimulation has settled, I tilt my pelvis, and I'm instantly thumped from the inside with eyerolling pleasure. I groan against his shaft. The instant need for contact forces out my tongue, and I lick along velvet skin while that agonizingly glorious inner rub sends washes of lust through my body.

"Good boy." He strokes my hair.

I'm soon lost to overwhelming sensation, inside and out. To his salty taste and earthy smell. He sighs and sinks into the couch, pushing into my wet touch. And for what feels like hours, I lave his shaft from balls to tip, licking and sucking, while he rubs himself against my lips.

"Keep rocking," he whispers.

The rest of the world, with its singing birds and shifting sky, falls into the background. Everything becomes distant and immaterial, a shadow that doesn't concern me. I'm submerged in Flanagan, his moving hips, his strong fingers in my hair, the changes in his breath as his pleasure builds.

"Michael," he breathes. "Fuck." Twisting his fingers in my hair, he holds my head still and lifts his cock to my lips while he jacks himself. I try to take him into my mouth, but he prevents me with his firm grip. "I have to be careful, Michael. I could hurt you. But I'd like you to take my cum for me. Will you do that?"

I look him in the eyes, catching that wisp of vulnerability that sometimes flickers behind his towering confidence. "Fuck, yeah! I've been waiting for that all day."

Some segment of my brain drops its jaw. Surely not. Why the hell would you let another man come over you? In you? Ick. But it's a drowning foreigner. A distant part of my mind that doesn't belong to me anymore. All I want today is Flanagan.

"Open your mouth," he orders.

I part my lips and have to stretch them wide to accommodate his size. The bulbous head of his cock alone fills me. I try to take more, but he clenches my hair in his fist, keeping control of my movements. He shudders when I lick around his ridge.

"Good," he breathes and jacks himself while inside my mouth.

My cock throbs against its restraints. My arse clenches around the eightinch intrusion. I'm tied and stuffed and about to be used. And I'm so fucking down for it.

I get it now. This is exactly what turns this complex man on. He likes his lovers restrained, clamped, and high. Ready to be fucked at all times—unsettlingly similar to what the vampires like. The Goddess wants nothing more than to give that to him.

And for some unfathomable reason, *I* want nothing more than to give it to him.

His hand grips tighter, moves faster. The sound of his shifting foreskin fills the silent room. I moan encouragements, licking and rocking.

"Michael." My name leaves his lips as a long sigh.

His whole body tenses, and hot, salty fluid hits the back of my throat, filling my mouth. I gulp as best I can, but most of it dribbles down my chin. He clutches my head to push deeper while his cock pulses more cum inside me.

He pulls out and brushes my cheek, crooning praise. I glance up to check his face, and the steel intensity in his eyes jolts me. A menacing possession looks back at me from diamond irises, like a sinister glint from the depths of a dark forest. The hairs on my nape rise.

Flanagan blinks, and the look disappears as if it was never there.

What was that?

### CHAPTER EIGHT

I roll over onto my front and immediately rock my pelvis against the bed for stimulation. Ugh, I'm so bloody horny. I just wanna fuck and get fucked, all at the same time. The plug shifts inside my butt, pulsing pleasure through me with every thrust. Resting on my elbows, I watch Flanagan as he retrieves one of his kinky knick-knack boxes from the other side of the bed and unwraps a silk strip, revealing a long black dildo.

My belly flutters, arse clenching. "Is that the eight-inch?"

"Yes," he says in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone.

"Fuuck."

The long, wide silicon is seriously dick-shaped—bulbous head and veins and everything, with a flared base to keep the toy secure. Even though it's about the same size as my pecker, it looks massive. How is that thing gonna fit inside my arse?

When he's smothered its length in clear lube, he leaves it beside me, resting on the silk cloth, and kneels between my thighs. He runs his palms over my ass as if testing the smoothness, then fingers my taint and ball sack, making me squirm into his touch. "Widen your legs," he orders.

The kinky bastard likes full access to my tackle. He likes me looking ready for his dick too. I'm happy to oblige.

I spread my legs as wide as they'll go, almost bending my knees, and without thought, push my hand down my front to grasp my aching shaft. My arse thrusts into the air as I hump into my fist, grunting into the pillow.

Flanagan's gaze all but sizzles over my skin. One of those strange growls, menacing and animalistic, rumbles through his chest. He leans over my back and lowers his lips to my ear. "Take your hand off your cock."

"No can do." I lift my hips to get a better hold, my arse bumping his dick.

He bites my ear, hard enough to make me yelp. Then he snakes his hand underneath me to grasp my wrist, tug it away from its important task, and pin it above my head. "I told you," he whispers. "Your cock belongs to me today."

Man, it's hot when he says that. Why is that so hot? "Then take care of it. I need to fuck something bad."

He reaches for one of the chains that dangle from the metal hoops fastened into the wall and closes a metal cuff around my wrist, then does the same with my other wrist. He doesn't lock them. Still, my chest clenches, fear washing through me, even if my groin tightens with a surge of arousal. Flanagan wants me tied to his bed, legs wide open, my hard, leaking cock in his care, and my arse ready for him to fuck me with whatever he wants. And I am so up for it it's unreal.

"Okay?" he asks.

"Yeah," I say on a breath, turning my head to check the garden doors, even though I know they're open.

"I won't leave you."

"I know."

What is it about Flanagan that makes this okay? I wouldn't do this for anyone. But the giant man just has this gentle solidity about him. Contrasted by a tightly leashed aggression that turns this shit sexy. And as weird as it is, I trust him completely, even though he's the same person who only yesterday I'd have happily murdered.

He sits back, kneeling between my legs. I can feel his gaze like a heat as he takes in the sight of me chained and ready. I feel his hunger too, answering my own. Echoing a deep, warm pleasure at the base of my abdomen. The Flame hums through my limbs.

When he smooths his palms down my lower back, slowly caressing the curve of my cheeks again as if testing the line of a marble sculpture, I jerk to his touch, a moan escaping my throat.

"Good boy," he says softly. His hands disappear for a moment, then return. "Lift your hips for me."

Bending my knees, I tilt my pelvis, and he reaches under me to encircle my swollen cock with slicked fingers. He smothers my shaft and head with the skin-warmed gel, milking me with long, lazy strokes. Enough to make me leak onto the furs but not enough to satisfy.

Blood and need rush to my groin with his expert touch. I make gurgled noises into the pillow, pushing into his fist for more. He lets me rock and moan, lets the tension build, but just as I find my rhythm, chasing the growing tide tingling up from my balls, he removes his hand.

"You're a fucking tease," I grizzle. I feel his smile. Bastard.

He gently pushes my hips to the bed again so I'm flat with my legs still wide. "I'm going to pull this out," he says, fingering the plug. "The pressure will return, but it won't be for long."

"Go for it."

With one smooth move and a slight sucking sensation, the fullness leaves, and emptiness takes over. The Flame flares through my core, tightness twisting my insides. My body shudders. I almost curl my knees up against the agonizing pain.

"Ugh. Shit. Hurry."

"I've got you."

Cold wetness hits my crack, and he spreads slick over my sphincter. Then his warmth settles over my back. He braces himself with an elbow on the bed and lowers his head next to mine. His size feels like a mountain behind me.

Just his closeness, his earthy scent, his long hair tickling the side of my face is enough to ease the tremors, but as he gently plays with my hole, my trembling body calms even more. His cock nudges my left butt cheek, and he rocks his hardness against me in a soothing gesture. The Flame loves his attention. Her clasp of my insides relaxes. He's like a ringmaster with a randy tiger.

"I'm going to fill you here," he whispers, pressing his digit against my opening. "I'm about to fill you with cock, Michael. I need to hear you tell me you want that."

I shiver. His dirty talk has exactly the effect he means it to. "I want *you*."

He rests the side of his head against my temple. "Then imagine it's me inside you. Only me. Can you do that?"

Only Flanagan. Why does that sound so right? "Only you."

He kisses my hair. "Good boy." Then he slips his fingertip through my opening, circling to stretch the muscle.

My abdomen constricts with need. Flame shoots like fire through my center. Oh, fuck. Fuck, that's nice. I push against the finger, desperate for more, but he doesn't dip it any farther. I turn my head and lay a full-tongue lick right over his mouth. "Bring it on, Viking. Fuck me."

A drawn-out growl vibrates against my back. So sexy. His finger leaves. He wraps a hand around my throat and pulls me against him, his chest to my back. His mouth settles at my ear. Chain links clink and rattle as my arms move. He lifts my leg over his thigh the same way he did this morning, his cock touching my lower back.

Then something hard nudges my hole.

I suck in a lungful of the fresh breeze drifting in through the open doors and try to relax, but the Flame's demanding grip on my core makes it difficult. My body jitters with her hunger for me to be filled.

"Push down," he orders and gently forces the cockhead through my tight ring.

Gritting my teeth, I bear down like I did with the plug, but this thing's a hell of a lot bigger, and this position makes me tight. The bulbous girth stretches me wide. It feels like he's shoving a tree trunk into my arse.

"Shit. Shit. Bollocks."

"Breathe," he says, sliding it into the tightness, driving deeper.

I pant, grimacing against the burn. He keeps up the relentless force, kissing and praising as he buries the hard dick in my ass. The slow, painful expansion seems to go on forever, and I'm not the only one affected. Flanagan's heightened arousal is evident in the warm fluid leaking onto my back. He turns my head to swallow my moans with his mouth as he nestles the full length of silicon deep inside me. It really does feel like he's just pushed himself into my arse.

I squirm in his arms, groaning around his tongue as I adjust to having eight inches of hard cock inside me. I'm overfull and overstretched, tight around the dildo's girth. Its sheer size causes an excruciating pleasure that fires sparkly lights all the way to my head. The fullness has extinguished the Flame's agonizing vise on my insides, though. Only stark need and a rising climax clamor for attention.

Flanagan breaks the kiss, leaving the dildo where it is to slip his arm around the front. He cups the whole of my erection and balls with a possessive hand and holds me close. "How does it feel?"

"Like your big dick's in my ass."

His smile stretches against my cheek. "Good, good. And the pain?"

"Gone." I push myself against his palm, desperate for friction, on the edge of spilling. "Gonna come, though. So fucking close."

Circling the base of my shaft with his fingers, he clamps me tight. "Let it settle," he whispers, "Remember, the pain will stay away as long as we keep you on the verge of a climax."

Ugh, from one torture to another.

He pushes me onto my front. "Lift your hips again."

I do as he asks, and he covers my back with his weight. Then he nestles his hard shaft into my crack, sliding his hand around to take hold of my dick again. Clenching my erection, he rubs his cock between my butt cheeks to nudge the dildo.

Rapturous pleasure mixed with a satisfying pain pulses through my middle. The prickling lights behind my eyes become starbursts. He increases his tempo until he's fucking himself against me, jabbing the flared base of the dildo with every thrust.

Scorching heat builds in my balls, threatening to blow cum all over the bed regardless of his tight hold preventing it. I try to push my dick into his circling fingers, but he clamps them tighter and flattens my pelvis into the mattress with his weight.

"Not yet," he whispers, his voice breathy. He continues to nudge the thick silicon inside me while he kisses my neck, and I sob with need. "This cock's going to stay inside you for the rest of the day. And I want you to remember it's me filling you. Every time you feel it, it's me fucking you. You understand?"

The guy's going to kill me. Burn me into cinders. He's purposely driven me to the agonizing edge of an orgasm and left me there. And yet his control over my pleasure is turning me on so much I'm trembling. I can hardly get my words out. "Let me come."

"Later." He bites my neck, his teeth so unusually sharp they scrape the skin. His dick feels like an iron rod pressing against my butthole as he continues to rock, still squeezing my shaft tight. He strokes his other hand down my side, over my waist and thigh as if relishing me beneath him. "It's important you only come when I let you, Michael. If you touch yourself without my permission, I'll tie your wrists. You understand?"

"You're an asshole."

He nips my ear again. "And you like it," he says, echoing my own words.

# CHAPTER NINE

I reach to the side of the couch for a tissue, purposely hiding my eyes from Michael's perceptive gaze. He saw the beast. Saw its possession surge through me as it watched my cum dribbling from his mouth. But he doesn't know what I am yet. Doesn't understand the danger. I feel a twinge of the old humiliation. The regret and the grief, but I push it away.

"You okay?" he asks as I wipe his chin. His jade-green eyes search mine. Even more beautiful with the black pupils so blown with lust.

I lean down to kiss his blood-plump lips, tasting the salt of my ejaculate. "I'm more than okay, Michael."

He nods, his head flopping to my thigh, too heavy for him to hold up. "Good. It's just I thought I saw something funny in your eyes."

"It's gone. Rest." I run my fingers through his hair. What did I do to be blessed with the care of this special man? This fierce wildcat who has melted to a kitten in my arms, willing to let me use him as I wish. He's brought me more joy today than I've felt in decades.

"You gotta see to me now, big guy," he mumbles after a while. "Serious. If you don't, your maid's gonna have to deal with exploded nutsack all over the nice sheepskin."

I shake my head, chuckling at his dramatic image. "Come up," I say, indicating my lap.

He struggles to climb, even weaker than he was the last time, but not because of nerve damage. His body has all but healed; he's just exhausted, softened by need.

He straddles my thighs, but I swivel him around until he's sitting across my lap. His hands are still tied behind his back, stretching his broad shoulders back and accentuating his muscular chest. He barely seems to notice the restraint as he bends his long legs and rests his head against the side of mine, gasping and grimacing as he settles his butt between my thighs.

"Ugh," he complains. "Every time I move, I'm being fucked in the ass." I reach between his legs to feel the base of the dildo still nestled against his anus. "That's because you are. It's me fucking you, remember?"

He smiles his cheeky smile, green eyes flashing up to mine through his thick lashes. "Oh, yeah. Course it is. Forgot that. I haven't got silicon up my ass. I've got Viking salami."

My burst of laughter echoes through the room. He watches me, pleasure in his eyes.

"You understand I'm not actually a Viking," I say to him.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. But you look like one. It's hot."

"I thought you weren't into men," I try again, gently fondling his swollen balls.

He rolls his eyes, opening his legs and pushing into my hand. "Just take the leather off and let me come, Finnish man."

I grab the fur from the back of the couch and drape it over his shoulders and back. It's not a cold evening, but the sun has dipped behind the trees, and the breeze drifting through the open doors is fresher than it was.

When I unclip the leather from his balls and the base of his shaft, he breathes a long sigh and sinks deeper into my hold. "Oh, man, that's good."

It won't take much to drive him to release, so I take my time, keeping my strokes slow and long, thumbing his tip, then pulling his skin all the way back. I relish his warm pants against my neck, his shifting hips, his small noises. I breathe in his fresh apple scent and croon softly to him, and my heart aches as he trembles in my arms.

No Channeler remembers what happens during their Haze. Some can go years before recalling their days of clamoring need and multiple orgasms. I have no doubt Michael will be free of his trance tomorrow. Nobody is this bright or cheeky under the influence of the Goddess. He will forget this wonderful day when we discovered each other. He will wake chained and confused and furious. And he will hate me. We'll have to start all over. It may be many years before I'm honored with this level of trust again. The thought fills me with melancholy.

As his moans increase, I bend my head and take his lips. Filling him with my tongue as he shudders in my arms and thrusts to chase his climax. The release is likely to be like nothing he's ever experienced. The benefits of edging. When his whole body stiffens, I pull away to watch his face.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck, Flanagan. That's... Oh—"

His words are stolen by strangled grunts as hot fluid spills onto my hand. He arches into my grip, his eyes rolling back into his head. When he flops into my lap again, groaning against my neck, I kiss his face, clasping his still pulsing member. He tries to speak, but only an incoherent mush of words comes out of his slack mouth.

"Shh. Rest." I lift his face to kiss his lips. His eyes, cloudy with satiated lust, briefly find mine.

How different they are from this morning.

The Anlu'kyr glow is far more visible now. The jade glitters as if it's lit from inside. His woken DNA is still transforming him. Who knows where that will lead?

"That was—that was off the charts," he mumbles into my neck. "You're a fucking sex master."

"The benefits of patience." I unravel his wrist ties, wipe him over with tissue, and sink us deeper into the leather.

Michael nestles in and all but cuddles me, resting his head against my neck. Such an unselfconscious reflex, one that could only be due to the Haze. The Michael I caged wouldn't dream of such a submissive gesture. I hug him close and brush his arm with my fingertips. His body slowly slumps deeper.

"I think I might be into you," he whispers. "Even though you're hairy and...a dude."

I smile and press my lips to his hair. "The feelings are mutual." A tightness takes hold of my chest, guilt warring with possession. I'm subjecting this man to the claim of a werewolf, a monster, but though I should, I can't imagine walking away.

Would the Goddess be so cruel? To grant me such a beauty but not give me the freedom to truly be with him?

"You're alright," Michael adds. "For an arsehole. I'm totally going to remember that when the Haze ends."

I tilt his face to look into the green of his eyes. "You won't. I'm sorry. But I will remember this day for a very long time." "Good. Because I'm gonna need you to remind me."

Swiping stray locks from his tired eyes, I say, "Get some sleep. I think when you wake, your Haze will be over."

"Yeah? Already?"

"Mmm. The signs of the trance wearing off are all present. Your eyes are clear, and you're far more alert than you were."

"I suppose I should be happy about that. I'm totally gonna remember," he repeats.

I rest back, holding him close and smoothing his thighs, and he slumps against me. Within minutes, his breaths lengthen, and he sinks into slumber, exhausted.

I'll need to remove the dildo at some point. Michael rousing from his Haze to such an intrusion doesn't bear thinking about. The Flame and his Anlu'kyr blood will heal the stretch. By the time he wakes, he will have no lingering sensations from its presence. Which is for the best. The un-Hazed Michael would be horrified and furious and never believe it was something he wanted, that he craved. I just hope he remembers how much he enjoyed this day when he finally does remember.

I sink into the quiet, into this man's sweet scent, and these precious last moments of intimacy. How I will miss him. Even though I'll not be letting Michael out of my sight for at least the next few months, I will not have *this* Michael with me. The playful, demanding submissive. His dominant side will be well and truly in charge again.

He snorts and shifts in my lap, fast asleep and finally satiated. I caress his head and kiss his face. Determined to extract every last chance to show him my affection.

Two nights and a day—that's all I've been granted and barely that. Enough to only taste the sweetness of this man who hides behind a coat of spiked armor. The next few weeks will be a challenge indeed. I pray to the Goddess I'll be able to give him what he needs. A Grounder he can rely on, a friend he can trust. As much of a lover as I can offer—if Michael ever wants that.

My heart twinges with a confusing combination of joy and sadness. Where did he come from? This Channeler, this half breed. This witch. Life will not be easy for him.

One thing is certain, though. He will always have me. Whether he wants me or not. I'm determined to protect him from those who will want to use

his unusual strength.

For good or ill, I will protect this man with my dying breath.

# The End

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I'm a simple northern English lass with an addiction to writing, as well as all things romance. Also addicted to cats, cat videos, and anything with, you know, cats. And there's chocolate, and tea, coffee too, and rainy Sundays. Okay, I have many addictions. But my first love has always been story in all its forms. From movies to books to anecdotes told over a beer at the local pub, if we're sharing a story, I'm all ears. And if it's fantasy with sexy heroes and vampires and lots of angsty luuurve, I'm probably drooling. Come in, pour yourself a tea, and kick your shoes off. Let me tell you a story.

Come see me in my <u>Facebook group</u>. You're very welcome.

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