

gabbo de la parra



TARNISHED TOYS

love has no boundaries

Contents

Love Has No Boundaries	3
TARNISHED TOYS	6
SOME APPETITE	8
SUMMONING	12
LAUGHING DOLPHINS	16
SMOLDERING	20
FITTEST’S SURVIVAL	24
STELLAR	30
CURRY CACKLE	34
LIBERATING	40
LIKE YOU	46
IN OTHER WORDS	52
Author Bio	59

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

TARNISHED TOYS

By Gabbo de la Parra

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group*. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Tarnished Toys, Copyright © 2013 Gabbo de la Parra

Cover Art by Gabbo de la Parra

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

TARNISHED TOYS

By Gabbo de la Parra

Photo Description

Two men have scorching sex, doggy style. Latin Lover is on all fours, his mouth opened in a moan of absolute ecstasy while a fair-skinned hunk covered in ink (even his shaved head) pounds our caramel otter to the nth degree. Tattoo Man's big hands steer the willing bottom with a possessive grasp on his shoulders in a spiffing ride to Orgasmville.

Story Letter

This is what happened to me. I'm the poor fool on the bottom. Ok, I admit I used to be a shallow party animal who got off on proving that he was God's devilish gift to hot, impressionable young men, especially if they thought they were satisfied with being someone else's. So I'd plunder and pillage, fuck and run. Until I had the idiot idea of getting myself a tattoo to add even more to my (or so I'd always figured) irresistible hotness.

Couldn't know the weird, haunted-looking artist (no that's not him, I'm getting to that. He was scary too, the tattooist, but I'd been too greedy for that one particular design in his dog-eared portfolio to back out right there and then like I shoulda) had been the boyfriend of the pretty young thing whose... head I turned a few months ago, played around with for a few weeks and then dumped like all the others, and who was now vegetating on some suicide ward with the lights out and nobody home.

It was a good tattoo, too, I have to admit. This sexy ring of weird symbols right around my perfect 'ceps. Would have made me look totally droolworthy when I was shaking my ass, shirt off, at the club. Except I never got that far.

Hey, it was itchy, so I rubbed it. Next thing I knew, centuries of pleasure and pain were frying my brain while this man-thing, muscles rippling, blue fire in its eyes and its strange, swirling markings glowing with each pounding clap of sexual thunder... was having its vicious way with my aching carcass. Again and again. I swear its—his—tool poked right up through my black little heart

and right into my soul. We travelled through space and time while pirates, demons, dragons and spacemen and god knows what else had their way with me and taught me things about loving and suffering I couldn't have ever dreamed of. Somehow they all—even the weird, huge aliens and the fanged shifters—looked like guys I'd done, except bigger, stronger, hotter and more terrifying.

Every night he'd vanish and I'd sink exhausted—instead of heading for the usual party—into black dreamless sleep. Every morning I'd wake up real groggy and—fuck—idly rub at my arm before I could help it. And we'd be off to a new world, a new delirious torture. I can feel my treacherous hand twitching even now as I desperately try to write this.

Dear Author, what's been happening to me, and what for the love of mercy is gonna happen next? I'm a quivering, helpless piece of meat and I'm crying myself to sleep every night. There's nowhere to run and hide from him, I know he's waiting inside my skin, waiting... punishing... torturing... pleasuring... like a demon drug... horrible and irresistible... and I need... I need... more... if it kills me...

Release me Dear Author from this curse, I beg of you, howsoever you can or will! Bring me back to the living reality and I promise I will be someone new, someone better, for the rest of my life... or else make my atoms dissolve into the ether just so I am finally free again and at peace.

Dear Author—feel free to change my story to suit your reality as long as you follow the spirit of the idea!

Sincerely,

Goesta

Story Info

Genre: contemporary, paranormal.

Tags: angels/demons/gods, spacemen/aliens, shifters, pirates, enemies to lovers, revenge, redemption, gangbangs

Content warnings: dubious consent, apparent rape (you'll understand when you read it), one EOUS (Ego Of Unusual Size)

Word Count: 15,943

TARNISHED TOYS

By Gabbo de la Parra

*It is not violence that best overcomes hate—nor vengeance
that most certainly heals injury.*

Charlotte Bronte (1816-1855)

SOME APPETITE

Jairo Laguna danced. His hips gyrated and his unclaimed, luscious tush swung in time with strobe lights and blazing music. His hairy, muscular chest exuded those perfumed drops people were said to catch in little flasks, for good fortune, before those drops traveled from his furry abs into the forbidden zone inside his second-skin jeans.

His retinue swayed around him, making a human barrier as young worshipers vied for his attention between the writhing bodies protecting him. Until Jairo chose his prey for the night, these fishies would circle-swim, flashing their sparkly smiles and sweet contortions, hoping for the ride of a lifetime.

The slap came sudden and loud. “Bastard.”

A collective gasp surged, leaving everybody immobile on the dance floor.

“What’s your problem, bitch?” Jairo spat, caressing his stinging cheek. His eyes threw daggers at those supposed to hinder shit like this.

Held by his subjects, the woman’s wild countenance became more livid the more she thrashed. “It’s all your fault. He’s in a fucking coma because of you.”

“Get this woman out of my face.” He turned and gave the DJ a signal, making a circle with his forefinger in the air.

The woman kicked and snarled as two no-neck security men took her away. “You will pay, you will pay!”

The dancing tide swallowed her out of Jairo's vision, and he forgot about her in two minutes and thirty-three seconds.

Jairo found his victim of the night away from his coral reef, twirling over one giant speaker at his right. Taken from the pages of a fashion magazine, his target wore crazy-printed skinny trousers, an outlandish bow tie and that neo-50's hairstyle with the little twist along the top. Once those eyes had found Jairo's stare—framed by his thick, perfectly-trimmed eyebrows—the prey couldn't do anything but float directly to his demise, where he'd be chewed and his sorry bones thrown back to the world after a seismic experience.

Fifteen minutes and seventeen seconds later, Forgotten-Name Automaton squirmed as Jairo bit his lower lip and spread his lovely cheeks with three massive digits, finger-fucking him in the sweaty confines of the club's dark room. "Oh my God, you taste like honey and your hands... Please Jairo, I want your cock inside me."

"You need to stop talking." Jairo pushed the boy's head down until he was on his knees, level with the iron mastiff behind his zipper, which waited to be unleashed all over the pretty, pouty mouth. "Suck me off, and I'll fuck you in every corner of this frigging blackout."

In a nanosecond, the beast was being thoroughly attended.

"I feel like getting a tattoo tonight," Jairo announced.

Powder-blue haired Erica bounced like a schoolgirl with the right answer. "What about that twenty-four-hour place I got mine last month?"

Sometimes Jairo let his entourage make decisions; yet, at that particular tattoo parlor, the guy creped the fuck out of him. Not that he'd ever admit such a thing aloud.

Sinister or not, the haunted-looking son of a gun was a genius with the needles, and Jairo had a hard-on for one of the designs in his dog-eared drawing book. "Seems fit. Let's go."

They boarded two taxis, and Jairo couldn't wait to sport the hot badge that would enhance his extraordinary caramel complexion: Heaven's gift to gay men.

The trip took twenty-nine minutes and eight seconds. They disembarked on the sidewalk opposite to the shop. Tel Aviv, the name of the place, and its “Open” sign were exactly the same neon crap you would see in those motels where people got smothered, bled and hacked. The only consolation to the gloomy exterior, beyond the artist’s mastery, was the mezuzah at the doorpost. That was supposed to fend off bad juju. Right?

Creep Numero Uno was shirtless behind the counter, leafing through a magazine with a huge Dia de los Muertos mask on the cover. He arched a purple eyebrow. “How can I help you?”

Jairo’s troupe took possession of the empty place, and he gave Creepo a wink, sensing a fellow member of the rainbow team, something he didn’t notice last time because the trip hadn’t been about him. An oddly familiar face tattooed on the guy’s chest was a fierce indicator, too. “I want a band around my bicep.” And he flexed, the balls of his ’ceps identical to bowling ones.

Nothing wrong with showing off.

The arched eyebrow hiked up at least three more millimeters. “If you want color, it’d be a couple of hours.”

His best smile shone over the grey ghoul. “We’re not in a hurry.” Jairo turned his head a little, and his companions were devotedly negating with their heads. “I know exactly what I want. Where’s your book?”

“Here.” The attempt at cheerfulness was catastrophic to say the least, and the catatonic grin never reached Spooky’s eyes. He pulled the heavy book from under the counter and put it in front of Jairo with a muffled thud.

Magically, Jairo opened the book to the appropriate page and poked with his finger. “This one.”

“Cool. Fill out this form while I prepare my instruments.” Creepo handed Jairo a clipboard with photocopied releases and a pen.

The worst part was that Dude wasn’t even ugly, it was just the whole dark cloud raining and thundering over his head and the serpentine way he said everything that made one think of serrated knives.

After nine minutes and nine seconds of form-filling and indecipherable, loud music, Creep Numero Uno called Jairo to one of the work stations.

Definitely more people worked there during the day. In the spacious cubicle the music wasn't as intrusive, and the dividers were furnished with the kind of multicolored tiles you would find in a kitchen or a bathroom—along with fabulous art, ranging from the downright eerie to the impressively sublime.

Erica's tattoo was a masterpiece, but Jairo was sure his would be the motherfucking bomb.

Once Jairo got used to the buzzing of the machine and the pricking of the needle, he went into a state of semi-trance where the only reminder of reality was the strange song or prayer Dude kept mumbling from beginning to end. Of the long row of gibberish, the only word that somewhat resonated with Jairo was "golem".

He wasn't sure why, but it sounded familiar. There were enough Jewish scientists around him in the Bio Research Complex for him to know what a mezuzah was, and he heard them now and then saying things in some form of Hebrew. Jairo simply couldn't place that *golem* thing at the moment.

"You're not going to cover this?" The jeweled blues, greens and reds were astonishing.

"Nope. Better let it breathe."

"You covered the girl's outside last month."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I stand by my work." Narrowed eyes met his.

Maybe Creepo didn't cover it. Jairo wasn't really paying attention. He paid and, surrounded by his subjects, exited the locale.

They looked sad and lost as Jairo boarded his cab, giving them the promise of new adventures the following night.

It had been a delicious Friday night. The weekend was just starting.

SUMMONING

That murmur...

Someone is calling me, using my names.

The nebulous haze dissipated as Triple Z regained his consciousness. The mortal world was requesting his presence, his power to avenge.

Invisible to all eyes but those of the mortal who had summoned him, he walked around the men. One worked with a strange machine, using a steel alloy Triple Z could not readily recognize and creating patterns on another's beefy upper arm. The child of darkness, the artist, still chanted without realizing his call had been answered.

Triple Z stood facing him, letting the designs covering his ethereal skin glow.

Expecting the apparition, the man didn't flinch. He continued his work, simply changing his canticle from beckoning to plea. "Serve my revenge, All Powerful. Antoine Keller floats in the sleepless sleep of coma thanks to this bastard, son of scorpions, Jairo Laguna. He broke my love's heart and destroyed his mind. Teach Jairo Laguna a lesson, you inevitably handsome, you gloriously radiant, you summarily holy."

With a bow, Triple Z let his voice be heard by the wronged lover. "Your revenge shall be served." He positioned himself to the right of his quarry, since the artist worked at his left. "I shall stay by him until his heart shatters and his mind seeks oblivion."

"Thank you, All Powerful. The sacred ink is your portal to his body."

"So be it."

Made with the burnt feathers of white doves sacrificed at dawn, the ink mingled seamlessly with his prey's blood, and the aroma stirred Triple Z's loins. "You are mine, Jairo Laguna."

After a swift farewell to his comrades, Jairo enclosed himself in a horseless vehicle. The last time Triple Z had been in the mortal world, people still rode

horses and used them to pull their carriages. He studied the man beside him. The swarthy complexion and dark hair of the desert men, which Triple Z had loved so much while human, dominated the becoming specimen.

Triple Z admired the coffee-colored eyes and the smirking, full mouth. Those lips were beautiful and cruel at the same time, and he yearned to taste them, see them around his cock. Soon he would learn all of this man's secrets and use them against him.

The tall building where they alighted from the vehicle served as dwelling place for hundreds of mortals. Triple Z could feel their essences wandering about it, and he wondered how things had changed so radically to force people to live constricted on top of each other. The structure reminded him of an inflated obelisk.

Through glass doors, they entered a spacious room and then buried themselves in a moving box. Since Jairo did not show any signs of anxiety, this must be a normal thing to do instead of climbing a thousand stairs.

Surprised by Jairo's accommodations, Triple Z realized he had been mistaken. Just the entry room could house an entire family, and as they moved deeper into the place he understood that this seemed like luxurious living. Nevertheless, it must be a sad existence to live in such an abundant place by oneself.

Used to crowded spaces full of colorful ornaments and draperies, the efficient, pastel and almost devoid-of-emotion area left Triple Z more than intrigued, concerned. But there was nothing he could do to understand his quarry until he was able to access his mind and dominate his body.

What Triple Z assumed was a bedroom, thanks to the enormous cushioned square with pillows on it, was even more emotionless. A group of idols on a shelf was the only thing that seemed, if not loved, at least cherished. These were also the only things with several colors in the room.

While Jairo was taking a long healthy piss, Triple Z examined the six idols. They did not represent any deity he knew, and the material they were made of was unknown to him. The shelf did not appear a shrine either: no candles, no

incense, nothing hinting of ritual or worship. And yet, he could sense appreciation and longing poured into these enigmatic little statues.

Naked, Jairo stood in front of a big mirror inside the water closet. He looked at himself with narcissistic adoration and caressed his shoulders and pectorals, pleasure oozing from his every pore. The smell of sex wafted like the incense Triple Z couldn't sense within the house. Jairo had been with a man before he went to the artist, a male he felt nothing for, a mere toy.

Filthy user.

Tracing the low relief of his abdomen, Jairo played with his trimmed pubic hair, the soft continuation of all the silky curls covering that magnificent torso. The roundness of his hard buttocks was also deliciously furred. Triple Z foresaw his hands parting the exquisite flesh and sheathing himself, forcing the tight ring: a piston, a spear, a ramrod.

Hard and aching, Triple Z reveled in the fragrance of the sacred ink enhanced by Jairo's blood, and he wanted to bite, to possess, to torment. His mouth watered as Jairo walked to the bed pulling his long cock, honed muscles rippling and exuding desire, to lie on a place made for multiple partners, for magnificent orgies.

On his back, Jairo stroked. Deliberate slowness made every stroke languid and teasing. His firmly planted feet supported strong legs pumping an imaginary lover. After so many years of unconsciousness, a few instants should amount to nothing, but kneeling between Jairo's thighs while awaiting the signal was a sweltering torture for Triple Z. He would most definitely enjoy his duty as avenger of the artist, both for the cause and for his own delight.

Not a moment too soon, Jairo scratched the newly acquired tattoo on his arm, dragging Triple Z into his body, a genie swiftly returning to his lamp. And they became one as the veil was rent, and every dark nook was revealed, analyzed and assimilated.

Triple Z trembled with the raw need coursing through Jairo's body because it befitted him, born of the knowledge of eons of isolation, of constant solitude even amid a crowd. They were the same, and that shocked Triple Z to his core.

The meaning of the idols also rattled Triple Z as the knowledge surfaced.

Short, skinny, bottle-bottom-glasses wearer and foreign, Jairo became the target of bullies quicker than you could say "quarterback." By the time he was sixteen, tired of being shoved into lockers, trash cans and every minuscule space available at school, he made a life-changing decision: his geekiness needed to remain balled inside his body, and that body must become a portent of muscle and desire. The Striking Six were his inspiration. Six champions from different realms and eras united, thanks to the power of Elmar, to thwart iniquity and elevate the just no matter in what universe the wrong happened.

Essentially children's toys, Jairo had sought the collection as an adult with the devotion of a true believer. But contrary to what most collectors did, he opened the boxes and had them on display free of conventional restraints. He personally dusted and polished them once a week, every Sunday when he awoke from his nightly forays.

Triple Z forced Jairo to abandon his purpose and fall asleep.

This information changed nothing.

He had been summoned, and his duty was foremost.

LAUGHING DOLPHINS

Jairo had always wanted to go on a cruise, but lack of money and family obligations—and after he had money, his work—never allowed him the opportunity. Now he was finally admiring the ocean in all its majesty. The salty breeze caressed him while he rested his elbows on the railing. Although there was something weird about this railing. On what third-rate cruise line was he vacationing that it was wood and seemingly old, for that matter?

Twenty-nine seconds into his confusion by the railing, Jairo turned around and realized he must be on the set of some movie, since this looked like a galleon or something, but the water seemed so real.

Fucking special effects.

What the Hell was he wearing? He was definitively hallucinating. No way in Hell would he participate as an extra in a frigging pirate movie. The only thing he didn't have was the effing parrot on his shoulder. At least the clothes didn't stink the way he supposed bedraggled outfits ought to.

He wasn't going to panic. An explanation should be at hand as soon as he found somebody to ask. A group of men, in the same atrocious pirate regalia but with gay porn stars' good looks and even better bodies, appeared as if cued. "Hey guys, what's going on here? What movie is this?"

"What's a movie, matey?" The apparent leader of the five tall pirate-wannabes regarded him with an unclothing stare. The others spread and surrounded Jairo.

At five nine, Jairo wasn't exactly tall, but what he lacked in height he had in bulk, and he wasn't a stranger to getting his hide out of situations through effective brawling. He'd learned long ago not to fear numbers, but skill.

Beyond his aggressors, Jairo saw a man. A stupidly handsome naked man, with symbols tattooed all over from head to toe, focused on him with a concentration that was frankly unnerving. Resting his shoulder on one of the masts, powerful arms crossed over an impressive chest, the hypnotic gaze seemed to unravel every thread of Jairo's soul.

Coño.

Tattoo Hunk left his perch and moved toward them. Not a bottom, and not even a fan of sucking, Jairo did his best to ignore the monster dangling between thick thighs. The sleeping boa brought to memory a conversation he'd had with his sulking dyke of a sister.

“What’s the point of preferring men if you don’t like a cock up your ass?”

“Bottoming is submission, and nobody will ever dominate me again.”

He'd had enough jock morons shoving and pushing and hurting him in school. Now where were they? Balding, with their nine-to-five pedestrian jobs and nagging wives, while Jairo was fucking their younger versions to oblivion on a nightly basis, with money to throw by the bucket compared to their sorry existence.

The naked man smirked as if aware of Jairo's thoughts. He put his hand over one of the goon's shoulders, and they moved to let him pass. Living coals, his eyes disrobed Jairo slowly, savoring a long-awaited meal, enjoying the gusto of devouring something he hunted with his bare hands.

Jairo resisted the flames threatening to engulf him, glaring at the naked intruder, ready to fight with teeth and claws.

A single word, like thunder at midnight, shattered his armor. “Mine.” The man snapped his fingers, and Jairo was equally naked. Then the naked man wetted a finger, and the image of Jairo's cock owning that mouth made Jairo shiver. As if following a secret command, two goons grabbed him, turning his body so he faced the ocean, bent over the wooden rail.

Hands parted his cheeks. He thrashed. Iron bars held him in place. A wet touch seared his hole, just a whisper, a wink, but it ignited a chain reaction similar to lava consuming everything in its path. Jairo couldn't fight the blistering urgency to submit, to cave, to be ransacked.

The thundering voice caressed him, rain soothing his inflamed flesh. “I give you to them.”

“No, please, it's you I want, please take me,” Jairo begged, and he snuffed out that particle in the back of his mind screaming, “Do not submit, no.”

The man climbed the rail and walked in the air, owner of the ether, leaving Jairo behind to be feasted upon.

“Take me with you, I’ll be good, I promise.”

Tattoo Hunk stopped and cocked his head with a side glance. He turned completely and, still floating, assumed a lotus position, giving Jairo his complete attention. “Be good to them.”

Rough hands kneaded Jairo’s ass, teeth grazed his shoulders and back. The heat within him ratcheted to unbearable heights, and just the first nudge of one goon’s cock breaching his hole seemed able to placate the uncontrollable raging. Pushing out, as he had told innumerable tricks to do, he closed his eyes, succumbing to the urges clawing at him.

When he opened them again, the suspended naked man contemplated him, every line of his beautiful tattoos glowing with gold radiance, a solemn expression marring his otherworldly features.

Jairo immediately felt unworthy and lowered his eyes, ashamed. In an instant the world seemed so wrong that even the magical dolphins racing along the ship gave him the finger amid their sordid laughter.

And the men used him.

And the men gave him pleasure, with deft hands and encouraging words.

And the rebellious little voice was no match for the volcano swallowing him.

Jairo woke up with a start, pissed off like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

What was wrong with him?

Never, not even in his weirdest dreams, had he wanted to be fucked so badly and, least of all, by a bunch of men. When did a gangbang sneak into his fantasies? Perhaps a reverse gangbang where he fucked six or seven guys, tight asses up in a hot row of willing holes—but being the object of such attentions, no fucking way.

A consummate egoist, he wouldn't enjoy a threesome, on the odd chance that one of the other partners might consider sharing the hole he was fucking with him. Nope, the most inveterate bottom could come up with some doltish idea in the middle of a romp and that would not make him happy, no matter how sweet the moronic ass.

Fiercely closed windows kept the sun at bay, but he needed to move and face the strange dream. As a scientist, he knew dreams were just the residual chatter of daily events, a simple brain-shedding of all the unused emotions and filtered thoughts. Someone must have talked about a gangbang at the club.

Were there any pirate movies in theaters right now?

And what was that, thinking about Veronica, his screaming, muff-loving, long gone and almost forgotten sister?

Wasn't it enough, this stupid itch in his unscathed hole, that he was unearthing buried people?

Double Coño.

He'd never been partial to tattooed men, either. But there was something about the naked muscular man with so many beautiful designs over his body that turned Jairo on like nothing before. Some were like wings of fabulous beasts, others like anchors, perfectly symmetrical and mirrored on both sides. Jairo hadn't seen any visible scribbling, just lines becoming wonderful forms.

His morning wood throbbed.

The damned thing felt like it'd been hard for hours. Talk about wet dreams, he was drenched in pre-cum and some of it was even caked on his abs.

Jairo needed a shower and an obscene amount of coffee.

After that, he'd make a phone call. There was always some willing little number to suck away all traces of this annoying bottoming eagerness from his system. Jairo was ready to fuck some trick until that hole cried *Uncle*.

The mirror welcomed him. He winked and scratched his healing tattoo.

If someone had punched him in the face, his lights wouldn't have been knocked out so fast.

SMOLDERING

Triple Z held Jairo's hand, guiding him through the rocky steps carved on the ground. "Where are you taking me?" his quarry asked, annoyance explicit in his tone.

"It is time for another lesson." Triple Z did not bother to start with Jairo dressed this time.

"I don't even know your name." Jairo pulled back, making him stop.

"Only the worthy learn my names." He saw Jairo roll his eyes.

"If you're going to be popping into my dreams like this, I've got to give you a name."

He turned completely and faced Jairo. "Triple Z. That is the way it might translate into your language."

"That's not a name. That's what they draw in comic strips when they want to represent people sleeping."

It was good that along with all the scientific knowledge Triple Z had acquired from Jairo's mind was the mundane nonsense, too. "So be it."

"I refuse to call you that."

"Suit yourself. You are the one who needs to call me something. It is irrelevant to me."

A low growl was the response. Narrowed eyes sheltered flames and daggers. The rictus of the cruel mouth was an invitation, and Triple Z took it. Jairo stiffened, not accustomed to someone else being the attacker.

Triple Z chuckled, his tongue prying open the resisting entrance, and he hissed, "Give." One hand on Jairo's throat, the other squeezed the fuzzy hardness of that rounded ass.

His eyes were mere slits, and Jairo opened and melted like falling snow as soon as their tongues met.

So hard and so pliant, Triple Z drowned in the urgent craving to lift and fuck Jairo against the nearest rock wall. But that body could not be his just yet. He had been summoned; he had a goal to achieve. "Come, your teachers await."

Lava moved slowly, glowing and menacing, consuming the little fragments falling from the cavern's ceiling. Triple Z sensed the apprehension coming in thick waves from Jairo. So different from the first encounter, since this time he was aware of the inevitable outcome.

“How many?”

“Never more than you can handle.”

In truth, Triple Z would batter and destroy Jairo's boundaries until there was nothing left to protect his mind once his body was broken.

“Why?”

“If you need to ask, you are in for a long, hard experience.”

“How can I know what I'm being punished for if you don't tell me?”

“The fact that you recognize punishment speaks of guilt. Just dig deeper. It is all there.”

“No. I know it's some kind of penance because a reward would not make me suffer.”

“Do not play the victim card. It is offensive coming from you.”

Jairo jerked his hand away. “Fuck you.” He almost tripped on the ledge. The sluggish-moving lava yawned, ready to receive him.

“Careful.” Grabbing him by the waist, Triple Z's chest slid deliciously over Jairo's broad back. A well-connected elbow rewarded him. “Ouch.”

“Your manhandling is unnecessary.”

“Be my guest.” Triple Z flung Jairo upward where he was caught by one of the dragon shifters. Between the dragons and the demons, they would take good care of Jairo. Triple Z sat in midair, crossing his legs, and could not understand why Jairo's hatred, magnificently sculpted on his face, shocked him so much; it was something to be expected.

Jairo jerked, snarled, and kicked like a rabid, cornered dog. Frankly, the only thing missing was the foam spurting from his mouth.

“What am I thinking?” Triple Z became a bullet and flew straight to the fracas where three dragon shifters, partially morphed just to have their wings

available, were having a hard time controlling an enraged Jairo. “Part his legs, part his legs!” he yelled, frantic.

“No, no, you fucker.” Jairo was suddenly quiet. “Are you going to...?”

Triple Z shook his head. He did not have words. He wetted his finger and swept it quickly over Jairo’s hole. “This will help.”

Those dark eyes glazed over. Jairo moaned, and his entire frame turned limp immediately.

The two dragons holding Jairo’s arms grunted, apparently not happy that he would not put up a fight anymore. The one spreading the powerful legs barked, “There’s no fun like this.”

“No reason to ruin him before the others have their chance.”

Triple Z could not understand why, but even to his ears the excuse had sounded beyond lame.

Four flame-covered demons ascended to join the dragon shifters. The cerulean tongues of fire twisted and turned as if trying to escape their owners, beautiful and dangerous at once. Triple Z saw Jairo sober up for a second at the first touch of one of the demons, then crumble into primal ecstasy when the flaming dick entered him.

Eight bodies began a macabre dance of writhing torsos and pounding hips, tearing claws and burning mouths; and in the center of it all, Jairo. His delicious skin like desert sand glistened, drenched in sweat, kneaded and molded by fiery hands. Veiny wings hid him from time to time, only to reappear with other lips covering his, other tongues tasting the sparkling hair covering his chest, his arms, his legs.

Other men spreading, claiming, owning, and that had Triple Z hard and leaking for all the wrong reasons. He was one with Jairo as his mission required, but he wanted to be the sole giver of pleasure, the only one capable of quenching the spiraling need, the tortured hours of solitude.

So similar and so contrary by the circumstances.

Triple Z felt a particularly bitter pang of jealousy when one of the dragon shifters took Jairo’s cock in his mouth; he should be the one doing that.

Where did that come from?

He sighed. No point in tormenting himself with all the things that could not be.

One after the other, the dragon shifters and the demons came over Jairo's chest, face and hair, coating him with their lust, drowning him in ecstasy as he burst and screamed. His orgasm was so powerful it made Triple Z shudder.

No release for him; not until the quarry truly begged for it, not just with his mouth, but with his eyes, with his very soul. Only then could Triple Z get his pleasure, ensured the domination was complete and the lesson evident.

Simply put, the lava around him and the flames of the demons were mere sparks compared to the fire consuming him for Jairo. Never had a prey stirred such blind need beyond the objective, and this dangerous passion would lead him nowhere. Failure did not exist in his language. Neither did wanting, but how could he deny this wanton grip, eating at him, tearing at him?

A demon deposited Jairo in Triple Z's arms. "We saw understanding in his eyes."

"Thank you."

"You brought us here. We are yours to command."

Flames jumped and squirmed, and in his mind's eye Triple Z beheld the demon supine, compliant and inviting. The others came down and rested on one knee. Similar images assaulted him. Obedient and submissive, they offered themselves to him.

Not even a flicker of temptation caressed Triple Z. He could not muster a single tingling for their provocative forms and handsome features. Not for the power of their muscles, nor the grave tones of their otherworldly voices.

They were ashes of a snuffed conflagration.

"I must take care of Jairo."

And he truly meant it from the darkest depths of his tarnished soul.

FITTEST'S SURVIVAL

Jairo was cold. His body felt ground and pounded as if somebody was preparing him to be grilled and eaten. He didn't want to open his eyes. The uncomplicated shade, perturbed by that annoying glare outside his eyelids, was somewhat comforting.

I'm Hank Marvin.

The howling hole in his stomach forced him to accept the reality of matter: no food—no life. Even the quirkiest cells he studied in his research needed sustenance. Who was he to avoid what nature intended, the survival of the fittest. The same way he turned around his appearance and behavior, not only to fit in but to conquer.

He found his bones thrown on the bathroom floor where he'd blacked out. Patting his head, he searched for a lump, a bleeding wound, anything to explain why he'd been out for so long.

Nothing.

Eleven hours and forty-seven minutes neutralized, according to the bedside clock. Twenty-two attempts of the world to communicate with him, ranging from voicemails to text messages and urgent emails. Going out for food was out of the question. An hour to dress and another waiting for a table somewhere would be excruciating and boring as hell.

No other option than to whip up something in his own kitchen. He was a good cook, but he rarely did it. He would deal with his subjects after his hunger was sated.

First, underwear. Nude cooking was for naughty TV shows and sketchy porn.

Only breakfast stuff available. Well, he was technically breaking fast after all; he hadn't eaten in twenty-six hours, seventeen minutes and nineteen seconds.

His top-of-the-line kitchen was far from the cozy, homey one he had grown up with. His only concession to filial nostalgia were the burners. His mother always said, "A stove without flame is like a house without memories."

The blue and yellow flames reminded him of something, and recognition smashed his balls like a well-aimed soccer ball. Demons had made love to him, for he hadn't been raped so much as every single entity had been rough and demanding. The way they'd looked into his eyes spoke of nothing but pure passion and endless urge to satisfy.

They'd given him so much pleasure, Jairo couldn't understand what this all meant.

Jairo was on the floor again, this time huddled against the doors of the cabinet under the kitchen island, his knees drawn up and enclosed by his arms. He rocked, trying to do a sensible analysis of what the fuck was wrong with him. Tattoo Hunk had been in both—should he call those dreams, nightmares... delusions?

Triple Z.

What kind of BS was that?

“Only the worthy learn my names,” the naked god had tossed at Jairo cryptically.

More than one name was the key here. Logic indicated there ought to be three, and all starting with Z. But what the hell had logic to do with this absurd situation? Why try to infuse rationality into this plain chemical imbalance? He needed a CAT scan ASAP, and screw everything else.

Images bombarded him. Some demons had beautiful flames all over their bodies, others appeared more human but sported bat-like wings, no—not like bats, he had seen similar wings on other creatures—dragons! Dragonmen, that's what the other demons looked like. Now he wasn't sure if the fire creatures were demons at all, when they reminded him of the comics' Human Torch. Weren't demons supposed to be grotesque?

None of these beings had repelled him.

Another lesson.

What was he supposed to learn, to be a bottom? This couldn't be about that. Had he been a butt slut from the beginning, and now his innermost desires had caught up with him? No. There was no rule saying that you had to love cock because you liked men.

Oh for Pete's sake, he was a biochemist, not a frigging shrink. Not even in his difficult adolescence had he received even eighteen seconds of therapy. He had figured it out all by himself. What he needed to do, how he needed to act, whom he must fuck to gain status. His dick had been the dominant one in every encounter. A midlife crisis? Nah, at twenty-eight, he was a long way from his ass turning the tables on him. Or was he?

Too many interrogations, and not the kind he was used to dealing with. His stomach protested, and he shook away all the question marks crowding in on him like medusae. "I hear you."

Eleven minutes and forty-three seconds later, he was devouring an omelet resembling a large pizza. A family-size bottle of OJ on its way to being gone was by his side, and he hadn't bothered to find a glass. He was drinking directly as he shouldn't do. In the end, he didn't share a thing in his apartment with anyone.

His cell phone begged for attention, ringing incessantly. Jairo didn't move from his perch until there wasn't a crumb left on his plate. He was childishly tempted to lick the plate when he finished, so ravenous he was. The stubble on his face scratched him when he cleaned his mouth with the back of his hand, after the last drop of juice disappeared. Shaving was in order if he meant to go out.

He padded to his bedroom and picked up the cell phone. With his mind resolute, he sent a simple broadcast message: *on your own tonight*.

Seven *things* had had their way with him, and before that, five pirates; his sweet body ached and there was nothing in the world he wanted more than to rest in his bed, and, if he was honest with himself, lick his mental wounds. The club and the people in it could blow to pieces for all he cared.

What, another licking thought?

Jairo was not just becoming a butt slut, but he was turning oral too? He hadn't sucked dick in any of those wretched nightmares, right?

Wet dreams. That was it, plain run-of-the-mill night emissions, nothing else. He awoke so groggy he hadn't noticed the dried semen on his chest; his hand caressed his pubes and he found more spunk, stiff and flaky. He looked

down and studied himself. He couldn't fathom whether he had come many times or several people had come on him.

Impossible.

Didn't make any sense to assign physical properties to erotic dreams. For all the hours he'd been out, he could have come several times in normal circumstances. Jairo refused to believe these things had actually happened. That stretch of science, where everything happening in your brain is real because if your brain doesn't process it, it doesn't exist, was more fucked than a guy gangbang-ed by a soccer team. Wait five nanoseconds—he was that guy, and one of the replacements had already joined the eleven field players.

Sweet Darwin.

Jairo pinched the bridge of his nose, then ran his hand over his entire face and threw his body on the bed. He stared at the ceiling, frustrated to the nth degree. His tattoo itched, and even though he knew he wasn't supposed to be picking on it, the easy relief of scratching gave him an almost orgasmic satisfaction. He closed his eyes, enjoying...

It was as if someone had a plastic bag over his head. He gasped, recovering his breathing and ready to kill the SOB. He adjusted to the minute light slowly, only to discover he was crouched on dirt and greenery and what the fuck?

This looked like a jungle. Tall looming trees and thick lianas surrounded his little clearing. Night creatures chittered and laughed darkly. Seriously? Now Tattoo Hunk would appear arm in arm with Tarzan to fuck him. Way to fall into cliché abductions. Why not bring some African warriors, since every nightmare seemed to be a gangbang-fest?

His dick was hard, and a transparent drop peeked from the slit. Jairo was not going down without a fight. His weapon was the one doing the stabbing tonight.

A more human laughter rang around him. "Delude yourself. You are mine to do as I please, and you will pleasure whomever I wish you to."

"Anyone but you, huh? What game is this?" Jairo growled, searching around him, eager to pounce. "Show your face, you asswipe."

And that glorious fucking body, too.

Coño. He didn't need his betraying hole wanting to redirect his anger. That door was sealed during this brawl.

"So be it," came from his left.

Triple—no, he was not going to call the infuriating naked god that. The idiot appeared, accompanied by six large feline men. On their heads, the silken pointy ears, between long braided masses of hair, were astonishing in their mobility. Big slit pupils dominated the almond eyes on their handsome triangular faces.

Towering at least two heads over the already impressive height of T... the guy with the tattoos, the sinewy and muscular cat people advanced toward Jairo. Surrounded by tented loincloths at almost eye level, Jairo struck the first with a secure jab, and the frigging cats didn't even flinch—which exacerbated his already volatile humor. He dished out punches and elbows and a few bites, and it was like taking it out on the damned trees.

His chest heaved, and Jairo was nearly out of breath. Twenty-two minutes of using these morons as punching bags, and they hadn't remotely blinked.

The instigator uncrossed his arms and glided from the trunk where he had been resting and observing Jairo's fruitless efforts. The monolith tabbies let him through, and his hand landed over Jairo's cranium, pushing his head down and forcing his body to kneel. "Back door closed? Fine. I will give you that small victory. But the lesson remains, so you must satisfy them as you have made others satisfy you."

Coarse ground scraped his knees. Adding insult to injury, the SOBs guffawed and flexed their legs. Their huge dripping dicks poked Jairo's cheeks, forehead and jaw. He vowed to resist and dodged the smearing poles as much as he could, keeping his lips fiercely shut.

The tattoos started to glow, blinding and enthralling. The man squatted next to Jairo and pulled down Jairo's underwear, caressing his ass cheeks with strong, sure hands. The things assaulting his face became secondary, and just those hands were important. The glare made Jairo close his eyes and shudder when the man rested his square chin on the hollow of Jairo's neck, for the

designs on his scalp shone like suns. His breathing tickled. His whisper came out as one with the thunder. “Open.”

And there was no other option than to yield, to let go.

And the first taste was explosive, sublime.

And with his mouth stretched to accommodate the pleasure, only a single mantra crashed on him like interminable waves: “As you have made others.”

STELLAR

Triple Z stroked Jairo's bearded cheek.

The gloom inside the bedroom belied the bright morning outside the blackened windows.

When Isaac the Blind had willed Triple Z into being, his purpose had been to create an agent of balance. That goal had been vilified throughout the centuries with each summoning, and Triple Z had lost his true North.

Lost in the realm of Goesta after his mortal existence had finished, and without a real reason to move forward, the incantations of the alchemist and his helpful objective had been what his wandering anima needed.

Now this creature, descendant of the dwellers of the place of his creation, had made him question his decaying essence.

Did the lessons in the Book of Splendor not teach that there was no redemption without falling? There was no significant point in being good without understanding and acknowledging the human capacity to do evil.

Jairo had been wrong, but did the one who had to climb out of the darkness not shine brighter in the light than the one that never strayed from it? And knowing how all these selfish acts had come to be, would it not make clear why these things had to happen?

His finger traced the plump lower lip. Triple Z longed to taste the ambrosia from that cruel mouth again. Long black lashes fanned like the swords of a thousand soldiers, and he dipped his head and stole a tickling kiss. His whole body responded to the contact with waves and waves of violent need and destroying hunger.

Jairo moaned, and Triple Z wanted to bury himself not just in Jairo's mind but in his body as well, and purge it, and balance it, and make it new.

He still felt the sacred burn in his palms after kneading and molding the hard, furry hills of Jairo's ass. So tormented by the urge he did not plummet into: to finger and conquer, until he plucked the coveted nub of Jairo's prostate and made him sing.

Dark cists opened with a snap, and sienna eyes stared through Triple Z. Jairo sat up on his bed and rubbed his eyes, similar to a child at the opposite

end of bedtime. Triple Z sighed. He would give anything for Jairo to see him in the material world, in this realm where density was everything and he was but a mere desert breeze.

Stretching and flexing, Jairo left the bed and walked to the toys Triple Z had thought were idols. He caressed one figure and murmured, "Not today."

True, it was Sunday morning, and Jairo's ritual implied the cleaning of the Striking Six, his inspiration while on the rocky path that made him what he was now. And he too had lost the true teachings of these champions along the way. So similar and so different. So much contradiction and so much unity.

The Book of Splendor said that One had to become Two to become aware of his own existence. Had to be separated to be able to look at each other; because without the Other, One would never know that there was more to him, that his opposite was what made him real and not a dream anymore.

Perhaps Triple Z had found his Other. And that other was scratching the patterns embedded with sacred blood.

Triple Z dissolved and undulated toward his quarry, determined to expedite the lessons.

"Are you not tired?"

"Of not understanding," Jairo spat.

"The more you fight the harder it will be."

"They were in my ass, they were in my mouth. What am I supposed to learn from that?"

"There is no punishment, Jairo, only consequences." Triple Z removed Jairo's hand from his neck. In a moment of weakness he had let Jairo grab him, and his skin was scalded with that blinding, plundering hunger all anew. "This is an echo of your deeds."

"I'm a scientist, not a philosopher."

"And yet, one does not exclude the other."

"Yeah, riddles and the absurd are the best bedmates."

"To use your food metaphor, then, you are just feeding poison to your cells."

Jairo stood there, looking at him blankly, his body stiff as if thunderstruck. Triple Z sensed a whiff of understanding, but it was quickly snuffed by Jairo's hardened resolve to not allow softness to find him.

Here, that word—*Coño*—in Jairo's mother language would be perfectly placed.

They were in for a long and extremely thorny road.

Triple Z opened the inner door of the spaceship and offered Jairo a seat. Jairo looked around with surprising delight. "This is more like it. The other sceneries weren't helping with my learning method."

"You think this is a joke, some innocuous play, a silly movie?" Triple Z glared at Jairo. "I wanted this to be swift, but I see you like it complicated and traumatic."

"Maybe if you were my teacher, things would be different."

The arched eyebrow and the smirk were too much. "Enough. I am going to let others take care of you." He opened the shimmering door to exit.

"Please don't leave."

"Perhaps I am but a distraction, and that is the reason you are not finding answers or knowledge."

"I'll be good, please stay."

"So you keep saying, but you are set in your ways." Triple Z lowered his eyes and zeroed in on Jairo's luscious lips. "I am never truly away, even if you do not see me."

Jairo murmured, "What a fucked-up consolation prize."

"Not rewards, just consequences," and Triple Z left, letting in what Jairo called aliens and androids.

The talon clutching his heart was worse than the lump in his throat. Triple Z turned around and saw through the wall as the moon-skinned and pale-haired aliens made Jairo float, as the androids, with faces like handsome statues and heroic bodies, prepared him to be skewered. Jairo would need to find the pleasure on his own to learn his lesson this time.

Mortified and wrecked, Triple Z hit his forehead against the metallic wall, transparent and solid for him. Even if he chose to close his eyes, all would be sensed and fully experienced because he was one with Jairo, and everything Jairo felt, he felt, and everything Jairo learned, he learned too.

The first brush of seeping fluid over Jairo's mouth was bliss and agony at once. And Triple Z beheld the red eyes of the alien breaching the cruel lips. He suffered the sublime ruin of other hands exploring and molding over swarthy skin and supple muscles.

Warm metal fingers helped in the destruction. Jairo moaned and writhed, and, in the back of their minds, Triple Z caught Understanding peeking tentatively from a dark concealed recess, all rags and famished. He yearned to nurture the one who could give Jairo the atonement he desperately needed, but she was not his to shelter. He could only wait and hope that Realization didn't take forever to join her.

Other cocks, both flesh and steel, found their way inside Jairo's burning holes, and each one was joy and torture coalesced into an otherworldly alloy, and Triple Z shuddered with all the sensation he should be the one giving to Jairo, receiving from Jairo.

His tattoos started to glow, iridescent gold filling the mental hallway, as he heard the serpentine song of Understanding fighting her way to control her vessel, to become every cell, every atom.

CURRY CACKLE

Jairo walked the silent corridor not entirely aware of where he was. So out of it, he couldn't even calculate how long he'd been there.

Somebody grabbed his chin and twisted it this way and the other. "That's not a pretty look for a Monday morning, my sweet Latin lover."

The voice seemed familiar, but he couldn't be sure. He forced himself to look at the woman's face.

Dr. Kapoor had her nails biting his flesh, and her toothy smile was insanely big. "You need shaving and a cup of coffee, and I don't know which one should be first." She laughed like a riot of mutinous birds. "Come on, I can't have my partner wandering like someone who's just inhaled belladonna."

"Thank you?"

"Oh, sweetie, you had a rough weekend, didn't you?"

She seated him in front of a large white desk and kept chatting unstopably as she moved around, collecting mug, coffee, lab coat and the hundred other things she finally set down on the table. A tiny particle still in control of his faculties wondered why this woman was being kind to him, when he had never been anything but cold and distant to her since they were partnered.

Her incessant droning was bringing back the headache he thought he'd left in the car that had carried him to the Bio Research Complex, but was also pushing out lucidity as a way to fight the hammering.

"I shouldn't have come; I don't feel... like myself."

She landed her palm on his forehead unceremoniously. "Well, you don't have a fever, but if I might say so, you do look like a pile of shit. I've never seen you this unkempt before, or disheveled at all, for that matter."

Jairo looked down and studied his rumpled appearance. He sighed as he noticed a different colored sock on each foot. Yeah, he most definitely needed to go back to bed.

"Don't worry; I'll get you a car to go home right this minute."

"Thank you?"

“Not a problem, take all the time you need. Everything will be waiting for you to make magic.”

She skipped toward a phone, and he lost interest as she talked. His strength was so far away he couldn't even summon the courage to be pissed off, thinking she just wanted to get rid of him now that they were close to a major discovery.

“They are pulling a car up for you, honey. Let me help you downstairs, so you can go and rest.” She patted his head as if he were a stray puppy and hefted him, guiding him to the doors, her uninterrupted monologue pouring and pouring. “...And don't hesitate to call me if you need anything at any time. Day or night, I'm here for you.”

The impertinent woman had the courage to slap him on the butt as he entered the town car, and she blurted a “Get well soon,” but in the way you say it to a person about to enter rehab.

Still no spike of anger, just a simple, “What the fuck?”

“I'm sorry to see you unwell, Dr. Laguna.” The chauffer greeted him with a warm smile.

Jairo was having a hard time recognizing anyone around him. Somewhere inside Jairo's head, he felt ashamed. Not because he was a nice guy to everyone, he was a consummate asshole most of the time, but at least he normally knew at whom he was directing his assholiness.

“I'll get you home in a jiffy.”

“I'm hungry,” came out of his mouth before he could formulate a concrete thought.

“You want me to stop somewhere to get you food?”

Shame turned into embarrassment. “Can you do that?”

“Of course, doctor, anything for you.” The man flashed that nice, pointless smile again.

Shouldn't he be paying attention to the road? “Uh, thank you. I don't know your name.”

Yes, ask his name. That always makes people feel special.

“Arthur, doctor. I’ve taken you home several times these past six months. I have the perfect place to get you something to eat now, and you can save some for later.”

“You’re most kind, Arthur. Thanks again.” Jairo drew his wallet out and gave the man a hundred dollar bill he’d forgotten he had there, hidden behind some twenties. “You keep the change.”

“A tip is unnecessary, doctor. We aim to please our customers.” He sounded like an expensive prostitute, and they definitively loved the tips.

Jairo’s awareness wavered as the chauffer called some place and ordered food. All this niceness around him wasn’t registering well, and he was disarmed by it.

“They are not being nice to you. It is I they see and fitly respond to.”

Sweet Darwin, he was hearing voices. “Did you say something, Arthur?”

“Not at all, doctor, not at all.”

Of course not. Jairo recognized the voice, as anyone would the bell of the church they’d grown up around. His whole body trembled. “You’re not going to fuck me in this car.”

“As usual, you are completely missing the point.” The voice sounded amused and annoyed at once, if that was possible.

“Another lesson?”

“Seems to me, you only like lessons taught on your flesh.”

“Not here, please... Triple Z.”

“That trick will not work with me. It is you who needs to call me something. I am impervious to fake charm.”

“I beg you.” And Jairo was sincere in his heart for once. “Please wait until I’m alone to unleash those nightmares.”

“Be grateful to this driver.” Not an order but a stern plea.

“I will. I promise.”

In uncertain terms, Jairo accepted this mental conversation had left him weaker than before.

Sometime later, he found himself at his doorstep. Arthur kept him upright with a strong arm around his waist and enough food in a bag for at least three meals. “Doctor, I can’t go in, company policy, you see? Can you manage?”

“Yes, Arthur. I really appreciate what you’ve done for me today.” Jairo squeezed Arthur’s hand as the other man released him after opening the door. “Thank you.”

“You’re most certainly welcome, doctor. I hope you get better soon.” He stood there with his bright smile waiting for Jairo to wobble inside, then closed the door, and Jairo heard him walk away with sure strides.

“Not so hard, right?” Tattoo Hunk murmured in his ear, a whirl of smoke within his head. “If you turn that switch on more often, your life would be a lot better.”

Jairo put the bag over the kitchen island and crumbled to the floor, whimpering. “What the fuck is this? Why are you doing this to me?”

“All the answers are in your memories, in your acts.”

“I want to see you. I can’t have this conversation as if I’m insane and talking to myself.” Jairo hated the snot dripping from his nose and the childish sobs escaping him. He hadn’t cried in more than a decade. At both his parents’ and Veronica’s funerals his only emotions had been rage and resentment.

“You know what to do.”

Jairo felt the brush of fingers on his lips. He blew his nose with the hem of his ill-tucked shirt. What was he supposed to do, concentrate, get naked and finger himself?

The chuckle in his ear left him drowned in that fallow sensation of embarrassment. His tattoo band! Every time he had scratched the fucker he blacked out. Was it that simple? He wore a long-sleeved shirt, he didn’t know if he should do it through the fabric.

Once the shirt had been wrestled away, Jairo closed his eyes. He was hungry and feeble. He had just bawled like a third-grader. He had snot and tears on his unshaved face. He was a fucking mess, and he needed to see the naked tattooed man like he hadn’t wanted anything in a long, long time.

“Triple Z...” and he scratched the beautifully designed band around his arm.

Jairo didn't black out this time, but was shattered into a million pieces in the same way a wrecking ball would destroy a shot glass.

As his body disintegrated, his consciousness surged to face the glowing naked god.

They floated over a wild ocean. Rough winds threatened to send them into oblivion, but they remained immobile, eye-to-eye, mere inches apart. The only true light was Triple Z's potent golden shine against the backdrop of stormy gray clouds.

“Why others, why never you?” The roar of the wind didn't interfere with Jairo's voice.

“I was not expecting that question.”

“How could you not when all I want is you?”

“That cannot be.”

Wind lashed in Jairo's eyes, jerking tears away before they became real. “I'll be good.”

“Redemption comes from recognition, from selfless realization.”

“I don't know what to do.”

“I am here just to bring out what lies within you, dormant. It is a cycle that will keep repeating itself until you accept the consequences of your actions and learn to make better decisions, for you and those around you; to heal what is wounded.”

“Wounds? You *came* to exact vengeance.”

Triple Z shook his head. “It does not matter anymore.”

A ship neared them, fighting the weather, sure in its route. The closer it came, the more constricted Jairo's chest felt.

Below them the hoarse voice of the pirates called, “Ahoy, lad. Time to play.”

Jairo stared at Triple Z horrified. “This is what you mean by a cycle?”

The glowing god nodded. His face was ashen amid his blinding light.

“Please don’t leave me.”

“I am never far, even if you do not see me.”

LIBERATING

People called. People texted. His flock needed a leader. His subjects needed their king. Jairo always gave and wrote the same answer: *Fine, back soon.*

Jairo didn't feel like a king anymore, though, just like a mere toy.

A toy to be played with and plowed and used without reservations.

The itch was a drug, and like a filthy junkie he went for it every time the urge pushed at him.

And the cycle repeated itself: the pirates, the demons, the dragonmen, the cat people, the aliens, the androids.

And every time he returned to their realms, more of them joined the attack.

The war was pleasure. The war was pain.

And every time a new male entered him, stretching his hole or his mouth, their faces seemed more familiar, the pleasure reversed as if it had belonged to him before, and like a giant boomerang was coming his way to finish him.

The cleaning lady came and went with a passing remark about his wasted appearance. He stood out of her way and didn't encourage further comments.

Arthur floated in his periphery, ordered by his company and Dr. Kapoor to bring food and check on his progress. Jairo nourished his gaunt cells with teaspoonfuls that were mere droppers, flimsy lifesavers to the mortified survivor of a shipwreck.

The further he sank, the more poetic became the justice swallowing him. Understanding extended her hands as Jairo stubbornly slapped them to keep her at bay. Right this moment, it was all about the thrill of plunging into his abject pit of carnal gratification.

For what seem like an hour every day, he flapped his arms around, the shadow of an old man doing calisthenics, forcing his body to some semblance of activity that inevitably ended in the furtive joy of succumbing to the itch—to return later, mauled and drenched in despair, semen and sweat.

Same sweat that soon would not be worth a penny as an agent of fortune.

Sunday surged from the miasma of a wretched week, and Jairo reined in his scattered wits to drag his body to the only anchor he had left: The Striking Six.

Yes, they were plastic toys with moving parts, but their adventures inspired Jairo to overcome his bullies and become the strong dashing master of his destiny, which had brought him the consequences he refused to accept today.

Aerosol and cloth in hand, Jairo picked up the first one and caressed the silver-colored head. "I'm sorry I've neglected you, guys." He sprayed the cleaner, devoid of chlorofluorocarbon, and wiped. "Oh, Mogul5, why can I not be strong like you?" The android, who had received the heart of his creator for his heroic feats, stared blindly at him.

Next, he took Shak, shaman of the dwellers of the Befar plain. The muscular body of the feline humanoid shone as he worked the cloth with utmost care. For some unexplained reason Gem, captain of the destroyer Zephyr from Planet Golma, was really dusty. His long white hair looked gray and opaque, and his smirk was frankly stale.

Au, prince of the dragon shifters of Ur, was in a somewhat better condition, but his bat-like wings, since he had been cast in mid-transformation, were stuck, and Jairo had to use a cotton swab so the hinges could work.

The wild protector of Averno's Seventh Gate, Bloodflint, didn't have his usual flaming appearance, but an unusual dullness along the relief of his skin, which resembled lava emerging from the ground. Jairo couldn't understand how two weeks of negligence would make his beloved champions look so abandoned.

Another jet of cleaner and Corsair Purple Hat, the rapier of Algiers, with his gold loop and vibrant violet eyes, was almost done. Jairo finished and rearranged the action figures in their place of honor, the focal point of his bedroom; the only concession to color in his otherwise monochromatic environment.

Jairo sat on his bed and contemplated the six paladins from different realms and eras, united, thanks to the power of Elmar, to thwart iniquity and elevate the just, no matter in what universe the wrong happened.

And it dawned on him with cruel acuteness. The devastating blast of the atomic revelation left him hurt and numb. He had been fucked by his childhood heroes time and time again in each of his dreadful sexual nightmares. And the radioactive boomerang caught him in the face before he was able to recuperate, because he realized that each man he'd fucked from day one had something of the Striking Six in them, too. Beautiful men turned into tarnished toys.

Coño.

It was too much, too sick. The abyss engulfing him shifted and wavered. Jairo sighed, ready to be gone; the shame of his perversion a noose around his neck.

Triple Z was lightheaded. Never had Understanding hit any of his quarries with such force and potent pain. In a corner, Jairo huddled about himself like a ball of barbed wire. Waves and waves of troubled and confused images emanated from him, crashing against Triple Z, the cuts of a thousand razors.

“Jairo...”

“No, I’m a monster.”

“Stop. You did what you thought was the answer to your problems.”

“Not just a frigging monster but a cowardly one. I took the easiest path.”

“Nothing easy in what you achieved. The true easy path would have ended with many dead and you in jail. You became a brilliant scientist. You are working to benefit humanity.”

“What about the individuals I destroyed?”

“Everything happens for a reason.”

“Fuck that. What’s your reason to be here then?”

“Vengeance.”

“I knew it,” Jairo spat out between a sob and a growl. “Well, mission accomplished. I’m screwed beyond repair. Fuck humanity. And fuck me.”

“The pain you are suffering is like the pain of giving birth; a miracle comes from all that suffering.”

“You’re so full of it. You got your vengeance, why don’t you leave me the Hell alone?”

Jairo’s anger and distress were wearing Triple Z’s strength out. “I cannot.”

Tear streaks covered Jairo’s sooty face. “Why?”

“Because your learning is my learning, and with your realization came mine too.” Triple Z crouched, facing Jairo and prying balled fists from the arms wrapped around scratched knees. “We are so similar. I cannot begin to explain to you how much being around you has made me understand my path was as lost as yours.”

“You’re just saying that to make me feel better.” Hope wafted from Jairo, thin and ephemeral. “You’re a god, how can you be lost?”

“Do you know what your name means in the ancient language?”

“Someone told me once but I forgot. It didn’t seem important at the time.”

“God’s enlightenment.”

“Well, that’s a fucking snuffed candle now, thank you very much.”

Triple Z rattled Jairo. “Look at me. Stop being a whiny asshole and wake up.”

For all his bravado, Jairo’s wide eyes could not hide his shock. “I don’t want to live like this anymore. The world would be better off without me.”

The slap sounded like cannon in the tiny, grimy space they shared. “You are going to die when I decide you can. Do you understand that? You are mine.”

Recognition made Jairo’s eyes glaze over. “That woman. From the club. I know her. She’s Antoine Keller’s sister. I saw her picture in his house.” The lump in his throat was not just visible but palpable. “He’s in a coma?”

“Yes.”

“His is the face tattooed on Creepo’s chest.”

“Yes.”

“You’re here because of them.”

“Yes.”

“My name is Scum, my surname Scoria.” Jairo sighed, and then repeated over and over, “Scum, Scoria; Scum, Scoria.”

“No, no, no.” Triple Z grabbed Jairo’s face and silenced him with urgent kisses. “You were lost, Jairo.” His prey felt cold, on the verge of letting his mind go to oblivion. “Listen to me, listen.”

Jairo kept his crazy mantra every time Triple Z freed his lips.

“You are not doing this.” Triple Z heaved a limp, head-shaking, incoherent Jairo and soared, escaping the dark place Jairo’s mind had resorted to entrench itself.

The closer they came to the light, the more Jairo screamed, his body gaining strength and fighting Triple Z’s grip. “I want to die! Let go of me!”

“Do you not see it? You belong to the light. You are getting stronger. Come on, rein in your wits.”

The struggle ceased. “Light?”

Triple Z stopped his ascension. “Yes. There is no Redemption without Falling.”

“Can I be good?”

“You said so, many times.”

“Help me.”

“We will do it together.”

Jairo gave him a pained smile.

And Triple Z’s tarnished heart began its own purification.

Now, Dear Reader, how it ends is up to you. Choose an option to continue...

[LIKE YOU](#)

[IN OTHERWORDS](#)

LIKE YOU

The lagoon was deliciously warm, and Jairo had begun to feel better. Triple Z swam beside him, telling him to focus his breathing and regulate his strokes.

“Come on, let us race to shore.” There was a magic ring to Triple Z’s tolling voice.

Jairo chuckled and followed the divine naked merman ahead of him. They’d talked for what seemed like hours about life and consequences, about falling and climbing out, about lessons that are meant to be painful to make us strong.

The long conversation had been spiced with kisses and soft caresses, but after all the teachings, Jairo’s newfound sexual attitude needed a deeper connection. Moreover, he was ready to ask for it.

Triple Z emerged, glistening and breathtaking. His posterior had less designs than his front, mainly consisting of a stylized Egyptian ankh turning into an anchor over his back and two mirrored animal heads that could totally be the Trussardi dogs or merely some outlined felines.

“It is Bastet’s head,” Triple Z chuckled. “Each tattoo represents the culmination of a mission.”

Dripping, Jairo hugged Triple Z from behind. “Then you’ve accomplished a lot of things in Egypt.” He bit the little left lobe and was rewarded with a shudder.

“The drawings are symbolic. My people spent a lot of time close to the Nile, and thus many of our myths have a correspondence there.” Triple Z held Jairo’s hand and guided him to the shade of a nearby willow. “These surfaced two hundred of your years ago, when I came last.” He tapped the wings and swirls on his head, framing his ears.

Before they could sit facing each other, Jairo asked, expectant, “Is there one about me?” since he thought Triple Z had accomplished what he meant to do in this visit.

“Yes.” Triple Z turned completely and showed the figure of a man in the center of his chest, his arms extended so that the tasty medallions of the god’s

nipples floated like magic orbs over the silhouette's hands, perfectly placed amid other patterns as if it had always been part of the whole.

“Sweet Darwin.” Jairo traced it with a tentative finger. “Why there?”

Triple Z seemed to consider this for a moment. “Perhaps because you centered me, brought back my true reason to exist.”

The effect of those words was immediate, and Jairo covered Triple Z's mouth with his. The exploration began as they knelt, the sweet grass a perfect hassock for their devotion. Deft hands massaged hard muscles and spread eager cheeks. Tongues touched and swirled, discovering new ways to interact. Closed eyes could see the sacred vaults of each other's souls.

The wind blew, and the timid song of the leaves above them accompanied their groans and grunts because words had lost their meaning, and everything was primal and urgent. Every particle, every atom of Jairo's body screamed a single request: “Please.”

A kiss on his chin.

The slow descent over his neck, marked by soft lips and sharp teeth, was bliss. The glory of tortured nipples reverberated through Jairo's frame, humming and wreaking havoc on his already heightened senses.

Strong cheekbones rubbed against his pecs and abs, and Jairo felt the tingling his hair caused to Triple Z's face like a distant echo. A straight nose dove into Jairo's pubes, inhaling and brushing—and fighting for space with the dark dick that trickled, yearning and begging for attention.

Stunned and feverish, Jairo could only pull handfuls of grass from the tender ground, unable to lay a finger on Triple Z should the illusion shatter and he awake alone and broken in his bedroom.

“I will never leave you. I am yours as much as you are mine.”

All the questions that statement should have raised were pushed aside by Triple Z's sinful mouth mastering Jairo's dick. The magic enveloping his shaft could not be accomplished by human cells; only the supernatural origin of his lover would explain the seismic tremor engulfing Jairo.

The shaved head bobbed, and the fiery eyes never lost their focus on Jairo's reactions. Pleasure circled in those magnificent windows in tune with

the swirls of an even more magnificent tongue: disarming, conquering, owning.

And the earth was no more, and the willow was gone, and as they floated, after cupping his balls and thoroughly bathing them, Triple Z turned Jairo.

“Oh, papi.” Jairo exclaimed with a long exuberant sigh. How many times had men, trying to be cute, said the same endearment to him? Now he was saying it for the first time, from the bottom of his heart and jubilant. Triple Z ran his face up and down Jairo’s crack, his tongue doing wicked things with each stop on Jairo’s puckered hole.

Keen to be skewered, his own hands opened his cheeks more. He turned his head to look at the man behind him and exposed the prize he’d zealously guarded until Triple Z appeared to make him sink and finally burst, liberated. No matter how many pirates and cat people and other entities had been in there, this was the real submission, the willing surrender, his utmost act of contrition. “Fuck me.”

Silently, Triple Z ran the head of his cock over the periphery of the lubricated orifice, teasing and transforming Jairo into a blind and deaf mass of shrieking urgency. One poke, two pokes; a thick head invading, inching its way, sure and potent, until it was fully sheathed, and its tip pierced Jairo’s metaphorical black little heart.

The pounding of a lifetime began.

With each bang of the fleshy piston, the black pebble expanded and changed. The anomaly became a gift, and its ripples had Jairo shivering and moaning. Triple Z steered Jairo’s body, clutching his shoulders, and soon his knees and hands rested on soft leather, and walls covered in multicolored tiles materialized around them.

Triple Z pulled his hair and battered his hole, the force of each thrust making him swing like a loaded pendulum, the friction of tattooed thighs maddening brushes against the sensitive skin of his ass. And they came in an explosion, where light and liquid were one and the same. Myriad stars absorbed and expelled, infinite cries of ecstasy swallowed by haphazard breaths.

Triple Z's weight over Jairo's back was the perfect summit of the mountain Jairo wanted to landslide, laughing.

Jairo recognized the place, and the circle closed.

They lay, embraced, in Tel Aviv Tattoo Shop.

Back in the haven of the willow, the sun filtered playfully, lending sparks to Triple Z's tangerine eyes. Jairo outlined the thin rosy lips. "Can I be what you are?"

"What about curing mankind's ailments?"

"Others can continue the research." Jairo added something that sounded a lot like a thing Triple Z would say. "Nothing happens before it should."

The laughter was transparent and stroked every fiber of Jairo. Triple Z caressed Jairo's cheek. "Not fair to use my own ammunition against me."

"So... what do I do?" *Please, please let me be with you.*

Triple Z pulled him down, using both hands to hold Jairo's face, and kissed him. First his closed eyes, then the tip of his nose, and finally his mouth, softly, almost in farewell. And Jairo's newly invigorated heart shattered like the smashed dreams of an orphan.

Nevertheless, the god put the petals of his lips to Jairo's ear and whispered the incantation.

Night was about to die, and after a cleansing bath and a healthy meal, Jairo sat at the end of his bed and stared at the Striking Six. In and out his breath went, calming inhalations and purifying exhalations. His voice came out quiet but firm.

"Hear me, Zohan, you inevitably handsome. Hear me, Zerach, you gloriously radiant. Hear me, Zimram, you summarily holy. I, Jairo Laguna, call your names Zohan Zerach Zimram to make me yours. To entwine me as one with you. To be with you a herald of balance. To share the infinite eons of mankind until all return to the source. I, Jairo Laguna, vow my essence to be one with yours, Zohan Zerach Zimram, forevermore."

The room wavered, and Triple Z was visible to Jairo's human eyes for the first time, glowing and radiant. He extended his hand, and Jairo stood up to take it. They embraced and soared, holding fast to each other.

“You did not leave a note.”

“What for? Natural causes don't leave notes behind.”

“True.”

“Whoa, look at this.” Jairo studied the patterns surging and shimmering on his chest. Finally, a winged solar disc decorated the space between his pecs.

“Seems like your first mission has been accomplished.”

“And what would that be?”

“You made me yours.”

THE END

[In Other Words](#)

Or

[Back to Table of Contents](#)

IN OTHER WORDS

Jairo rested in Triple Z's arms. The images of their previous lovemaking waved softly, with ephemeral cadence, from Jairo's resting form. Jairo on all fours, a rictus of pure bliss opening his mouth, and Triple Z commanding that body like no other one ever before.

His lover stirred, and Triple Z caressed a bearded cheek, the strong contours of his wide shoulders. He could not have enough of Jairo now that they were finally at each other's mercy. He wanted nothing else than to spend the rest of eternity with this man. Nevertheless, he did not think turning Jairo into what he was would be the best idea.

The other option did not need too much compromise on his part. He was already determined not to leave Jairo's side. It was just a matter of Jairo accepting him as a man, to age together and live as long as Jairo had days left.

Dark eyes peered at Triple Z from lowered abundant lashes. "Seems like a plot to me." Understanding and forgiving himself had made the cruel mouth transform into a thing of beauty, and the radiant smile aimed at Triple Z was breathtaking. "You'd better start talking, 'cause I'm not going to let you do anything crazy."

"I am only crazy about one thing, and that is you." Triple Z held Jairo's chin and pinched it, making the cleft seem a tinier version of the sweet cheeks he had been playing with all night. "Do you want me around?"

"I do. The only problem I see is the whole blacking out to be with you. But I guess since it's not about lessons anymore, it can be arranged in a more logical fashion." Jairo chuckled. "At least the frigging tattoo isn't itching anymore. That has to amount to something, right?"

"Yes, our connection is different now, based on attraction and acceptance." Triple Z hesitated for a moment, then let it all out. "What if I could be mortal like you, would you accept me in your life?"

"What?" Jairo jumped up and straddled him, fully alert and almost trembling with anticipation. "Of course. Is that even possible?"

"I know the way. I never thought I would want it, but with you, I see myself being mortal again."

He could see all the emotions exploding and whirling inside Jairo. Suddenly, a gray cloud hovered about Jairo, and his voice came strangled. “What about your mission? Isn’t it wrong to stop being what you are to be with me?”

“Lifetime is but a leaf in the tree of life. We can be together until your dying day, and after that, we will see.”

“You sure about this?”

“It is the right thing to do. By your side is where I belong.”

“How is it done?” Expectation rippled from Jairo.

“With a drop of your blood, since I am to be yours.”

“Just one drop?”

“As it is up is below. A drop is a Universe, and that’s all I need.”

“Ok. When?”

“Whenever you are ready.” Triple Z did not want to hurry Jairo. Maybe he needed to think about it. That part was obscure to him. He could only know what Jairo already knew, not foresee his reactions.

“Now, now. Let me wake up.” Jairo bounced.

“You have not eaten in almost a day. Do you not want to recuperate at least a little before?”

Jairo rolled his eyes. “Seriously? You said a drop, I’m not going to faint for that. Wait, if it’s my blood, you’ll be as strong as I am?”

“Just for the first few hours. As soon as I get some food in me I will be on my own.”

“You aren’t going to be a baby.” Jairo’s panic oozed from him.

Triple Z could not stop his laughter. “No, a full grown man just like you.”

Jairo placed a kiss on Triple Z’s mouth. “Then let’s do this. I can’t wait.”

“I, Zohan, the inevitably handsome. I, Zerach, the gloriously radiant. I, Zimram, the summarily holy vow my essence to Jairo Laguna to make me his. I, Zohan Zerach Zimram entwine his mortal days to me. To be by

his side as One became Two to recognize himself. To share the finite days of his lifetime until all return to the source. Jairo Laguna, I, Zohan Zerach Zimram come to be yours until your rightful end.”

Zohan became visible to Jairo’s human eyes. “Hey.”

“Hey, yourself.” Jairo sat on a minimalistic high backed chair near a window showing the first rays of daylight over the city. “Now what?”

“The pin. On your left middle finger’s pad, just below the nail.”

Jairo pricked his finger, and a drop of crimson fluid emerged.

Zohan knelt between Jairo’s legs and touched the tip of his tongue to the blood. His essence absorbed the life giver and, with a devastating shiver, his body began to solidify.

As his body became solid, his connection to Jairo’s mind blurred until it was completely severed. Now he depended on his five senses to understand this man. Ready to share his newly acquired mortal life with him and all its consequences.

His first inhalation as a human after almost three millennia was permeated by the heady scent of Jairo’s leaking sex and his pomegranate shower gel. Every newborn cell screamed with pleasure and glad to be already on his knees.

The change in Jairo’s face was mystifying, because Zohan had a glimpse of the last glow of all his tattoos in those dark, coffee-colored eyes. The glimmer extinguished like a dying flame, the experience humbling and an immense turn on at once.

Jairo touched Zohan’s face using the backs of his fingers. “You’re truly here.”

“Where I belong.” His hands rested on Jairo’s thighs. Zohan leaned forward and kissed the tip of the cock ready for him, and lapped, and let his tongue swirl until he engulfed it, his hunger equally new and eternal. The groans accompanying his sucking were encouraging and fathered goose bumps all over him.

Standing up, Jairo took control of the situation, his grip firm on Zohan’s head, his thrusts measured but gaining depth by the second. When curly hair

grazed his lips, Zohan opened his eyes and saw Jairo holding back, as if savoring the moment, as if never wanting it to end, frozen in time and completely lodged inside him.

“If I keep doing this, I’m going to completely lose it.” Jairo pulled out and bent, helping Zohan to his feet. As they came eye-to-eye, after a brief hesitation, he murmured, “I seriously need to fuck you.” He shook his head, a self-deprecating smile decorating him. “I know I should have learned my lesson and be a good bottom, but I’ve wanted to be inside you so badly, since the first time I laid eyes on you, it’s not even funny.”

“We are equals, Jairo. You have as much right to every part of my body as I have to yours. You want to fuck me? I am yours to fuck.”

Kisses covered Zohan, pushing him toward the bed until he was flat on his back in the middle of acres of Egyptian cotton and fluffy pillows. The kissing continued, mapping his skin, outlining every tattoo, making him tremble, needy and incoherent.

In the perfect number for mutual satisfaction, Jairo pushed his cock into Zohan’s eager mouth, swallowing the offering between tattooed legs in a finely orchestrated motion, leaving Zohan with a mouthful and breathless.

Bobbing and plunging, they turned sideways, spreading and kneading muscular cheeks and teasing burning holes, groaning and grunting in the most primitive of chorus. Balls were massaged, backs were scratched, and lips became tender and swollen.

“Don’t need to prepare me that much,” Zohan offered while Jairo applied a generous amount of lubricant.

Jairo tsked, shaking his head. “Since you’re made of me, we’re both very tight. Remember all the fucking has been happening anywhere *but* in my flesh. There’s no need to hurt ourselves.” He turned a little to show Zohan he was also lubricating his own hole. “This ride is both ways.”

Zohan shut his eyes. The raging bolt heralding Jairo’s entry zigzagged with electrical shocks throughout him, stealing his speech, his breath, and turning his every fiber inside out. And he couldn’t find a better word to summarize the turmoil of searing pain morphing into forbidden bliss than: *Coño*.

Jairo pushed and pulled, drenching them not only in their perfumed sweat but soaking every atom of Zohan in the blazing fire of primal joy, enhanced by the revelations pouring from his lover's lidded eyes, from the whispers of devotion, from the confessions of a life half-lived until he understood the wrongness of his ways.

Their flesh was finishing what their souls had started. The recognition, the understanding, the acceptance all melted in one perfect alloy strengthening their bond, sealing their destiny. Zohan felt the tremor and how Jairo's harmonious pounding lost its rhythm, and his own climax galloped toward them.

Jairo's cry, universal and unique, announced jet after jet inundating Zohan. Zohan thrashed, keen to unleash his first orgasm after an hour of being mortal, when Jairo pulled out and impaled himself on Zohan's swollen cock to receive the volley deep within. And the volcano, and the scream, and the shatter of all the matter around him left Zohan exhausted and bleeding happiness from every pore.

Jairo contacted very shady characters to provide Zohan with contemporary documents and a verifiable background. Even academy credits easily surfaced. His BRC ID read: Dr. Zohan Z. Zimram.

"We can do this before work," Jairo commented, after weeks of connubial joy.

"Good thing we don't have to clock in." Zohan had his arm around Jairo's shoulder. "You sure about this?"

"It's something I must do."

Zohan nodded. "Ok. I'll wait outside." Nevertheless, something in Jairo's demeanor asked him to follow into the room. They entered together.

A man lay sprawled in a chair close to the bed surrounded by monitors, the quiet beep a sort of lullaby. He opened his eyes with a snap as the sacred space was invaded. "You!" His vision moved to Zohan and his hatred turned into undisguised horror. "What's this?"

Before the artist could say anything else, Jairo raised his hand to stop him. “Just listen.” The man’s frown landed on Zohan, who snuffed any spark of rebellion with a pinning stare in the man’s direction. Jairo continued, “I’ve been a total asshole, and I come to ask for forgiveness, from both Antoine and you.”

“Antoine can’t forgive you, douchebag. Not from where you sent him.”

Zohan gave the wronged lover another warning look.

“The knowledge you used to summon him,” and Jairo nodded toward Zohan, “also teaches compassion. Let me do my part in his healing process.” Without waiting for the man’s approval, Jairo reached the bed and knelt on one knee beside it. He took the limp, pale hand and put his forehead on it. “I did you wrong, Antoine. I cannot change what I did, but I hope you can find forgiveness in your heart for the monster I was.” He swallowed hard. “The monster I’m working every day to leave behind.”

He kissed the hand and set it back with a trail of his fingers over it. He turned to the sitting man. His shocked expression spoke of deep confusion and profound anger. “Your vengeance brought me the biggest gift a man can desire, and for this I’ll always be grateful. If you cannot forgive me for yourself, do it for him.”

“What we do here reverberates up there,” Zohan told the artist. “You should know this. Use the tree to heal, not to harm.” He half-smiled. “Balance is the way.”

“Tell his sister to send me the bills; I’ll take care of them. And I don’t want to hear ‘no’. Pride is welcome but unnecessary here.”

They left the tattooist with his mouth agape and holding Antoine’s hand. Arthur opened the car door for them.

Jairo rested his head on Zohan’s shoulder. “I’m still a fucking douchebag.”

“Well, let’s fill that bag with rose water until you are not one anymore.”

“I don’t know whether that’s a metaphor or you’re planning some kinky enema.” Jairo chuckled, his eyes dancing.

“Both.”

THE END

[Like You](#)

Or

[Back to Table of Contents](#)

Author Bio

Born a Sagittarius in the fabulous year of the Rooster of '69, at the hour when his cat was about to become a complete dragon, Gabbo de la Parra landed on the Caribbean Coast of the outlandish Republic of Panama to start the adventure of Life.

Love and the Internet brought him to Middle Tennessee to embrace the American Dream and his husbandly romance. Writing has been an important part of his life since a very early age, and it's a pleasure to share his stories with others thanks to the wonderful opportunities this land provides. He is the author of the Spaniards series, Prince of Atlantis and other titles available through Amazon, Barnes & Noble and Smashwords.

Gabbo cherishes Life with a southern gentleman in a townhouse close to a lake, crowded with the spirits of his characters and their pets: black esoteric kitty, Luna; white emo-twink Maltese, Chance; long-lived gold fish, Fishie; and street smart Russian Blue, Bella.

His novels Septima Luna and Another Dawn on Planet X (the child of his two stories for LiAW) will come to your e-reading devices in Fall 2013 and The Pompeian Horse in Spring 2014.

Contact & Media Info

[Blog](#) | [Twitter](#)