

ROGER GRACE

A LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD STORY



THE DOOR
TO HIS
DARKNESS

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

THE DOOR TO HIS DARKNESS

By Roger Grace

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love is an Open Road* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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 these authors 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 is an Open Road*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, 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.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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.

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THE DOOR TO HIS DARKNESS

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Photo Description

A wolf shifter in partial shift, his ears and tail are wolf while the rest of the body is a tall muscular human is looking down at a slim slender humanoid with what appears to be ram horns that is looking up at the shifter with care showing in both of them. The picture is in anime/manga style.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

In my world there are two ruling bodies; Demons and Shifters. My father is a Demon Lord but I'm Half Incubus and Half Warlock. My horns show my station as a demon, however, my different colored eyes show my dual blood. Because of my dual blood, there is a dark power inside me. I fear this power, and my father has kept me sheltered as he would destroy anyone who tried to use this darkness for their personal gain.

While at The Gathering, where all beings in power come together once every 100 years, I met someone. He's a Lycan and he's the most beautiful being I've ever seen. One night of passion is hardly anything to an Incubus like me but it was the most special night I had ever had. We both had a connection like no other, and to top it off, my taking of his life force did nothing but invigorate him.

As the son of a prestigious Lycan family, there is no way our union would be allowed with a half like me. When we are discovered, we're torn apart. When I hear of my beautiful Lycan being publicly punished by his family for tarnishing the family name, the darkness that I have so tried to keep locked away, is unleashed. I will not allow the one who has finally brought me peace and happiness to be hurt. Now everyone will learn of the monster we fought to conceal.

Sincerely,

Neko

Story Info

Genre: paranormal fantasy

Tags: two alpha males, wolf shifter, diplomat, magic user, demon, Mpreg (hint of), semipublic blow job

Word Count: 6,439

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Neko for the prompt, so good and calling to me. The people who offered encouragement on the prompt and helped out, including Tala who provided me with Brycent's first name, also Ilona who provided me with the name of one of the realms that we haven't heard from yet. Amanda and Ann and Anna E. provided encouragement. Everyone that followed my quiz on the event thread, I had as much fun working on the quiz as I did writing the story. Sometimes I stumped them and sometimes they got answers that I thought no one would get. I would also like to thank Gabbo De La Perra for the amazing cover. I would like to thank the DRitC moderators for hosting and leading us in this huge undertaking.

Author's Note

Unfortunately this is an incomplete story, since I had nearly 50,000 words on the story which was near completion when I could not find the flash drive it was stored on. I sent a note to the mods and also let Neko, the creator of the prompt, know that while I was working on the story I didn't have time to finish it. I will still be working to finish this story and the completed story will be available for free. I am sorry for everyone I let down and hope this little story nugget can in some way make up for the hassle.

THE DOOR TO HIS DARKNESS

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The Prophecy:

The prophecy of the supreme ruler that has dominion over all: The first paragraph is the same for all three races; it is the second paragraph where interpretations get confused.

Human (true prophecy)

“One father of the ruler will be a half demon/half warlock assassin-trained diplomat and the other an alpha lycan, knowing both the way of the warrior and the way of diplomacy, even though he is never an official diplomat. The half breed will bear the child that the lycan sires. When the supreme ruler is born the twelve amulets of Set Sentaurean in the museum of the human crossing will reawaken and start gathering mana. The child will come into his dark power when a babe. All who see him will be devoted to him.

The child is destined to make every one under him be mete; there will be no ranking other than their own merit. Status by birth or power will cease to exist...”

Demon

“One father of the ruler will be a half demon/half warlock assassin-trained diplomat and the other an alpha lycan, knowing both the way of the warrior and the way of diplomacy, even though he is never an official diplomat. The half breed will bear the child that the lycan sires. When the supreme ruler is born the twelve amulets of Set Sentaurean in the museum of the human crossing will reawaken and start gathering mana. The child will come into his dark power when a babe. All who see him will be devoted to him.

This child is destined to make every one under him meat. There will be no ranking but their own merit, measured in how they taste. Status by birth or power will cease to exist...”

Shifter

“One father of the ruler will be a half demon/half warlock assassin-trained diplomat and the other an alpha lycan, knowing both the way of the warrior and

the way of diplomacy, even though he is never an official diplomat. The half breed will bear the child that the lycan sires. When the supreme ruler is born the twelve amulets of Set Sentauren in the museum of the human crossing will reawaken and start gathering mana. The child will come into his dark power when a babe. All who see him will be devoted to him.

This child is destined to make all equal under his foot. There will be no ranking but how well they serve. Status by birth or power will be torn asunder and abolished...”

Know that this is what the races know about this child: no mortals but the followers of Noreen know how all the races interpret the prophecy that Noreen caused to happen in all three races. We stand silent witness to mortal folly as the demons and shifters work to counter the prophecy that will not be denied.

In Mordecaint

Lucius ran through the castle hallways, trying to reach his training room before the time for his final assassination exam arrived. All he knew was that it would determine if he would join in the family business of being the shadowy killers who helped to keep his siring father, Mordecai, in power. He had three minutes to get up three ramps to the room where his target would be revealed.

Gasping for breath, he entered the training room with a minute to spare and arrived just as his trainer Alcadre DenverMordecai teleported into the room. Alcadre declared, “Your target is the guard at watch stalagmite ten. You have twelve minutes to get there and kill him.”

Lucius silently groaned, because with the teleporter inhibitor on him for the test, it would take him at least ten minutes to get to the watch stalagmite of their underground castle/fortress. The necessity of such was that with the demons’ ability to teleport, a conventional castle would be too easy to breach.

He tore off at a rapid pace, knowing that he had to get there fast yet still able to move and react quickly, because a guard demon would not be an easy target. What the trainer did not know was that Lucius knew of a secret teleportal that could take him to any of the watch stalagmites/stalactites. He ran to the portal, getting ready to trigger it to where he was going.

The one drawback of the teleportal was if you were running, and if you timed the entrance wrong, you would run into the wall at full speed. Lucius knew how to time it right so he would enter into a long wide spiral passage.

With five minutes remaining, he saw that the guard was Neruda, a man whom he was very friendly with. Neruda mentored the adolescent Lucius through the difficulty of learning to use his inherited and developing demon powers. Lucius used a spell to paralyze Neruda, and even though he summoned his soul blade, Kiss of Death, he could not use it on Neruda.

Alcadre popped in, and seeing Neruda still breathing, frowned at Lucius. “Your time is up, why is he still living?”

“I could not do it. He does not deserve to die for a test.”

“I have to fail you. It is too bad. You have the skills of an elite assassin, but you do not have the heart of one. I will suggest to your father that he find another use for you.”

“I understand. This job never felt right for me. I was always struggling to find a worthy target to kill that deserved it.”

“It was interesting to train you, but I am glad most of my students do not have your human heart. Now go, but be sure to release the spell before you do.”

Lucius went to the office of his sire behind the throne room. He was dreading this because he did not want to disappoint his fathers, and not becoming an assassin in the family was almost unheard of. Knocking on the door, he waited to be summoned into the lair of his sire.

“Enter!” Mordecai bellowed.

Lucius entered the office, surprised to see both of his fathers in the room. “Sire, I am sorry I failed, but I could not kill Neruda.”

“Son, I knew you would fail. You were never meant to be an assassin, but you had your heart set on this being the way you could serve me. It might surprise you, but I am glad you did not become an assassin. I have many assassin children, but none have the happiness that wells up from you so easily.”

“Lucius, my mystical human with demon markings, we have talked about what we would offer you as another way to serve your sire,” Altoman, his warlock father, said. “We think you have the knowledge and ability to make a good diplomat. Your assassin training will mean that you will be one up on many who would try to kill you because they do not want the peace or change you are advocating for.”

“Would you please consider this?” Mordecai asked. “As it happens, I have the perfect first assignment for you as a diplomat. As you know the Gathering is going to take place on Sanctuary this summer. I need someone to go there and represent me in the negotiations of where we are going to stay and what we are going to discuss at the Gathering. I hear Lucifer wants to bring up a purge of all half demons to thwart the prophecy of the supreme leader and his eating us all. With you as the diplomat having a protected status, he cannot kill you, nor would he be comfortable bringing it up with you knowing that you would quash that with a veto for a reason. I being a full demon would have to use one of three vetoes without reason.”

“Father, it is good for you that I like tweaking Lucifer in a safe way. Every now and then he needs to be woken up to the fact that on this world he is not the supreme ruler he was before the demons came here,” Lucius responded.

“Excellent, I already sent him the list of diplomats with your name on it as the chief diplomat. Your advisor for this will be Neruda. I chose him as your target, confident you would not be able to kill him.”

Lucius shook his head in wonder, asking, “And what if I decided that I wanted to be an assassin more than I wanted to follow my heart?”

Altoman responded for his mate, “That would have never happened, not with Neruda. Maybe with some unnamed guard you did not know, it would have been a slim possibility.”

“Am I really so predictable?” Lucius groaned with despair. “Why can I not have an aura of mystery?”

“Only to those who know you well, are you predictable,” Mordecai said kindly, offering solace to his son.

Altoman and Mordecai saw Lucius to the boat that was going to take him to Sanctuary, even though Lucius had been to Sanctuary before and could have teleported. Sanctuary preferred demon diplomatic parties and official visitors to arrive by boat.

The captain ordered the crew to weigh anchor and mentioned that the shifter diplomatic party from the realm of Dressanage was on board also. Knowing that most shifters did not take well to being on a boat, Lucius decided it prudent not to try to visit with the shifters, especially once he found out they were mainly lycan.

Neruda suggested they retire to their room to go over the advisory messages that Mordecai had sent along about positions he wanted to bring up or be tabled.

Having no better plan than to follow Neruda's suggestion, Lucius resignedly went to the berth the captain had provided to them. It had a storage chest filled with books, including a book on the laws of Sanctuary for diplomats. He skimmed through the books and noticed that they were all on rather dry political topics. He made a mental note to ask the captain about this. He went over the messages his sire wrote, seeing nothing that he would not have already either known or would have been able to figure out about the positions taken by his sire.

Neruda tried to keep Lucius occupied in their quarters, but Lucius had too much energy to stay confined in the quarters provided. He saw that the rigging on the middle two masts of the ship were as of now unoccupied by sailors doing any chore there. So he climbed up and through the ropes with agility and grace. Lucius was unaware that a shifter had left the special chambers that provided the illusion that they were in a boundless wilderness full of forests and plains.

The shifter looked up in amazement that someone not brought up on the sea could move on and about the ropes with such casual grace and skill. When Lucius jumped down and landed, he was startled by the applause. He turned around, scanning for the clapper and was shocked to see a lycan shifter had left the specially prepared chambers that made sea voyage more comfortable for shifters. Lucius bowed and hurriedly left, not wanting to make small talk with the lycan who was so big and powerful and had him wanting to do all sort of wicked things with someone he might have to negotiate with.

Lucius returned to his quarters and sent a request—through the cabin boy assigned to him—asking if he would be allowed to meet with the captain at his convenience. The cabin boy returned and led Lucius to an office off of the bridge area.

Lucius asked what the captain knew about the lycans, and if he knew any strong enough to come outside their quarters.

“Only one would be powerful enough, that would be Brycent VanDressan, third son to the current alpha of Clan Dressanage. All I know about them is that Brycent alone isn't overcome by the illusions power. You can tell that he is a potential alpha by the way he usually goes about in a partial shift of some sort,” the captain answered the queries.

“So is he the head of the diplomatic party?” Lucius asked.

“No, he is the bodyguard to the chief diplomat, a revered elder of almost eight hundred years of age.”

“I saw him about as I moved around the rigging to keep my body flexible and fluid and to use up some energy, and was curious about him, but I am also curious about the chest of books in our berth. It seems rather dry for your average passengers.”

“Oh it is dry, but they belonged to a professor at the university in Sanctuary who was examining proposed textbooks for the political science department there. One night he sped from his room and jumped overboard, screaming ‘he couldn’t take the dryness and the bland rhetoric anymore.’”

Lucius settled into a routine of exercising on the riggings in the mid-morning hours, and studied the books during the hot period between eleven a.m. and four p.m. Every morning the shifter, Brycent, was a silent audience for Lucius.

Dressanage

Brycent went to the gauntlet training area to sign up. He knew he would have to run through the gamut of elite fighters if he wanted to earn his position as a bodyguard for Reardin, the head diplomat. He did not want to be given a place on the guard detail because of his status. He scanned the list of shifters already signed up and his heart sank when he saw that Matthias and Daniel, his older brothers, had signed up. Sighing, he wondered if he could defeat them because in this tourney not only did he have to go through the gauntlet of elite fighters but also an elimination round with all the people that survived the gauntlet. He was sure he had the power to win against his brothers, but did he have the nerve to fight them? He had much respect for his older brothers, and he did not want to stand in their way if they were set on going with Reardin.

Matthias entered the gauntlet training area and saw Brycent being pensive yet determined to do what was right, even if it meant not going on this adventure he had been dreaming of for the past year. “Brycent, come here!” Matthias ordered with a booming voice.

Brycent obeyed, like a lower ranking warrior should. He walked with his head lowered and slowly, slinking his shoulders. “Yes, brother.”

“I know how much you have dreamed of this, and I expect you to fight Daniel and me to the best of your ability, no holding back with some noble

gesture of self-sacrifice. Reardin deserves the best, and I have seen how you have been training during every spare waking moment. So fight proudly and stand tall, if you beat us it was meant to be. We will be proud if you are in the detail and we are not. I do not know about Daniel, but I have too many duties to leave the clan for the negotiations. I mainly signed up just to make sure the warriors who do go are the best in the clan.”

Brycent lit up with a fierce, brilliant joy. “Do you really think I could be one of the best, Matthias? I know I am relatively young to go on this detail. It has only been ten years since I became a seasoned adult out of the cocoon father had me in.”

“I do. I have seen the way you train, and the way you fight is both powerful and intelligent.”

“I am going to do this; I am going to be one of the five top warriors,” Brycent declared with purpose.

Brycent left the training area, never noticing his other brother, Daniel, hiding behind the training area armory.

“Matthias, do you really think Brycent can get through the elite fighters much less survive the elimination rounds?” Daniel asked with concern.

“He can with a little subterfuge on our part. We can suggest to some of the more veteran warriors that there is more opportunity for advancement and status by staying with the clan. And trust me, Brycent should be able to handle anything that comes his or Reardin’s way on this negotiation. I already have a few vacancies to fill for the murbarak squadron of defenders. And I think the list will be pared down by a few new members of the squadron. Surely you have some elite clan guard posts available?” Matthias smirked cunningly.

“You know, I believe that there are some openings that I have been pondering how to fill. I see Davion is on the list, and he has the guard training already to take one of the lieutenant posts vacant with no one thinking anything untoward of me offering it to him. I will have to see if anyone else meets the criteria.” Daniel grinned

The day of the tourney to determine the bodyguard detail had arrived. Brycent hurried to reach the clearing where the gauntlet competition was to take place. He was excited about the chance and was ready to find out where he

was in the list of contenders to go through the gauntlet. He had to wait for all of the contenders to appear because the placement would only be revealed once all of the contenders arrived.

He noticed that a few of the more experience warriors had bowed out of contention because a new position would require too much of their time to go on this diplomatic mission. In fact, if the diplomatic mission wasn't to take place, Brycent wouldn't have any thoughts as to why they were picked for the posts as they were all extremely well qualified. A few stray thoughts of the timing of the appointments, and that they were in departments led by his brothers entered in, but were quickly banished as something neither brother would do.

The last contender arrived, and Brycent breathed a sigh of relief when he received the fifth position of forty-five possible positions in the gauntlet. Some of the elite warriors would have been stressed or slightly wounded but still were dangerous enough that if he made it through he would definitely be considered to be in the top tier of contenders.

Of the first four contenders, two were defeated by the fourth of ten warriors of the gauntlet and two made it to the last warrior, one won and the other lost a hard fought battle. Brycent was confident he could take on the warriors and win with what he knew of the warriors' strengths and weaknesses. He entered the first battle area and shifted into his wolf form and quickly took down the still shifting opponent. Only three of the warriors in the gauntlet were able to avoid being felled by his first quick strike. Of those three, two were so off balance that they quickly fell. The last warrior made it a true contest. It took fifteen minutes of feints and dodges to maneuver the last opponent to a place where Brycent was able to get the upper paw and forced surrender with his teeth at the throat of the warrior. All told it took twenty-five minutes to go through the gauntlet, considering the record for anyone going through the gauntlet was twenty-three minutes, it was a respectable time.

As there were twenty-five candidates to make it through the gauntlet it was decided that it would be a tier tourney for elimination with five different sets of brackets. The winner of each bracket would go on the mission. Each bracket started with one of the top five times then the other four were added in by adding five for each warrior (i.e. one, six, eleven, sixteen, and twenty-one). Brycent came in with the second fastest time. In the bracket with him were Matthias, Daniel, Baiorc (a friend of Brycent), and Denila (a female warrior who just turned 250 a month ago).

The eliminations went pretty much as expected; the only surprise was the warrior with the slowest time made it to the final battle in his bracket. So the guards for this trip would be Altheric (a seasoned veteran with the fastest time), Brycent, Mendara (a female with fifty years of training bodyguards under her belt), Therion (a backwoods scrapper with 150 years of experience), and Altheran (a shaman/warrior).

They got together with Reardin to plan the journey to Sanctuary, already dreading the boat trip of seven days, two to pick up the demons, and then another five days to reach the port of Sanctuary. Reardin told them of the special accommodations for shifters, who liked to have a lot of open space around them.

They started the next day for the port where they were to be picked up. It took three steady days of running to reach the ship Sanctuary had waiting for them.

When they saw the ship at the end of the pier, most of the shifters groaned. Reardin as a veteran diplomat and traveler didn't, and Brycent was just too excited being on his first mission out of pack lands to care.

Reardin led the way, telling the others, "Sooner on, sooner off," while chuckling to himself in wry amusement.

The others followed, Brycent almost running, his body and his eyes lit with an energy that couldn't be contained. Everyone else had a somber and grim set to their body as they went to do their duty. They were led to the enchanted hold given over to them and gasped when they saw the illusion of lofty trees in a virgin forest and river plains that stretched as far as the eye could see.

"How is this possible?" Altheric asked.

Altheran answered with a jeer at his older brother, "It is an illusion, a very realistic illusion that will affect all of our senses. Any ship that transports shifters maintains a place for this to be activated at need. It is part of the cost for any wizard/witch/warlock to add energy to it. This ship must transport a fair amount of magic users because this one is brimming with power."

The rest of the shifters entered the hold quickly, not wanting to leave until they reached their destination. But Brycent held back, wanting to take in the experience. While the confined quarters of the massive ship unsettled his inner wolf, the excitement of being off pack land for his first adventure called to the

man. With reluctance he entered the chamber. Even though the shaman said the illusion was very powerful, Brycent still saw the walls of the hold and knew that he would not stay there the entire trip even if no other shifter would join him.

Reardin called Brycent over to him. He quietly whispered, “The illusion does not work as strongly on you, as it does on the rest of us. You can see through them.”

“Yes,” Brycent responded. “How did you know?”

“I can see it in your eyes that you see something that troubles you. You must be a very strong potential alpha. The only other shifter I traveled with that could see through the illusions was your father.”

“What can I do?” Brycent asked, shaking.

“You must spend time outside of the illusion otherwise you will drive all the other shifters crazy with your tension and nervousness.”

The next day Brycent went out and walked the deck trying to stay out of the way of the sailors moving about on the deck. The captain hailed him over and talked with the rare shifter that would go outside of the illusion-filled hold. They shared a bit of their personal histories with each other, enough that they would meet whenever Brycent felt the urge to escape the hold.

They arrived at the demon port, a pier leading from an old limestone cavern. The captain explained why the demon buildings and cities tended to be underground, not having been informed that Brycent had been the first and, so far, only shifter to attend the Demon University in Mordecant. The party of demons was four strong. Two were so obviously fighters that Brycent knew they were guardians of the diplomat but which one was the diplomat? He wasn't sure because the other two were dressed in diplomatic formal robes.

Brycent asked, “Which one is the diplomat?”

“From what the state ministers informed me of, the younger one is the diplomat. He is the son of Mordecia and his human warlock. He is known as Lucius, and he has been on Sanctuary before. He attended the university as a foreign exchange student his junior year. He is both an incubus demon and an

accomplished warlock. He will be strengthening the illusions when we reach Sanctuary because it is never a good idea to strengthen the illusions when someone is in them. The older one is Neruda, a diplomat and guard coming along as an advisor to Lucius.

“Well, I have to go and greet them and escort them to their berth. Demons are better sailors, so you might see some of them up and about the deck when you do. If you are interested in men for sex, I would advise against playing with Lucius. Between his fathers and the rest of his family, I wouldn’t want to be the person who harms Lucius. Let me just say you couldn’t find a place remote enough where they couldn’t track you down.”

Brycent returned to the hold and pondered the warning because he felt an attraction to the young demon.

The next day Brycent came out, and as he wandered on the deck, his breath was taken away when he saw the lithe young demon climbing on the riggings with a grace and agility that seemed more in keeping with a veteran sailor. He chose to move between the two middle masts of four masts on the ship. That way he could turn to see whichever one the young demon with the grace of an acrobat would leap to.

When the demon leapt to the deck, Brycent could not help but to clap in appreciation for the display that Lucius unintentionally supplied.

Lucius retreated, never intending to put on a show, but he did notice that the shifter was tall buff and dark haired.

Every day Brycent made sure to come out and watch Lucius exercise on the ropes.

They reached Sanctuary at sunset of the fifth day for Lucius and the seventh day for Brycent.

Both parties disembarked on the island realm of Sanctuary. The demons went to the Bloody Dagger inn, while the shifters went deeper in the city to the Seven Brothers inn. The Bloody Dagger was your typical port dockside inn, dark, cheap, and full of foreigners wanting to indulge in booze, sex, and gambling. The Seven Brothers had a massive courtyard filled with trees and clearings; a miniature forest in the city. After settling the rest of the party in the Bloody Dagger inn, Lucius teleported to his personal chamber at the Seven

Brothers inn and met with Tomas, the innkeeper he'd befriended in his student days.

"Lucius," Tomas bellowed out. "Well met. Will you perform for us?" The Seven Brothers inn had a male erotic dance revue that performed six days of the week. They also hosted amateur competitions monthly. Many of the amateur winners went on to join the revue. Lucius had won the competition his first month on Sanctuary and quickly became a popular irregular performer when he could make it to the inn in between his studies.

"I am not sure. Do you think the shifters who just arrived will appreciate this form of entertainment?"

"Reardin, the ambassador for the shifters, came and asked specifically that we host an entertainment each night that they are here. It seems he finds my boys a great relief to the stress that builds up during negotiations."

"I can do it tonight, but as head diplomat for the realm of my father, I couldn't do it any other night."

"The show is in two hours, I should have just enough time to get word out that you will perform."

"Is the chamber I usually use available?"

"For you, always!" Tomas smiled. "Now go to the kitchen of the restaurant and see Alice. You know that if you are here and you don't visit her she will be upset at both of us."

"I am already planning on it. An upset Alice might go off her cooking."

Lucius teleported the short distance to be right next to the kitchen hearth. He knew from experience that the corner there was the one place that would be clear of humans and other obstacles.

"Alice, what are you cooking for your favorite student and dancer?" Lucius demanded with a fierce grin.

"Lucius!" Alice roared with glee. "Get your too skinny ass over here and give me a hug while I see what I can get you on such short notice!"

"Nothing too heavy, I will be dancing tonight."

"Let me see, I believe I have a savory rabbit stew and some honey-glazed biscuits."

"Yes, please!"

Soon it was time for Lucius to go on stage; he was wearing an adaptation of the uniform of the city guard. He heard the MC use a magical voice amplifier and introduce him to the audience “Back here for the first time in four years, your favorite decadent cop, Luscious Lucius. His body is made for pleasure that is so intense it should be criminal.”

Lucius sauntered on stage during the introduction then felt the magic light descend upon him. He struck his starting pose for the routine, left hand out in the universal stop gesture. The small band started a rowdy erotic piece, and Lucius exploded into a sexual frenzy as he teased and twirled across the stage. He saw the big strapping shifter that had been his appreciative audience when he worked the ropes on the ship sitting at one of the front tables. Lucius used him as the target member to work his seduction on. He slowly removed every piece of the uniform until he had only sheer breeches on.

Brycent let out an appreciative howl. Lucius blew a kiss to Brycent as he left the stage. Brycent quickly found his way backstage knowing he had to have the demon.

Brycent captured Lucius and kissed him fiercely as he backed him against the wall. Lucius melted against it and slid down to his knees. Somehow Brycent had let his cock slip free from his clothing. Lucius quickly sucked it in, blowing Brycent without a care that anyone could come back here and see it happening. His mouth was everywhere on the cock and balls he was focused on. Brycent was really turned on by the slurps and moans he heard Lucius make. Too soon for both of them Brycent was coming. Lucius tried to swallow it all, but the sperm shots kept flowing out of his mouth as it was flooded over his capacity to keep in.

Lucius, when Brycent finished coming, cleaned the cock with his lips and tongue. They both had to recover, then reluctantly left to go their separate ways; they had places to be and also had important jobs to prepare for.

The End

Author Bio

I am a 46 year old man who loves men and reading immensely. I am proud to say I am also a Methodist lay servant working to become a lay speaker. I can be found participating in many of the challenges in the MM Romance group and some other groups. I work for a fast food restaurant because I hate job interviews; they make me extremely uncomfortable. I live in Milwaukee, WI.

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Facebook](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Goodreads](#)