

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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TAKEN

Kim Dare

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

TAKEN

By Kim Dare

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.

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Photo Description

Three elves crowd around a captured human. The human is bound and gagged; chains attached to his collar restrain him to the floor, and his hands are cuffed behind his back. The elves are all clothed but the human's clothing has been torn away, rendering him naked and vulnerable. Each elf is tall, slender, and elegant, with long flowing hair. All three elves are reaching out toward their captive human, beginning to explore his body.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

They aren't real; at least that's what I was always told. Yet here I am, bound and at their mercy. I have no memory of how I got here. I know that I'm supposed to be afraid and ashamed of the things they do to me, but the thing is, I've never felt safer or more loved in my entire life.

Sincerely,

Jen4067

Story Info

Genre: fantasy

Tags: BDSM, bondage, edging, ménage, M/M/M/M, fae/fey/fairies, abduction/kidnapping, homophobia

Content warnings: dubious consent, extended bondage

Word count: 10,416

Author's Note

Please note this story focuses on an MMMM relationship involving elements of BDSM. It also references off screen violence and homophobia. Additionally, some readers may consider the main relationship to contain elements of dubious consent.

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By **Kim Dare**

Maxen slowly opened his eyes and peered up into the gloom above him. It was dark—too dark. Even if it was the very middle of the night, the fire in the centre of his clan’s round house should have cast enough light up toward the roof to let him make out the thick oak supporting beams. Frowning, Maxen tried to sit up.

He’d barely lifted his back an inch off the hard ground before something tugged painfully against his neck. Cold metal chains pressed against his chest, forcing him to slump back.

He tried to force his mind into action. His brain seemed reluctant to cooperate, but facts sluggishly presented themselves for his consideration. His chest was bare, although he was sure it hadn’t been when he’d gone to sleep. A draught blew across his skin, and he realised that most of his body was equally uncovered. He shifted his position as far as the chains allowed, but the only fabric he sensed lay in tatters around his ankles and forearms.

Maxen tried to swallow down his nerves, but there was something in his mouth, resting between his teeth like a narrow bit from a horse’s bridle. It made swallowing almost impossible. He pushed his tongue against it, trying to force it out, but it was somehow held securely in place.

He should have felt panicked—some little part of his mind that was less ponderous than the rest knew that. But it didn’t happen. The beginnings of something akin to fear trembled inside him, but the wave of terror he expected to swell within him at every moment—that never came.

He tried to think, but it felt as if each thought had to wade across a fast flowing river before it reached him.

He stared intently into the darkness above him, trying to understand his surroundings—the roof looked to be made out of earth, or... no. As his sight

gradually adjusted to the lack of light, he saw that the roof was made from stone. Maxen turned his head slightly, expecting to see the side of some sort of cave—perhaps like those on the farthest edge of the land his clan farmed. Instead, Maxen’s eyes came to rest on a blank earthen wall. He was underground.

Maxen’s breath caught in his throat. There was only one place he could be, one building he knew of that harboured underground rooms such as this.

He was in Lord Brackenridge’s castle—in Lord Brackenridge’s dungeon.

Maxen no longer had to look for panicked thoughts. True horror slashed through his mind, cutting away everything but primal fear. He closed his eyes very tight, as if that could somehow save him, and desperately tried to remember what had brought him to the dungeon.

He remembered...

He remembered going to sleep at the end of a long day working in the fields, curling up as close to the fire as he dared, not sure if it was better to risk freezing or to chance his ragged garments catching ablaze. He’d heard the others in his clan falling asleep close by. The fire crackled. Someone snored on the other side of the fire.

Then, Maxen supposed, he must have slept.

And, after that... nothing.

Maxen strained his hearing, desperate for any clue about the world around him. His ears buzzed as if he had been hit hard across the head. No individual sound was audible past the dull ringing noise. He’d never guessed that a dungeon would be so quiet.

There had to be people close by, he was sure of it, other prisoners at least. Lord Brackenridge had never been reluctant to lock up those he deemed a threat to his power.

Even if he couldn’t sense them, Maxen was sure that there would be men watching him, too—people studying him, waiting for any hint that he was

awake. A prison would have guards. Yes, Lord Brackenridge had lots of guards...

Maxen tried to slow his breathing so as not to draw anyone's attention. He even closed his eyes, in case someone might see a glint of light reflected in his eyes and find him out.

Making tiny movements, praying that he wouldn't cause any sound, he tested his bonds.

Metal lay around his neck, ankles, and wrists. If it had been rope, perhaps he could have tried to untie himself, but the shackles around his limbs felt strong and firm. He'd have needed the strength of ten men to break free, and even then, he would have still been in the dungeon.

Carefully tensing various muscles in turn, Maxen worked out that the metal collar around his neck was attached to the two lengths of chain that ran across his chest. The other ends of the chains seemed to be attached firmly to the ground to each side of him, although he had no way of telling by what.

"What shall we name him?" The words tugged at the very edge of Maxen's hearing. He wasn't even sure that he hadn't imagined them. His heart raced so fast, the beat would surely have drowned out real words. Holding his breath, Maxen focused all his energy on listening for more.

"It's too soon to think of that."

"We have to call him something." That sounded like the voice of the man who had spoken first.

"Why?" That was someone new, a third person.

At least three men were close enough to Maxen for him to be able to make out their words, even while they all sounded as if they attempted to speak quietly.

His eyes still closed, Maxen frowned slightly. The men didn't sound like any of the guards Maxen had heard bark orders at the villagers during their patrols.

“Everyone has to be called something,” the first speaker said. He had the lightest voice and sounded like the youngest of the three. “Even humans.”

Maxen barely had time to wonder about that term before someone spoke again.

“Don’t get too attached to him.” That voice belonged to the second speaker. It seemed more serious than the first, but still far friendlier than any of Lord Brackenridge’s men had ever been known to sound.

“He’s awake.”

Maxen tensed. Too scared to move, he lay with his eyes closed and recited every prayer he could think of, calling on all the old gods that Lord Brackenridge had sought to banish when he claimed ownership of the villages all along the plains.

Sensing a movement close by, Maxen was helpless against the instinct to open his eyes. Staring straight up, he waited for the dark metal helmet of a guard to loom over him. He bit down on the thin gag.

There was no helmet.

No guard came into view.

Elves!

The gag turned the word into a mumbled mess, but it couldn’t change the reality standing before him. Three elves appeared out of the darkness, bringing with them candles and enough light to make out their individual features. Maxen stared up at them, his eyes open very wide. Each elf was male, tall and slender, with long hair falling over his shoulders and down his back.

One of the elves stepped closer and crouched down near Maxen’s feet. Maxen tried to back away. The chains held strong, restraining his wrists and ankles, keeping his legs wide apart and secured firmly to the hard ground beneath him.

The candles’ flames fluttered as the other elves moved closer, but Maxen couldn’t look away from the one at his feet. That elf was naked to the waist, his pale skin decorated with elaborate designs the same bright red hue as his

hair. He reached out one red-gloved hand. Maxen had no idea what the elf intended to do. Unable to sit up, Maxen had no line of sight, no warning before the elf wrapped his fingers delicately around his cock.

Maxen jerked against his chains. He tried to sit up, but the collar forced him back down. The elf tilted his head to one side and studied Maxen's reaction through narrowed eyes.

It wasn't right. This wasn't how things were done.

Maxen had felt men's hands on him before—human men. Brief caresses in the shadows of the forest, hidden away from prying eyes, where no one could see what happened—not the clan, not the village, and most of all not Lord Brackenridge's guards.

No. Maxen's pulse raced faster and faster.

This was wrong. He felt all three elves' gazes burning into him. This was nothing like being in the forest. There was nothing hidden here. He couldn't let anyone see this—allowing it would be akin to signing his own death warrant.

The elf tightened his grip around Maxen's shaft and rubbed his thumb across the tip of his cock, sending pleasure purring up his spine. Maxen sensed his shaft harden in response.

"Einion." The word was spoken in the same warning tone as before. Maxen tore his gaze away from the elf kneeling between his spread legs. The voice belonged to the elf with the silvery white hair and the serious eyes.

Maxen swallowed past the obstruction of the gag. He tried to turn his body, but the restraints kept him helplessly in place, unable to escape the red-haired elf's touch, unable to escape *Einion's* touch.

"No. We were right. He likes it," Einion said. "See." He half-unfurled his fingers from around Maxen's cock to show the others how hard it was.

Maxen closed his eyes. As exposed as he was, it was impossible for him to deny anything.

Fear pounded through Maxen's veins. He was going to die. This was why the elves had brought him to their dungeons. They saw inside him the same demons that Lord Brackenridge's guards were always on the hunt for. His secret was out. Whether it was by a human's hands, or an elf's hand, he would be dead before the nightfall, and all because of the hand now wrapped around his shaft.

Maxen tried to twist away from Einion's grip, but the elf wrapped his fingers more firmly around his cock and stroked the length in slow easy motions. It was unlike any furtive touch he'd felt from a human man. It sent more bliss rolling through his body than Maxen had ever known possible.

He shook his head, as if that could help his cause.

"That's enough, Einion. Our guest needs time to recover." The silver-haired elf's tone allowed for no argument.

Annoyance clouded Einion's eyes, but he didn't look away from Maxen for a moment. "Ithel—"

"No."

Maxen looked toward the apparent leader of these elves, to Ithel. A long silver robe hid most of that elf's body, making it impossible to tell if his skin was decorated with the same kind of markings that covered Einion's shoulders and chest, but he had no similar designs painted on his face. His only ornaments were the jewels that sparkled on his fingers and at his neck.

Maxen looked from one elf to the other, still desperately trying to both control his body's reactions and to make his mind remember what had happened to bring him to that place.

"There will be no argument," Ithel went on. "The human will be given time to heal before he is tested."

Einion's hand left him, but Maxen couldn't breathe any sigh of relief.

Tested?

Once more his gag stole the word from him.

Either they didn't hear him try to speak, or they didn't care what he wanted to say. Maxen tried to remember the old stories he'd heard of the elves. He'd been told of elves stealing humans away, but there had been nothing about a test, no detail at all about what happened to humans once elves had them in their power.

Ithel turned to the third elf. "Fetch the wine, Hefin."

That third elf, Hefin, vanished from Maxen's line of sight, but quickly reappeared carrying a tall drinking vessel decorated with swirling metalwork.

Ithel moved around Maxen and lowered himself to his knees directly behind him. Metal clinked against metal, and the tension on the chain across Maxen's chest disappeared. Ithel placed his hands on Maxen's shoulders and guided him to sit up.

Maxen immediately tried to look over his shoulder. Ithel was right behind him, supporting him with his body. Then Maxen tried to bring his hands forward to cover himself. Chains rattled. His hands stayed where they were.

"We don't wish to hurt you," Ithel whispered in Maxen's ear. "But if you struggle, you may hurt yourself. You don't want that. Understand?"

Maxen nodded.

"Hefin," Ithel prompted.

The third elf knelt close at Maxen's side. His body was as bare as Einion's, except for a length of black cloth over one shoulder that hid part of his torso. The marks on Hefin's skin were as beautiful as anything Maxen had ever seen, but it was the delicate curved horns growing out from between his long dark strands of hair that demanded and held his attention.

Hefin held out the elfish drinking vessel, offering it delicately to Maxen's lips.

The gag was still between his teeth. He mumbled around it, trying to draw his attention to that fact.

"You can drink past it," Ithel informed him.

Maxen shook his head.

“Yes, you can,” Ithel said. “Go on, Hefin.”

Hefin put the glass to Maxen’s lips and tipped it up. With Ithel directly behind him and his head supported on that elf’s shoulder, Maxen couldn’t lean away. He parted his lips as best he could.

Warm, sweet liquid trickled into his mouth. He swallowed it little by little, taking breaths whenever the flow allowed. He stared up at Hefin, knowing that even the air in his lungs was the elf’s to take away whenever he pleased. Their eyes met. Hefin smiled. Finally, he took away the vessel. He disappeared from Maxen’s line of sight, but was soon back kneeling at his side once more.

Between them, the three elves seemed to completely surround Maxen. He couldn’t keep all of them in his line of sight at the same time. He looked over his shoulder at Ithel, trying to read his expression, and received no warning before one of the other elves’ hands came to rest on his chest. Maxen twisted back around and peered down at his own torso.

Hefin’s hand rested in the middle of his chest, very gently. His hand was warm, and his touch just as sweet as the wine had been; it clouded his mind just as thoroughly. Maxen tensed as his body responded to the elf’s caress, and his cock started to swell even further.

As soon as he noticed, Einion reached out toward his stiffening shaft.

“Einion,” Ithel warned. “We spoke about this. The wine will help him heal. It won’t take away his fear from this afternoon.”

Maxen tried to turn his head and look up at Ithel again. Fear of what? He tried to force the question past the gag, but the words were unintelligible.

Hefin moved his hand up to rest on Maxen’s cheek. Their eyes met. He looked so concerned.

“Does the gag have to stay on?” Hefin asked, turning his attention back to the leader of the elves.

Ithel seemed to be the one who had the final say on any decision. Time seemed to pass very slowly until he finally spoke. “You may try.”

Hefin carefully reached behind Maxen's head, undid the fastening on the gag, and took it away.

Maxen swallowed rapidly, working his tongue around in his mouth and licking his lips, glorying in the simple freedom to be found in regaining control of his own mouth.

"I don't remember." His voice was raw and harsh compared to those of the elves.

The elves all exchanged looks.

Einion still knelt between Maxen's spread legs. He glared down at him, red brows almost coming together above the bridge of his nose. "You don't remember what?"

Maxen took a shaky breath. "You said that I should be afraid because of what happened. I... I don't remember what happened." He looked from one elf to another. "I don't remember anything after last night."

"See?" Einion demanded. He reached out and put his hand on Maxen's leg, pushing aside the tattered remains of Maxen's trousers, sliding his gloved hand against Maxen's bare skin. "There is no reason to—"

"We can sense your fear," Ithel cut in. "You can't lie to us—it would be far better for you not to try."

Maxen shook his head. He scrabbled around in his mind, but there seemed to be nothing there for him to find. His memory was completely blank. "But I don't remember..."

"Then why are you scared?" Einion demanded. He moved closer, and slid his hand further up Maxen's leg.

All of the elves' hands rested against him now, warming his bare skin, sending dangerous waves of pleasure through his body.

Maxen shook his head, begging his body not to respond.

"I know it's not because you dislike our touch," Einion said, smiling down at him, stroking his fingers over Maxen's flesh, making him shiver with desire.

“You can’t lie about that, either.” He glanced pointedly down at the way Maxen’s cock curved up toward his stomach.

“They’ll kill me,” Maxen whispered. He sensed the air in the room change. “Lord Brackenridge, his guards, if they find out that you... that I’ve... Please, they’ll kill me.”

None of the elves pulled away from him; none of them removed their hands from his skin.

“What makes you think we’d tell them?” Ithel whispered into his ear.

Maxen tensed, looking from one elf to another once more.

“We didn’t bring you here to get you killed.”

Again, Maxen studied each elf’s expression. They seemed serious; they appeared honest. “Why... why did you bring me here?” he asked, in little more than a whisper.

“Because we saw you in the forest. Because you’re beautiful,” Hefin said, very softly.

Maxen tried to sit up further, but the chains pulled him back. The best he could manage was to half-recline, supported against Ithel’s torso.

With elves surrounding him and unfamiliar sensations dancing through his body, it was so hard to think, so difficult to breathe. Hefin settled one of his hands on the inside of Maxen’s knee. Einion toyed with the chains that kept Maxen in place.

His cock grew harder. Maxen closed his eyes. “They’ll know.” Perhaps he’d managed to keep his visits to the forest with other young men a secret, but in that moment it seemed impossible that anyone would be able to look at him and not realise how much he loved the elves’ touch against his skin. Surely, it would be obvious to the entire world exactly what he wanted the elves to do.

“Humans cannot see what lies in your heart.”

Maxen forced open his eyes and looked over his shoulder at Ithel. Did he mean to say that elves could see into a man's desires? Was that why they took him? Because they knew, because they could tell?

"You're no use to us if you don't enjoy what we do with you," Ithel whispered in his ear. "Having to keep a human bound forever would be too... inconvenient."

"You can untie me. I won't try to get away," Maxen promised.

"Not yet," Ithel announced.

"But—"

"The rules that govern us exist for a reason, and the gag is still here if it's needed."

Maxen pressed his lips tightly together.

"If you are afraid or in pain, you may speak. But there will be no arguing with our laws. Do you understand?"

Maxen nodded, afraid to even say yes in case that caused the gag to be set back between his lips.

"Good." Ithel caressed Maxen's shoulder.

Out of the corner of his eye, Maxen saw him nod to the other elves.

Einion smiled. Leaning forward, he dipped his head low over Maxen's body and took the tip of his cock between his lips.

All remembrance of the gag disappeared from Maxen's mind. He cried out as he pulled against his chains, and stared down at Einion in a mixture of confusion and awe. There was no comparison between feeling a human's hand on his body and having an elf's lips move against his shaft that way.

Einion looked up along the length of Maxen's torso. Their eyes met. The elf's gaze wasn't unfriendly, but amusement danced in his expression, and so did awareness of the power that Einion had over Maxen. In that moment, Maxen was helpless, not because he was bound, but because all Einion had to do was circle his tongue around the tip of his cock, and Maxen would be

willing to do anything Einion asked of him. No price was too high to pay, if it convinced Einion to repeat that caress.

Still holding Maxen's gaze, Einion dipped his head lower, sliding his lips further down Maxen's shaft.

Maxen's breath caught in his throat. He whimpered, needing air, but all at once unable to make his lungs function without the elves' permission.

A firm touch against Maxen's cheek made him tear his gaze away from Einion, but he only managed to take one breath before Ithel's mouth covered his.

Maxen froze. Unable to react, all he could do was glory in the way Ithel's tongue traced the line between his lips, both demanding entry and refusing to take anything that wasn't offered freely.

Einion's mouth moved over Maxen's cock again, taking up a lethargic, teasing rhythm. Without warning, Maxen's body took over from his mind, and he attempted to thrust his hips, pushing his cock deeper into Einion's mouth.

Einion's only response was to place both his hands on Maxen's hips and pin him down against the bare earth. Neither the elf's pace nor his actions changed in any way. Maxen whimpered. He tried to squirm away from either Einion's mouth or Ithel's kiss, desperate to gain some space to think, but it was impossible.

The elves' bodies were elegant and long-limbed, but they were also strong—far stronger than any humans Maxen had encountered.

Each touch inspired both lust and fear within him. He whimpered again, tugging at his restraints, even though he wasn't sure if he wanted to escape from the elves or merely to free himself so he could reach out and caress them in return.

Einion and Ithel's actions filled all Maxen's senses. He had no thoughts to spare. He cried his surprise into Ithel's kiss as he felt a third pair of lips move against his body.

Hefin.

Starting at his neck, the third elf traced a trail of kisses down Maxen's body. Inch by inch, he set more and more nerve endings alight. Maxen gasped for breath as Hefin's path took him across one of his nipples.

Maxen arched his back, instinctively trying to keep Hefin's kisses there. For a moment, the elf seemed to hesitate. Then, he circled Maxen's nipple with his tongue. He sucked delicately around the sensitive little bit of flesh. Added to the sensations provided by the other elves, it was almost enough to let Maxen reach his climax.

He squirmed against his restraints, trying to thrust into Einion's mouth, and desperately attempting to match Ithel kiss for kiss. He was right on the edge of his pleasure. Expectation flooded his body. His muscles tensed and—

Maxen whimpered into Ithel's kiss as Einion's mouth suddenly disappeared from his world. He tried to turn away from Ithel, desperate to know what had happened, what had gone wrong.

No—Ithel kept his hand on his cheek, holding him in place.

Hefin's mouth left him within seconds, making Maxen whimper again. Still, Ithel didn't release him. He continued the kiss as if nothing had changed. It was only when Maxen gave in and accepted the kiss that Ithel slowly pulled away, leaving Maxen abandoned and alone—even while their hands still remained on his skin.

Maxen peered up at them. The elves were exchanging speaking looks above him. Not one of them glanced down at him. It was almost as if they were so focused on each other they had forgotten he was there.

A tiny nod from Ithel, and Einion smiled. He moved his hands from where they'd rested on Maxen's hips, sliding them both down between Maxen's legs until his gloved fingers caressed Maxen's balls.

Another nod from Ithel, and Hefin moved away from them all. There was no time for Maxen to worry about that, because Ithel was moving too, guiding Maxen to lie back, flat on the earth.

“What's happening, what are you—?”

Ithel placed a fingertip on Maxen's lips. He didn't have to mention the gag aloud. Maxen remembered his earlier warning well enough. Ithel smiled when he saw the way Maxen instinctively pressed his lips together.

Metal links rattled and the chains across Maxen's chest once more pinned him flat against the floor.

Hefin returned and handed something to Einion. Maxen tried to lift his head and see what it was, but the chains made it impossible. Unable to remain entirely still, he clenched and unclenched his fists, trying to expel his energy in a way that wouldn't offend the elves.

Einion's hands left Maxen for several seconds. When his fingers returned to Maxen's skin, the gloves were gone, and his touch didn't move against either his balls or his cock. He rubbed his fingertips firmly against Maxen's hole. Whatever Hefin had brought across the room, it slicked Einion's touch, and his fingers slid easily against the sensitive ring of muscle.

Maxen stared up at the elves. Each seemed to understand what was happening without a word needing to be spoken between them. Maxen closed his eyes as Einion circled his hole with his fingertips, teasing and testing the flesh there. No human had ever touched him that way. He bit down on his bottom lip as unfamiliar sensations assaulted his mind.

The pressure behind Einion's caresses increased. One of his fingertips slid into Maxen's hole. He twisted against the chains. Opening his eyes to stare up at the elves in shock as he saw what the other two elves were doing. He blinked rapidly, clearing his vision, making sure he didn't miss another second of it. As he watched, Ithel kissed Hefin again. Sliding his arms around the youngest elf, Ithel pulled him closer. Time seemed to stand still as the kiss morphed into another, then another.

Maxen's lips parted. He would have given anything to have been able to sit upright and join their kiss. His chains clinked. Einion chuckled, drawing Maxen's attention away from the other elves' kiss.

Maxen looked toward Einion just in time to allow Einion to see his expression change when the elf slid a second finger inside him and stretched his hole open further.

Glancing back at Ithel and Hefin, Maxen realised that the elves had cast aside their clothes. Each elf was now completely naked but for their intricate metalwork jewellery. Tearing his attention away from the kiss, Maxen turned his gaze toward the elves' cocks. Ithel had his hand wrapped firmly around Hefin's shaft—the gems in his rings caught the light and sparkled as he caressed him.

When the elves knelt, their cocks were brought closer to Maxen's eye level. He suddenly had a perfect vantage point. Head turned to the side, he watched, fascinated, as Ithel stroked Hefin's shaft again and again. He heard Hefin's breathing change as Ithel tightened his grip around him.

Gradually, Maxen managed to look at other parts of the elves' bodies, and he realised that they had rearranged themselves. Ithel now knelt behind Hefin. With one hand on Hefin's chest, Ithel tugged him back so their bodies were pressed tightly together.

Ithel looked over Hefin's shoulder, directly at Maxen. "You liked the way Einion's lips felt against your cock," he reminded him.

It would have been stupid to deny it. Maxen nodded slightly.

Ithel moved forward. Hefin had little choice but to do the same. The youngest of the three elves had his head tilted back in pleasure. He stared up at the ceiling just as Maxen had a few minutes before.

Another movement forward by both elves, and Hefin's shaft was just a few inches from Maxen's face. Looking up, Maxen met Ithel's gaze for a moment, before quickly returning his attention to Hefin's cock.

If the humans guessed what the elves had done with him, he would be killed anyway. He had nothing left to lose, no reason to do anything other than what he'd wished to do with another man for as long as he could remember. Lifting his head away from the cold earth and straining against his chains, he was just able to brush his lips against the tip of Hefin's cock.

Hefin's whole body jerked. Ithel smiled and shuffled forward again, pushing Hefin closer to Maxen, making it easier for Maxen to wrap his lips around the topmost part of Hefin's erection.

Hefin seemed to melt back against Ithel, as if all his strength had to leave him in order to make more room for pleasure in his body. Ithel whispered something in Hefin's ear, too low for Maxen to be able to make out the words. Whatever was said, Hefin nodded his agreement with it.

Maxen moved his tongue against the very tip of the elf's cock, trying to copy the way Einion had kissed his own flesh earlier. It was impossible. His mouth was so clumsy compared to Einion's. His tongue refused to curl and flutter against Hefin's cock the way it should have.

Maxen whimpered his frustration.

Hefin murmured his approval, and the taste of him grew stronger in Maxen's mouth—sweet and salty at the same time. Maxen swallowed rapidly, eager for more. He moaned around Hefin's shaft. That sound seemed to please the elf, too. There was no reason for Maxen to try to remain silent in order to please the man he held within his mouth.

There was freedom in that knowledge. When Einion's fingers moved deep inside him and found some magical point, Maxen didn't try to keep his pleasure at the discovery to himself. Bliss unlike anything he'd ever known shot through him, and he let all the elves know.

Perhaps, in his pleasure, he'd made some sort of noise that sounded like a complaint. Einion took away his fingers, but Maxen couldn't protest—that would have meant taking his mouth away from Hefin, and he couldn't lose his connection to both elves in such quick succession. He knew he wouldn't survive such a loss.

With his head turned toward Hefin, Maxen had no way of determining what Einion was doing now. He rocked his hips, praying that his skin would brush against the elf's body and he would at least know where Einion was.

Yes!

Einion's hands came to rest on Maxen's skin once more. They settled on his flanks, pinning him against the ground. For a moment, Maxen thought that Einion intended to wrap his lips around his cock and grant him the same pleasure as before. The idea of feeling an elf's mouth against his shaft, while his own lips still caressed Hefin's cock, was enough to make Maxen's mind race.

But, no... Something pressed against Maxen's hole instead. All of the elves' hands were accounted for. That left only one possibility.

Maxen opened his eyes but the angles were all wrong. It was impossible for him to see what Einion was doing. He was blind to all details as he felt Einion push forward and settle his cock deep within his arse for the first time.

Maxen gasped around Hefin's cock and squirmed within his restraints. The sensation was unlike anything he'd ever experienced, beyond anything he'd imagined possible.

The villagers would kill him if they knew, but in that moment, he knew it would be worth dying for. He tugged at his chains, but he had no interest in getting away from the elves. He needed to reach out to them, to touch them and explore their bodies, just as they'd touched him.

He had to have everything—everything he'd been afraid to want, afraid to need from another man. He sucked more firmly around Hefin's cock as Einion thrust deep within him, and came as close to bliss as any human could.

Past Hefin, Maxen saw Ithel move away. The leader of the three elves moved around Maxen. His silvery-white cloak was gone and Ithel held his cock in his hand, gently stroking his shaft as he moved to kneel on the other side of Maxen. His skin was very pale. His glans stood out in stark contrast to his shaft as his strokes drew back his foreskin.

As he desperately tried to make his tongue caress Hefin's cock in the way that would best please the elf, Maxen watched Ithel out of the corner of his eye. He saw Ithel reach across to Hefin and slide his fingers into the long, dark strands of hair. Tugging Hefin forward, Ithel brought their lips together in a fierce kiss.

As Hefin leaned closer to Ithel, his cock slid deeper between Maxen's lips. It was too much. A wave of uncertainty roared through Maxen, and he pulled back, gasping for breath. He turned his head, looking directly up into the kiss. They were so beautiful, so perfect.

Turning his head a little more, Maxen realised that Ithel's bare shaft was now just a few inches away from his cheek. He twisted his neck and brought his lips to the head of Ithel's shaft. He ran his tongue over the tip. Ithel swayed forward, allowing Maxen to wrap his lips around the head, but he didn't push so deeply within his mouth as Hefin had a moment before.

Pleasure danced in Maxen's veins. His mind couldn't keep up, couldn't process it all. The village, Lord Brackenridge, the guards—they were all far away, in a world that barely existed.

Something brushed against Maxen's right cheek. Maxen had to release Ithel's shaft in order to turn his head.

Hefin's cock was just an inch from his lips. Both shafts were so close to his mouth. Not knowing what else to do, Maxen turned to first one, then the other, trying his best to please both elves at the same time, glorying in the subtle differences in their tastes. But it was impossible for him to concentrate completely on either elf's pleasure.

Einion's thrusts sped up. The bliss he sent racing through Maxen's body with every movement made any sort of complex thought process impossible. Maxen was now operating entirely on instinct, and his instincts said that he should do everything in his power to please the men around him. If this was to be his only chance to find this kind of intimacy with another man, he had to take it.

Ithel and Hefin drew closer to each other, until the tips of their shafts almost touched directly in front of Maxen's lips. Maxen licked and mouthed the heads, unable to take either deep in his mouth for more than a few seconds, before the other elf demanded his attention.

Maxen pulled at his chains again, more desperate to reach out to the elves than ever. Every link held strong.

He stilled as he realised that something about Einion's movements had altered. The angles changed. Maxen looked up and saw that Einion had leaned closer to the others and joined in the kiss that arced above Maxen's prone body.

Hefin and Ithel both welcomed Einion into the kiss, tilting their heads to make space for him. Einion's mood changed then. His thrusts became harder, rougher. His fingers bit into Maxen's sides as he ploughed deep inside him several times in quick succession.

Einion yelled out into the three-way kiss, his hips jerking one more time before he stilled. Ithel's hand appeared on Maxen's cheek and guided him to wrap his lips around the tip of Hefin's shaft. He was only just in time. Hefin gasped and spilled into Maxen's mouth as he found his pleasure.

Maxen didn't have time to think, only to swallow as quickly as he could. Within moments, Ithel's touch fell on his cheek again, demanding that Maxen turn back to face him. This time, at least, Maxen knew what to expect. He willingly opened his mouth to receive Ithel's cock. He swallowed rapidly until Ithel's hips stilled and he had taken everything both elves had to give.

Collapsing back on the hard earth, Maxen looked up at the elves. One kiss between the three of them had led to another, then another. There was less hunger in their kisses now, more gentleness—even from Einion. They smiled as they kissed and nuzzled each other, trailing their lips over each other's necks and faces.

Slowly, Einion pulled away, separating his body from Maxen's. They seemed to have forgotten he was there. If they cared whether or not he'd found his own climax, they showed no sign of it. Maxen's cock still stood proudly away from his body, aching for release. If there had been any way he could free his hands and reach for his own shaft, he wouldn't have spoken, but he didn't have that choice.

“Please?”

Watching their kiss while unable to satisfy his own needs was torture.

“Please?” he whispered again.

At least one of the elves must have heard him. They all pulled slightly back from each other and looked down at him. There was no way they could have failed to understand what he wanted. Einion smiled, the same way he had when he first realised how much power he had over Maxen.

Hefin reached out toward Maxen's crotch. He was obviously about to take him in hand, but Ithel stopped him.

"Not yet." He spoke to Hefin, not Maxen. Any hint of apology in his voice was directed toward the other elf and not the human in their midst.

Hefin nodded his acceptance, but Maxen shook his head. None of the elves seemed to notice the gesture.

"We will leave him to rest now."

Maxen watched as the elves calmly picked up their clothes, rose to their feet, and strolled out of his line of sight. He tried to sit up and see where they went, but the chains held strong. Somewhere behind him he heard a door close and a heavy bolt slide into place. He collapsed back.

His whole body ached with need. He closed his eyes and bit down on his bottom lip, willing his body to accept that he wasn't going to find any pleasure that night. It was impossible. His skin still tingled everywhere the elves had touched him. His cock ached and refused to soften in the least.

He tugged at the cuffs around his wrists and the chains attached to his collar, but he knew there was no way he would ever break free. The only touch he would receive now was from the elves. He was completely at their mercy. All he could do was wait for their return.

Maxen stirred, aware that something had woken him, but unsure what it might have been. He tried to sit up. The moment the chains pressed against his skin, his memory came flooding back.

Elves!

He'd lost count of the number of the times the three elves had visited him in the dungeon. He no longer had any idea how many times their hands had

moved over his skin, only to refuse to grant him that final caress that would have allowed him to achieve his pleasure.

He was sure he'd been in the dungeon for days, and maybe far longer. Out of sight of the sun, there was no way to calculate the passage of time. True, the elves had on occasion allowed him enough freedom to extend his limbs, to take the food they offered him, and to move around the dungeon to attend to other needs. But Maxen had no idea if they did so once a day, more often, less.

He just knew that the chains never left his body all at the same time. He was never permitted to leave the dungeon. In truth, being trapped there had ceased to scare him. He was warm and well fed, the chains were not painful, and the elves were not unkind. Only one fact kept him on edge, desperate for a freedom they seemed determined to deny him. He had not once succeeded in wrapping his hand around his own shaft and bringing himself the release he craved more strongly with each visit from the elves.

Maxen slowly lifted his head. Just as each time they came to him, all three elves were there. Maxen looked at them each in turn. They stared back at him, unblinking.

Ithel reached out to Maxen first, stroking his fingers down his cheek. Maxen swallowed rapidly. That chaste touch was all it took now. His body responded instantly. His shaft ached as he began to harden again.

It had taken a lifetime for him to recover his composure after the elves left him last time. It felt as if he'd only softened a few minutes ago. Stiffening again so soon was more a torment than pleasure.

Within seconds, six elfish hands moved across his skin and stroked through his hair, teasing him to the point of distraction. Maxen closed his eyes and bit down on the inside of his cheek. Hefin wrapped his fingers around Maxen's cock—that was all it took to push him past the point of all control.

“Please,” Maxen whispered.

“Tell us what you want,” Ithel ordered. The same order that had been given so many times.

Maxen blinked open his eyes and gazed up at Ithel, studying the serious eyes very carefully.

It had to be obvious, didn't it? Elves were not so different from humans—the elves had proven that to him time and time again. They found their pleasure, with him and with each other, in exactly the same way as he would—if only given the chance.

He opened his mouth, but once again the words lodged in his throat. He couldn't. Speaking of such things was wrong. Lord Brackenridge would have him killed for ever uttering such words.

He pressed his lips tightly together and turned his head, unable to look at any of the elves. The words still rose up inside him, unspeakable and irrepressible in equal measure.

“Please,” Maxen whispered, as the last of his control failed him. He tried to rock his hips and push his cock against Hefin's palm. “I need... please... your hand...”

Looking up, he saw Hefin glance toward Ithel for permission. “Just our hands, is that all you wish to ask us for?”

Maxen's breath caught in his throat. He almost wished he had the gag between his lips; that he didn't have to make a choice to answer or remain silent—almost.

Hefin kept his hand around Maxen's shaft, tempting him, making it so difficult for him to think.

“Please,” Maxen whispered again, forcing open his eyes and looking up at them each in turn.

“You may have whatever you ask for,” Ithel promised.

Einion still stood on the other side of Maxen, tracing a pattern over Maxen's chest with his fingers while carefully studying Maxen's reactions.

Maxen squirmed, trying to push his body against all three of the elves' hands, but they all moved with him, refusing to give him anything unless he found the words and asked for it.

“Everything,” Maxen whispered, so softly he wasn’t sure the word was audible to the other men. He barely even heard it himself, past the loud beat of his heart. But that didn’t change the truth; he wanted everything the elves could offer him.

Einion leant forward. His kiss was hard and demanding, full of triumph and possession. Maxen felt another elf’s mouth wrap around the tip of his cock, but he had no way of knowing if those lips belonged to Ithel or Hefin. All he knew was that wet heat filled his senses as an elf’s tongue danced against his cock’s head. Every thought Maxen might have possessed drained away.

He screamed into Einion’s kiss as he came, jerking and pulling against his bonds. Lifetimes had passed by since the last time he had been permitted to find that sort of pleasure. Ecstasy slashed through him, threatening to tear out his soul as it cut deeper into his psyche than he’d ever guessed was possible.

His mind spun. He gasped for breath as Einion stepped back. With his eyes closed and his whole body trembling with the aftershocks of his pleasure, Maxen was barely aware of the elves moving slowly away from him.

His eyes dropped closed. For once, there was no need to lie in the darkness trying to force his body to relax and accept frustration as an inescapable part of his new life. Sleep claimed him within seconds.

Still nine parts asleep, Maxen twisted his body and tried to roll onto his side. He failed. Something pressed down against his chest, holding him in place, making any large degree of movement impossible. He tried again. The pressure against his torso eased slightly. He yawned and rolled his shoulders as he turned to his left, but he made no effort to sit up. He had no interest in waking completely.

The world around him was far too warm and comfortable for him to wish it away. He nuzzled against the fur blanket spread beneath him. It was softer than anything he’d ever felt against his skin before. He frowned slightly, sure that no such blanket had been there when he’d fallen asleep.

It had to be some sort of dream. In which case, he had even less interest in waking up. This place was far more pleasant than his patch of bare earth alongside the fire in the round house, where there was always too much smoke and never enough heat.

Taking a deep breath, Maxen tugged at the blanket draped over him—it was just as soft as the one beneath him—and reached all the way down past the tips of his toes. There were no holes in it to let in draughts, no parts of his body that extended beyond what the fabric could cover. Maxen smiled, relishing each moment of perfect comfort and contentment.

“How much do you think he will come to remember over time?”

Maxen pulled the topmost blanket up higher, trying to cover his ears and block out any sound that might wake him.

“Perhaps it is best that he doesn’t remember anything?”

Hefin.

The name pushed past Maxen’s slumber and forced its way into the forefront of his mind.

Hefin, Ithel and Einion.

No, those names were all part of another dream—they had to be. No other explanation made any kind of sense. He was dreaming now, and he’d been dreaming then—strange, dangerous dreams that could never be spoken of, or even thought about once he woke. One more reason not to let slumber desert him before absolutely necessary.

“We know you are awake, Maxen.”

All the relaxation and pleasure Maxen clung to disappeared like morning dew from the most fragile of spider’s webs. He knew that voice. He forced himself to open his eyes.

A dream—he reminded himself of that several times. It had been a dream, and if the elves were still here, that was because it was still a dream. He cautiously sat up. The room was brightly lit by tall, narrow windows. The sun

poured in, blinding him. He blinked rapidly and lifted one hand to shield his eyes.

As unfamiliar as the world around him was, it didn't feel like a dream. There was nothing insubstantial about his surroundings. Three silhouettes stood between him and the windows—men with long hair and tall, graceful bodies—men whose ears grew into points, like those of elves.

Maxen lowered his hand as his eyes adjusted to the light, and he recognised the elves' faces. Part of him desperately wanted to cling to the idea of a dream, but another side of his mind sang with excitement. Would a dream be so consistent? Was it possible that the elves were really there?

If they were real, then the pleasure he'd felt had been real. The possibility of future pleasure might also be real...

"I remember what you, I mean what I..." Maxen cleared his throat. "I do remember everything that happened in the dungeon," he whispered.

Maxen glanced around him. This space couldn't have been more different from the gloom of the underground room. If that had been the elfin equivalent of the torture chambers below Lord Brackenridge's castle, then this room had to be the elfin version of the lord's most elaborate bedchamber.

Maxen took in the drapes hanging at each side of the high, arched windows, the delicate metalwork brackets supporting candles, and finally the blankets spread out, around and over him.

Slowly, he looked down at his wrists. There were very faint marks on the skin there—the shackles he'd been kept in had been real.

"We had no doubt that you'd remember your time with *us*," Ithel said.

Maxen moved on to study other parts of his body. There were other marks, scrapes and bruises.

"Do you remember how you got those injuries?" the elf asked.

Maxen shook his head.

"Have you any memory of what happened just before we found you?"

All Maxen could do was shake his head again.

“You were in the forest,” Ithel prompted.

Maxen peered at each of the elves in turn. Hefin looked concerned, but the only emotion in Einion’s eyes was anger. Neither of them spoke. For now at least, it seemed that Ithel spoke for all three of them.

“I don’t remember,” Maxen whispered. There could have been many reasons why he might have been in the forest. He didn’t only go there to meet other men who were—

“Your human lord, his guards were chasing you.”

Maxen didn’t need to remember anything specific in order for terror to course through his veins when he heard those words. “Why?” he demanded, shuffling back toward the edge of the blankets furthest away from the elves. “I didn’t do anything.”

Ithel stepped forward, his hands held out, palms facing Maxen. “You’re safe now. No one can hurt you here. We won’t let anyone hurt you.”

Maxen pulled the blanket toward him, as if a piece of fabric as soft and as fine as gossamer could protect him from his fears. His memory was blank, but his imagination raced overtime. He felt the shock of discovery just as harshly as he could have if he was there in the forest at that moment.

Ithel knelt on the edge of the pile of blankets. “The man you were caught with ran in a different direction—they lost him among the trees. They managed to track you.”

Maxen shook his head, but he didn’t even know what he was trying to deny anymore.

“I believe you know what they think you did—what they believe it is wrong for a man to do with another man.”

Maxen’s breath caught in his throat. “They’ll kill me,” he whispered, more to himself than to the elves. Once the guards knew, they’d never stop hunting a man.

“Here?” Ithel said. “Humans do not come here—not unless we bring them. Even then, there are traditions that have to be followed, which would make it impossible for them to hurt anyone. Did you think we refused to release you from your chains because we were scared of you?” He shook his head. “You had to admit, to us and to yourself, that you *want* to be here, that you are no threat to anyone in our kingdom.”

Maxen glanced at Hefin and Einion, and then back to Ithel. Traditions were all well and good, but they couldn’t compete with several miles’ worth of distance between himself and Lord Brackenridge’s guards. “Don’t bring them here?” he begged. “Please?”

“They are not the kind of humans that we would ever bring here.” Ithel smiled slightly.

Maxen failed to see any reason for good humour.

“There is only one reason why an elf brings a human into his kingdom.”

Maxen stared into Ithel’s eyes, willing himself to understand, even when Ithel seemed determined not to speak plainly.

“Elves have always formed strong bonds with each other,” Ithel said, staring intently into Maxen’s eyes. “And elfish law does not care if those who bond are male or female. However, there are times when it does not matter how much the elves care for each other, or love each other—the bonds between elves are always stronger when each of them is also bound to the same member of another species—a human for instance... and if that human should prove to enjoy following the lead of those elves all the better.”

Maxen’s eyes darted from one elf to another. “The three of you are... you all have a bond?”

“Yes.”

For the first time, Ithel looked away from Maxen and turned his attention to Hefin and Ethel. They each stepped forward and lowered themselves onto their knees next to Ithel at the edge of the blankets.

“Not all humans are capable of forming bonds with elves,” Hefin said. “The humans fill men’s heads with so much pain, so much fear, and after the guards chased you, we weren’t sure...”

“Sometimes a human’s soul is so damaged by men’s actions, it is impossible for them to form a bond with us,” Ithel explained.

Maxen was in no condition to deal with any new source of fear. He shook his head again. “If I don’t remember then...” Maxen whispered, barely able to force the words past his lips.

Ithel reached out and placed a gentle hand on Maxen’s cheek. “You’re perfect. A far better fit than we ever hoped to find among all the villages in the kingdom.”

Maxen looked down. “The guards who were chasing me—”

“Are no longer able to hurt anyone,” Einion cut in.

Maxen stared at him for several seconds.

“A human sword is little use against an elfish bow,” Einion said, without any trace of regret. “Their bodies were delivered to the castle with our arrows still in place—the lord will know who dealt with them, and he will know why.”

“This isn’t the first time elves have stepped in when a villager would have been hurt by the guards for no worse crime than visiting the forest,” Ithel said. “I doubt it will be the last.”

At any other time, Maxen would have had a million questions. Right then, he only had one. “What... what happens to me now?”

Ithel leaned forward. “This.” He brushed his lips against Maxen’s mouth.

Maxen’s eyes dropped closed as pleasure and comfort tingled through his body in equal measure.

“It is important that the bonds between you and each of us remain strong if we are to all remain joined together.”

Maxen nodded, aware that Hefin and Einion were also moving closer to him. Einion reached out, took the blanket from Maxen's hands and pushed it aside, completely exposing Maxen's naked body.

Maxen hesitated, about to reach out. It felt strange not to have chains wrapped around his wrists, holding him in place.

"Having a permanent bond with an elf means never having to wear chains in our kingdom."

"I liked the chains," Einion muttered. Wrapping his hand around Maxen's ankle, he tugged, causing him to slide down the blankets.

Ithel paused, seeming to think about that for a moment. "There is no reason why you shouldn't be allowed to use them on occasion," he decided. "If Maxen has no objection."

Einion met Maxen's gaze, then looked pointedly down. It was impossible for Maxen to pretend that the idea of being bound was entirely distasteful when he was already hard, his shaft curving up toward his stomach in his enthusiasm.

"Well?" Hefin asked.

Maxen blinked at him, trying to switch mental tracks for what seemed to be the hundredth time in as many seconds.

"Is this what you want?" Hefin prompted. "To be bound to us?"

The question caught Maxen entirely off guard. It had never occurred to him that he would be given a choice.

"If you wish to go back among the humans, we will take you to a new village, one where the local guards will have no reason to suspect you of anything," Ithel said.

For several seconds, silence filled the room.

"I told you once before that an unwilling human is of no use to us," Ithel reminded him.

Maxen glanced at each elf in turn. The idea of being within a hundred leagues of the lord or his guards was enough to send a fresh wave of terror coursing through his veins, but in that moment he realised that the possibility of never seeing the elves again was more distressing still.

“I want to stay here with you,” he whispered. “Please?”

Ithel was the first to kiss him gently on the lips, apparently in welcome, then Hefin. Einion’s kiss had little to do with any such chaste intention. Within seconds, his body covered Maxen’s. Hefin reached out to Maxen just a second later, and then Ithel’s hands came to rest on him too.

Maxen gasped as his mind spun with relief and pleasure. He tried to reach out to the elves in return. For the first time, there was nothing to stop him. No chains clinked. His fingers slid against the elves’ skin. The only thing that stopped the moment being perfect was that he didn’t have enough hands to touch with, enough lips to kiss with. He whimpered his frustration against an elf’s mouth.

“Hush,” Ithel whispered in his ear. “There is time for everything. The bonds we’re speaking of do not break, once formed. We have forever...”

THE END

Author Bio

Kim Dare is a twenty-nine-year-old, full-time writer from Wales (UK). First published in 2008, she has since released close to eighty BDSM erotic romance titles.

While most of Kim's stories follow male/male relationships, she also writes about characters that enjoy male/female, female/male (female dominant), female/female and all kinds of ménage relationships. Kim's titles have included contemporary stories, fairytale re-tellings, vampires, time travellers, werewolves and werelions—not to mention the occasional wereduck.

Regardless of the gender of her characters or the different genres they inhabit, from short stories to full-length novels, there are three things Kim always wants to give her characters—kink, love, and a happy ending.

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