

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

CHILDREN OF FIRE AND CLAY

Azza Mitchell

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

CHILDREN OF FIRE AND CLAY

By Azza Mitchell

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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CHILDREN OF FIRE AND CLAY

By Azza Mitchell

Photo Description

A picture of the torso of a naked young man with a collar around his neck attached to a leash and his hands tied behind his back.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Small town boy. Big city college. It's my first year and I never thought he would be my roommate. We started out friends, studying late nights and hanging out. He never made a move. Not until after Christmas.

I loved that first kiss. Sweet, gentle. But days after, something strange happened. I ended up like this. Writhing in these chains, I succumb to his every command.

I only hope he doesn't realize who (or what) I really am. What happens if I can't hold back the truth?

Must be supernatural that is not vampire or shifter. I'd love to have some suspense or thriller. Hot sex, yes. BDSM yes, but nothing super extreme. Bonus points if they switch in the scene(s) (no absolute top/bottom relationship). HFN is okay. Bittersweet is too, but there has to be some sense of happy at the end (no character death).

Anything else is author's choice. Have fun! :D

Sincerely,

Azalea Moone

Story Info

Genre: paranormal, urban fantasy

Tags: light BDSM, supernatural, college, slavery

Content warning: dub-con

Word count: 11,213

CHILDREN OF FIRE AND CLAY

By **Azza Mitchell**

CHAPTER ONE

Basil knew better than to look around at the burst of laughter behind him. He'd know that voice anywhere. He woke up to it every morning, a heavy yawn or the groan of stretching muscles. Basil could look across the room and watch him move under the covers, strong pale legs kicking at the blankets or a shock of blond hair peeking from under the pillows. He was too far away and truly not far enough.

Basil wanted him more than he'd wanted anyone in his life. He could feel the fire in his veins gathering at even the thought of him. He pushed the magic down and the flames retreated to somewhere deep inside before anyone could notice.

His closest friends knew, but his closest friends were considered his pets by the other mythkin of the city. It wasn't as easy or as laid-back as the country mythkin he was used to. He was a minor celebrity in his tiny town but the city mythkin couldn't care less about his father or the strength of his powers. He was just a young free djinn with two human thralls and a servant. He was nothing to them, and he had to stay that way to stay safe.

Basil sniffed the air unwillingly, and his roommate's scent wafted past his nose. He tried to ignore his body's enthusiastic response and closed his eyes to keep the fire from showing in them.

"What's wrong with you?" Leila asked, poking him in the arm.

Basil lifted his head enough to be blinded by the bright pink of her hijab. He scowled, unsure if he was annoyed by the bright color or her usual perceptive grace. The last thing he needed was his friends noticing his fervent crush on his roommate.

"It's Rowan," Hassan said flatly, flipping through his history text. "Bass wants to marry him and have a litter of fire babies."

Basil felt his face heat. "I hate you," he snarled at his best friend. Leila was going to be unbearable and Hassan knew it.

Hassan simply grinned.

Leila craned her head to see over his shoulder. "Don't look!" he snapped.

She frowned, her brown eyes narrowing. "Isn't that your roommate?"

Basil groaned.

"Yep," Hassan answered for him.

She didn't look overly pleased. She tapped her nails viciously against the polished wood of the table. "He's okay, for a heathen. You should let me set you up with someone."

Basil grimaced. She'd already tried to set him up with her brother, her very straight brother. Kasra hadn't been thrilled with that blind date. "Never, ever again, Leila. Don't you dare."

Hassan grinned. He was always happiest when Leila was torturing anyone but him. "Don't try it. He's so in love, he's pining."

Basil slapped his hand down. "I'm not pining. I don't pine!"

Hassan smiled back with pity in his eyes. "Well, your manly impression of stoic unrequited love looks a lot like pining."

Leila looked away from the argument. "Your keeper is coming."

Basil looked around and spotted Niall walking toward their table. Niall was a faerie vassal of the djinn lord's court. He was sent to watch over Basil years ago. He wondered if babysitting an exiled prince was a punishment detail, but he never asked. He had a feeling that he didn't want to know the answer.

The faerie had taken a position teaching European history at the university to keep a close eye on him.

Niall nodded at the group. "Prince." He stared at Leila for a moment. He always had trouble addressing a human as an equal. "Miss Parsi."

Leila inclined her head, but only barely.

"Professor Grady," Hassan hissed.

“Pet,” Niall returned, contempt only half disguised. Basil was never sure how the faerie felt about his prince’s favored thrall. Basil mostly left them to duke it out. They knew better than to actually hurt one another.

Hassan leaned back in his chair, gearing up for a fight. “Hey, why didn’t you ever offer to tutor us? Making us fail finals because you wouldn’t help is unbelievably rude.”

Niall’s eyes filled with black, always less concerned with getting caught. “I don’t want to teach you. Pets don’t need to know any more than how to look pretty and warm a bed. In both of which, your knowledge is sorely lacking.”

Leila snorted.

Hassan scoffed, undeterred by Niall’s show of power. “My bed-warming skills are epic. Why don’t you try them out for yourself?”

“I don’t touch my lord’s favorite *toys*.”

“Enough,” Basil snapped. “Bicker somewhere else. I need to study. Hass, stop hitting on a teacher.”

Niall smirked.

Hassan huffed and looked away. Basil was happy to call an end to that argument, but Hassan was a sore loser. His friend grinned, white teeth flashing dangerously. He waved at someone behind them, beckoning them closer. “Hey, Rowan!”

Basil let his eyes flash orange in warning, but Hassan hadn’t been afraid of him in a long time.

Rowan stopped close behind him, dropping his hands to rest on Basil’s shoulders. Rowan was always doing that, touching him, smiling at him, as if the boy knew he could scramble Basil’s brains with just a look. It worked.

“Hey, guys, Professor Grady. Are you ready for finals?”

“Mostly,” Hassan said. “Professor Grady’s taking Leila and me to find one of his first edition books for my thesis.”

“What? When?” Leila asked.

“I really don’t think I am,” Niall said flatly.

Hassan shoved his books in a bag and grabbed Leila’s for good measure. “Don’t you two have statistics together? You should study. Basil is terrible at all that number voodoo.”

“I’m not,” Basil complained.

Hassan grabbed Leila’s arm, pulling her out of the chair, before shoving his shoulder into Niall’s chest. “Yeah, we’ll just go and leave you two to your studying.”

Basil glared at their retreating backs and Rowan slid to the other side of the table. “I’m really sorry. I don’t know what he was doing. I’m pretty good at statistics.”

Rowan smiled. It was kind and a little sad. He was older than the usual freshman, one of the guys that got a late start in life. Basil couldn’t say it was a bad thing. There was something damaged about him, dark. Basil didn’t mind the dark places. He was fire. He had all the light he’d ever need.

“I know, I’ve been cheating off you for three weeks,” Rowan said, “but your friend did do me a solid, getting me away from my chemistry group. They’re talking in so many acronyms I can’t begin to decipher it.”

Basil looked down and shuffled his deck of cards. He had noticed Rowan’s wandering eyes. He hoped it wasn’t just for a better grade. “You’re welcome, then.”

He didn’t know how to look at Rowan outside of their shared room. It was easy in the closed space of their room: two beds, two desks, and a bathroom in between. Rowan spent most of his time half-dressed, if he even bothered to pull on pants before wandering sleepily to the en suite bathroom. Basil had never known the layout of another person’s body so well, not one that he wasn’t having sex with.

“Are you okay?” Rowan asked. “If you’re just staying for me, you don’t need to.”

Basil sucked in a breath. He wanted to run far away from Rowan's tantalizing scent, but more than that, he wanted to stay. "I'm fine. I just got lost in my head. Do you need help with something?"

Rowan shook his head and looked down at the cards Basil was shuffling absently. "Are you a card shark or something?"

Basil slowed the cards' movement so Rowan could see the skill that went into the manipulation. His talent with playing cards was one of the few things he was truly proud of. "Sort of. I do tricks."

Rowan grinned, leaning over the table to get a closer look. "Magic tricks?"

"Sure. Do you want to see?" He shuffled the cards together, then spread them out in a fan with one hand.

Rowan motioned him to continue.

Basil shuffled the cards once more and cut the deck, setting half of them aside before spreading out the remaining cards. "Pick one."

Rowan pulled out a card and looked at it. He slipped it back into the deck and Basil grabbed the rest of the deck to shuffle the cards. Basil could feel the heat from Rowan's fingers on the card. He wanted to grab the card and hold it out to his roommate but he needed to finish the trick.

He laid out three cards face down. "All right, pick out your card."

Rowan arched an eyebrow but flipped over the far left card. "That's not my card."

"No, but this one is." Basil flipped over the card on the right, the plastic still tingling with Rowan's touch.

Rowan gasped and grabbed the card, looking it over closely. "How did you do that?"

Basil blushed and looked down at the deck. "Magic."

CHAPTER TWO

Basil spent most of the winter break curled up in the warmth of his bed. It was better than spending his break sitting across from his mother and trying to make small talk. They'd never really gotten along since he'd turned twelve and started liking boys. She was never cruel, but the disapproval was heavy. Her life was probably much easier with her gay bastard child far away.

He never celebrated Christmas and he hardly cared about a holiday stuck in the middle of the coldest time of year. It was still depressingly lonely. Even Hassan had joined his family on vacation to southern Georgia.

Basil flinched as the door opened unexpectedly. Rowan grinned sheepishly from under a bright red hat and threw his bag toward his bed. "Hey, I didn't think you'd be back this early."

He laughed humorlessly. The cold had managed to suck all the happiness out of him, and he couldn't even manage to find Rowan particularly attractive in the harsh midday light. "I didn't actually leave."

Rowan flopped down on Basil's bed, pushing him around until the older boy dug out a large piece of bed for himself. "You stayed here for Christmas."

Basil shrugged and tucked his blankets around his waist. "It's just another day."

"You don't celebrate Christmas?" Rowan's voice got higher with each word, nearly screeching with horror by the last.

Basil shifted uncomfortably. He'd spent most of his life trying to explain to other children why Santa didn't visit. He didn't think he would need to keep it going when he went to college. "Why would I? I'm not Christian."

Rowan blinked, looking out into the middle distance. Basil turned away. He didn't want to see the look of betrayal wash over his friend. So many friends quickly disassociated when they found out he was raised closer to Islam than Christianity.

“Okay...” Rowan said slowly, “but presents, Santa, awesome reindeer. No religious affiliation and free gifts.”

Basil let out a breath he didn't even know he'd been holding. He felt a dozen tense muscles loosen just by the fact that Rowan didn't pull away from him. “We just never did it.”

Rowan clapped his hands and jumped off the bed. “Right. Christmas. We're doing this.”

Basil was sure he looked beyond horrified. He wasn't angling for anything. “Please, don't. You don't need to do anything for me.”

“Be quiet, I'm looking for something.”

No one cared that much about any of the holidays in his house. His father told him that gifts weren't meant for one day out of the year, and was fairly disturbed by the whole flying deer mess. Neither his mother nor Basil wanted to disappoint the Lord King Djinn so they left everything that wasn't a birthday or Thanksgiving by the wayside.

Basil didn't feel like he missed out on all that much, but he did know that gift-giving was supposed to be reciprocal. The djinn quickly dug through the drawers of his desk, but there wasn't anything except crumpled papers and broken pencils.

In the last drawer he found a flask, a pretty silver thing with a lion etched into the front. It was beautiful and delicate, and he could feel a thrumming power under the heavy silver. He had no idea where it had come from.

Basil looked up and Rowan was standing over him. Too close, much too close. “Hi,” he squeaked.

Rowan held out a small thin box. “Didn't wrap it.”

Basil awkwardly took the box. He didn't think wrapping really mattered. “That's oka—”

Rowan kissed him. It was sweet, gentle, lips just brushing his. Basil couldn't hold back the moan and Rowan pressed harder, his tongue tracing along Basil's lower lip. Basil opened his mouth and Rowan dove in, his tongue

stroking along Basil's. He tasted like the earth, wet sod and swamp. He tasted like a human from the north.

He wondered if Rowan could feel the fire on his skin or the taste of smoke in his mouth. Basil wondered if he could taste the djinn in his blood.

Rowan fisted the short hair on the back of his head. Basil trembled, his whole body on overload. He had wanted it for too long. Basil tried to grab at him but only came up with a fistful of sheets. He couldn't do anything through the onslaught of tongue and teeth.

Rowan pulled back, and Basil dared to open his eyes. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry? Is that what I'm supposed to say now?" His brain was still on the short path to getting his hands down Rowan's pants.

Rowan touched his cheek, fingers soft and cool against his skin. Basil always forgot how a human's body temperature was so different from his own. Basil shivered again, pressing his face into Rowan's hand. Rowan's thumb touched his bottom lip, tracing the wet edge.

"I want you," Basil whispered. He shut his eyes at the admission. He shouldn't have said it. He shouldn't have said anything.

"Thank God," Rowan groaned and Basil opened his eyes. "I've wanted you since I saw you in my stats class."

Basil grinned stupidly. It was better than he'd even thought it would be. "Yeah?"

Rowan ran his fingers through Basil's short curls. "I didn't think you were interested."

Basil cocked his head. "I've always been interested. Always."

Rowan smiled, something mischievous and dangerous in his eyes. Rowan leaned down again and Basil was ready for him. Basil grabbed his shirt, twisting his fingers into the cotton. He plunged his tongue into Rowan's mouth. He was a fearsome son of the djinn. He couldn't let Rowan keep the upper hand.

Rowan grabbed him, fingers digging into his ribs, pressing him back onto the mattress. “Can we do something?”

“Sure,” he said breathlessly.

Rowan grabbed the bottom of Basil’s shirt, pushing it up to his neck. “Good, because I really want to fuck you.”

Basil nodded frantically. He hadn’t been with anyone in nearly two years. There wasn’t anything he could do about that. There was a dearth of gay young men in the middle of the Appalachian Mountains.

Rowan suddenly jumped up and ran for his side of the room, stripping as he went. Basil shoved the flask into the space between the mattress and the wall before wiggling out of his pajama pants. He stared a moment at his dark skin and the lighter swirls of tattoos over his skin. It usually didn’t bother him. He didn’t mind being different, his skin was too dark for the country kids, too human for the other djinn. He wanted to be perfect for Rowan.

The older boy finally came back with a box of condoms and a bottle of lube, both unopened. Rowan crashed into the bed and ripped at the plastic with a vengeance.

“How long have you had those?” Basil asked.

Rowan looked up, his cheeks pink under his pale skin. “I’m not sure I should answer that.”

Basil laughed and grabbed Rowan, pulling the young man on top of him. He wanted someone on top of him, feeling the weight of another person over him. No more drunk teenage fumbling. No more silent hand jobs by the river. He wanted something real and hard and completely human.

Rowan pushed him back, pushing him down until he could lean over him, fingers tickling Basil’s abdomen. It was too tender, too sweet. Basil wanted to shove him, but he held still, waiting. “Have you... um?”

Basil looked up, annoyed that Rowan continued his lazy petting. “What? Oh yes, of course.”

The look that passed over the older boy’s face wasn’t pleasant. “Okay.”

Basil tensed. He could feel it in his bones, that he said something wrong, something dangerous. "It's been a while though. Like two years."

Rowan's expression cleared, but only slightly. "Good." Rowan's whole body shook like a dog sloughing water. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Basil laughed against his mouth. It was truly funny, a mortal trying to harm a mythkin. Only a few attempted it, even fewer succeeded. "It's not like you can."

Rowan cocked his head in confusion but went back to touching him. He wiggled down the bed and pushed Basil's legs apart. Rowan touched his stomach. "You have a tattoo."

Basil leaned forward enough to look at the stylized flames running over his skin. It was a small manifestation of his fire that he couldn't hide even in his human guise. Rowan traced one line, his fingers barely touching his skin. "Oh."

"Oh?" Rowan's hand moved down, wrapping around Basil's cock. He pumped it a few times, precome working as a lubricant. Basil moaned and let his head fall back on the pillow.

"Please, Rowan."

Rowan grinned. "I like 'please'." The older boy let go of his cock and skimmed his fingers over his hole.

Basil shifted uncomfortably. It was a little strange for someone to be that tender with him. Tommy was quick with the prep and quick to get off. It wasn't like they had a lot of time for foreplay and making out.

Rowan finally slipped a finger inside and Basil groaned. That first burn was the best feeling in the world. "Do you like that?"

Basil closed his eyes and tucked his face against Rowan's neck. "Oh, yes, please."

"Okay." Rowan slipped another finger inside and Basil hissed. "I'm sorry, honey. It'll feel better in a minute."

Basil glared. He knew what it was supposed to feel like. He wasn't sure he liked being coddled, but all thoughts left his head when Rowan pressed against his prostate. His cock jerked against his stomach. "Please, Master, please." He cringed. He didn't know where that note of submission came from. He was a prince. He shouldn't be willing to submit to anyone, even in play.

Rowan growled at his admission, more animal than human. His fingernails dug into Basil's hip. "Please what? Tell your master what you want."

Basil strained against the tight hold Rowan had on his hips. He wanted a lot of things. He wanted to not say anything stupid. He wanted to be good at sex. He wanted Rowan. "Fuck me. Touch me. Please, please."

Rowan sucked in a breath, his pupils dilated. "Good boy." Rowan pushed another finger inside him.

"Yes, please, that feels so good." Basil trembled, digging his fingers into Rowan's strong shoulders.

Rowan pulled away and Basil growled. He wasn't allowed to leave. Rowan could never escape him again. The older boy ripped open the condom packet and rolled it over his cock.

Basil let his legs fall wide open. Rowan's cock was long and hard, practically angry from being denied Basil's body. He grinned at the thought.

Rowan lined himself up, rubbing the tip of his covered cock against Basil's hole. Basil pushed up against him, trying to get Rowan's hard cock where he wanted it. He needed Rowan inside him. He could almost settle for anyone's cock at the moment, just as long as he was filled.

Rowan sank into him in one long stroke. Basil groaned and grabbed Rowan's arm to keep himself from shaking apart. It was wonderful. It was like they were meant to be together, bodies moving as one, fire and earth battling for dominance.

"Please, please, please." Basil tried to lift his hips, to meet each thrust with furious abandon. Rowan grabbed his wrists and held him down to the mattress. Rowan's eyes were bright and intense. He was looking for something, but Basil couldn't imagine what. Basil couldn't give him more.

Basil groaned and let his head fall back. He closed his eyes, trying to keep the fire within. He couldn't let Rowan see the devil inside.

"Look at me," Rowan said.

Basil shook his head and bit down on his lip.

Rowan slowed the roll of his hips.

Basil growled and opened his eyes. "What?"

Rowan's expression was broken, sad, and desperate. "I need you to look at me."

Basil wiggled one hand free and touched Rowan's face. "Are you all right?" He looked away for a second. He was giving his feelings away with every touch, with every look. Basil was surprised by the rising level of need in his eyes.

"I don't know where you are if you're not looking at me."

Basil pulled him down into a long kiss. "I'm right here. It's okay."

Rowan nodded once and started to move again, his blue eyes daring Basil to look away. He couldn't even if he tried.

Rowan moved faster, hands on Basil's wrists as if he could control the djinn. It was a fun illusion. Basil shook off his hands and grabbed his dick, holding it tight. Basil arched under him, chasing that one last hard push to completion.

Rowan dipped his head and bit at the juncture of Basil's neck and shoulder. The quick burst of pain was enough. Basil shouted as he came, spilling over his hand. Rowan groaned, pumping into him faster until he tensed, his whole body held motionless for a long moment, before he slumped on top of him.

Basil breathed slowly for a few minutes before pushing a limp Rowan off of him. The older boy grumbled at the movement but eventually settled, spooned against him.

Basil was happily sore in all the right places and none of the wrong ones that came from quick sex in the cab of a truck. It wasn't something he would have allowed himself before. He could never cuddle in a bed or hold hands in

public, but life was different in the city. It was different with Rowan at his side.

Rowan touched his chest, dull fingernails dragging over his skin to his stomach. Basil arched into the touch, his body responding before his brain. He grabbed Rowan's wrist. "That tickles."

Rowan laughed and sat up. "Sorry. Damn, you're beautiful."

Basil slid a bare foot up Rowan's pale calf. "If I didn't feel so good, I'd be offended."

Rowan laughed and flopped back on the bed. He grunted unhappily and dug under his back. He grumbled and pulled out the flask. "Oh..." Rowan's eyes went unfocused and wide. Something was wrong. Basil could feel it in his bones. "You didn't have to get me anything."

Rowan's thumb traced the etched lion on the flask and Basil shivered. It was almost as if he could feel the touch on his body. He *could* feel the touch. The flask was his, his vessel, his prison. "No," he whispered.

Basil watched as lines of black fire formed around his wrists, burrowing into his skin and leaving behind a defining mark of servitude.

Rowan shook the flask, his attention still on the magic digging into his soul. "This is beautiful. I don't even know where you'd find something this intricate."

Turning toward Rowan, Basil dropped his hands. It was a mistake. How could he not have recognized his own vessel? Basil turned toward Rowan, curling into his side. It was the only comfort he could get for his trembling. He was owned. He was nothing. He gave his freedom away with a thoughtless gift. And he *did* give himself away. He wasn't stolen or captured. He was given, willingly if not knowingly.

There was power for the master, too. It could change a person, make them crave power. He didn't know how it would change Rowan, who was such a soft touch but with an iron core.

Rowan pulled him close for a soft kiss, and Basil brushed the hair back from his eyes. It was still there, that absolute want and love. It didn't feel any

different than half an hour before. Just an overwhelming urge to please his master. Master. The word came quickly to his mind. He was owned. It wasn't a game anymore. "Do me a favor? Take it with you everywhere. Don't let anyone touch it."

Rowan cocked his head but didn't ask. He always knew when not to ask. "Okay. Do you want to do anything? Have dinner?"

Basil shook his head and tucked his face into Rowan's neck. He needed to be close to Rowan. He needed to be close to his master, without the distraction of the outside world.

Rowan dropped the flask and turned to him. Basil felt a sinking feeling as he let go of the vessel. "Are you all right?"

Basil nodded silently. It wasn't all right, but there wasn't anything he could do.

"You're not. Don't lie to me, please? I can't take that."

Basil looked up but he wasn't sure he could speak without a break in his voice. He wanted to vomit or die. He'd be happy with either, but he'd live for Rowan. He cuddled closer. "I'm all right. It'll all be all right."

CHAPTER THREE

Basil wasn't completely sure how it happened or when exactly he agreed to do it. That was hardly the point in the overall scheme of things. His only complete thoughts were that he was hard and Rowan was happy. The collar around his neck and the belt holding his hands together behind his back barely registered.

Rowan tugged on the leash, and Basil looked up languidly. He smiled slowly at his master. Rowan touched Basil's cheek, pressing cool fingers against the side of his upturned lips. Rowan's eyes were dark with lust and something domineering. Basil wondered if the magic that held him in servitude also made Rowan more assertive.

"Master," he whispered.

"Shhh," Rowan whispered. He traced Basil's lips before pressing two fingers inside his mouth. Basil opened his mouth willingly, running his tongue over the pad of Rowan's fingers. He tasted like salt and clay. Human tastes that he would never get used to. "Good boy. My handsome boy."

Basil shook his head. He wasn't any of those things. He was a liar and a monster.

Rowan pulled his fingers away. "Don't argue with me," he commanded.

Basil moaned, digging his fingers into the tail of the belt. "Fuck me, please."

Rowan rubbed the soft skin above the heavy black collar. "No, not this time, my good boy." The older boy leaned over him and flipped up the tab on the belt to release his hands. "How about we do something fun?"

Basil nodded enthusiastically. He wanted to do anything for Rowan.

Rowan reached down and rubbed Basil's jaw. "I want you to suck me. Do you want to do that?"

"Yes, Master, please."

Rowan jumped on the desk and wiggled back until he was comfortable, spreading his knees wide apart. “Good boy. Do as you are told.”

Basil crept closer on his knees and carefully tugged Rowan’s jeans apart. He rooted passed a pair of blue boxers and Basil had his prize. He skimmed his fingers over the hot red erection. Rowan whimpered and leaned back on the desk, looking up at the spackled ceiling. Basil growled, if only to make his master tremble. “Can I suck you, Master?” he asked.

“Yes,” Rowan breathed.

Basil dove down on Rowan’s engorged cock. If he had a choice, he’d never move, he’d stay like this with Rowan’s dick tickling the back of his throat and moaning with pleasure. He couldn’t think of a better place to be. He itched to let the fire out. He wanted to show Rowan the smoke and flame.

Basil looked up, catching Rowan’s eye. The man reached toward him and touched the soft patch of skin under his eye. “Sometimes I think your eyes get lighter when we’re like this.”

Basil hummed, as much as an answer as he could give. Rowan groaned as Basil scraped his teeth over his cock. “Fuck, Bass, what are you doing?”

Basil let Rowan slip from his mouth. “You don’t like it?”

Rowan grinned. “Hush boy, I was being rhetorical. Now, down.”

Basil purred and did as he was ordered. Precome leaked over his tongue and he drank it down as if it was water. Basil made noises that didn’t even approach human as Rowan trembled above him.

Basil slid a hand down his body and took himself in hand. Rowan was in no condition to repay favors, and this was just as good. His master rarely remembered him in the moment, but all that was fine as Basil stripped his cock.

“My boy,” Rowan mumbled.

Basil laughed, causing Rowan to groan. “Oh fuck, I’m going to come.”

Basil hummed and Rowan squealed, if that high-pitched noise could be called anything. Rowan's hips bucked up trying to shove himself deeper into Basil's throat. The djinn grimaced and eased back to suck hard at just the head.

Rowan screamed as he came, and Basil caught the bitter rush of fluid. Rowan hadn't stopped shuddering before Basil had to close his eyes, unable to hold back the roar of smoke and heat. He groaned as he came over his hand, a few drops spattering the side of his desk.

Basil let Rowan's cock fall from his mouth and scooped up the little bit of come that managed to escape his tongue. He rubbed the small amount of fluid into Rowan's thigh. He didn't care. His vessel might be Rowan's, but Rowan was his.

Rowan stared down at him with an amused grin. "So, do we put that in the 'try again' column?"

Basil fell back on the scratchy carpet and wondered absently if the dorm management would get angry if they replaced it. "Definitely. Though we might need to get actual handcuffs or something."

Rowan slipped off the desk and picked up his discarded belt. "Right. This thing has much better uses." He grinned and waved the belt's tongue at him.

Basil pulled himself to his feet and flopped on the bed. It was so much better than the cold of the floor. "Sure, next time."

Rowan cocked his head and stared at him for a long moment. "You can take the collar off, you know."

"Oh." Basil tugged at the leash and collar. He didn't even think about removing it. Rowan liked to see it on him.

Rowan laid down on the bed beside him, still dressed. He unbuckled the collar and rubbed at the tender skin. "My perfect boy."

Basil curled into him, slipping his hands under Rowan's shirt to his lightly furred stomach.

“I have three brothers,” Rowan said suddenly. “And a sister. They’re all younger than me. My dad ran out after my sister was born, and Mom drowned herself in a bottle. I pretty much raised them, as best I could.”

Basil looked up, unsure why Rowan was sharing this with him. “I’m sorry.”

Rowan shook his head. “I think that’s where I got my need to control things. I was in charge of four kids not much younger than me. I didn’t know what I was doing, so I just mothered them the best I could.”

Rowan was quiet for several minutes before Basil realized he was supposed to give something back. “I have some older brothers.”

Rowan looked down at him, his smile a little broken. “You can tell me anything, you know. All or anything.”

“What anything?” Basil asked. He wasn’t sure that was a good thing. Everyone needed secrets, him especially.

“Anything you want to tell me.”

Basil bit his lip. “I don’t want to... lie to you.”

Rowan stiffened against him but didn’t try to move away. “Please don’t lie to me. My dad kept saying he was going to come back. He was going to visit but he never did. I had to explain to my brothers that he was... busy, lost, something.”

Basil curled into him, pressing his bare body against Rowan’s clothed one. “I’m sorry,” he whispered.

Rowan sighed but he didn’t try to make Basil talk anymore. Basil tried to burrow into his body, close enough to apologize for what he couldn’t give.

CHAPTER FOUR

Basil stared down at Hassan until he twitched and affected the same horrified expression. Basil grimaced and Hassan copied it perfectly. Basil shook his head and dropped his bag on the library table.

Hassan cocked his head. “Did your brain fry? Because that looks a lot like your crazy face.”

Basil blew out a breath. “I’m dating Rowan.”

Hassan blinked once then rubbed the bridge of his nose. “I know. I’ve walked in on you, twice. I know.”

“It’s about that, kind of.”

Hassan held up his hands defensively. “Okay, stop there. You’re my friend, and I love you. If you give me any details, I will beat you to death.”

Basil waved off the threat. Hassan couldn’t be violent if he tried. “It was fantastic. It was transcendent. I have a problem.”

Hassan stared. “Are you actually straight? You know you can’t break his heart like that. Just live the lie.”

Basil threw a wad of paper at him. He always knew the best ways to make light of a situation, but it wasn’t the time. “No, and it’s still not the point.”

“Get to the point so I can go back to studying and blocking out this entire conversation.”

“I was...” He paused not quite sure how to express the need and the want—the compulsion. “Rowan would ask for something and I would do it.”

Hassan closed his book and sighed. “According to porn, that is the definition of sex.”

“Yeah.” Basil wanted to shake him. He should be able to understand. Hassan was his. If Hassan was a good pet then he wouldn’t need help understanding his master. “It was like I really, really wanted to do it, even if I kind of didn’t.”

Hassan narrowed his eyes. “Did he rape you?”

“No! No. Not that. I’m not mad or hurt or...” He didn’t want anyone to think Rowan did something wrong. He hadn’t. “I would have done it but I was compelled. I felt like I would die if I didn’t.”

Hassan stared at Basil for a long moment. A serious expression fell over him, unlike anything Basil had seen in a long time. “What are you saying?”

“He has my vessel,” Basil whispered, unsure if he should be ashamed.

“You don’t have a vessel.”

“I do. I found it in a drawer. I didn’t know what it was and I gave it to him.” Basil rubbed his face, dispelling the memory. “I thought the vessel wouldn’t let me hurt him or give him wishes. I didn’t think it would make me want to... serve him.”

“Kinky.”

He blushed. “Exactly.”

“Eww.” Hassan played with his pen. “You can’t disobey him, but could you tell me, if he made you do something you didn’t want to do?”

Basil smiled and tucked his bag under his head. “I could tell you. I will tell you.”

“Good.” Hassan nodded to himself. “Tell Mr. White-Boy I’ll punch him in the face if he breaks your heart.”

Basil laughed. “Thanks, man. You’re a good guy when you try.”

“I am beyond epic all the time, so you better wrap your tiny mind around that.” Hassan looked up. “Shit. Cold Claw McIcy-Pants is coming. This is now completely your problem.”

Basil rolled his eyes and watched Niall bear down on them with the blind wrath of a blizzard. “You’re avoiding me. I’ve been trying to find you for a week. What have you done?”

“None of your concern,” he said slowly.

Niall's eyes flashed black. "There hasn't been an owned royal in four hundred years. At least she had the decency to have him killed."

Basil felt his eyes burn, the fire fighting for a way out. "Are you threatening my boyfriend?"

"I'm threatening your master!" Niall's voice was stern, angry. "If you haven't noticed, you are in debt to him."

"I know the power he holds over me and it's none of your business," he growled. Niall would not step in his way. He would destroy anyone that tried.

"It is very much my business. I am your servant. It is my job to take care of you."

Basil sucked in a shuddering breath. He was willing to tear Niall apart for one angry sentence. The magic connecting him to Rowan thrummed unpleasantly in the back of his mind.

"Your mother raised you among humans, but you are not human, Bass. You are djinn, son of the Lord King Djinn. You're meant to be so much more than a servant to a human," Niall said. "My prince should not be lessened by anyone."

Basil looked up, watching the worry and the terror cross Niall's face. "I'm not less because someone holds my vessel."

"They will come for you! The other mythkin that would be happy to have a pet djinn. They are not going to care if you love your human master. They'll kill him and take you just to prove they can."

"Then I'll deal with it then!" he snapped loudly.

The faerie hunched in on himself, Basil's anger bringing him up short. "I apologize."

Basil sighed. "Stop. It's fine. Sit down and take a deep breath."

Niall slipped into one of the rocky chairs. He stared across the table, but Hassan was looking resolutely away. "Basil, I will serve you as you see fit."

Basil tried to smile. He really wished the faerie wouldn't. Niall could run away and start a new life and Basil would just be glad to know his friend was

happy. That wasn't the world Niall lived in, even if he wasn't physically part of it anymore. "Just teach, torture your students, and hang out with the other professors. Have a little bit of fun, okay?"

Niall looked a little confused but he nodded his head.

"Hey," Hassan interrupted. "I don't think I get the House of Tudor mess, wanna explain it to me again?"

Niall snapped his attention to Hassan, his mouth open in shock. Basil ducked his head as Niall started to expound on the Middle Ages. At least Niall was distracted for the moment, and hopefully it would take a while for the local mythkin to find out about him.

CHAPTER FIVE

Even for a college town there wasn't much choice in eighteen-and-up gay bars. There were even fewer choices when the straight best friend invited himself along. Rowan only grinned mischievously and shrugged at Hassan's sudden enthusiasm to go out with them.

Basil tried not to laugh, but it only took a couple of hours before Hassan was starting to twitch visibly. "We better go, before he freaks out completely."

Rowan snickered. "Sure. I think this is as much torture as he can stand."

Basil led the way out of the club and to the quiet street. Hassan shook himself as he left the club. "Dude, did you see that? He was waving his junk in my face."

Rowan chuckled. "He had pants on."

"Does that mean there are places without pants? Oh, my virgin eyes!"

Basil covered his mouth to keep from laughing too loudly at his traumatized friend. "Are you going to invite yourself to our clubbing night again?"

"No, no. I'll stay away from your male-on-male bonding from now on. I'll just sit at home and try to block out all the creepy deviant things you could be doing. But now I have like... visuals."

Basil shook his head and relaxed into Rowan's warm embrace. Winter was still blowing hard overhead and Rowan's limited human heat was better than nothing.

Rowan pulled him close, kissing him against the wall of the alley. Hassan huffed, but Basil heard his feet move a little further away. He curled into his master and tried to forget about everything moving in the world around him. It was enough to have Rowan holding him tight and keeping reality at bay.

"Bass..." Hassan said, a little panic leeching into his voice.

Basil looked up and saw three mythkin standing at the end of the alley. The leader smirked, static electricity making his hair stand on end. A thunderbearer, and they usually didn't like the cold weather any more than the djinn.

"Hello, little prince," the thunderer crooned.

Rowan grabbed his arm in a vise grip. "What's going on?"

Basil shook his head and kept his eyes on the three mythkin. "What do you want?"

"You are owned, little djinn. Naughty, naughty."

"Bass," Hassan whispered.

"It's none of your business," Basil growled.

"Poor boy, if you want a master so badly, I'd be happy to take care of you." The thunderer stepped closer, an angry wind following at his back.

"What?" Rowan asked.

"We want the flask, pet."

Basil bared his teeth, canines lengthening. No one was going to take him from Rowan. "Over my dead body."

Lightning flashed through the sky, close enough that he could smell the ozone. "Not yours, pet djinn, just your master's."

Rowan held tight to his arm, trying to protect him, but it wasn't needed. Djinn bowed before no one.

One of the faeries grinned. "Come, prince, we'll be nice about this. We'll be quick."

"Poor boy," the other said. "We'll relieve you of your obligation to that dirty human."

Basil snarled and lightning slammed down between them, throwing him into a wall.

Rowan yelled, his pained voice echoing in the alley.

"Ro!"

Basil was unprepared for the kick to his side. He should have known better. The mythkin were going to come after him eventually. He just wished he had more time. Fire sparked from his fingertips but it was too cold and wet to get more than a flicker of light. Another set of hands pulled his coat over his head, effectively blinding him.

Basil snarled against another kick to the ribs. He heard Rowan scream, all rage and pain. They were hurting his master. No one was allowed to harm Rowan. He felt a rage and a need he hadn't felt in years. Basil snarled and let his body morph into the smoke he was created from. It was freeing. It was powerful. He was the fire and the smoke. He was the destroyer.

He could see *everything*. Hassan was holding his own against a faerie, a heavy iron pipe in his hands. Basil turned to the thunderer, who was pushing Rowan back with little arcs of lightning. The anger felt far away but it was there. Basil surrounded the thunderer, burrowing into him, choking out his life before he had a chance to fight.

The thunderer clawed at his throat and the two northern faeries hissed in anger before fleeing Hassan's mean swing. Basil ignored the retreating mythkin and held tighter to the thunderer until the creature fell to the ground. Eventually, it even stopped twitching.

Basil pulled himself back to something resembling human. He could feel he wasn't quite there yet, his eyes fire-orange and his skin overlaid with pulsing red and black tattoos. He hadn't lost control in years, but he couldn't seem to get a grip on it at the moment.

Rowan stared up at him with wide frightened eyes. "Oh, my God."

Hassan tossed the pipe aside. "We need to go. They'll be back."

Basil closed his eyes and pushed the last of the magic back inside him. "Leila has a place with her brother, not far from here."

"We can't bring them into this," Hassan snarled.

Basil grimaced. He didn't like it either, but they would be safe enough. He had already put up wards around her apartment months ago. No mythkin

should be able to find them there. “We just need a place to regroup. I’ll put up extra wards. No one will find us there.”

“You should call Niall,” his friend suggested.

“Not yet.” Basil reached out to Rowan but the man flinched back.

Hassan didn’t hesitate and punched Rowan in the arm. “Hey, nothing’s changed. He’s the same guy you made out with like five minutes ago. Right now isn’t the time to deal with this.”

Rowan visibly shook himself. “Sorry.” He got awkwardly to his feet, favoring his right leg.

Hassan grabbed Rowan’s arm and hung it across his shoulders. “Bass, grab his other arm. We need to go.”

Basil reluctantly took his master’s arm and this time Rowan didn’t flinch from his touch. It would have to be enough.

They limped their way to Leila’s apartment block. There were bright lights on every floor and most of the building smelled like curry. Most people that lived there believed in the supernatural, and it gave them some small amount of protection.

Basil knocked rapidly on Leila’s door. He hoped it wasn’t late enough for her to be in bed. They didn’t need to be standing around bleeding on anyone’s welcome mat. Leila peeked out the door, her brown wavy locks spilling over her shoulders.

“Oh no, no way. You are not coming in here.”

Hassan grabbed her arm and shoved her back. “Yes, we are.”

Basil ignored her and helped Rowan to an overstuffed couch. His master fell with a groan as his body finally gave up all effort.

“Are you kidding me? I’m a whore now! I’ll never get married!” she screamed at them. Basil gave Hassan an irritated glare, silently asking him to deal with this.

Hassan held up his hands. “I guess you’ll have to marry me, then. Don’t worry, dear, I’ll respect you in the morning.”

Leila huffed and pulled an abandoned scarf over her head. “What happened to you two?”

“I have no idea,” Rowan said exhaustedly.

Basil cringed. He hoped to have more time. He hoped he had forever without Rowan finding out. “Some mythkin. They found the location of my vessel and they wanted to... take it.”

Rowan looked up, his face ashen. He looked sick and tired. It was too much. “Yeah, vessel. What the hell is that?” Rowan asked.

“The flask,” Hassan said when Basil hesitated.

Rowan pulled the silver flask out of his pocket. The djinn could feel the warmth of his fingers, the slosh of the scotch inside. “This thing?”

Hassan nodded. “You know, like Aladdin and the magic lamp, just with more alcohol.”

Rowan reached forward to drop the flask on the coffee table, and then pulled it back close to his chest. He frowned. “You’re a genie.”

Basil snarled. He wasn’t some caricature of a child of fire. He was a prince and a servant, a god and a slave. “I am djinn. I don’t grant wishes, not any you would want answered.”

Rowan went pale. “So your master thing. That wasn’t just a... kink.”

“My Master thing?” Basil asked incredulously. “You wanted it. You asked! The collar thing, the handcuffs. That’s all you!”

“Yeah, sure, it’s fun. You could have said no. You can say no.” Rowan looked down at the vessel with a dawning horror, and dropped it like it was burning. “You couldn’t say no!” Rowan stumbled to his feet. “Where’s your bathroom?”

Leila pointed toward the hall and Rowan practically ran.

“I can say no,” Basil said tiredly. He picked up the flask, and it iced over angrily. It wasn’t his to touch.

Hassan shifted uncomfortably, not looking at him. “You should tell him that.”

Leila rolled her eyes. “I’m sure you are all very traumatized, but I’m going to bed. The last room down the hall is Kasra’s. He’s not here, so have at it, and there’s the couch. Don’t do gross stuff in my home. Don’t wake me before nine.”

Basil sighed and tucked the flask in his back pocket. “Thanks, Leila. I’m really sorry.”

She crossed her arms and scowled at him. “Oh, you’re going to be making up for this for years.”

CHAPTER SIX

Basil looked into the bathroom. Rowan was washing his face, eyes more red than blue. Tired, injured, angry, he was still beautiful. "I can tell you no."

"Can you?" Rowan looked up, eyeing Basil's reflection in the mirror before looking back down.

Basil leaned against the doorjamb, trying to find the words to fix it. "We are forced to follow orders, but my loyalty is my decision. I could have let that thunderer kill you. Then I wouldn't be anyone's."

"Thunderer. Is that what he was?" Rowan's voice was flat, unconcerned.

"It's the common name."

Rowan didn't look at him, opening the cabinet under the sink. He dug through it until he found a first aid kit. "Is she kicking us out?"

"No, she has magnanimously granted us a room." Basil took the kit from him and waved him to a small room decorated in cloth and flowers. It was all rather girlie. It was easy to see that Kasra made very few decisions about the apartment. "I can sleep in the living room."

"No." Rowan reached for him, stopping before touching him. "Stay with me. If you're comfortable?"

Basil smiled but there was no happiness in the expression. "I want to stay."

Rowan eased himself onto the bed. "This is my fault."

"No. It would happen with or without you." Basil crawled onto the bed, keeping as far from his master as the mattress would allow. "I found my vessel. They knew about it the moment I was connected to it."

Rowan grabbed his hand and squeezed it tight. "I won't let them hurt you. You're mine."

Basil laughed. "My master."

"Stop that." Rowan shuddered visibly. "Now it just makes me feel gross."

"Ba'al," Basil said.

“No,” Rowan snapped, and shifted further up the bed. “It’s just supposed to be a game.”

Basil touched his hand, turning his wrist to show the flame tattoos. “It’s not a game, but that doesn’t mean I don’t love you.”

“You love me?”

“I love you and that has nothing to do with my vessel,” he admitted. It was freeing to finally say it even if Rowan didn’t reciprocate.

Rowan jerked forward, kissing him sloppily. “I love you, so much.”

Basil growled and tried to push him down onto the bed, but Rowan hissed in pain. “Shit.”

Rowan pulled at the bloody mess of his pants leg. “That one guy got me good.”

“A faerie,” Basil said.

He helped Rowan pull his pants completely off. Rowan hissed at the ugly lines of red and blue crawling up his leg. “Is that ice? It’s really cold.”

“Yes. The faerie scratched you. Hang on—this might hurt.” Basil laid his hand over the wounds. He let the fire out, touching the cold of the faerie magic. The fire quickly ignored the skin and chased after the cold and ice. He didn’t need to fight to control it, even the fire knew its true master.

Rowan hissed but didn’t fight him, only staring at the mass of melting ice and blood. After a full minute of heat and power, the wound started to bleed sluggishly as the shards of ice retreated.

“Wow.” Rowan poked at his abraded skin. “You can heal?”

Basil pulled out sterile pads and laid them over the deep cuts. “No. I just reversed the magic that was making it cold. Those low-bred faeries have nothing on me.”

“They called you a prince.”

Basil closed his eyes for a long moment. He’d promised to never lie, and Rowan had let him avoid it by not asking. He was finally asking. “I am. My

father, the Lord King Djinn, has a habit of seducing human women. My mom lives out in the country. Virginia. She never really liked that I was gay. Dad didn't care either way. He has his own issues." Basil smoothed the last of the bandages into place. "You never asked about this stuff before."

Rowan pulled his foot away and tucked his legs under him. "You always acted like you didn't want to talk about anything personal."

Basil nodded and looked away. "I didn't want to lie to you. Any story I could give you wouldn't be true. You told me to never lie."

"I guess you can stop now." Rowan wiggled down in the bed. "Let me see."

Basil looked up at him "What?"

"What you look like, like in the alley," Rowan explained.

Basil looked away, uncomfortable. The monster behind the guise of humanity wasn't a pretty thing. "Why would you want to do that?"

Rowan shrugged and grinned. "I get to see the elves in their birthday suits. I want to see you."

Basil twitched and reached for the lights. He didn't want anyone to have a clear look at his true form. "It's not... humans don't like to see us."

"I promise not to freak out again," Rowan begged.

Basil tried to find another argument against it, but in the end, his master had asked. "I warned you." He dropped the glamour, and Rowan leaned forward in the dark, watching the dark lines crawl across Basil's skin.

Rowan lifted a hand and traced the thin whorls across his cheek before moving to the delicate shell of Basil's ear. "They're pointed."

The light brightened as red flared along the tattooed lines.

"Oh, wow," Rowan whispered.

"Wow?" Basil whispered back.

Rowan's gently probing finger slipped past Basil's lips to touch a sharp fang. "I like you like this."

Basil pulled away. “You don’t have to pander to me.”

“I’m not.” Rowan tugged at Basil’s shirt and the djinn obliged him by taking it off. Rowan ran a hand down his chest. “You’re beautiful, in a wild tiger kind of way.”

“I’m not dangerous,” Basil argued. He’d never harm Rowan or Hassan or Leila...

The older boy snorted. “Maybe not to me, but I saw what you did to that thunderer.”

Basil frowned and tried to move away. “I didn’t like doing that.”

“That’s good.” Rowan grabbed his arm to pull him closer. “I still want you, Bass. Will you fuck me?”

The djinn stilled. “You want that?”

“Sure. I just thought you really liked to bottom. I’m good with anything.”

“We can do that.” Basil closed his eyes to push back the fire from his skin.

“Hey,” Rowan said, “don’t do that. I want to see you like you really are.”

Basil stared down at the marks on the back of his hands. “Really?”

“Yes. I want to see the real you. The one that can’t lie to me.” Rowan quickly stripped out of his clothes and tossed them off the side of the bed.

It took Basil a moment longer to accept that he could be himself; he finally shucked off his clothes and crawled to Rowan, who ran cool hands along his ribs, touching and tickling, tracing each swirling line of ash.

Basil pulled away from the touch and looked down at his master, at the muscles cording and flexing under his pale skin. “I want to fuck you.”

Rowan tensed and his dark eyes narrowed, then he made a sound of pure hunger. “Please, please.”

Basil placed his hand in the middle of his master’s chest. He didn’t push. He couldn’t force Rowan to do anything, but the willing submission made his cock jump. “Okay, I’ll... yes.”

Rowan relaxed completely against the sheets and stared up at him with glazed eyes. “Yes.”

Basil stared at the older boy. It was a heady feeling, to be that in control. He hadn't felt control in months, since his flask had touched Rowan's skin. He ducked down to an uncovered nipple, gently laving it to hardness, then nipping it. Rowan moaned, trying to get away, but Basil only bit harder. Rowan ground up against him, his bare flesh over Basil's slick, wet cock.

Basil groaned, his head falling against Rowan's shoulder. Rowan chuckled and scrapped his fingernails along Basil's ribs. “Don't laugh at me,” Basil mumbled. He flipped back over and pounced on the larger boy. “Don't laugh at me.”

Rowan bucked under him, nearly unseating him. “Oh, no, genie.”

Basil slammed his hands into the pink pillow under Rowan's head. “Don't call me that.”

Rowan grinned. “Stop me, then.”

Basil dipped down to where the masculine scent was heaviest. He followed a musky scented trail as he delighted in nosing at the lightly-haired balls, making Rowan squeak. He licked up the hard length, sending Rowan into a fit of cursing. “Oh fuck, that feels awesome.”

He gave a final lick to Rowan's engorged cock before crawling up the boy's squirming body. He grabbed Rowan's hands, trapping them above his head. Rowan tried to hump into him but Basil moved to give him as little contact as possible. The older boy grunted in frustration but stilled.

Basil brought his hand to Rowan's lips, tracing them with his fingers. Rowan eagerly sucked at the fingers Basil allowed past his teeth. “That is so hot.”

Rowan mumbled and continued to lick and suck his fingers. Basil pulled his fingers away slowly, in case Rowan balked, and touched the wet digits to his opening. Rowan didn't move, didn't even breathe as Basil pushed into him. The warmth was unreal. It felt so perfect as his fingers were sucked inside.

“Come on, Bass. Fuck me.”

Basil nodded. He moved his fingers in and out slowly, feeling Rowan try to relax under him. “Those little packets still in your pockets?”

“Always prepared,” Rowan grunted.

Basil leaned over the bed and pulled out a packet of lube. Rowan started carrying them after an unsatisfying bathroom adventure. They had been invaluable more than once. Basil slipped two fingers into him, spreading the slick better than the saliva.

It was so good to own the young man below him. He completely understood Rowan trying to push his submission more and more. He scissored his fingers and poked around until Rowan let out an undignified squeal. “Good?”

“Oh God, do that again,” Rowan groaned.

“Um-hum.” Basil did it again and reached up to roll a nipple between his fingers. Rowan nearly arched off the bed. “Are you ready?”

“Yes, yes. I was ready ten minutes ago. Hurry up.”

“Okay. Just relax.”

Rowan laughed and pulled him up far enough to kiss him. “Do you really think I want to relax?”

“Just do as I say,” Basil said cheekily.

Rowan grinned and fell back onto the bed. Basil rolled on a condom and slicked himself as quickly as he could, so hard it was painful. He needed to be inside Rowan *now*.

The older boy lifted his legs against his chest, and Basil leaned over him. “I want you so much,” Rowan said.

Basil smiled and pushed into him. It was tight and strangely cool against his superheated skin. “Oh, Rowan, you feel so good.”

“Oh God. You’re hot, like heat-hot, inside. I can feel it.” Rowan trembled under him. “Am I okay? That’s really weird.”

Red flared along the lines of Basil's skin. "You're okay. I'm not going to hurt you."

He tried to go slow and to make it last, but Rowan pushed up into him with panting whimpers and a virtual litany of curses telling him he needed to go faster.

He propped himself on Rowan's shoulders and slammed into his pliant body. Rowan groaned under him. "Please, Bass."

Basil felt the need to come rise up faster than expected. He ground his teeth together, fangs digging into his bottom lip. "Ro," he whispered and came.

He let his body drop on top of his master, Rowan's skin a cool balm to his hot blood. "Oh, shit. Sorry."

Rowan laughed and pushed him over on his back. "That's fine. I came, too."

"Really?" Basil slipped his hand down to the sticky mess on Rowan's stomach. "Wow. I didn't... I'm sorry."

Rowan snuggled close to his back, fitting Basil within the circle of his arms. "Damn, you are warm. That was weird. I never noticed when I was inside of you."

"When I dropped the glamour I also lost the ability to control my body temperature." He ran his fingers through the sticky mess on his stomach. "Hey, don't you think we should clean up?"

"No. I think I heard someone out there. I'm not doing the walk of shame."

"Fine." He grabbed Rowan's discarded shirt and wiped himself down.

"Do you want to stay with me?" Rowan suddenly asked. "I don't want to make you do something you don't want. I can give the flask to Hassan or..."

Basil pushed him down on the bed. "Don't. You're my master. I wouldn't want anyone else, and I'd kill Hassan."

Rowan smiled, his blue eyes soft and warm. "Good. I didn't want to actually give you up." Rowan jerked at the light knock on the door and grabbed at the blankets to pull over them.

Basil glared. He could smell the snow and witch hazel drifting under the door. “Niall,” he growled.

Niall eased the door open and looked around the room, dark spots of blood dotting his sleeves. “All right, my prince?”

Rowan tensed. “Professor Grady?”

Faerie blood, just not Niall’s. He’d used his powers liberally earlier in the night, and his eyes said he’d dealt with the problem to his charge. Basil was safe, as was Rowan. Basil had hoped the faerie would never need to show that kind of loyalty. “I’m fine, Niall, thank you.”

The faerie nodded his head slightly and closed the door.

“What?” Rowan asked.

Basil shook his head. “It’s all fine. Everything’s good.”

“That was my history professor.” Rowan stared at the door. “You’re his prince? Is he a genie too?”

Basil smacked him with a pillow. “Eww, no, and don’t call me that.”

Rowan sat up and shoved the pillow to the floor. “What is he? He’s not human. I knew someone that anal-retentive couldn’t be human. You know, he tried to fail me because I was three words short on my final project?”

Basil laughed. “I’m not telling you anything. You called me the G-word.”

Rowan wrapped his arms around Basil. “Come on, just a little hint.”

Basil wiggled around and pushed him back onto the bed. “Nope, ask him yourself.”

He leaned close to kiss him, Rowan’s scent and taste stronger using his unhampered senses. He could spend the rest of his life in that moment, on a stupid, fluffy, flower bed with his best friends roaming on the other side of the door. They were safe, they were whole, and Basil was completely happy. It was perfect.

THE END

Author Bio

Azza has always enjoyed writing, mostly as something to do during algebra classes. Later she found slash fiction and m/m romance and hasn't been able to get away from it since.

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