

Clan Beginnings

Clan and Crave

Chapter One

“Hoslek, wait for me!” Conyod raced toward the paddock’s shimmering force field as his older brother rode chestnut-furred Ges through the opening he’d ordered. Another command closed it behind him.

At nine years old, Hoslek was already an accomplished rider of the six-legged kestarsh their parents bred, raised, and sold. He was also on the bossy side when it came to seven-year-old Conyod.

“Can’t wait. Two of the mares got loose, and I have to find them.” Hoslek spoke in a firm tone, but his gaze cut in the direction of their home worriedly, though the boys’ parents hadn’t yet returned from a trip to town.

“Let me go too, or I’ll tell them you didn’t properly close the containment when you brought them in from the pasture.”

Hoslek paused for an instant before scowling. “Don’t be a jerk, Conyod. As long as I bring them home, I won’t get in trouble. Stop slowing me down.” He shouted at the paddock’s system, though the nearest tall metal pole emitting it was mere feet away. “Corral containment, don’t unlock for Conyod. Disable his voice commands.”

Hoslek might have been only nine, but he already had a born Dramok’s command. Conyod’s first instinct at his brother’s order was to obey. By the time he’d recovered his stubborn nature, Hoslek was galloping toward the foothills of Mount Evar.

“I’ll tell!” he shouted after his brother, who’d already spurred Ges out of hearing distance. Conyod kicked a divot into the ground where the passage of numerous kestarsh had worn the grass away. Even if he’d been able to commandeer a mount in the locked corral, he wasn’t big or strong enough to saddle them alone. He was left behind. Again.

“I’ll tell. You’ll be sorry!”

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The escaped mares returned home of their own accord at their normal mealtime. It was the next morning when the first searchers found Ges, viciously clawed and shivering, between outcroppings of rocks. The evidence of a zibger’s attack was obvious. There was no sign of Hoslek.

Conyod’s mother, who’d stayed reluctantly behind while his fathers, the ranch hands, and local villagers spent the entire night until daybreak searching for her eldest child, collapsed to her knees in the yard when her Imdiko mate Sema brought the horribly injured Ges home. Sema dismounted and held her, his arms wrapped around her shaking shoulders. He was forced to remain at her side for the rest of the rescue attempt...which most acknowledged was now a recovery effort.

Conyod’s other two fathers continued the search. “We won’t stop until we find him,” Nobek Vel vowed.

Hoslek's body wasn't recovered. Like hundreds of riders, hikers, and adventurers who'd dared the mountains brooding over the plain, he was never seen again. In the end, even Vel was forced to admit the child wouldn't be returned for a proper funeral.

The family descended into unrelenting grief. Conyod suffered endless nightmares of his brother riding away and of his own angry cry, the last words he'd spoken to Hoslek a mortal prediction: "You'll be sorry!"

* * * *

Seventeen years later

Nobek Sletran sat in a bar in Kalquor's capital city, convinced he'd made a mistake. It wouldn't be the first time, but since this potential error involved a sensitive Imdiko, he winced in anticipation of committing it.

Not just any Imdiko. A psychologically damaged Imdiko with a rocky history. *It was dumb to have agreed to meet him, Sletran. Dumb.*

He sipped his bohut and watched for the scrawny runaway kid he'd rescued from a group of bullies nine years earlier. Sletran could handle his liquor, but he wished he'd started by drinking kloq instead. The last thing he needed was to get tipsy when dealing with a hero-worshipping boy.

He's an adult now. You heard his voice, how deep it's become. Conyod was what, twenty-four? Twenty-five? Still a kid, really. Sletran thought of the lost, hurt teen who'd made no secret of his crush on the Nobek for the past decade. They'd kept in touch because Conyod had desperately needed a friend, though Sletran had maintained their communications text-only during the past few years. The baritone that had spoken to him on the com three days prior had been a shock. Sletran had barely been able to credit his ears when the caller identified himself as Conyod.

"I'm working in the capital. Since you're stationed nearby, I thought we could meet for a few drinks and catch up."

Sletran had been so caught off guard by the mature voice, he'd agreed. Afterward, he'd regretted it. Conyod was a great kid...*young man*, he amended...but it was time he stopped seeing Sletran as a bigger deal than the Nobek was. He was merely a soldier who'd given a skinny, defenseless runaway Imdiko a little help and encouragement. Nothing special.

It was embarrassing to be worshipped like a hero.

His dour ruminations were interrupted by a few whistles. Heads turned, and Sletran glanced to see what the fuss was about.

A gorgeous young man had stepped in the bar. It shouldn't have been a big deal, but his gentle expression shouted *Imdiko*. The caregiver breed was the rarest of the males. A single Imdiko walking in without clanmates was rarer still. The Nobeks and Dramoks in the room, many unattached, were taking notice.

For good reason, beyond the handsome fellow's designation. Sletran, who'd made the decision years before to commit to the empire's military ground forces rather than to any long-term relationships, couldn't help but admire the new arrival too.

The focus of almost every man's attention was around the Kalquorian male's average height of six-foot-five. Wavy black hair spilled to the middle of his back. It framed beefy shoulders and a devastatingly handsome face.

The Imdiko grinned at his admirers. He kept them from converging on him by shaking his head, pointedly searching for someone in the crowded bar.

He looks vaguely familiar. It suddenly hit Sletran, and he nearly dropped his glass of bohut.

He had to be wrong. There was no way the stunner with the knockout body was Conyod.

The young man caught sight of him, and his smile stretched wider. "Sletran!"

Fighting to keep from gaping in astonishment, the Nobek stood. He managed a clumsy bow, which Conyod laughingly copied.

"Conyod. You, uh, you grew up." And wider. The Imdiko he'd avoided seeing for years wasn't as tall and brawny as Sletran, but he wasn't a lightweight by any means. He filled his white shirt impressively, its fabric stretching across a chiseled chest. His thighs did the same for his trousers.

"I still wouldn't arm wrestle you for drinks." Conyod looked him over, his grin brighter by the second. "When were we last face to face? Six years ago? You haven't changed a bit. Yeah, a glass of bohut, thanks," he told the Dramok waiter who'd arrived and openly ogled Conyod.

The Imdiko ignored the lustful gaze from the server and dropped to the seat across from Sletran's. Sletran drifted to his floor cushion, his gaze locked on his companion.

Mother of All, this was no kid. Conyod was a man. A lot of gorgeous man.

The non-expression on Sletran's strong features told Conyod he'd made an impression. Schooled to hide hints of shock, it was the go-to impassive demeanor for many Nobeks when they'd been surprised. The intensity of his stare was as much of a giveaway as a dropped jaw would have been.

Conyod hadn't developed his well-muscled body solely for Sletran's benefit, but this moment, planned for the last few years, had offered a lot of motivation.

Surprise. I'm not the weak, scared boy you remember. It took every mote of his control to not laugh aloud in triumph.

Conyod was aware he damned near worshipped Sletran. The man had been his idol since saving his pathetic ass as a runaway teen. The Nobek's uber-masculine yet handsome features were framed by black hair. Taller than most at six-feet-ten and bulging breath-stopping muscle, his appearance was as textbook Nobek as the warrior breed could get.

The waiter set glasses of bohut before the men, then hesitated. "Thanks." Conyod's gaze never moved from Sletran.

Completely ignoring the hopeful Dramok, Sletran leaned forward, his neutral expression breaking into a delighted grin. "Imdiko Conyod, look at you. Wow. Where's the underweight, angsty kid I knew?"

"Gone. You didn't think I'd stay a boy forever, did you?" Conyod sipped his drink, affecting nonchalance. "I finished school, you know. I still have the occasional class to upgrade my certifications, but I work an internship at the hospital here in the capital. I'm hoping they'll hire me fulltime after I finish the required hours."

"A psychologist saving minds from life's abuses...a great field."

"Well, I know how therapy benefitted me. I thought I'd pay it forward. What about you? How are the ground forces treating you? I don't want your typical response of 'fine,' which is all you ever text."

"Sure, but it is going well. Probably not as impressive where the pay grade is concerned as a full-fledged psychologist."

“Ha! My paid internship keeps me in sandwiches and little else. Don’t switch the conversation to me. What’s your rank now? Are you running the base yet?”

Sletran chuckled, seemingly unable to stop inspecting Conyod. “I’m still a foot soldier, but I am in charge of my squad, second in rank to my group commander. I’ve also been put in charge of training a couple of squads of new recruits. I hope to make group commander myself in another year or two.”

“Bigger responsibilities and an imminent rise in rank? That’s great. You probably will run the whole show before you’re fifty.” Conyod was doing his own nonstop assessment. He hadn’t shaken his infatuation for Sletran despite the distance their lives had put between them...as well as the Nobek’s polite but firm determination to keep a lovestruck boy’s hero worship at bay.

Conyod was certain Sletran didn’t see him as a boy at the moment.

His assessment was proven when Sletran invited him to dinner at a nearby restaurant after two hours of nonstop talk. Once the conversation got going, there wasn’t an awkward pause to be found. Sletran’s past reluctance to get closer showed no sign of its presence. At the restaurant’s low table, the Nobek slid his floor seating cushion next to Conyod’s and leaned close to hear his companion speak.

At the start, Conyod wasn’t sure what they talked about or even what he ate. His entire being was focused on the man sitting by him, smiling as if they were the only two people in the world. His heart was alight. He’d at last arrived at the moment he’d hardly dared dream of for the past six years. Sletran was looking at him. Seeing him as he was, a grown man ready to claim life, love, and enjoyment.

Their conversation floated to him. “I’m still in shock over your appearance. Tell me your workout regimen,” Sletran invited.

Conyod felt his face warm. Had the Nobek brought up the subject to allow him to openly ogle him? His companion did so, appreciation written on his features. Conyod had purposely worn his tightest clothes in hopes Sletran would like what he saw. It seemed his ruse had succeeded.

“Weights, weights, weights. I run too. I’ve also kept up on the defensive training you taught me.”

“Really? You know, I have a side gig training Imdiko youth in the discipline. You inspired me.”

“Did I?” Conyod cast for another subject to focus on. The last thing he wanted to do was remind Sletran of the kid he’d been. The clingy, undernourished kid who’d been no more than an object of pity for the soldier.

“I can’t get over how you’ve changed. So confident. So...grown up.”

Conyod relaxed. “Kids do that, you know.”

“Your parents didn’t arrange a clanship for you?”

A stab of dismay caught Conyod by surprise. For an instant, it detracted from the fact Sletran was fishing for his availability.

The Nobek must have noticed something in his expression. Sympathy crossed his features. “No change on the home front, I take it.”

Conyod managed a rueful chuckle. “Tuher and Sema aren’t so bad, but they never make it a secret I should be a full partner when it comes to running the ranch. They haven’t stopped angling for me to live and work at home, where they can keep an eye on me.”

Sletran nodded. “They’re still fighting your decision to go into psychology?”

“That’s mostly my mother and Vel. Work at the hospital’s psyche unit gives me a good reason to avoid going home often, and I take it.” He eyed his half-empty glass of bohut and thought about bolting the remainder down. “They didn’t take full advantage of the therapy they were given. The best training in psychology only goes so far if the patients have no intention of improving.”

Sletran’s hand rubbing his back brought a bolt of electricity racing along his spine. “I’m glad you recognized it and committed to recovery. You deserve the best in life after the pain you’ve gone through.”

“I’m trying.” Conyod caught himself leaning closer and was ready to make himself stop when Sletran’s arm circled him. His heart pounding, he settled against his companion. “I’m honestly doing well, even where my parents are concerned.”

He fought to maintain a casual tone, as if their contact was the most normal thing in the universe. For most men on a date, it would have been, as would a night spent intimately on a first encounter. Sex to Kalquorians was as natural to the process of getting acquainted as having drinks.

Sletran had kept him at a distance for years, however. Conyod felt the need to proceed carefully, no matter how obvious the signals for a normal interaction between interested men appeared to be.

They moved on to happier topics. Soon they were laughing as Conyod described his more comical patient interactions and Sletran shared the hilarious mistakes of the men he trained.

As they finished their dinner and drank the last of their drinks, Conyod wished the night would never end. However, now that he’d hopefully won Sletran’s attention, he was willing to continue to play the long game to win the prize. He wouldn’t insist on instant intimacy from the only man he’d ever dreamed of being in a relationship with. He refused to push Sletran away because of impatience when he’d just begun to capture real interest.

I may be head over heels, but I refuse to be stupid when I finally have a chance.

“Conyod?”

“Hmm?” Conyod set his glass down and wondered if suggesting a walk on the nearby beach in the moonlight would be seen as too pushy.

“Would it be obnoxious of me to ask if we could spend the night together?”

Conyod gaped. Was this actually happening? Was Sletran coming on to him?

Fuck the beach and the moonlight. “I’d love for you stay the night.”

* * * *

They were barely in the door of Conyod’s small apartment when Sletran pulled him into his arms and kissed him. It was a searching, deep kiss, the kiss Conyod had dreamed of for years.

He clung to the Nobek, his hands moving over the back of Sletran’s casual shirt, a shirt that would have hung loose on any other man but this incredibly built warrior. He felt the muscles flex beneath the fabric as Sletran also explored. Their mouths moved in concert, and their tongues twined.

Every stroke sent electricity buzzing through Conyod. He sensed the world turning, turning, turning...then realized Sletran was moving him across the floor, prodding him toward the greeting space’s small lounge.

Conyod pulled his tingling lips free. “Sleeping room?”

“Later. After staring at you all night, I can’t wait.”

Sletran tugged Conyod's shirt off, tossed it aside, and paused to examine him. He grabbed the smaller man by the waist and pulled him close again. His palms ran over Conyod's ass. "Ancestors, you're beautiful. Are you sure you're Imdiko Conyod, son of Clan Tuher?"

"I hope so. They keep insisting I come to their ranch for dinner so they can boss me around."

Sletran barked a laugh before devouring him in another heady kiss, squeezing his ass as he did so. Conyod moaned and yielded to a rush of lust, sucking on the tongue plundering his mouth.

The next instant, he was flat on his back on the lounge. Sletran was a blur. Conyod's shoes flew across the small room, landing in the corner. His pants were gone too. The Nobek hung over him, his greedy gaze raking him.

Aroused, Sletran had a stare that could burn. Conyod swore it was lighting him on fire. He reached for the larger man.

His wrists were abruptly pinned over his head. Sletran grinned as he traced the fingers of his free hand down Conyod's torso and further, barely skimming the larger of the Imdiko's livid pair of cocks. He licked the wetness from his fingertips. "You grew big and strong. Do you think you could take me in a fight for dominance?"

It was an aroused Nobek response, the urge to fight then fuck. Conyod knew he didn't have a chance against the battle-trained soldier. "Maybe when you're asleep and I have a huge stick to whack you with."

Sletran laughed, humor taking the edge of bestial need from his features. "Ah hell, Conyod. I'm glad I went against what I thought was my better judgment and agreed to meet you today. Seriously though, am I taking advantage? Do you finally see me as just a guy who helped a kid one day instead of some ridiculous hero you built too big in your mind?"

"You are my hero. I particularly like the ridiculous side of you." Conyod snickered. "Heroes don't usually admit to such flaws, so it makes you even better."

Sletran's eyes narrowed. Protest was written on his strong face. "You need to quit the hero worship."

"Okay. I promise to worship only your body for the next hour. I'd be able to do so properly if you'd strip...hint, hint, hint."

Sletran cracked up again. "You've become funny in the last few years. Definitely not angsty. Hell, who am I kidding? You're gorgeous, you're a grown-ass man, and I'm going to fuck you. Why put off today what I can regret tomorrow?"

Conyod's gut tightened. "I hope you won't regret this."

"I doubt I will, but you might, having put me on such a high pedestal."

Before Conyod could respond, Sletran grabbed his primary and stroked. At the same instant, he kissed him with fierce demand. Conyod writhed in response, his hips rising and falling in rhythm to the experienced movements of his companion's hand.

He'd enjoyed a few lovers. An unclanned Imdiko his age had no shortage of Dramoks and Nobeks eager to prove themselves in bed. None of them compared to Sletran, though he'd done so little thus far.

He was Sletran, and he was more than enough.

When the Nobek had aroused Conyod to the point he was struggling to escape the warrior's grip...he was desperate to tear his clothes off to see and touch what he'd dreamed of for years...Sletran released his larger cock. His smile was mocking and hungry at once, an expression exciting and anxiety-provoking.

Conyod was too stirred to bow to the warnings in his head begging him to not goad an aroused Nobek. Sletran was indeed excited. It was in the darkness of his eyes, the hint of fangs peeking between his lips, the swollen crotch of his trousers, and the spicy scent of a Kalquorian man's lust joining Conyod's.

"Don't stop," the Imdiko whispered, straining toward him.

Sletran continued to stare at him. He slowly, deliberately, licked the wetness from his fingers, which had so recently been stroking Conyod's primary.

"You taste lovely, Imdiko. You feel good. So wet and hard. So hungry for attention. I just have to figure out what I want to do with you first."

"Anything."

"Really?" Sletran swooped to deliver a kiss to Conyod's nipple. His lips tightened around it and sucked gently. He licked next, his coarse tongue rough. Conyod gasped at the spike of pure arousal beelining from his chest to his jerking shafts.

Then Sletran bit. A jolt of pain joined the exciting heat building in the younger man's groin. His cocks throbbed. Conyod writhed and groaned. "Yes!"

"You are grown up." Sletran kissed and licked a path to the other nipple. His teeth closed on the dark circle.

Conyod's ass bounced on the lounge's cushions as torment and lust tore through him at the Nobek's bite. "Fuck!"

Sletran snickered and growled at once. He sucked his nipple and bit again.

It was too much. Conyod had claimed he couldn't best Sletran in a fight for dominance, hadn't imagined doing so, but carnal hunger overtook him. His lover must have thought he'd totally surrendered. When Conyod yanked, his wrists broke free of Sletran's grip.

He wasn't as fast as a battle-hardened Nobek, but one who was taken by surprise was slower to react. Conyod managed to shove him off and pull Sletran's shirt open to display a chest chiseled within an inch of its life before the Nobek responded.

Sletran made up for his lapse. The world swirled around Conyod. He was abruptly on his stomach, his face buried in the velvety seat cushion. Sletran's weight held him pinned. The Nobek swept his long, heavy hair aside, baring the side and back of his neck.

Conyod discerned what was happening an instant before his lover's fangs sank in the thick muscle joining his neck to his shoulder. He bucked, but the fight was finished. Sletran had him.

Warmth flowed through his veins, or perhaps it was Conyod's imagination. Real or not, he knew the Nobek's venom was filling him, racing toward his brain, where it would render him more vulnerable than if Sletran had tied him down.

Kalquorian venom affected various species differently. It was deadly poison to Bi'isils, was harmless but burned like acid when used on Adrafs, sent Plasians into a deep sleep, and set off hallucinations for Beonids. Only Joshadans suffered no effects, ill or good, from Kalquorian bites.

When a Kalquorian bit one of its kind, it rendered the victim susceptible to the biter's commands. It was the rare Kalquorian who could resist the intoxicating pull of his attacker's orders, no matter how he fought to maintain control.

Conyod wasn't among the rare. When Sletran released the bite and said, "Don't move," the command soaked into his consciousness. He didn't budge when the Nobek's weight lifted off him. He felt the other man kneeling over his legs, his knees on either side of Conyod's.

"Naughty Imdiko." There was no reprisal in Sletran's tone. In fact, he sounded as if he were gloating. "Trying to take control? I'll have to teach you a lesson."

He rubbed Conyod's buttocks, a firm massage to both cheeks. The helpless man groaned, his trapped sexes shoving at the cushion beneath him. Sletran's calloused touch was amazing. When his thumb brushed Conyod's hole, passion flooded him. His instinct was to jerk, but the order to stay still kept him from doing so.

"Yes. Discipline must be given and taught. Fortunately...or perhaps not...I'm a stern taskmaster. If you're less than an avid pupil, it'll soon change."

While he spoke, he continued to rub, occasionally tracing Conyod's entrance. His deep voice, growing breathy in anticipation, delivered words the Imdiko took little notice of. Conyod's entire being focused on the exhilarating touch. He was wholly unready when the first slap sent fire blazing across his ass.

Conyod yelped and twitched, but Sletran's command to remain in place meant he stayed exactly where he was.

"All grown up." A second blistering smack brought a stronger yell. "It's probably been ages since you've had a proper spanking." *Whack*. "Good thing I'm here to remind you—" another strike "—how a young man is supposed to behave—" *smack* "—in the company of his elders."

Conyod squalled as his ass turned into an inferno. He was aware of how the heat sank deep in his flesh, seeping into his cocks, which grew fuller and fatter beneath him.

He'd had disciplinary encounters with lovers in the past. He'd enjoyed them as part of sensual play, but this was the first time he had reason to worry he might actually come from erotic punishment. Every blow of Sletran's open palm was as heady as a firm stroke of his hand on Conyod's cock.

How pathetic would it look if he climaxed all over his lounge, like a teenage boy having his first sexual encounter? Conyod didn't want Sletran to think him an inexperienced neophyte.

He tried to concentrate on the pain rather than pleasure, but an endorphin rush had kicked in. All he felt was the incredible heat of the spanking, which enticed rather than discouraged excitement. The fact it was Sletran dealing discipline, enjoying him as a man, heightened his eagerness.

His cries had transmuted from shouts of hurt to cries of anticipation and moans of delight. His shafts grew more sensitive, keenly feeling the velvety brush of the lounge. He would definitely come if Sletran swatted his ass much longer.

In the swirl of elated confusion fogging his brain, Conyod found a single word. He seized on it, unable to determine if it would help him or make the situation worse. Either way, it was all he had.

"Please!"

Sletran's growl answered, accompanied by another smack. "That's it. Beg me. Tell me you're naughty."

Conyod panted as the heat of the spanking made the heaviness in his secondary molten. "Nau-naughty," he groaned, snatching at the word his tormentor had provided.

"Yeah. Now say you're sorry." The bigger man's hand rained delicious torment on Conyod's vulnerable ass.

"S-sorry." The liquid heat was climbing his smaller cock, inching an inexorable trail toward its twin.

"Beg me to fuck you."

"Fuck me!" Though he'd most assuredly lose it if Sletran did at that moment. Conyod couldn't tell him so, however. He could only repeat the words he was given as he fought the increasing tide of bliss pushing to his primary.

“Mmm, sounds good. Say it again. Say, ‘fuck me, Sletran.’” The palm kept clapping his ass cheeks in turn.

“Fuck me, Sletran!” Conyod screamed the words in desperation. He was on the brink.

The steady slapping sounds ceased. Sletran rubbed Conyod’s ass, massaging the heat of discipline deep. The Imdiko groaned, impending climax throbbing his shafts, their excitement fed by the pain that was pure pleasure.

“Put your delicious ass in the air. Legs spread. Offer yourself to me.”

Conyod wouldn’t have needed the venom spurring him to obey. He was in the excitingly submissive position before Sletran finished talking, his thighs trembling as they splayed wide.

“That’s it. So beautiful. Look at this hungry little hole, waiting for me to fill it. To fuck it and shoot it full of my cum.”

The sound of the Nobek’s crotch seam purring open made Conyod’s shafts jerk. He’d probably come himself the instant Sletran shoved in. It would be embarrassing, but all he could think of was how he ached for it.

Sletran’s legs, still clad in trousers, wedged between his. The man Conyod had loved for years was about to fuck him. It was an exquisitely erotic moment.

Something hot and slick poked his entrance. Conyod shuddered. His lover felt big. Sletran hadn’t prepared him, hadn’t stretched his tight hole before laying claim.

His tapered tip eased in a couple of inches. Eased out. In again, a little further. Retreated. In, and this time the Nobek’s larger primary slid along the crevice of his crack. Sletran was invading using the smaller secondary. For all his rough play and harsh demands, he was being careful with Conyod.

Calloused palms spread his burning ass cheeks. “I love seeing this. My cock filling your hole while you moan beneath me. I’m so fucking glad you grew up the way you have. So glad.”

Conyod tried to say he was glad too, but it was at that moment Sletran’s shaft slid along his prostate. A jolt of purest pleasure barreled through him, and his cry was an incoherent babble. For a second, he thought he’d come then and there, but Sletran stilled. The surge of heat paused, then retreated.

“Mmm, yeah, clench my cock. Let me feel and hear how you want it. How much you need it.”

He pushed deeper, and heat surged anew. Conyod sobbed his name. He’d imagined this moment for years, had fantasized it was Sletran when he’d slept with others, but he’d never hoped it could be this incredible. It was as if he’d been created for this man, and this man alone.

Sletran’s groin snugged up to his ass, pressing the entirety of his secondary in Conyod. “Good and tight, you beautiful man. You’re going to fuck my cock now. You’ll fuck it, and I’ll watch.”

“Yes,” Conyod managed.

The Nobek moved until only his tip remained in. He swatted Conyod’s ass. “Do it, gorgeous. Fuck me.”

Conyod was eager to obey. He rocked backward, enclosing Sletran’s shaft to the hilt. Forward, shivering at the delicious thrill of his lover’s girth rubbing his hotspot. Back again, groaning his gratitude.

“Oh yeah. Swallow my cock. So fucking good!”

Conyod moved faster, clenching his ass for Sletran’s pleasure, which meant more to him than his own. He would have continued for the entire night, ignoring his own clamoring urges, had Sletran commanded it.

He gloried in his long-awaited lover's groans and sighs of bliss, in how he clenched Conyod's ass, then his hips. Sletran began to thrust, meeting Conyod's backswings so their flesh met in meaty smacks. Their gasps and grunts were bestial, the ancient primitive song of men fucking hard.

Sletran abruptly pulled free, leaving Conyod achingly empty. The Imdiko began to cry out from loss, but a thicker invader took the secondary's place. Sletran yanked Conyod's hips, driving at the same instant to fill him with merciless lust. Conyod shouted at the exciting clamor of mingled pain and rapture as he was taken.

"Fuck!" Sletran shouted. "Don't come yet, Conyod. Hold on...just...wait until after...I want to..."

Whatever it was he wished to do was lost in an animal growl. He rutted like a man gone mad, the noises he made telling the Imdiko he was closing in on the end.

Conyod was also racing for the finish line, passion fed by the constant friction against his prostate. In desperation, he reached for his larger shaft and clenched its base in his fist. The molten fire of release was stopped there, and he offered a thin shriek between clenched teeth to reject its heaven.

Sletran's rhythm stuttered. "Yes! Here it is...ah, ah, ah!"

His cock jerked in Conyod. Heat filled him as the Nobek's seed erupted. In the midst of his agony of unfulfillment, Conyod wished he could see his lover's face as he experienced climax.

Sletran continued pumping for several seconds until his moans settled to sighs. He stilled, his hands restlessly rubbing Conyod's ass, thighs, and lower back.

He pulled out and rolled the Imdiko on his back. Conyod stared at Sletran, who loomed tall between his legs. The other man's cocks were still erect, but there was only satisfaction on his rugged features. The sight gave Conyod his own sense of gratification.

"How close are you?" Sletran asked him.

"Close." But since Sletran had stopped fucking him silly, Conyod was no longer on the brink...though it wouldn't take much to return him there.

"Hold out for a while longer. Long enough for me to get a taste of those gorgeous cocks." Sletran sank to his knees next to the lounge and pulled Conyod so he could drape his legs on his shoulders. He settled enough weight so Conyod was pinned beneath him. He inhaled the spicy scent of the Imdiko's arousal. "Fuck yeah, I want to gobble these. You smell sweeter than most men I've been with. Here, let me."

He shoved Conyod's hand aside to grip the root of his primary so he couldn't come. The next instant, his mouth enveloped the Imdiko's secondary, right to the base.

Conyod arched and shouted as a flood of cum vainly fought to get past the firm grasp damming him. His fists pounded the lounge as Sletran's head bobbed over him. The Nobek's rough tongue slid along the big vein on the underside of Conyod's length, sending shockwaves of violent delight shuddering through him.

Sletran didn't merely suck his cocks. He *devoured* them, moving from smaller to primary, then back, over and over. He slurped and swallowed the natural lubricant flowing from Conyod's pores in unembarrassed enthusiasm. He gave no sign he noticed how the Imdiko kicked or when he pulled his long curls or how he shoved against his shoulders as lust became unbearable.

Sletran's grip keeping Conyod from erupting was unyielding, and the pressure drove the pinned man insane. He squalled and begged and cursed as Sletran fed on his passion but refused to allow its true expression. Then, just as he thought his mind would break from Sletran relentlessly sucking his primary, the Nobek loosened his clutch.

Orgasm swept through Conyod, and his sight went blinding white. Molten heat poured and poured in the mouth drawing on him in what felt like an unending flood. He knew nothing but the violent fury of release and the sweet pressure of hand and mouth on his cocks, emptying him.

Little by little, he returned to his senses. His vision cleared in time to watch Sletran carefully lower his legs from the Nobek's shoulders, so his feet rested on the floor. His lover stood and stripped his clothing off at last. Despite having come so hard, Conyod's still thrumming and erect shafts offered a twitch.

Sletran was pure muscle, from corded neck to carved calves. The few scars he sported enhanced Conyod's attraction to the physical perfection he'd only guessed at. There was nothing soft or giving about his hero, save the warmth in his eyes as he gazed at Conyod.

"While you're still erect," Sletran said as he knelt on the lounge, his knees straddling Conyod's hips. He lowered and enclosed the Imdiko's primary in his lusciously tight ass.

"Fuck," Conyod groaned. Lust had been diminished significantly, but the kick he felt in his groin told him it wouldn't be sated for long.

"That's what's fun about you younger guys," Sletran chuckled, moving up and down on him. "You're easy to keep hard and make come a second time in a hurry. I should be ready to fuck you again by the time you've finished Round Two. It'll be a nice leisurely fuck, so I can enjoy you the way such a gorgeous Imdiko should be enjoyed."

"No...no argument," Conyod gasped. He did tend to recover rather quickly, but Sletran was waking his lust in record time. Or maybe it was because he'd dreamed of this night for so many years. He hoped it wouldn't be their sole night together, but he had every intention of making it count in case...

No. He couldn't think like that. The idea of Sletran turning away after finally granting Conyod the closeness he craved was too awful.

Then give him what it takes to keep him close. Even if it means starting with just lust, make sure he wants to stick around beyond tonight.

Conyod fell to worshipping the man who'd rescued him from the nightmare of his childhood and adolescence, his tongue and fingers tracing those mesmerizing lines and bulges of the other man's impressive physique. As Sletran rose and fell on him, he closed his fist around his engorged primary...the Nobek recovered quick as well, it seemed...and pumped the hot flesh. Sletran voiced his pleasure in groans for a little while, then grabbed Conyod's wrists and pinned them to the back of the lounge, on either side of the Imdiko's head.

The control excited Conyod. He gazed at his lover, his vision blurred as need increased. Then Sletran's lips were on his, his tongue sweeping Conyod's mouth as if claiming him.

You did that ages ago. I've been yours for years.

He watched in pure love as Sletran moved over him, those entrancing muscles rippling in a dance as he worked to bring him to the physical expression of his adoration. He cried out minutes later when bliss flowed from himself to the Nobek, allowing him to merge intimately with the other man.

Let it last. Oh please, let this continue.

When his cocks ceased jerking, Sletran sighed. "You're a beautiful man, more so when you come. I could watch you do it again and again." A devilish grin spread over his face. "So I will. Where's the sleeping room? Never mind, I'll find it."

He picked up the loose-limbed Conyod, hefting him on his shoulder. The Nobek carried him through his home. In such a small apartment, it didn't take him long to locate the bedroom, much

to their mutual delight. When they finally let sleep claim them, they did so wrapped in each other's arms.