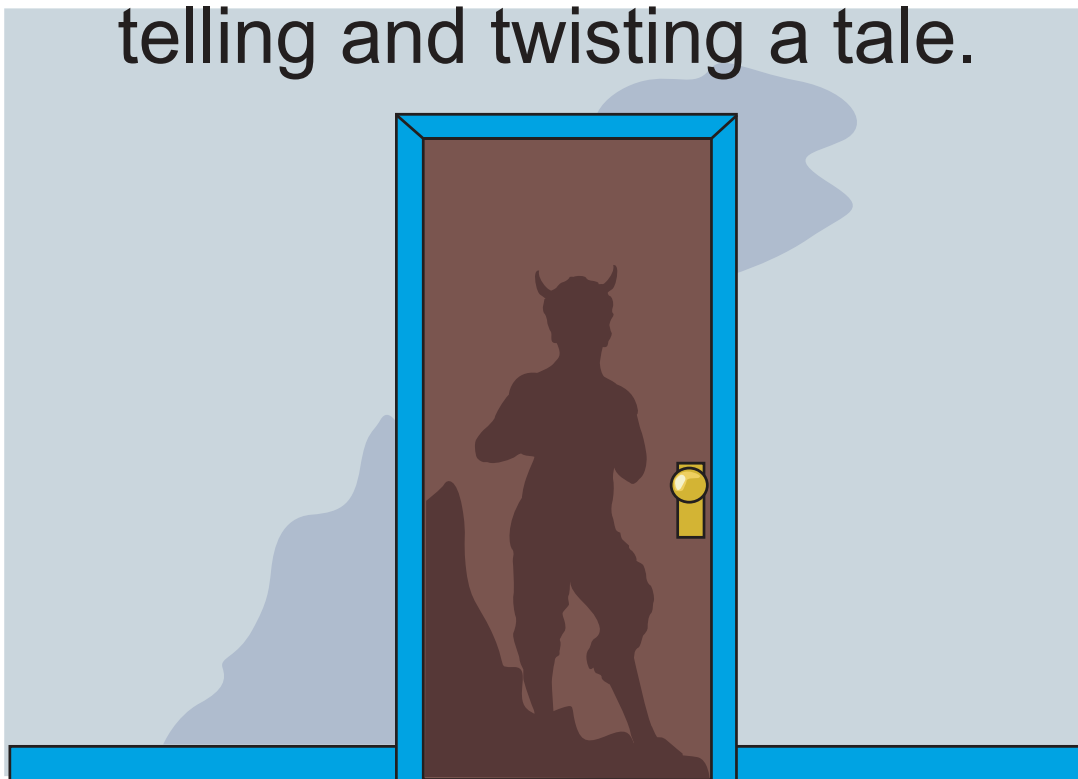


The Airy Faerie
presents the complete

The Story Game

Three writers take turns
telling and twisting a tale.



See what happens when there is
a knock at the door.

Airy Faerie



Beltane 2011

The Airy Faerie is a publication of the
Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

We distribute 6-8 issues per year,
usually in conjunction with one of the
major Sabbats of the Wheel.

Exact timing of each publication date
will vary as life permits.

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Back issues can be found at:
www.radfae.org/arts#airyfaerie

Publisher's Notes

It was a dark and stormy night...

Actually, it was in November/December a few years back that a note on one of the faerie lists led me to an online group for gay and bisexual pagan men. That sounded like something I was interested in so I followed the link and some wonderful men from around the globe, one of whom was Raven Bear Paws. The group was full of lively discussions to join in and many erotic photos for viewing pleasure. Unfortunately, the great powers that be decreed that adult content was not to be allowed on the network for fear of losing corporate sponsorship.

The group owners created a new site and many of us followed. As soon as I arrived, there was a friendship request waiting for me from Raven Bear Paws, ready to continue our connect. I invited DragonSwan to join in the fun that could be found in this new group.

One of the sub-groups was for erotic writing. Many lust-filled stories had already been posted by the time Raven Bear Paws posted chapter one of the Story Game. The idea was simple. Each participant would take up the tale where the last person left off.

After the initial couple of chapters, it became a fun game of coming up with something creative for our contribution to the story that would challenge the others for the next chapter. The fun continued until Chapter 15 when the group owner had to face a difficult choice. The rules for the hosting site had changed. If the group was to continue as an "adult group" then they would have to start paying a fee. If the group wanted to remain free to all, then all adult-themed content had to be removed. The choice was made to keep the group accessible to all and a purge of photos began as well as anything with a hint of sexuality such as the Erotic Writers and Erotic Artist sub-groups were eliminated. Raven Bear Paws never had a chance to post the final chapter to the Story Game.

Now that Airy Faerie has caught up to the chapters that had been posted to the group site, it is time to reveal the final chapter. And what better way than to present the full story so that you can enjoy the full journey without having to go through multiple issues.

But never fear - unlike the unfortunate history of creating the story and evil penis-fearing censors, Airy Faerie does not shy away from adult-themed graphics. That does mean it's time for our traditional adult subject matter warning. Airy Faerie does contain images of penises and men engaging in acts of male-to-male or even male-to-male-to-male intimacy which are not equally appreciated by all sectors of our communities. Please be mindful of that when viewing our little e-zine in a public place such as work, library or local coffee house.

So without further ado, let's go back to the very beginning and join Raven Bear Paws, DragonSwan and myself as we bring you the complete Story Game.

Naked hugs and Faerie kisses

Phoenix

Chapter 1: by Raven Bear Paws

It was cold in the tiny apartment, the heat had been turned off and it was the coldest day of winter. Wrapped in his quilted blanket Brian sat in the window watching the snow fall gently on the street below. "Sigh". Providence seemed to be asleep this afternoon. A few passer byers scurried into caf  s to warm themselves from the afternoon chill. It was only two weeks away from Yule and again he was going to spend it alone. His now ex-boyfriend had moved out three days ago to be with his much younger boy toy.

"Why is it all men seem to leave around the holidays?" He said out loud. "It's just not fair!"

He had devoted six years to Jeffery, trying to be the perfect lover. Tears welled up in his eyes as past memories danced in his head; it began to hurt all over again. Out of the blue Jeffery had packed all his belongings, looked into Brian's eyes and spoke the words he thought he would never hear.

"Brain, I can't do this anymore! The whole witch thing is freaking me out and I just don't love you anymore!"

With that said Jeffery picked up his bag and walked out of his life, leaving him in this shitty apartment on Federal Hill to freeze to death. He knew someday Jeffery would regret his decision and coming crawling back once he tired of is fuck toy but that day was too far away. Brian got up from his seat at the window, wiped his eyes and headed to the kitchen to make a hot cup of tea. He jumped when someone pounded on the front door.

"Who is it?" he called out.

But no answer came. Brain slowly walked to the door and peeked through the tiny peep hole. Through the bubble shaped world of the lens he saw no one out there. Slowly he turned away.

"BAM, BAM, BAM" came the pounding again. Brian's face blushed with the anger he was feeling just then. He tore through the locks, twisted the knob and ripped the door open. The hallway was empty. Not a living soul could be seen. Slowly Brian began to close the door when he looked down. There sitting on the door stoop was a gift wrapped in the shiniest red paper he had ever seen.

"Who could have left this?" he thought to himself.

He hadn't seen anyone walking away. Could this be a gift from Jeffery? Brain bent down and picked the package up. When he laid his hands upon it his body was filled with a strange and pleasant energy. There was something special in this package he just knew it. Closing the door behind him he brought the box to his tiny kitchen table, sat in one of the rickety chairs and stared at the dancing images he could see in the shiny red paper.

"It was now or never!" he said.

He slowly removed the wrapping to expose a white box

beneath it. The box had no name or printing on it.

Strange he thought. He set the paper aside and examined the package. He could tell it opened from the top. Slowly he pulled the top flap open and peered inside. Brian felt his heart race. Could it be what he thought it was? Could it be the very thing he had always wanted? He reached into the box...

Chapter 2: By DragonSwan

....and pulled out a silver chain necklace with a small silver image of Pan with a long erection. He had seen it in at Midnight Magik, a nearby pagan store, a few weeks ago. The silver image of Pan had a lot of detail for such a small piece. He instantly fell in love with it. The first time he picked it up he felt a shock of energy that seemed to travel from the necklace to his root chakra. He had no money and Jeffery refused to buy it for him, so he had to leave the treasure behind. Who else knew how badly he had wanted it?

Brian felt the energy flowing from the necklace, through his hand, down his arm to his spine, then straight to his root chakra. He smiled as the warmth filled his body. He brought the silver image up to his lips and kissed the God on the tip of his erect cock.

"To whom ever gave me this wonderful gift," Brain said out loud, "I am very grateful." He placed the necklace around his neck. This time the energy seemed to surround him like a warm wind blowing around him. The energy gathered at the top of his head and quickly sank through each chakra until stopping at his root chakra. He sat in still silence for a while before trying to understand what had just happened.

He ran to his bed, pulled his box of altar items, cleared off his nightstand and quickly set up his altar. "With Jeffery gone your altar can stay up. You no longer have to hide it in a shoe box," came a voice in his head. Brian realized he was smiling for the first time at the thought that Jeffery was gone.

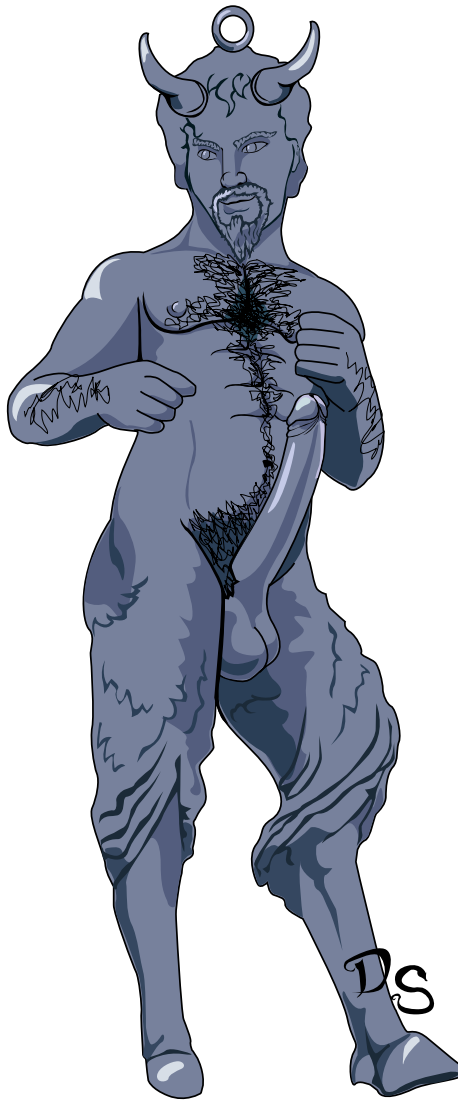
The continued warmth that filled him led Brian to strip to his boxers. He had just finished setting up his altar, lighting the candles and incense and was about to strip

off the final piece of clothing when...

BAM BAM BAM

Before Brian could get upset, he remembered the mysterious gift. Could the person who gave him the gift be back? He grabbed his robe and walked to the door. He paused at the door, his hand on the doorknob.

BAM BAM...Brian quickly opened the door...



Chapter 3: By Raven Bear Paws

...to his surprise leaning against the door frame was the most handsome man he had ever seen. He had long raven black hair, the kind you could just run your fingers through when you were having hot sex, his eyes were almost the same color, dark smoky liquid pools that you could lose yourself in forever. He was tall and beefy, nothing like Jeffery had been, tall and willowy. He was noticing he really liked a man with a little bit of meat on his bones. The man stood there leaning; watching Brian as he looked him up and down. Each word stuck in his throat as Brain spoke.

"Can I help you?"

The man smiled. Brian could feel his knees buckle, for in that smile he saw a wanting he hadn't felt in a long time.

"My name is Apollo," he said smoothly, "and I just moved into the apartment up the hall."

Brian could feel a stirring in his boxers as his cock began to stiffen at the sound of Apollo's voice. He quickly pulled his robe tight to cover his embarrassment. He could see that Apollo had a smirk on his lips.

"I was just wondering," Apollo continued "If you were having trouble with your heat too?"

Brian blushed. His heat was out but not because he was having boiler problems. When Jeffrey left, he had left him with all the bills.

"Yes...Yes I am." He sighed. "Where are my manners? Please come in."

Brian stepped aside and let Apollo in. As Apollo passed he noticed a very intoxicating smell coming from this dark stranger. It was a smell he knew. A smell that was familiar. A smell that quickened his hardening cock. Brian's robe kept trying to open so he gave the belt an extra tug to try to keep it closed.

"I was just making some tea, would you like some?" Brian asked.

Apollo turned to face Brian, it was then that he noticed Apollo's package through his tight pants. It was running down the left side of his leg. He could tell it was thick as it was long. He stood there with his mouth gaped open. He could not believe what he was seeing. He was stuck in a trance.

"Sure if you don't mind?" Apollo said snapping Brian back into reality.

Brian's face flushed, like a child who had been caught doing something he should be. He turned quickly on his heels and headed into the kitchen. He smiled to himself as he poured more water into the electric kettle. His mind raced as he wondered what that huge cock would feel like as it entered his tight ass, and that smell was driving him crazy. He reached down to adjust his own painful stiff cock when he noticed a growing wet spot on the front of his boxers.

Apollo's voice called from the other room. "If you don't mind me asking, what is this you have set up next to your bed? I mean it looks like some sort of altar?"

Brian stuck his head around the corner to see what Apollo was talking about.

"OH THAT! Well it is an altar actually. I am a Pagan!" he said "That doesn't bother you does it?" Brian asked in earnest.

"No, not at all!" Apollo said with his back to Brian.

With that said Brian went back to the kitchen to make the tea and returned to his internal fantasy with Apollo taking him from behind.

"Do you take sugar and cream? Brian called from the kitchen.



When all of a sudden he felt.....

Chapter 4: By Phoenix

... a pair of arms reach around his waist.

"Your belt was about to fall," came Apollo's soft, deep voice in his ear. "The question is whether you want it that way or should I help you cover back up?"

Words escaped Brian at that moment. The warmth of the closeness of this stranger was intoxicating. The nearness of him caused Brian's dick to swell. With the fixings for the tea in his hands he had no way to try to hide his erection.

"That's what I thought," said Apollo.

Brian felt the belt that had been holding his robe closed fall at his feet. In a swift move, he felt the robe join it and Apollo pressed into him. The warmth of the man behind him far surpassed the passive warmth offered by the robe. It was only then that Brian realized that he was feeling flesh against his flesh and somewhere in the intoxication he felt, his boxers had joined the robe.

"With that hard on necklace you have and your own near nudity, I had a feeling that nakedness was the norm for your apartment, I hope you don't mind."

Brian's mind was racing. How often had he wished he could get Jeffery to walk bare assed in their apartment. No, Jeffery had to put boxers on after sex. Heaven help him that some invisible spirit might see his penis as he walked to the bathroom, ten feet away from the bed. Jeffery was quick to toss Brian a robe when Brian started to make a naked trek to the bathroom. Until this moment, he hadn't realized that he had been unconsciously rebelling against that past by allowing himself the freedom to be naked in his own home when he had started to strip for his ritual. It was just the thing he was doing and it felt good. He hadn't put any deliberate thought into it, it just was a part of him that had been suppressed finally

expressing itself.

Brian put down the teapot and turned to face his guest. Their erect cocks met and the electric current sent shivers down his spine. He was about to kiss Apollo when...

Chapter 5: by Raven Bear Paws

Strange visions began to dance in Brian's mind. Images that appeared to be of ancient Rome. He could see a man seated on a stone throne, man that looked a lot like Apollo but much larger than any man he had ever seen. Throngs of naked men slithered on the floor before him all entangled in a massive orgy. The smell of sex was strong. The man on the throne was naked; his cock erect and ready for attention. There was slow movement by his left hip as a golden snake head emerged from behind the formidable man. It slowly wound itself around the man's left leg. Brian could see that the leg was as thick as a young pine as it enters its adult life. The stately giant bade Brian to approach. As Brian stepped forward he did so on the many naked men that lay before him. He stepped slowly so that he didn't hurt the ones he stepped on. When he reached the middle of the orgy, his own need began to grow. Brian looked down in his embarrassment and discovered he was also naked and his cock bounced with anticipation. A thin thread of pre-cum dripped from the head of his cock onto the back of one of the orgy goers.

"Why have you come here?" came the soothing voice of throned giant.

Brian quickly covered his erected cock.

"I don't know how I got here. I was standing in my kitchen and then next thing I know, I am here."

Brian lowered his eyes so not to look into the dark smokey liquid pools that were his eyes.

"Do you not like what you see before you child?"

Brian stumbled for the right words to say. He did not know what to make of what he was seeing.

The throned being laughed a hardy and rich laugh. A laugh that was so infectious that Brian himself began to laugh. The giant reached beside his throne and pulled up a lyre. The musical instrument was solid gold and carved with the likeness of Brian's necklace; the image of the erect Pan. As the giant began to play it Brian could see the actual notes form in the air. The giant's voice came off light and airy as he began to sing.

"Lay before me son of man

Be my lover and take my hand

Reap the wealth that lay before you

For I am God of the Sun."

Brian swooned to the music. He was entranced by the very voice that sang to him. Hands below reached up and probed into the soft tissue of his ass. He could feel fingers sliding in and out of his pulsing hole. He groaned with pleasure as a warm mouth closed over his ready cock. When he looked down he could see the top of the head that suck diligently on his manhood. The thick locks that covered this head were brown and curly. Brian reached down and ran his finger through the main of curls only to discover the being had horns. The creature looked up into Brian's eyes. They were light

brown with flakes of gold within them, he had pointed ears, and a goatee. What this a Faun? Brian's mind raced as he got closer and closer to releasing his seed in this being's mouth. Another stood behind Brian spreading his ass cheeks, he felt the warm long tongue dart in and out of his sacred rose. Without warning he gritted his teeth as a large penis entered him. The pleasure was almost overwhelming. Brian looked back to see his lover behind him. He saw the fur covered legs and the cloven hooves attached to them. Yes they were Fauns. With each thrust the Faun's cock reached deeper and deeper inside of him. A burly arm reached around and grabbed the other Faun's horns forcing him to bob faster. All the while the deep rich singing voice sang faster and faster. Brian reached back to grab a hold on the Faun's ass fucking him. The creature's ass was smooth save for the stub that was the creature's tail. He held fast as the Faun's thrusts grew harder and faster. He could feel the cock inside of him pulse as it released load after load filling him with the warm nectar of the Gods. Brian himself was about to explode. The Faun before him sensed this and pulled Brian's cock from his mouth just as the white streams of pearls shot all over the Faun's hairy face. The Faun licked greedily at his lips, rubbing the remaining seed all over his face like he was soaping up in a shower. Brian could feel the cock inside of slip out and being replaced by another. A much more powerful presence stood behind him now. Massive hands gripped his hips. Brian slowly turned his head to see the stately giant had pushed his cock inside of him. With each thrust of this giant's cock Brian shot a load onto the waiting Faun's face. The world around Brian began to swirl in a kaleidoscope. The sound in



the room began to sound like he was standing at the far end of a tunnel, all when went black.

Brian slowly opened his eyes to see he was looking into the eye's of Apollo, the dark stranger who had knocked on his door and now stood cock to cock with him. Brian smiled and kissed Apollo, spreading his lips with such ease, allowing his tongue to explore the deep workings of Apollo's mouth. Brian reached for Apollo's hard member to his surprise...

Chapter 6: by Phoenix

...the necklace around his neck began to burn his skin. It was as if a hot cinder had sparked from a campfire. Brian reached up to try to take off the necklace but the chain was too hot to hold long enough to unclasp it. He was about to try to yank it off when he felt Apollo's hand cover the burning Pan. His touch was cooling. The heat in his loin continued but he felt as if a soft summer breeze had come to caress his body after being baked in the hot summer sun.

Brian started to reach up to cover Apollo's hand with his own but discovered that he couldn't move. The coolness that he felt wasn't a breeze, rather it was a cold stone slab upon which he was chained. He strained to break free but the ropes binding his wrists and ankles were tight. The strap that bound his neck to the slab only had enough give to allow him to turn his head ever so slightly.

He discovered that he was on top of some type of pyramid on what had to be the darkest of nights. Torches were flaming in the corners of that space. Drums were beating out slow rhythms in the distance, just out of sight. Brian had a feeling the drummers were

on the steps below. Around him, he could see several figures in the dark. Ornate feathered headdresses gave the figures alien-like silhouettes. They were chanting in some language that Brian couldn't understand.

He could feel someone fondling him but his restraints wouldn't allow him to look down. The person had cold, rough hands and it seemed like their goal was to keep Brian hard. They would stroke just enough to stimulate him but not enough to make him climax. When Brian started to wilt, the hands would spread some type of warming oil on his cock and coax it back to life.

As the drumming picked up the pace, several of the robed figures gathered closer and Brian could almost pick out their features in the torchlight. One of them slathered something on his chest. It was cold and foamy and soon he felt the distinct feel of a razor. "Damn," he thought. "With Jeffery gone, I had just about begun to hope that I wouldn't have to suffer the itch of chest hair growing back." As perfect a lover as he had been, the biggest argument between Jeffery and Brian was over Brian's thick pelt of chest hair. Jeffery loved his men smooth from top to bottom and even shaved Brian's arms and legs. But strange as this situation was, these strange priests were shaving him with more love than Jeffery ever had. It was as if they were loving him and preparing him for a special honor that was yet to be given to him. The thought caused his dick to spring to life and now, it was not just hard, it was fully erect and free from his body.

He heard one of the priests gasp and utter some type of command. The drummers picked up the pace and Brian felt his blood begin quicken. The priests began to paint circles on him; first on his chest, then his forehead and finally one with his dick in the center. After the circles, they began to paint lines like rays on a child's drawing of the sun.

The sun! That's what's motivating them, thought Brian. He glanced to the side and sure enough, the faint colors of the predawn were starting to emerge from the darkness. He felt multiple hands stroking his cock. One priest kept fingering one of the painted lines. Brian pictured a child watching a sundial and began to think that is what these priests were doing with his dick. When the shadow of his dick crossed that line, then they would let him climax just as the sun broke froth and granted them daylight.

The pace of the drumming began to reach a fevered frenzy and he felt his cum churning to be released. He was just starting to moan when he noticed the glint of a knife being held over his heart.

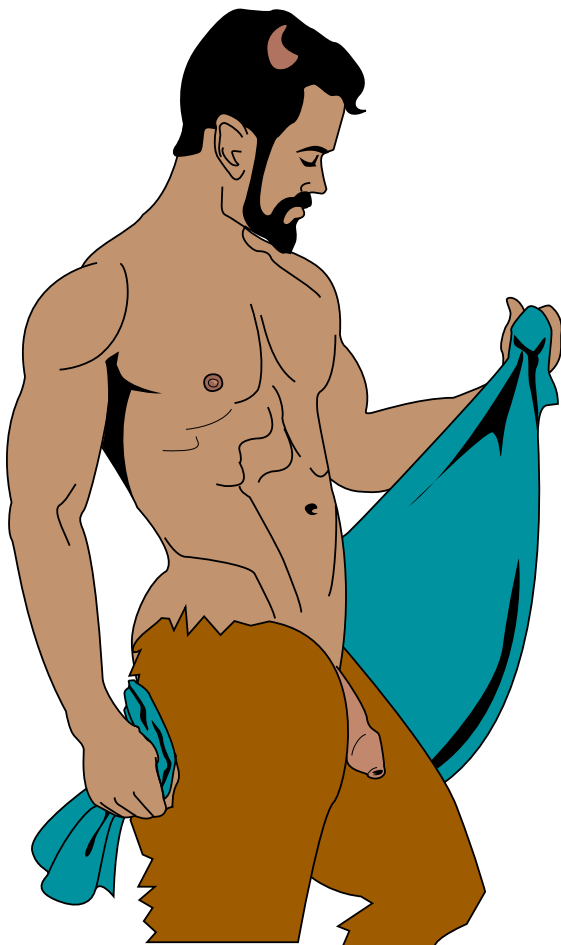
"No!" he shouted as the realization of the sacrifice of his life to a strange dark god was to be made just as his was to shoot his seed into the air.

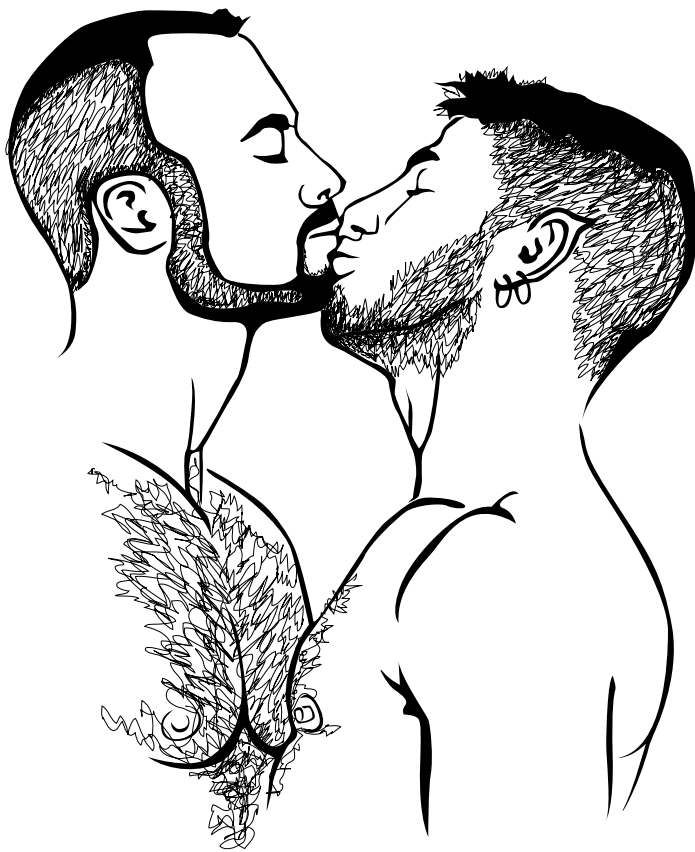
In some act of mercy, one of the priests covered his eyes so that he could not see the knives. Even through the thin cloth, he could still sense the growing light. The strange mix of fear and pleasure was overwhelming him.

Just as the drummers reached their final cadence, he imagined the downward thrust of the knives but a thunderous boom filled the air and suddenly everything was pitch black. Brian couldn't even sense the flicker of the torches.

"Who dares harm my chosen?" came a booming voice that seemed to be everywhere at the same time.

Brian heard the screams of the priests and drummers as the fell down the pyramid stairs. He felt hands begin to loosen his bonds when he felt something brush against his leg. It was silk-like fur,





much like the goat he remembered at a petting zoo. When the cloth was removed from his eyes, he spied a pair of fauns scurrying away.

Brian tried to sit up but a dizziness of the realization of what had almost happened overcame him. The stranger steadied him and came around to the side so that Brian could see him. A shaft of light broke through the darkness and illuminated the stranger's face. Dark hair cascaded from under an ornate headdress which was being removed.

"Apollo?" questioned a very bewildered Brian.

"This is not how I wanted us to meet again."

The stranger brushed his hand on Brian's face. He closed his eyes to enjoy the tenderness of the gesture. When he opened them again, he found himself back in his kitchen.

"Are you OK?" asked Apollo. "You looked like you weren't able to breathe."

Brian was struggling to find a way to tell the naked man in front of him of the strange visions that he had been having without sounding crazy. But words were starting to escape him as he felt a surge of cum boiling inside. The two had barely touched and Brian was already about to shoot a load when...

Chapter 7: by DragonSwan

BAM BAM BAM

"Who the fuck could that be," Brian thought. He wanted to scream, "JUST GO AWAY!"

"It is probably my lover," Apollo said as he waked naked and still hard to the door.

Brian's head was spinning, tonight was becoming way too much for him. What gay melodrama was he in for as lover finds partner naked with another guy ready to blow.

"Brian this is my lover, Hermes," Apollo was saying as he ushered his lover into the kitchen. Brian opened his eyes and first focused on Apollo's face. His wide grin and sparkling eye, made Brian a little jealous of the man who brought so much joy to Apollo. Why couldn't it be him? When he turned to look at Hermes, his mind went blank. Before him stood the hot pagan man he had lusted after every time he went to the pagan store, Midnight Magik. He never knew his pagan fantasy man's name but he had every other detail permanently etched in this mind. Standing before him was the long red hair and wild goatee; the impish smile that always made him wonder what was going on behind the deep green eyes that always smiled; the tall beefy frame that filled every shirt perfectly; the hairy arms that had tribal tats on the left arm, and ivy that wrapped around a Caduceus on the right; the slight sent of Patchouli mixed with man sweat that always make Brian's dick stir; not to mention the thick legs, the perfect ass, and that always visible bulge in the front of his jeans. It was that ever noticeable bulge that Brian realized he was staring at when Hermes broke the silence.

"I always thought that he would be the first to get you naked." He said with an impish smile that melted Brian. "Well, I will leave you two alone. I just came over to tell you I just got off the phone with the apartment manager, and he said he is having someone come out today to fix the heating. I'll let you to get back to what you were doing." He gave Brian a wink and kissed Apollo.

"You could join us if you want," Brian final found the courage to say.

"Do you want a third?" Hermes asked Brian.

"Oh god YES!" Brian started, "I mean, umm I would like you to stay." He felt his face burn.

"You are so cute when you blush," Hermes said as he took Brian's face in both hands and kissed him. Brian could smell the Patchouli and sweat. The kiss tasted of wine as Hermes's tongue pressed into his mouth.

Brian let his senses take over as he got lost in the kiss. The air around him seemed to get warmer and heavier, almost like it was water. He could feel water around his legs and waist. Red wine filled his mouth and ran down his chin and chest. He opened his eyes and found himself in a place that felt like he had been there before. He was naked, waist deep in a lake with a tall waterfall on one side and a lush forest on the other side. Three naked faeries were attending to him. One held a golden chalice of wine that never seemed to empty. Another one held a golden container of sweet smelling incense that he was using to cleanse Brian with. The last one had a silken cloth that he would dip into the lake and then wash Brian's chest and back.

"Oh most honored one," the faerie with the cloth said, "we are all so very honored to be of service to you today as you prepare for you initiation. I pray that once you have been chosen, and it is your turn to honor someone, you will remember us who have taken care of you today."

Before Brian could respond the faerie with the wine replied, "You should hope that he does not remember you, and the lack of attention you have paid to your duties. There is still sand on his honored one's left horn." The faerie with the cloth was shocked and began begging for forgiveness. He quickly dipped the cloth in the lake and flew up to Brian's head. He felt the warm wet cloth as it moved about his forehead and hair.

"His horn?" Brian asked himself. He reached up with his right



hand and felt his forehead, until his hand found a long twisted horn sticking out of his head. He could not believe what he was feeling. He took a deep breath and felt his legs under the water. His fingers were running over thick wet fur.

"Have we offended you, your most honored one?" The faerie with the cloth asked seeing the puzzled look on Brian's face.

"No, not at all," Brian tried to comfort the faeries who were looking like they were being scolded. "It is just that I am a little...well, I guess I am a lot...I don't...It is just that I am..."

"A bit overwhelmed," said a deep sexy voice. They all turned to see who had spoken. The three faeries quickly bowed. Two great horned Gods stood on the edge of the lake. Both were tall, gorgeous well built men, with the long twisted horns of a goat. They were both naked with a forest of fur covering their broad chests, trails of hair leading down to their enormous uncut cocks and hairy balls that swung between their thick goat legs. One of them had long thick black hair and a full beard that did not hide his handsome face. His dark eyes sparkled in the sun. The other one had a mane of red hair and long goatee and eyes at green and the forest.

"Greetings, oh great God Apollo, and God Hermes," the faeries said in unison.

Brian bowed, "Good day my Gods."

Hermes brushed his long red hair back over his right shoulder before asking, "Now are we to come and pull you from the lake or will you come to us?"

"I shall come to thee," Brian said as he began to walk towards them. He took a few steps and paused and turned to the faerie attendance. "I shall never forget the great service and care you three have shown me today."

"Thank you, your most honored one," they all said. The smile on their face beamed, and Brian thought that he noticed a tear of gratitude in their eyes. He turned back to the Gods and walked out of the lake. As soon as both hooves were on solid ground a young naked faun came running over with a soft towel to dry him off with.

Once the faun had finished drying Brian off he picked up a blue clay pitcher.

"I believe that is my job," Apollo said stepping forward. The faun handed Apollo the pitcher and left back into the forest. God Apollo poured the thick liquid into his hand and then rubbed it over Brian's chest. The liquid was warm oil that was intoxicating; it seemed to relax Brian while also awaking all of his senses. God Hermes came up behind Brian and began kissing his neck and massaging his shoulders before hugging him from behind. Brian could feel Hermes massive member rubbing against his ass cheeks. Apollo filled his hands with oil and reached around between Brian and Hermes to oil up Brian's ass. Brian's dick sprang to full erection when it rubbed up against Apollo's cock. "Are you ready to service us, and by serving and honoring us become one with us?"

"Yes my Lords," Brian said and was soon being forced to kneel. The two Gods moved so that they stood over Brian with both their cocks in his face. Apollo pulled on Brian's new horns forcing his head to turn and rub up against Apollo's thick man meat. The musky smell of Apollo's crotch sent Brian over the edge and any fear or self doubt he had about servicing two huge Gods disappeared. He took Apollo's limp dick into his mouth and began licking and sucking. Feeling the cock getting hard and starting to grow with the moans of Apollo let Brian know he was doing a good job. Brian went back and forth between Apollo and Hermes, sucking and licking both cocks and balls until they were both rock hard.

Hermes knelt down behind Brian and grabbed the oil. Brian felt the oil being poured on his back. The oil ran down his back to his butt crack. Hermes used his hands to add more oil to Brian's ass. Soon, well oiled fingers found Brian's tight hole. "I need you to relax for my baby," Hermes whispered in Brian's ear. While Hermes played with Brian's ass, Apollo worked his throat. Hermes replaced his fingers with the head of huge cock and pressed it into Brian's hungry hole. Once the tip of his cock was in, Hermes grabbed Brian's legs and spread them as he pulled them back, causing his dick to slide deeper into Brian. The deeper Hermes went into Brian's ass the deeper Apollo went down Brian's throat. Once Hermes was all the way in, Brian realized that he was sitting on top of the God's cock. Brian surrendered as one god fucked his ass and the other fucked his face. Brian ran his hands up the legs of Apollo and began to play with the God's ass, rubbing a finger around the tight rosebud.

Apollo let out a loud cry as he pulled his cock from Brian's mouth. Apollo ran his hand over his swollen meat sending large waves of white honey. The God's nectar covered Brian's face, but he was able to get a fair amount into his mouth. Hermes gave a soft laugh, "My brother always comes first."

Apollo knelt down in front of Brian and licked off the cum from Brian's face and neck, feeding it to Brian in several kisses. Apollo whispered in Brian's ear, "I may cum first but I am quick to come back. Are you ready for the real test?" Apollo grabbed the pitcher of oil and poured it over his rock hard cock. He rubbed the oiled cock head over Hermes' dick and Brian's hole. "Are you ready to really service us both?"

Brian looked into Apollo's deep dark eyes and whispered "YES." Brian soon felt the cock head of Apollo joining Hermes' cock inside his ass. A quick gasp escaped his throat.

"Just relax my love," both Gods instructed. Brian let the taste of Apollo's man juice, the musky, sweaty smell of man sex take him

away, as he opened his ass and let both Gods in. Once both Gods were deep inside of him, Brian started working his hips to match the thrust of the Gods. Soon he was not sure who was setting the tempo, him or the Gods. Time seemed to stand still and go fast forward as both God's cock worked in and out of Brian's ass. The one blessed moment of eternity was over too soon. Brian felt both God's dicks start quivering, as they began moaning their pending orgasms. Both cocks exploded deep inside Brian, filling him with the God's nectar.

Brian tried to catch his breath as both God began kissing his neck, back shoulders, face and lips, keeping their still hard cocks inside of him. Both Gods whispered in each ear, "Friend, Lover, Brother, all three are one. Now and forever, all three are one."

Brian closed his eyes to fight back treats of joy. "All three are one," he echoed.

"All three are one what?" Apollo asked hugging Brian from behind, his hard cock rubbing between Brian's butt cheeks.

Brian opened his eyes and was not surprised to find himself back in his kitchen. This time a naked Apollo held him from behind while a naked Hermes held and kissed him from the front, their hard dicks rubbing together. "Are you OK?" Hermes asked noticing the small tear in the corner of Brian's eye.

Brian was about to say that they would never understand, but he felt such a strong connection in the few moments he shared with these two hot strangers, that he offered to try and explain everything to them. He wanted to tell them how his lover, who never really let him be who he truly was, dumped him for a barely legal boy toy; how he had received a mysterious gift; his unbelievable luck at having two hot men in his apartment, and specially about the odd,

fun sexual dreams, memories he had been having. He pulled out of the tight embrace to look both of them in the face. "Ok this is gonna sound like I am crazy, but..."

He had to stop because just then....

Chapter 8: by Phoenix

....Brian woke with a start as the smell of smoke filled his nostrils. He looked up and saw his altar in flames.

"Shit! I must have fallen asleep after I lit the candles."

He dashed to the kitchen and grabbed the fire extinguisher. Just as the last of the flames were doused, the smoke detector went off. "Great," he thought. "Now everyone will know." He went into the hall and yanked out the battery, silencing the high pitched shrieks from the alarm.

Brian went back into his bedroom to survey the damage. Other than the mess and singed altar, it appeared that he had woken at just the right moment before more serious damage could be done. With the immediate adrenalin rush over "Man, that ironwood incense was giving me some pretty crazy dreams."

He felt the necklace around his chest so he twisted it upwards so he could see the figure on the chain, "And you Mr. Pan have to be responsible for some of them too. I have never had such erotic dreams in my life. I'm going to have to watch out for you!" As he left the pendant fall back to his chest, he could almost picture the little faun winking at him.

BAM BAM BAM..."What the..." came a deep masculine voice at his front door.

Before Brian could react, the voice continued. "You in here?"



Your door opened when I knocked.” The voice grew louder as it followed the smell of smoke and through the lingering haze came what could only be described as a god. He had long raven black hair, the kind you could just run your fingers through when you were having hot sex, his eyes were almost the same color, dark smokey liquid pools that you could lose yourself in forever. He was tall and beefy. His broad, well defined shirtless chest had a small patch of fur right over his heart and a thin trail of fur led down to his groin, which was hidden behind a brightly colored sarong.

“Hey, are you OK?” said the stranger as he sat down on the bed. “I’ve been standing there a couple of minutes and you haven’t said anything.”

“Sorry. I must have fallen asleep with my candles lit and I had some of the craziest dreams. Seeing you step through that smoke haze I thought I was having another one of those dreams.”

The stranger laughed. “My lover would beg to differ. If I were in them, he would tell you it was a nightmare, not a dream.”

Brian tried to laugh at the thought of anyone saying this handsome hunk was a nightmare. But he realized that Jeffery used to say the same thing about him. Now Jeffery was gone and maybe he was right. A tear started to form in his eye.

“I know that look,” said the stranger as he put his arm around Brian. “Your jerk of a boyfriend says that about you. Where is he anyway? I haven’t seen him in the halls recently.”

The warmth of human touch felt good to Brian. He found himself opening up to this complete stranger. He told him everything, including his unkind words about Brian being a witch. “Tonight was the first time I lit my candles in a long time. After what happened, maybe he was right.”

“Being a witch isn’t a bad thing. Leaving lit candles unattended is another,” chided the stranger. “Anyway, I came over to invite you to our party.”

“Thank you, but I don’t even know your name, why would you invite me to your party?”

“As to the first, I’m Apollo.”

Brian held out his hand for a handshake but Apollo brought him in for a hug. Brian could feel Apollo’s cock stirring beneath the thin fabric of the sarong. Apollo kissed Brian full on the lips and soon tongues were entwined.

“God’s how I’ve wanted to do that since I first saw you with that jerk. I knew he was wrong for you and I knew what you really needed.”

“Which is what?” asked Brian, still gasping for breathe after the kiss.

“Immediately, it is to come to our party.” Gesturing to his attire, “We just came back from our annual trip to Hawaii and thought it would be fun to revisit that sunny energy on a chilly night.”

“But I have nothing fun to wear for a tropical party,” protested Brian, wondering why he was suddenly feeling shy after that passionate kiss.

“Nothing is fun too,” said Apollo as he rubbed his hand over Brian’s hard cock that was straining to be released from his boxers.

“The only reason I’m wearing this sarong is because I didn’t want to shock people by walking down the hall butt naked.” He untied the knot around his waist and wrapped the sarong around Brian’s waist. “Put this on or join me and we will shock them together.”

Apollo kissed Brian again and while tongues explored deeper connections in mouths, Brian felt Apollo push down his boxers. He allowed the god in human form to strip him.

“Yummy. What do you think about three-ways?” asked Apollo. “Cuz once my lover sees your furry pelt, he is not going to let me keep you to myself.”

Brian had always thought three-ways were just a fantasy. They weren’t for basic folks like him. They were against everything that he had been taught about being faithful to just one person. But with Apollo’s hand on his quivering cock, he could only let out a soft moan.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

Apollo led Brian through the apartment by his cock. He only allowed him to stop long enough to pick up his keys to lock the door. Once in the hall, something came over Brian and he suddenly felt free. Here he was standing naked in a public place. Jeffery would be mortified to see him since Jeffery would wear clothes in the shower if that was possible. But more than that, he was naked with a stud who was also naked and going to a party where clothes weren’t allowed. Part of him knew that he should be scared about all of the unknowns ahead but Apollo was radiating such calm that he knew everything would be just perfect. Brian was almost disappointed when no one opened their door to witness his bold display.

When they got to the end of the hall, Apollo opened the door and stood to the side to allow Brian to enter first. As he stepped into the room, he felt the sand ooze up between his toes. He looked up to see a man around a campfire on a beach. The final colors of the sunset were just fading in the sky and a cool breeze caressed his skin. The lone figure rose from the fire and headed toward him. Long red hair floated in the breeze behind him as he approached.

“I’m Hermes. I see my better half rescued you from the clutches of that evil villain who doesn’t appreciate fine jewelry.”

It must have been the dwindling light that had prevented Brian from recognizing the owner of Midnight Magik at first sight. “Did you give this to me? How did you do that? No one was in the hall when I opened the door.”

“I’m fast. But I didn’t give him to you. He gave himself.”

Brian couldn’t get Hermes to say more. He was led to the fire. When he settled on the ground, Brian felt Apollo slide in behind him, wrapping his strong legs around him. Hermes stood before him and sat down in Brian’s lap in a fluid motion that caused Hermes’s dick to slide from the top of Brian’s head all the way down until it reached Brian’s belly, only stopping its descent when Hermes impaled himself on Brian’s stiff cock. Without any foreplay or warning, Brian found himself fucking a man he had lusted after every time he went into the store.

“Don’t think,” groaned Hermes. “Don’t fantasize. Do it like you never have done before.”

Apollo turned Brian’s head so that the two could kiss. The fire



of the living sun was in the kiss and Brian felt the heat shoot down to his cock. Jeffery had always told Brian that he was boring vanilla when it came to sex, but here in the moon light, Brian felt the strawberry of the red head on his lap and the chocolate of the brunette kissing him turn him into something special. He started thrusting into Hermes, who in turn began to ride Brian's cock like a champion bull rider. Apollo had a way of playing with Brian's nipples that acted like turning up the volume. Brian had never been much into tit play, but that now seemed to be the inadequacy of Jeffery not Brian that had been the source of that disinterest.

As Brian began thrust with increasing passion, he began to rise on his knees and forced Hermes backwards. He put his hands behind the redhead as he helped lower him to his back while his stretched his body on top. Brian was so intent on fucking Hermes that he almost didn't feel when Apollo started licking his ass. The tongue was soon replaced by probing fingers. Brian was caught in a mixed feeling. The ass beneath him was one of the finest he had ever experienced, but the probing made him want to concentrate on that pleasure.

He felt Apollo's dick work its way into him so he had to slow down his own fucking. The probing cock reached its depth and Brian felt him begin to pull out, ever so slowly and then back in, equally slow. On the second pull out, Brian matched the pace in Hermes's ass. In and out in unison. Faster and faster as they maintained the synchronization of thrusts.

One of Apollo's thrusts went deeper than Brian knew possible and he let out a small moan. "Here, suck on this," said Hermes, offering the Pan pendant to Brian's mouth. Expecting the taste of metal, Brian was surprised to find flesh in his mouth. He looked up and found that he was sucking the dick of a faun. Brian was too lost in the passion to be surprised. The faun matched the rhythm of the others as he thrust his dick out and in of Brian's mouth, in a perfect counterbalance to the motion of the fucking. The faun pushed in as they pulled out.

Brian heard a rumble and turned his head toward the noise. In the distance, he could see the red glow of the fires of a volcano. The trio with him didn't seem to notice. If anything, they reacted to the volcano's announcement by increasing the pace.

Within a few passion filled thrusts, Apollo pulled out of Brian's ass and the synchronicity of motion resulted in Brian doing the same with Hermes. Apollo quickly flipped Brian over as Hermes crawled out from beneath him. Brian lay on his back as he felt the release of his companions splatter on his chest. His own release resulted in a fountain that plastered cum into the standing faun's eyes.

"There she blows," shouted Apollo as the volcano erupted in an echo of the passion that was on the beach.

"Thanks. I needed that," said the faun kissed

the three men on their foreheads. Before Brian could say something, he had already disappeared into the woods.

The three men took a quick dip into the crashing waves that were filling the night air with their pulsing sound. Soon the three were cuddled in front of the fire. The warmth of the company lulled Brian to sleep.

When Brian woke in the morning he found himself in a strange bed. A note was standing on the nightstand.

"You looked so comfortable we didn't want to wake you. But we had to go open the shop for the last minute Yule traffic. We left a key by the front door and we will come get it from you this evening. A & H"

Brian debated about just staying in this bed and letting them find him there when they got home. But he remembered the mess he had to clean up. "Ah... duty calls." He spied a stack of sarongs neatly folded on a dresser and wondered if he should grab one to head back to his apartment. "Why bother?" he finally decided. "It's not that far and no one will be the wiser." He held up the necklace.



“Right little guy?” Brian imagined a conspiratory wink and figured that was a sign of agreement.

He grabbed his keys and the single key next to them and headed buck naked back to his apartment. He put the key into the latch. “See, nothing to worry about.”

Just then...

Chapter 9: by Raven Bear Paws

“Well, Well, Well!” Came a familiar voice from behind him.

Brian froze just as his hand was twisting the key in the lock.

“I haven’t seen that side of you in a while!”

Brain felt the warm familiar hands run across his bare ass. He could feel the skin’s memories running shivers up his spine. Could this actually be who he thought it was? Slowly he pivoted his head on his neck so he was looking over his trembling shoulder. He looked right into the eyes of his former lover, Jeffery.

“What are you doing here?” His voice small and meek.

“I missed you!” Jeffery whispered in his ear “I thought we could talk.”

Brian slowly turned the key and opened the door. Stepping inside he looked down at his rock hard cock. Jeffery still had that affect on him and he hated it. He quickly ran to the bedroom to retrieve his robe. He knew Jeffery hated it when he walked around naked. He was not going to give him the satisfaction of knowing he could still turn him on. When Brian returned, Jeffery was seated in front of the window looking at the street bustling below. Slowly he turned to look at Brian, as the sun shined through the dirty window a supple glow encircled his head giving him the appearance of an angel. This made Jeffery laugh. Jeffery as an angel! Now that was a novel idea. Brain sat in the window next to him.

“So how is your boy toy?” he said with a little more venom in his voice than he intended.

Jeffery looked away. Brian could feel there was more feeling of guilt than he had felt in him in a long time.

“He left me.” he said in a whisper of a voice. “He found someone he liked better and packed his shit and left.”

Brian felt a twinge of justice being served. He now felt what he had felt when Jeffery did the same thing to him no so long ago. He couldn’t help but feeling the tiniest bit of joy in his heart.

“I’m sorry.” Brian said, not sure if he actually meant it. “I know how you are feeling right now, and it’s not the best feeling.”

Jeffery reach for Brain hand, Brian jerked it away a little more forcefully than he wanted. He didn’t want to be reminded of how bad Jeffery had hurt him. Why now when he was just learning to get along without him, were the fates actually this cruel.

“That’s a beautiful necklace. Where did you get it?” Jeffery said trying to ease the tension.

“I am not sure! Someone left it out side my door a little while ago.”

Brain caressed the charm that lay against his

skin and once again it began to heat up and pulse like a strange energy was passing through it.

“I think you should go Jeffery!” Brian stumbled over the words “Our time together is over and I have to accept that. Just because your little toy moved on doesn’t mean I am going to take you back!”

The words seemed strange as he spoke them. It felt like some other force was speaking through him. It was like this force knew what he wanted to say but knew he could not speak it for himself. Jeffery sat there staring at Brain. The shocked look on his face told him he had cut him to the quick. With that said Brian walked to the front door and held it open.

“If you would please leave now! I have some stuff to do and I don’t need you getting in the way.”

With a defeated look on his face Jeffery stood and walked to the door, he turned to look Brian in the eyes for the last time.

“I just want you to know I never really meant to hurt you. I see now what I lost and I hope that someday you will forgive me.”

Jeffery leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, he let his hand rest on his neck. He turned quickly on his heels and disappeared into the hall way. Brain stood there shaking. He could not believe this was happening. Against his better judgment he dashed out into the hall to stop him. Jeffery was gone. Was he even there to begin with? So many strange visions have been happening today he was



beginning to doubt his sanity. There was no way Jeffery could have disappeared that quickly. Shaken by this new turn of events Brian walked back into the apartment and closed the door.

Cleaning the mess the candles had made was easier than he thought. No real damage, he would just have to go to the Magick shop and try and replace what was no good. He bagged up the burnt items in a garbage bag and headed for the building's trash shoot in the hall way. He opened the apartment door and was startled by a woman who was just about to knock. She was strangely dressed in a floor length gown of different shades of green. She wore a long tattered coat the he could swear was made from grass, even though he knew that could not be possible. She wore a necklace of gold leaves that looked liked it had come from every tree known to man and a few not known. Her hair reached her waist in bountiful curls and tangled in those curls were images of animals. This woman was strangely familiar to him, like he knew her. He began to look her up and down when he noticed her belly was swollen with child. Once again the charm that lay against his skin began to burn and pulsed with massive amounts of energy.....

Chapter 10: by DragonSwan

"What was going on?" he wondered as he quickly grabbed the small silver idol.

"Are you alright my dear," the lady asked, looking at him with tender concern.

"I'm alright," Brian said with a smile, "Can I help you?" he asked the lady at his door.

"She needs a place to lie down and a glass of water," explained a young female voice. A young girl of about fifteen pushed past them both and turned to help the woman into the room. The young girl wore a dark blue cloak that ran all the way to the floor and was trimmed in white fur. Her black hair was done up in braids that seem to encircle her head like a wreath. Small flowers were woven into the braids.

"What are you doing?" cried the lady scolding the youth. "We have not been invited, and have not even introduced ourselves."

"Mom, the time for being polite is past," the young girl began but was cut off.

"There is always time for being polite," the lady then turned to Brian, "Please forgive the impatience of youth."

"That's alright," Brian said hoping to make peace, "If you need to lie down you may come in. I am afraid my place is a bit of a mess. I don't have much in the way to offer you. I can get some blankets if you are cold."

"If she gets cold, I can make her some tea," said the voice of an elderly lady who was just walking up to the doorway. She was dressed in a black and grey dress with a black shawl over her shoulders. She had a wooden staff in one hand and a large cloth bag in the other. Her silvery white hair was pulled into a bun on top of her head. She reminded him of the sweet old ladies at his grandmother's church. The kind of old ladies who were the first to volunteer to help out and take care of what ever needed to be done. "OH MY, I am sorry did we interrupted something?" she asked looking Brian over.

He realized he was just in his robe, "Oh no umm, let me change..."he stammered as his face turned ten shades of red.

"Judging from the trash bag in your hand you were about



to take out the garbage," the old lady cut him off. "You go and finish what you need to do and we will make ourselves comfortable." Brian did not argue, he let the women into his apartment and left to throw out the trash. When he returned the young girl was using her cloak to cover the woman who was lying on his couch as the old woman sat near them digging into her large cloth bag. The three looked up at him as he entered. "My dear, would you be so kind as to start some water for tea?" the old lady asked.

Once he saw all three of them together he realized who they were. "Certainly," Brian said, honored to be at their service. "Anything I have is yours."

"Anything?" giggled the young maiden blushing as she looked at Brian. He looked down and realized his robe had come open and his manhood was in full view. He quickly covered himself but before he could ask forgiveness the old lady spoke up.

"Don't worry about a thing dear, we have all seen the male member quite a few times. Right now we need hot water for the tea more than modesty." Her face was kind and understanding.

He rushed over to the kitchen, filled a large pot with water and placed it on the stove. He could not believe what had just happened. "How could I be so stupid?" he said to himself.

"You are not stupid my dear," the old lady said as she walked into the kitchen. "A bit naive, maybe, but as you study that will change, it all take time." She looked at the pot of water, "That will do perfectly dear," she said placing several containers on the kitchen counters. "Now let me start mixing the tea. The time is soon."

Brian looked over at the lady on his couch. "Should we call a doctor or something?"

"No, silly, that is why I am here," the old lady said and she began to toss various herbs into the water.

Brian took this time to sneak off to his room to change. In his room he saw the young maiden. "No offence but your place smells of smoke," she said as he walked in.

"Yeah, I had a small fire at my altar," he explained.

"You should never fall asleep with your candles burning," she said with a smile. Looking at her now the young maiden appeared more like a twenty five year old. "You have given us the

gift of hospitality; allow me to give you a gift.” With a wave of her hand a warm breeze circled around the room. The air was filled with the soft scent of vanilla as the room was transformed into a grand bedroom. The color of the walls were brighter, his bed went from a mattress on the floor to a queen sized bed with deep multicolored quilts and a rod iron head and footboards. His altar was transformed into a wooden cabinet with a blue cloth on which was embroidered moons, stars and suns in gold and silver threads. A statue of Pan sat upon the altar. “I figured you would like to honor him,” she said with a giggle. “The rest of what you will need is inside the cabinet. Oh, and you may want to put this on.” She handed him a long purple robe of what felt like silk. Looking down at the

robe in his hands, he realized that his old tattered robe had disappeared and he was naked. “Sorry, I wanted one more look,” she grinned. “Don’t worry, I know it is all that I can get.” Her smile was very coy as she and gave him a kiss on his cheek. He blushed and quickly put on the new robe. They walked out in the dim of the apartment. The sun had set and darkness was falling over the city. “Here let me.” The maiden said and with a wave of her hand light filled the apartment. Light came from lamps he did not have before now. He looked around his apartment in total amazement; his bedroom was not the only thing that had been transformed. New furniture filled his room, his home was everything he could have wished for. He turned to look into the kitchen and saw Apollo and Hermes helping the old lady fill cups with the tea that she was brewing. Both men wore robes similar to Brian’s new robe, and they both gave him a kiss as they past out the mugs of tea.

The old lady stood beside Brian, “My dear...” she paused. “We will have to find your new name my dear. You have made a lot of changes. On this the darkest night, it is time for the new you to come forth.”

Just then the lady cried out, holding her swollen stomach, “It’s time!”

Chapter II: by Phoenix

At the direction of the old lady, Brian ran down the hall to get some towels from the bathroom. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a flash of something purple reflect on the metallic surface of the corridor. As he spun around to see what had distracted him, Brian nearly lost his balance but was prevented by a pair of hands steadying his shoulders.

“Easy there, fellow. This must be your first time on a PM4M Galaxy Class Explorer.”

Brian turned and saw a tall, dark haired, beefy man in a purple commander’s uniform that looked like it had been painted on him. The deep V of the neckline plunged nearly down to his navel, exposing the highly defined muscles of his chest. As he absorbed the vision of the man, he really did have to wonder if there really was fabric covering the skin. The details of the cock that was showing through the pants were enough to make Brian’s mouth water and think that he could suck on it without need of needing to remove the uniform. All he could do in response to the man’s statement was to nod his head.

“Then welcome aboard the MMC Sunking. I am Captain Apollo. And you are?”

“Brian of Terra.” He extended his hand to the captain for a handshake. The captain’s grip was firm and warm. Brian was a bit surprised when the captain used that grip to pull him toward him. The slightly lighter gravity of the ship made the task all that much easier and Brian found himself in the captain’s embrace. As the bodies contacted, Brian’s thoughts about the captain’s uniform were answered as he felt flesh meet flesh. Apollo gave Brian a kiss that he felt surging through his body and made a bee-line to his cock, which leapt to life at the passion in the kiss.

“We’ll have to save the rest of your welcome for later,” said Apollo. “I don’t think it is going to be much longer so we need to get you to the observatory or you will miss what you traveled sixty-nine light years to see.”

The captain grabbed Brian’s cock and led him down the



corridor in what seemed like a familiar gesture to him. The captain issued a command to the turbolift and gave Brian another kiss as they sped on their way to the observatory.

Brian was surprised by the sights he saw as he stepped out of the turbolift. The room was full of beings of a wide variety of shapes and sizes. He saw fauns and elves in conversation. Nymphs were dancing to the sounds of the drummers. Horned beings were strutting through the crowd. Brian had to laugh as one of the tallest and proudest got his antlers caught in one of the chandeliers. A maiden in a shimmering blue gown made her way through the crowd at their arrival.

"Ah, there you are," she said giving the captain a quick pat on his butt. Looking Brian up and down, "And now I can see what kept you. I am..."

A loud gong silenced the crowd. At the sound everyone started rushing to the windows. The captain beckoned Brian to follow him up a short flight of stairs to the captain's lounge where they would be able to see things without the crush of bodies around them.

Brian stood in amazed shock as he saw the planet below them. It was swollen, with a huge bulge on one side. The captain put his arm around Brian's waist as they stood watching the bulge stretch away from the planet. Brian stood transfixed at the sight that was unfolding before him. He was momentarily brought back as he felt another arm reach around him. Half expecting the blue gowned maiden, he was surprised to see a red-haired man in another painted on purple uniform. It was then that Brian realized that he too was in purple. He saw the blue maiden on the other side of the captain, her head resting on his broad chest.

"Those stairs are getting to be a bit much for this old lady," said a woman dressed in black as she settled in next to the redhead.

The five stood in awed silence as they witnessed the scene before them. The bulge had now stretched out far enough from the planet that they were two spheres connected by the thinnest thread. A gasp came from the crowd as a ball of gas erupted from the nearby sun and was making a direct line toward the part that had been the bulge. A scream rose as the fireball made contact severing the thread in the impact. The bulge erupted in flame. A solar wind swept the burning ball away from the planet and towards the sun. Brian was expecting it to fly into the sun but it stopped just short of plunging into the sun. It was like two suns shining together; one large and one small.

"He has his daddy's eyes," said the old woman.

Brian did a double take at the scene in the windows, for in that moment the planet disappeared from sight. Something was strange in the way everyone stepped away from him and he jumped at the tap on his shoulder. When he turned, he saw a woman in a green gown the color of new leaves in spring.

"I choose you as my child's godfather," she said. Her voice filled the observatory and everyone turned from the windows and their private celebrations to look at them. "What shall you name my child?"

Chapter 12 by Raven Bear Paws

"Terra! Terrafirma is what I will call him" he said choking back the tears.

Brightest blessing, what a noble name! She said touching his cheek.

"You have done well my child. Take care of him and help him

to grow. He will be young for many a eon, and it is up to up to make sure he grows big and strong."

"I have but one question for you My Lady!" Brian said almost a whisper. He inclined his head to show his respect for her.

"May I ask you your name?"

Her smile widened and her eyes grew soft. It seemed that every fiber of her being began to ooze love and understanding. Brian could not help but look into her eyes. It was there he could see the whole universe spinning and creating within their depth.

"I, my child, have been called many names for I have lived longer than you can imagine!" Still hold her tender hand to his cheek.

"I am Known as Bridget, Dianna, Hecate, Isis, Maiden- Mother-crone, along with thousands of other names; but to you my child you may call me Gaia."

Brian fell to his knees and kissed her feet in total worship of the Mother of all creation. Bowed in total submission he sobbed uncontrollably.

"Mother, what have I done to honor such a visit. Surly I am unworthy of such a gift!"

She bent down and touched his shoulder.

"Please my child stand. You are more worthy than you think!"

Brian looked up from the floor through tear stained eyes. He was everything he had every imagined she would be. He began to rise.....

Chapter 13 by Phoenix

Brian blinked as stared at his altar. The candles were nearly burnt down to their holders. "Shit," thought Brian as he quickly blew them out. "Maybe Jeffery was right to be scared of this witch stuff. Man, those were some of the craziest dreams that I have ever had." He felt the warmth of the Pan pendant on his chest.

"At least you are real," he said out loud. He shivered in the cold apartment. The blanket he had wrapped himself in had fallen from his shoulders while he had zoned out at his altar. "It's cold in here. That's what's probably what's affecting my brain. I gotta go someplace to warm up."

He quickly showered and put on three layers of clothes before adding his coat. He didn't really know where he was going but he knew he would know it when he got there. After a while of wondering, Brian noticed something strange. There were times when his new pendant felt like a warm coal against his chest, but at other times it was like an ice cube had been dropped down his shirt. He noticed that when it was getting colder he could reverse his path and it would start to get warm again.

He pulled the pendant out from under his shirt and looked at the Pan figure. "Are you playing some kind of 'Hot/Cold' game with me?" The figure flared in temperature so that Brian had to drop it. "I take that as a DUH! Well after those dreams, who am I to argue with a necklace? Lead on."

As soon as he gave into the guidance of the necklace Brian began to recognize the path he was taking. It led straight to Midnight Magik, the store where he had first seen the necklace. "Maybe you're right in taking me there. If anyone could help me understand those crazy dreams, it would be them." Knowing where he was going, Brian quickened his pace and soon found himself on the block where the store was located.

He slowed to catch his breath as much as to collect his thoughts.

How does one explain what he had been experiencing? As he approached the door, he noticed that the lights were off and the big CLOSED sign was staring through the door. He looked through the glass hoping that someone might still be inside. Maybe he would be able to catch their attention if they were still around. He was about to head home when he felt a wave of cold from his pendant.

"You want me to stay?" He felt the warmth return. "But there is no one here."

"Excuse me," said a tall thin man approaching him. He had a long, triangular face and the curls of his sandy blonde hair almost looked like horns. He was wearing a trench coat, and as he got closer, Brian could tell that he must not be wearing pants underneath because he could see flashes of the hairiest legs imaginable.

"Shit," thought Brian. "Just what I need to cheer me up; a flasher."

"You must be Brian. I have something for you," said the stranger.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope and handed it to Brian. As soon as the paper touched Brian's hand, the stranger turned and walked away.

Brian's name was written in purple ink. He turned the envelope over and it was sealed with gold wax. The imprint on the wax matched the Pan of his necklace. Brian stared as the stranger disappeared around the corner of the building. He wanted to chase after him to ask his name and why he knew Brian's name and why he had something for him. But he knew that even if he ran, the stranger would be long gone from sight. He turned his attention back to the envelope.

With trembling hands he started to open the envelope...

Chapter 14 by DragonSwan

*"In the darkness we heard your cries,
A life alone filled with shame and lies.
With this dawn the God of Light does return,
In his fire your pains will burn.
New lives began with the sun's first light,
Stand tall and proud fear not the night.
Do not run to seek the truths that lie within.
Wait here for your next journey to begin."*

"Well this ain't no Hallmark card," Brian said out loud. "Wait here?" he thought shivering in the cold wind. "The plan was to find somewhere warmer than my apartment." He turned to look into the dark store. Maybe some faun or hunky god was waiting inside to lead him on his next journey. He felt a cold wind whip around him and hoped his next journey would start off with a hot cup of coffee.

"I take it they are not open yet," said a deep voice from behind him. Brian turned around expecting to see a hunky God to whisk him away again. Instead there stood a guy a little shorter than himself, wearing thin rimmed glasses. A tan knitted hat hid his ears and the top of his head from the cold. Tufts of brown hair stuck out from under the hat. His round face had a well trimmed mustache and goatee. His long blue winter coat made it hard to judge what his built was like. He was very cute, just not the Greek God

Brian had been expecting. The man smiled, "Are you by chance waiting for someone?" he asked.

"Yeah, well, no not really, it's..." Brian's words seemed as jumbled as his thoughts.

"Are you waiting for the journey to begin?" the stranger asked.

"Yes!" Brian said with new excitement. "What do you know about it?"

"Just what it says on the card a blond faun gave me before disappearing." The man pulled a card from his coat pocket. "Did he give you one as well?"

"Yes," he replied as the two men exchanged notes. The new note read the same except for the last two lines:

"To Midnight Magic go, but do not go in.

For waiting there is a new journey to begin."

"So what is the new journey?" Brian asked, handing the card back to the man.

"Well I was hoping you knew," the man gave a friendly smile that made Brian smile as well. "You look as cold as I feel. Look I live close by, why don't we go over to my place and we can



see if we can figure this out together.”

“That sound like a great idea,” Brian agreed.

“I’m Paul Clarke,” the stranger said offering his hand.

“I am Brian, Mahr,” he replied, shaking hands.

“Brian Mahr, I am glad to know the name of my next journey,” Paul said with a sly smile that made Brian think that there were two horns hiding under the knitted hat.

Paul was right about living close by. After a short walk the two men were walking into a red stone high rise building. They took the elevator up to the eighteenth floor; a few more steps brought them to number 1803. Paul unlocked the door held it open for Brian. When he was inside and looking around he felt like the dream was beginning. All the new furniture that the young maiden had gifted him in the dream was sitting here in Paul’s home.

“You already look like you have seen a ghost,” Paul said removing his coat and hat. No horns Brian noticed.

“It’s nothing,” Brian said trying to convince himself of that as well.

“Look if we are going to figure this stuff out together we have to be honest. You saw something in a strange dream and something here reminded you.” Paul looked deep into Brian’s eyes as if trying to read his soul. “If your dreams are anything like the ones I have been having I can understand why it is hard to talk about them.” Paul paused, “As my mother always said, a good meal will make any difficult time better. How about some blueberry pancakes and hot coffee?”

“That sounds good to me. Your mom sounds like a wise woman.” Brian said taking off his coat.

“She was, but her ideas of food in times of trouble, have not been good for my waist.” Paul said as he grabbed his belly.

“I don’t know you look pretty good to me,” Brian said with a smile.

“Thanks, but breakfast and dream talk first, then we can see where that wicked smile of yours will lead.”

Paul led Brian to his kitchen, and as Paul began making the pancakes they started talking. The two men talked all through breakfast. By the time the dishes were put in the dishwasher all that was understood was that they had shared similar dreams. The only noted difference was that Paul was being led by Hermes, as Brian’s lead was Apollo.

Brain pulled the card from his pocket and reread it. “What does this all mean? *Do not run to seek the truths that lie within.*”

“I wish I knew,” Paul said, and then looked over at Brain with a wicked grin. “We didn’t solve any mysteries, but are you still up for a little play?”

Brain felt the warmth of the Pan under his shirt and said, “I am always ready to...”

BAM BAM BAM

A loud knock stopped both men in their tracks.

“OH FUCK!” both men cried. They looked at each other and almost laughed.

BAM BAM BAM

The two men walked to the door, Paul reached for the door as Brain stood close behind him, holding tightly to Paul’s left arm. Paul opened the door and...

Paul thought he heard the sound of a door being closed down the hall so the two stepped into the hallway to listen for more signs of the person who knocked. As soon as they were both out of the apartment, they heard the sound of another door being slammed shut, Paul’s! In the silence that followed they could hear the sounds of the deadbolt being locked.

“Shit!” said Paul, fumbling for the keys he knew were on the table next to the door. He pounded on the door. “Who’s in there?”

Brian tapped him on the shoulder and got Paul to turn around. Standing in the hallway was a tall, thin older gentleman dressed in wizard’s robes of midnight blue with golden suns and moons embroidered throughout its folds.

“Ah, there you are boys. We have been looking all over for you. Didn’t you get my message to wait at Midnight Magik?”

“Do you mean these cryptic notes?” asked Brian, holding up the pair of notes that he still had in his hand.

“Fauns!” said the man in an exacerbated tone. “Can’t trust them to deliver a simple message.”

“What’s going on?” demanded Paul.

“We need to hurry as we have lost precious time already. I’ll have to explain on the way.”

He started to push them towards the elevator. Paul started to protest that they needed their coats and the wizard said that everything would be provided and they had to trust him. Brian felt a wave of warmth from his pan necklace. He knew that Paul must have been getting a similar something from whatever amulet had been given to him during his dreams. Brian grabbed Paul’s hand and asked, “Ready for our journey?” Paul simply nodded his response.

The wizard smiled as he noticed the looks exchanged between the two as they held hands and followed him into the elevator. “Yes, you will do very well.”

As they stepped into the lobby of Paul’s building, a pair of gentlemen dressed in fancy livery of midnight blue and gold. Each held a cloak for Paul and Brian to put on. The soft wool felt warm against Brian’s bare skin. “Bare skin? What happened to his clothes?” he thought but then he noticed the pair of gentlemen walking away with their clothes. He had a feeling that he wouldn’t get an answer if he asked how they did that. Instead he felt his cock stirring at the thought of walking around town with just a cloak on.

Paul placed his hands on Brian ass. “A penis for your thoughts,” he said as he nuzzled Brian’s neck.

“And an ass to put it in,” he responded as he turned to give Paul a kiss. “Why don’t we skip the journey and go back upstairs?”

“Why don’t we get you two Masters of the House of the Rising Pan into the carriage and you can make out in the back seat?”

They were ushered out the front door and into an enormous golden carriage. A team of six palominos, with the coats nearly matching the color of the carriage, were hitched in front. As soon as the door of the carriage closed, Brian barely had time to notice the whistle of the driver to get the team moving for Paul’s hand was already exploring the opening in Brian’s cloak. Brian was pleasantly surprised by Paul’s bold passion since he had been so tentative in his beginning exploration when they were in the apartment.

“Ah, the ardor of the House of the Rising Pan is legendary,” said the wizard. “But do you think I could have a moment of your time?” The two stopped kissing and settled into the seat. “Thank

Chapter 15 by Phoenix

...no one was there.

you” he said.

He explained that the prince had been rescued from the dungeons of the Dark Lord, Boytoikus. But something had changed in the prince while he those evil clutches. He had no love for his people. He had no passion for anything. The king had tried everything to help get the fire in his son’s heart rekindled but to no avail. Finally, he called his council together and it was agreed to call for help from the Masters of the House of the Rising Pan. They were the last chance for hope to return the prince to his former self.

There was no time for them to ask questions. At the conclusion of the wizard’s tale, the whistle to halt the team could be heard and the door opened. The wizard led them to the front gate of the castle. The gates were opened at their approach and without pause the wizard continued leading them into the castle itself.

The doors to the Great Hall were opened by two beefy guards, both with goatees and long hair. One was redheaded and the other was black haired. Brian thought he saw a wink from the darker haired guard as he gave thought that the two reminded him of Apollo and Hermes. He didn’t have much time to think about that for the scene before him was a carnal delight. The entire Great Hall was filled with naked people engaged in what had to be the world best attended orgy. A quick survey of the orgy led Brian to belief that the prince must be gay since all participants were male.

Paul came to the same conclusion and said, “This must be why they didn’t call upon the Vestal Virgins of Venus to help out.”

The two spotted the prince on his throne on the far side of the room. Even at that distance they could see him yawning at his disinterest. That is until he saw two strangers dressed in robes enter the room. He stood up and started to head into the crowd. Paul and Brian moved toward him, people kissing the hem of their robes as

they passed. It was slow progress weaving through the undulating bodies. The prince must have been having an equally difficult time for when they looked for him, it seemed like he as always in a mirrored position as if they were spiraling in toward each other and would only meet in the center the odd labyrinth that was created by the bodies.

In what seemed like hours, the three finally arrived at the center of the hall. Paul and Brian could finally see the face of the prince they were to help.

“Jeffery!” they said in unison.

Chapter 16 by Raven Bear Paws

“I can’t fucking believe this!” Brain thought to himself.

Of all people to be a prince in some far away delusion, it had to be his ex-boyfriend who had dumped him for,

“HEY WAIT A MINUTE!” Brian bellowed in Paul’s ear.

“How do you know Jeffery?”

“I could ask you the same thing!” Paul said cockily

“Well!” Brian said in a tone of matter of fact “Jeffery and I were lovers up until this past Yule!”

The look on Paul’s face confused Brain. It was pain he saw. He looked again! Yup, that was pain alright. “Wait” Brian mumbled. “Are you going to tell me, that you and Jeffery just broke up too?”

All Paul could do was nod his head and the tears began to swell in his eyes.

“This would make perfect sense,” he said.

He turned to the Prince.

“You’re not really human are you? The prince shook his head. “And your name isn’t really Jeffrey is it? Again, the Prince shock his head.

The prince stepped forward and when he did his image shimmered and faded and before both Paul and Brian stood Pan, Lord and Father of the Woods.

Paul and Brain dropped to their knees and placed their faces to the ground.

“I am sorry my children for my deceit but it was the only way I could bring you two together. For six years Brian I was trying to teach you that you do not need to please your lover in order to keep them, And for six years Paul I was trying to teach you, you need to love yourself before you can love another. And now that you have both passed that test you to belong together.”

Brian and Paul looked up into the eyes of their God and then into the eyes of one another and discovered that it was indeed true. They were sent on this journey to learn about themselves and to learn about each other. Brain reached over and touched Paul’s lips. “To you I am true, my heart is now yours to mold and shape at your will.” Paul reached over Brain’s lips. “To you am true, I take your heart in gentle hands and place it along side mine.”

“Then It is done!” Pan spoke to the





whole hall.

His voice clapped like thunder, and the hall jumped to life with the sound of happy cheering.

“But Before your journey ends my children, I ask you to take of me in the Great Rite and forever be Bound to the words you have spoken here today!”

Brian and Paul looked at one another and smiled and as they stood up two fauns stepped forward and removed their robes. There they both stood naked before Pan. Instantly both men grew hard as Pan stepped forward to play with their balls. Paul and Brain reached through the thick fur and found Pan’s cock growing harder with each touch. Both men slipped their mouths over Pan’s bare nipples and began to suck while Pan slow jerked their cocks in unison. Brian Pulled away from Pan and backed slowly onto the God’s throbbing member. He grabbed Brian’s hips and began to thrust hard slapping is balls against his. Brian groaned with pleasure. Brian turned his head to Paul and took his cock into his mouth. Paul gasped as his warm mouth worked every inch of his hard cock. They could feel everything the other was feeling. Brian pulled the cock from his mouth and made Paul get under him in doggy position. With his fingers her probed Paul ass looking for the soft rose bud and when he found it he drove his cock straight into it. Paul ass tighten as brain sank deep within him and in unison Pan and Brain fucked. As Pan went faster so did Brain. Pan pulled his throbbing member from Brian’s ass and shot his seed all up his back and as Brian continued to fuck Paul, Pan began to lick the seed off, slowly sliding his tongue into the crack of his ass. When his tongue found his swollen rosebud Brian pulled out and shot his load onto Paul’s back. It was the heaviest organism he had ever felt. Shot after shot of cum exploded forth, he didn’t think it was ever going to stop. Finally after what seemed an eternity he rested against Paul’s back while Pan Began to clean up. Licking in long strokes down Paul’s back. Brian reached under and grabbed Paul’s cock. Slow he moved his hand back and forth and Paul grunted. Brian positioned his mouth over his throbbing asshole and began to drive his tongue in deep. Loud groans escaped Paul’s lips as Brain’s hand went faster

and faster. Without warning Paul exploded all over the ground. Pan smiled and nuzzled his face deep into the cum puddle underneath Paul.

“MMMM... My children taste sweet!” He whispered and kissed them both on the mouth; his tongue probing deep. Both Paul and Brain collapsed to the floor in exhaustion and the room went dark.

Brian opened his eyes to find himself sleeping in his own bed. He smiled when he felt the Charm’s heat against his bare chest.

“Thank you Father for helping me through this difficult time with the best dreams I have ever had!”

Brain felt a slight stirring from behind him. He did not want to turn just in case this was yet another dream and by turning scaring it away. Slow he reached back and felt someone’s bare ass.

“MMM...Morning baby.” the voice said.

“Paul is that you?”

“Who did you think it was?”

Brian’s heart began to beat faster. Paul rolled over and snuggled into his chest. The feeling was so inviting that Brian settled down into it.

“Happy Sixth Anniversary baby. I see you found the Charm I left you at the door,” he said as he played with the charm around his neck.

“I made sure I got the other half.”

Confused Brian looked into Paul’s eyes.

Seeing that Brian seemed somewhat distressed he took his Pan charm into his hands and placed it up to the Charm he had around his neck. The two pieces slid together. To make a Scene with Pan and His consort the Goddess making love. It was then everything came rushing back to him like a title wave. Paul Had left him the charm for the 6 years they spent together. Pan was right it took him to bring them together to realize he didn’t have to prove himself anymore. He could now live his happily ever after.

The end

Story Game 2 - A new game begins

Chapter 1 by Raven Bear Paws

Jacob had been lost for hours, stumbling through the underbrush of Camp Fagowe. Even though the moon was at its fullest its light could not penetrate the dense canopy of the forest. So he moved at a snail's pace trying not to trip as he went along.

"What a stupid camping trip!" He muttered

"I told Mark I didn't want to come, and now look, I'm fucking lost in the woods!"

He had argued with Mark earlier in the day causing him to stomp off in anger and landing him in the predicament he was in now. Mark knew he hated nature and bugs! The outdoors was too primitive for his taste and Mark knew this as well too. Then why had he agreed to come on such a doomed adventure?

"Well that's simple." He thought to himself

"Because I love him."

This was the weekend Mark was to make his witch's first degree and he had agreed to put away his distaste of the wilderness and be a supportive hand for Mark. Well, he could see that failed and failed big time

Jacob had thought Mark's pagan background was cute when they first met, believing it only to be a passing phase. He did not think that four years later Mark's faith in the Mother and Father would still be as strong as when they first met. Now he could see just how big of a fool he had been to believe something so stupid. Not that he minded Mark being a witch it had actually been enjoyable learning with Mark, But this whole being out in nature shit had to go. As he stumble for a while longer he finally came to a clearing where the light of the full moon shone down. The clearing itself was vast and although he had the silver light of the moon he could not see the other edge of the clearing in the distance.

"This is where I will wait," he whispered. "I will not move from this spot until I am rescued. However long that will be."

He found a nice comfortable place underneath a nearby tree. He rested his sore back against the trunk and stared off into the dark forest. Before he knew it he had fallen asleep.

Jacob woke with a start when he heard a loud snap come from the woods behind. He could not see through the darkness. His mind raced as he began to think of what creature could be sneaking up on him. Bear, fisher cat, wolf? Was this to be his last day on earth he thought?

"Who's there?" He shouted

No reply came, only the sound of crunching as the creature came closer. Jacob backed into the moon lit clearing; if there was where he was going to die he wanted to see the thing that was going to do it. He sat still waiting to be pounced on. Nothing. Just silence. With a nervous chuckle Jacob stood up and brushed off his clothing. He must have dreamed the whole thing.

"Why have you come to temple child?" Came a rich earthy voice from the shadows of the trees.

"Have you come to Honor me?"

Jacob looked frantically into the night searching for the strange male voice.

"Who are you?" Jacob said voice shaking.

"I have many names child! Some call me Father. Some call me Wood Elf but most refer to me as Green Man, Lord and Master of

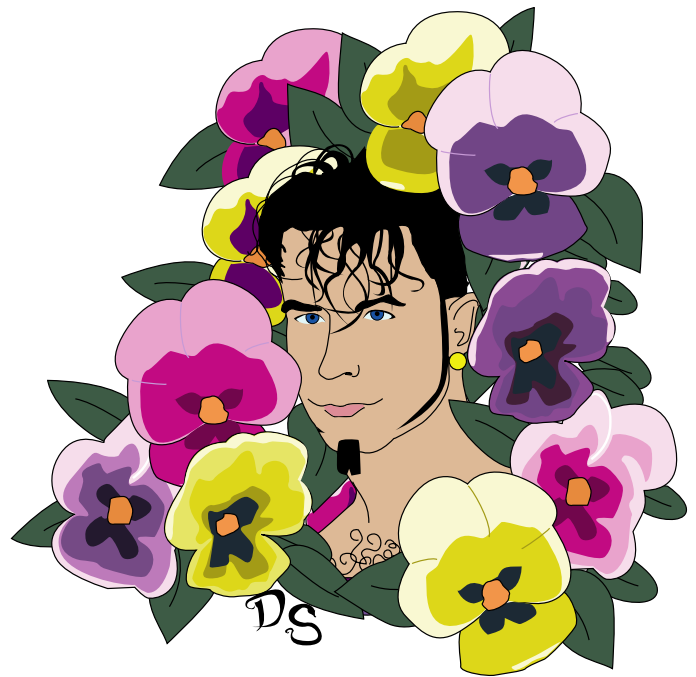
all that is green such as these woods around you. You are standing in my temple. A very sacred place I might add that only the chosen few will ever see."

"Please come into the light so I can see you." Jacob said almost whispering.

There came the soft crunching of the ground as the man stepped forward into the light. His hair was long and hung gently around his shoulders. His eyes were blue sapphires glittering in the moon light and his skin was a pale shade green. His beard while somewhat long seemed to be made out of leaves. He wore no clothing and as Jacob could see, his cock was erect. From the head of the member he saw tiny strands of fluid dripping down to the forest floor where tiny African violets sprung up as it hit.

Jacob was about to say something when he noticed...

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