

Airy Faerie

Special Edition

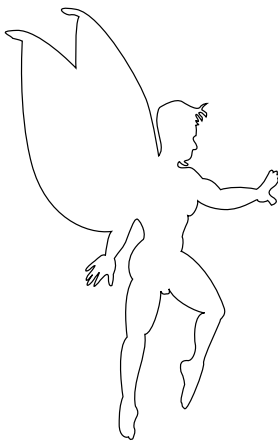
The Shy Faerie - Part Two of Seven

(Originally published as seven installments Spring 2001 to Autumn 2002)

The cover art and text on this page has been deliberately left blank. When printing the full story (all seven files), these two pages can be left off and the page numbering will flow continuously between the chapters.

Airy Faerie

Special Edition



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

For more information you can contact us at:

Denver Radical Faeries

PO Box 631

Denver, CO 80201-0631

or send an email to:

DenverRadicalFaeries@yahoo.com

or visit us at

www.geocities.com/denverfae

Chapter 2

Detour to Sea Temple

For the next several weeks Simon felt like he was back in school, with Fire Dancer as his teacher. This time Simon was enjoying school, and was eager to learn all that Fire Dancer was teaching him. He loved the stories of the Gods and Goddesses, and being chosen as a special child of Queer. He picked up some of the magic from Fire Dancer, like starting a fire with only his hands and intention. He also enjoyed being taught about sex. This was a subject that he excelled at. In the times he had played with Fire Dancer, Simon found there was almost nothing about a man that he didn't find a turn-on. The sight, smell and taste of Fire Dancer drove Simon crazy. Often as they walked through the forest he would get a hard on just from catching a whiff of Fire Dancer's sweat. This would lead to Fire Dancer pulling Simon into the overgrowth of the forest to fool around. One day after a long and active sexual workout the two lay, almost napping, under the noon sun. Soon a small herd of deer approached and began eating the tender leaves of the nearby bushes. Fire Dancer instructed Simon to get up very slowly. The deer did not seem to notice as the two men stood up near them. A small doe came up to Simon and sniffed his sweat soaked skin. The doe began to lick Simon's stomach, attracted by the salty sweat. Simon inhaled quick and deep doing his best not to laugh from the tickling sensation. The doe pulled back alarmed by Simon's response, but then cautiously continued on. Slowly Simon brought a hand up and rested it on the doe's back, and then he began to pet the doe. Again the doe was at first alarmed but sensing no danger continued to lick Simon. Fire Dancer moved behind Simon and wrapped his arms around Simon's chest. Fire Dancer kissed and nuzzled Simon's neck. The doe turned her attention to the leaves and berries on the bush next to Simon. Simon looked around at the forest scene. The noon sun was making its way down to the forest floor through the thick canopy of tree branches and leaves. Four other deer were busy eating near by. Farther in the forest, Simon saw several birds flying

around filling the silent forest with their songs. He enjoyed the soft, warm hair on the doe's back, and Fire Dancer snuggling him from behind. Simon believed this was the happiest moment of his life. Simon surrendered to the moment and just enjoyed it.

Then there came loud high shriek, followed by a crash. All the deer looked up from the bushes, stood still and listened. Men's laughter and yelling followed. The deer quickly ran away disappearing into the forest. Simon marveled at how graceful the deer remained as they ran off. Fire Dancer had also stopped what he was doing and stood listening to the voices of the men.

"Aw shit," he said. "Come on Simon, there is some people I want ya to meet." He started to lead Simon towards the voices and called out. "Hey! Could ya keep it down! This is a forest not your bedroom!" As they walked towards the voices Simon heard the jumble of conversations each of the men seemed to be trying to have with Fire Dancer.

"Fire Dancer! Hey, Diva! Pick your ass up off the ground and get a move on. We found him."

"I think it's more like he found us. Hey, Fire Dancer! We're over here!"

"Fire Dancer! You're gonna have to carry me home I think I broke my leg!"

"You didn't break anything. Fire don't believe a word this lazy ass is saying!" The voices continued shouting leading Fire Dancer right to them. As soon as the group of three men spotted Fire Dancer they ran over to him. Fire Dancer kissed and hugged them all as they cheerfully greeted one another. Simon stepped back into the growth of the forest to allow the men room to gather around Fire Dancer. One of the men spotted Simon inching away.

"My, my, my! Fire Dancer where did you find this young beauty?" the man asked, crossing to Simon. He was a little shorter and younger than Fire Dancer, and his body looked muscular and trim under his tight colorful shirt. He was bald, but tattoos covered the top of his head. His green eyes smiled and sparkled in the sunlight. "Now you stop hiding and come out from behind that bush, we won't hurt you." He offered his hands out to Simon as if to help pull him out. Simon noticed that the man was in fact shirtless, and that tattoos covered his chest and arms. Simon smiled and stepped out of the bushes. As he got closer to the stranger he noticed his eyebrows were tattoos of Celtic knots.

"It's ok Simon, these guys are OK," said Fire Dancer, adding, "If ya don't mind Village folk."

"Kael loves the forest, but me, I love my down filled mattress and hot running water! There ain't anything wrong with wanting a little comfort! But I am sure you've been making this little guy as comfortable as a queen," said a tall blond man, who reminded Simon of Prince Charming he had seen in books as a child. He was the only one of the three men who wore a shirt. It was a large silky blue shirt that had sleeves that puffed out at the end. It perfectly matched his short skirt of blue and green. "Hi hon, I'm Golden Rod, but some of my dear friends call me Diva." He places his hand under Simon's chin and kissed his cheek. Simon blushed a deep red. "You dear sweet boy. I don't think I ever met anyone so innocent as to blush when they've been kissed. What's your name sweetie?" Golden

Golden Rod



Chapter 2 continued

Rod's golden brown eyes were looking deep into Simon's hazel eyes. Simon felt as if Golden Rod was reading his mind.

"I'm Simon," he said softly feeling his cheeks burn.

"My but you are a shy one." Golden Rod said adding, "Not to worry, we'll take care of you. This little tattooed love boy is Grey Wolf, and over here," he said gesturing to a tall hairy man, with short dark hair, and a trimmed goatee and mustache, "this is Poison Juices." Then Golden Rod burst into a fit of laughter.

"Diva darling, you talk too much," said the man. "I'm Dream Weaver, and I am sorry I didn't catch your name." He walked over to Simon. Simon looked into the man's strong handsome face, and then into his deep crystal blue eyes. Simon had to look away to the ground to avoid having his face turn red again.

"Simon, there ain't no reason to be shy." Fire Dancer said.

"Simon?" Dream Weaver asked softly.

"Yeah," Simon replied looking up but unable to look Dream Weaver in the eyes for fear of being swept away inside of them. "Sorry."

"Sorry for what?" Grey Wolf asked who was still standing close to Simon.

"Sorry I am so shy." Simon shrugged.

"Simon," Dream Weaver said. "Don't ever feel sorry for being shy." He kissed Simon's forehead. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"It's nice to meet you too." Simon looked up to meet Dream Weaver's eyes, but before Simon could get lost in the sparkling eyes, Golden Rod stopped laughing, and began talking.

"Hey! Fire Dancer did you hear why Dream Weaver is now called Poison Juices?"

"Diva just shut up." Dream Weaver snapped. He turned to look at Golden Rod, who continued to chatter away.

"Well, as the story goes, our young stud was out near the edge of the forest when he sees a centaur, and some forest nymph. The horny trio starts going at each other hot and heavy! Well, I am not sure who was doing what to whom, but the action was so rowdy that they somehow squished a snake's tail. Well, the snake did not like this at all so he swings around to bite the one who was squashing him. He sees Dream Weaver's hard cock waving in the wind and must have thought it was a giant snake about to eat him, so he strikes fast and deep. He bit Dream Weaver right on the head of his cock. Well, ecstasy turns to sheer panic. And the centaur is whipping the snake from Dream's cock and is down there sucking out the poison. Well Mr. Weaver here was still in sexual ecstasy and soon the centaur has a mouth full of cum and poison. What is a girl to do? Cum? Poison? Spit it out? Swallow? Oh too many questions. Well the centaur took a second too long to spit and starts to pass out. Thanks be to the queer God; that a horny Forest Wanderer was jacking off watching the action and just happened to be a potions expert. He saves the centaur, but the poor guy was off his hooves for a week. Ever since then I have been calling Dream Weaver 'Poison Juices.' He is the only man I know whose one-eyed snake has its own venom," again Golden Rod starts laughing.

"Diva darling please do us all a favor and shut up." Dream Weaver said.

"Are ya all right now?" asked Fire Dancer still laughing at the

story.

"Yeah, that happened about a month ago. But I still have two marks where the teeth sunk in."

"Damn, didn't anyone teach that snake when you give a blow job, you never use your teeth!" Golden Rod laughed.

"So, what brings ya into the woods?" Fire Dancer asked as the group walked to where several packs were laying.

"We were looking for you, big guy." Grey Wolf says as he picks up a pack and slings it over his shoulder and picks up another pack.

"Oh really, now why did ya venture out here for little ol' me?"

"A Fab-o Party. You simply must be there!" Golden Rod replied, as he picked up his pack. "And you have got to bring this little cutie," he looked at Simon, "or Fag will never forgive you."

"Are you OK Golden Rod?" Simon asks pointing to a few drops of blood on Golden Rod's scrapped knee.

"Am I OK?" Golden Rod sinks to the ground and places the back of his right hand to his forehead. "How can I be OK when these two are trying to kill me? Do you know what they did? They told me that this shortcut is safe!" Golden Rod said pointing to a hill with an old dried tree trunk at the bottom of it. "That tree trunk use to be on the top of that hill! It slid down here with me on top of it! 'That shortcut is safe,' my ass! Now my leg is ruined! I shall never walk again!"

"Seems like it was working just fine a second ago." Fire Dancer said.

"Too bad it wasn't his mouth that got hurt." Grey Wolf added.

"None of you care if I live or die!" Golden Rod cried.

"If you shut up we'll let you live." Dream Weaver said, adjusting the pack on his back. "OK! Ready to head home? You two are going to join us for the full moon party, right?"

"Well, I was thinking we would be at Ash Wood by the full moon." Fire Dancer said trying to figure out how far off his course the party would take them.

"ASH WOOD! Why in the Goddess's great earth would you want to go to ASH WOOD?" Golden Rod asked.

"Simon here wants to go there." Fire Dancer explained, putting his arm around Simon.

"WHY Simon? Why ASH WOOD? Why not Sea Temple? Sea Temple is so much more Fab-o," Gold Rod inquired.

"Well, my cousin said that the village north of the Red Forest was really the only civilized village out side of our own."

"What a load of crap! Oh, so we are not CIVILIZED! Did you hear that Grey Wolf? We are not civilized! Well I guess *you're* not civilized yet but to say Ash Wood is Civilized!" Golden Rod ranted. "Only if by civilized you mean boring!"

"Diva Hush!" Dream Weaver said. "Simon, Ash Wood isn't that bad of a town, especially if you like the beach."

"Especially if you like sailors! That is the only thing worth going to Ash Wood for." Golden Rod continued. "Old ladies, good deserts, and horny sailors, that's Ash Wood."

"Don't forget shopping Golden Rod." Grey Wolf threw in.

"Oh how can I forget the fab-o merchants! Who would ever guess that such a sleepy village like Ash Wood would be a hub of great imported goodies. So do you like to shop Simon?"

Golden Rod

"Not really." Simon replied.

"Have a thing for sailors?" Golden Rod continued his inquiry.

"No" he blushed.

"So tell, really why ASH WOOD?"

"They never really mentioned any other villages in our school, the king forbid it. They said it was just uncivilized wilderness and that only death waited for us outside the walls of our village, but my cousin said that if a person made it to Ash Wood, they would be ok. He said he had made the journey himself."

"Simon, if you thought this was all just wilderness and that it was certain death why did you come out?" Grey Wolf asked.

Simon told them about the arranged marriages, and the execution of the man who said he loved men. "I knew I couldn't live a lie, and I thought that there was some hope, if only I could get out of Tamole and to Ash Wood."

"Simon you are very brave for setting out like that." Dream Weaver said.

"Not really," Simon said and blushed looking down at the ground. "I knew that I would have died if I had..."

"No," Dream Weaver cut him off, "instead of living a lie, you chose to face the unknown. Simon, if there was another child of the Queer God in that village besides you, surely there must have been others. But they were too afraid of the unknown, and denied their true feelings and are now living lies, safely behind guarded gates. But you faced that fear and remained true to yourself. That is something to be honored." Simon blushed a bright red. "I tell you what; come with us to Sea Temple, enjoy the full moon party, and then we can take you to Ash Wood, and let you see where you really want to be."

"That sounds good." Simon smiled.

Fire Dancer noticed that staying in forest didn't seem to be an option to Simon. He tried not to feel hurt, he had known this day was coming. He also knew he had one week until the full moon, to distance himself from Simon if he was to keep from getting a broken heart when Simon left the forest and him behind.

"Well, that settles it then!" Golden Rod said standing up and grabbing his pack. "Off to Sea Temple and the party of a lifetime, or at least until the Summer Solstice!"

As they walked through the forest Simon often walked behind the group and realized what a bizarre group they made, and he also wondered if Golden Rod ever shut up.

At night, Dream Weaver helped Fire Dancer set up camp and cast a protection circle. Grey Wolf and Golden Rod took care of the cooking. Simon began to feel a bit out of place. He wasn't sure where he fit in or what he should be doing to help out. During dinner Simon discovered that Golden Rod was able to eat and talk at the same time.

"Simon sweetie," Golden Rod started. "If there were no other children of the Queer God, that you knew of in your village, I have to let you in on the family you're about to be reunited with. Now try to pay attention and follow me closely. We are all chosen children of Queer, and as such, all of us are Faeries. However, we all seem to favor one of the three Gods that watch over us. You know your faerie Gods right? Queer, Gay and Fag. Well, Gay's boys love to



make things look fab-o. That includes their own fab-o selves." He struck a pose showing off his outfit.

"They can also go invisible if they wish," Dream Weaver said.

"Oh, that's only those who can't design a fab-o outfit." Golden Rod stated.

"Simon, in some villages, faeries are looked down upon," Grey Wolf explained. "Some Gays have chosen to hide who they are, and look more like everyone else. They still meet with men under the cover of darkness, but in the light of day you would never know what their spirit really is. I am sure that is what they did in your village. We call them Gay's children because they are playing with their image. Gay is all about his image."

"OH! and Fag doesn't worry about how he looks? Please!" Golden Rod protested. "Simon, Gay is all about loving yourself, and doing what is right for you, and making everything look Fab-o. Then there are Fag's boys. All they care about is their dick and flaunting their sex in your face. If you're horny just find a son of Fag and he'll get you off. Then they'll parade your cum on their face around the village."

"Fuck You Diva!" Grey Wolf snapped. "Simon, Fag's boys are radical spirits, we want to make this earth a better place, not just rearrange the flowers!" He shot Golden Rod a cold glare. "We don't think it is right or fair that people look down on us and we are fighting to change that. We are divine children of the Gods and should be treated as such. We also fight to help other people who are discriminated against."

"You forgot to mention the wild sex! Of all of the faeries, Fag's boys are into the most kinkiest of sex!" Golden Rod declared,

Chapter 2 continued

hoping to get a rise out of Grey Wolf.

"Not all of us!" Grey Wolf said, trying to stay calm. "We're just not so caught up on how we look that we're willing to get a little dirty for a good time."

"Simon, just you be careful if Grey Wolf ask you if you want to take a shower." Golden Rod said, knowing he would upset Grey Wolf. Fire Dancer let out a loud long laugh; Dream Weaver fought back his laughter, and shook his head. Simon felt a little uneasy feeling like he was the subject of a joke he didn't understand.

"I don't believe you!" Grey Wolf said. "Simon forgive Golden Rod, he has a hard time thinking since his head is so far up his ass."

"See the abuse they give me, but I still love them," Golden Rod said blowing kisses to Grey Wolf. "Well, to continue on with your lesson the third and final group is the Queers. Some faeries like Dream Weaver and Fire Dancer have chosen to devote their lives to studying and practicing the spiritual and magical aspects of the Faerie world. They are our priests and healers. They keep us in touch with the earth, and with our heavenly creators. Their strong connection to the big guy is the reason they are his boys. So where do you fit in Hon?" Golden Rod asked Simon.

"I don't know" Simon quietly said.

"Don't know!" Golden Rod yelled, as if this was the worst thing that Simon could have said. "How could you not know..."

"Give him some time! He's been hiding himself for most of his life! Only been out here since the last full moon! How can anyone understand and choose a path in that short of time! Just back off and give him some space and time!" Fire Dancer shouted, jumping to his feet.

Simon covered his ears, "Stop yelling at me." A stunned silence fell over the group.

"Sorry Simon, if I ever get out of line again just let me know." Golden Rod said. "Sorry Fire Dancer, I keep forgetting how new Simon is to all of this."

"No, I'm sorry I shouldn't have snapped like that." Fire Dancer said looking around.

Even though Simon knew how gentle Fire Dancer was, he was still uneasy hearing a man getting upset. "I'm sorry, too," Simon said. "I felt like I was back in Tamole and Father was yelling at me when his favorite team didn't win." Simon held out his arms in an invitation to hug. "Friends?" The two of them came over and hugged Simon and promised that they were still friends. Dream Weaver and Grey Wolf joined the group hug saying, "Forever."

"I gotta walk," Fire Dancer said. He rubbed his hands together and pulled them apart as a white fireball formed in his hands. The fireball lit his way as he left the camp. Every one, including Golden Rod, finished their dinner in silence.

After dinner, Dream Weaver found Simon alone, lying on a fur blanket Fire Dancer had given him. "Ready for bed so soon?" He asked Simon.

"Yeah, feeling kinda tired." Simon said looking up at Dream Weaver. "Can I ask you what Sea Temple is like?"

"Sure, I would love to tell you about the best village in the world. In my opinion that is." Dream Weaver said. "Can I join you?" he asked kneeling down next to Simon.

"Sure, there's room." Simon said moving over so Dream Weaver could lie down. Simon rolled over on his side and propped his head up on his arm so he could look at Dream Weaver.

"That looks uncomfortable," Dream Weaver said. "Come over here and place your head on my chest." As they lay there snuggling Dream Weaver told Simon a brief history of Sea Temple.

"Well, Sea Temple was an actual temple built to Lunan, God of the Sea, several lifetimes ago. The northwest coast is a large solid mountain of pure white marble. There are two cliffs that drop straight down in to the sea, and the forest surrounds the village on the south and east sides. A group of priests and priestess had a great temple and a small village caved out of the marble. There were tunnels dug through the village leading down to the sea. They also carved elaborate designs into the cliffs to honor the sea God. The legend says that the priests and priestesses became vain and began to worship their own selves. People no longer came to worship the sea; instead they were forced to worship the priest and priestesses. Soon Lunan became very angry. The tunnels would fill with water without warning killing several people trapped inside, and the harsh tides wore the side of the cliffs down to just a hint of their former glory. Then, one night a violent storm and large tidal waves washed the priests and priestesses into the sea. Well, the temples and homes sat vacant and become the victim of neglect and time. Fast-forward about two hundred years, when eight Queers were out wandering the forest and discovered the rundown village. They reported the find to some friends, and over the course of about twenty years they rebuilt the village to a livable state. More faeries moved in, and some non-faerie people also moved in. Soon a village was born! An unimaginative queer priest named the village after what it really was, a temple to the sea, or Sea Temple. The history keeps us humble and make sure we honor the sea and all of nature. You have to see it to believe it. It is beautiful; the old priests had made these large planters so that trees and other plants could grow in the village. When the sun sets the whole village glows with the fading light." Dream Weaver said running his hand through Simon's hair. Simon ran his hand over Dream Weaver's hairy chest.

"That sounds wonderful," Simon said softly, trying to image the village.

In the darkness near them they did not see Fire Dancer as he watched them snuggling, then walked away fighting back tears.

The next day's hike was uneventful until the group stopped for lunch. Simon walked off from the group to take a piss. As he was reliving himself Grey Wolf stepped up next to him.

"Mind if I join ya?" He asked lifting his skirt and starting to piss. "Don't worry I won't shower you." Grey Wolf laughed. Simon still did not understand the joke. "You ever hear of a golden shower?" he asked seeing Simon's puzzlement.

"No," Simon softly replied.

"Well, some guys like to be showered," as he spoke Grey Wolf waved his cock so that the piss showered the bushes.

"Oh, OK," Simon said in a dazed kind of wonder, not sure what to make of what he was being told.

"That's better then a lot of the responses I get." Simon had finished but stayed close to Grey Wolf studying his tattoos. Grey

Wolf winked, "Come closer. I won't shower you I promise." Simon stood at Grey Wolf's side facing him, as Grey Wolf brought his head close for a kiss. Simon leaned in to kiss Grey Wolf. Simon ran his hand over Grey Wolf's smooth chest. When Grey Wolf was finished peeing he turned to Simon and ran his hands under Simon's skirt and raised the cotton material between them allowing their cocks to rub together. Simon wrapped his arms around Grey Wolf, as Grey Wolf played with Simon's ass. Simon felt both cocks growing hard as they were pressing against each other. Grey Wolf undid the knot holding Simon's skirt up, as well as his own and both skirts fell to the ground. Grey Wolf stopped kissing Simon to pull back and look into Simon's eyes. Simon studied Grey Wolf's beautiful face.

"I love your tattoos," Simon whispered. "I wanted to ask you if I could just study them."

"Study them?"

"You know just look at them really close, run my fingers over the lines." Simon explained.

"Sure, that sounds cool." Grey Wolf kissed Simon and led him to a small area where the ground was smooth. Grey Wolf lay down on his back, and invited Simon to study his tattoos. Simon knelt beside him and began running his hand over the intricate Celtic knot designs, the symbols, an image of Gelan, and various flowers that covered Grey Wolf's arms, chest and stomach. When he made his way down to a thin line of red and black shapes that wrapped itself around Grey Wolf's hard cock and paused. Grey Wolf told him to go ahead, and so Simon held the hard cock in one hand and traced the tattoo in the other hand. Then Simon continued on down to tattoos of a dolphin and merman on his legs. When Simon got to the black line design on Grey Wolf's left ankle, Grey Wolf flipped over.

"I hope you know I am enjoying this," Grey Wolf said looking back at Simon. "You have a really nice touch, very light and gentle, very sensual. Thanks for suggesting this." Grey Wolf brought his arms up and crossed them so he could lay his head on them.

"Thanks for letting me do this." Simon said tracing the backside of the design on Grey Wolf's leg. "These are so beautiful, the detail and colors are amazing." As Simon worked his way up, he placed his knees on the outside of Grey Wolf's legs so that he was half sitting on Grey Wolf's legs when he ran his hands over the small rose on Grey Wolf's right butt cheek.

"Well, well boys! Looks like someone is ready for an afternoon fuck!" Golden Rod's voice rang out. Simon jumped and got off of Grey Wolf. "I was just looking for you two to say the rest of us wanted to continue on our journey home. If you like, I can tell them that you two will just catch up with us when you're done," Golden Rod said with an air of disapproval.

"We'll be right there," Grey Wolf said sitting up and kneeling beside Simon.

"Very well, I'll give you guys a few minutes to let those woodies go down." Golden Rod said walking away with a smirk on his face.

"He's just jealous," Grey Wolf said, looking into Simon's eyes. "I hope we can continue this later on." He kissed Simon. "You still have my back to go over."

"And your head," Simon added running his finger tips lightly over the tattoos on the back of Grey Wolf's head.

Grey Wolf shivered, "OH Queer God! I love it when someone massages my head," he whispered.

"I'll have to remember that," Simon said continuing to massage Grey Wolf's head.

"Come on," Grey Wolf said pulling Simon's hands off his head, and standing up. "We better get back to the group. I am terrible when it comes to finding my way through the forest." Simon reluctantly stood up. "Thanks for such a wonderful afternoon treat."

"No thank you, I have been wanting to do that since I met you." Simon said blushing.

"Simon you are so cute, I love seeing you blush," Grey Wolf said and kissed Simon's red cheek. "Here, better cover up," he threw Simon his skirt. "Although I don't think this thin cotton is gonna do any good to hide that big guy!" Simon cock was now pointing straight out in front of him. The two laughed walking back to join the group as they put on their skirts.

Grey Wolf



Chapter 2 continued

When they had reached the clearing where the group had stopped to eat lunch, Fire Dancer quickly got up and started heading down the path, “Ok, let’s get a move on,” he said not looking at anyone. Simon was too embarrassed by the looks he was receiving that he didn’t notice Fire Dancer’s upset mood. Golden Rod also helped divert attention from Fire Dancer’s quick departure, by starting to talk about how this all affected him, in his melodramatic way. Dream Weaver just winked at the two of them and smiled. The three of them walked together, bringing up the rear. By dinner the afternoon’s activities seemed almost forgotten.

After dinner Simon practiced his fire magic, and lit a small campfire of red light. Proud that he remembered how to do it Simon looked up at Fire Dancer with a big grin on his face. Fire Dancer couldn’t help but feel proud of Simon and how far he had come in just a short time. Simon got up and sat next to Dream Weaver on a log that had been moved next to the fire. Grey Wolf came over and sat down on the ground between Simon’s legs. Simon began massaging Grey Wolf’s head. Fire Dancer who was standing next to Golden Rod put his arms around Golden Rod and whispered something into his ear. The two then walked off into the forest towards a near by stream.

“Oh my,” said Dream Weaver a bit surprised. “I haven’t seen those two going off to play in a long time. How interesting. Well, do you two boys want to be alone tonight?” He asked placing a hand on Simon’s thigh.

“You know that I don’t mind if you stay, how about you Simon?” Grey Wolf said as he melted under Simon’s fingers.

“Well, I guess so. If you want to stay, sure,” Simon smiled.

“Is he blushing?” Grey Wolf asked.

“I think so, but it’s hard to tell in this red light,” Dream Weaver said moving closer to Simon. “By the way, nice job on the fire. Pretty impressive for a beginner.”

“Thanks,” Simon said.

“Oh I can feel him blushing all the way down to his toes.” Grey Wolf said with a soft laugh. “Sorry Simon, I just have to tease you. This really is a nice fire. It’s warm but not too hot, and very sensual. I am terrible at fire magic. Just ask Dream Weaver.” He paused to let out a soft moan as Simon’s fingers ran over his head and neck. “You know Simon when we get to Sea Temple you should take a class in massage, you really do have an incredible touch. Did you still want to do my back?”

“Sure,” Simon said as Grey Wolf got up and knelt next to the fire. Simon and Dream Weaver joined him. The three faced each other and passed a kiss around their small circle. Grey Wolf kissed Simon again, this time sliding his tongue into Simon’s mouth. As their tongues playfully darted around, Dream Weaver leaned over and kissed the two men. Grey Wolf undid the knot on Simon’s skirt while the three men shared a kiss. Simon ran his hands down the backs of both of the men and discovered their skirts were already off.

From just outside the camp’s protection border a pair of unseen eyes watched the three men passionately make love in the red glow of the firelight. As the stranger watched, he was sure the three were lovers so he decided just to watch instead of trying to

Dream Weaver



invite himself into the action. The stranger had watched the trio for a while when he heard the moans of Fire Dancer and Golden Rod and left to check out that action. He followed the moans to the river where he saw the two men as they finished washing up and lay down near the river. He was too late, but he still walked up to the couple. Golden Rod had just snuggled his head on Fire Dancer’s chest, when Fire Dancer sat up and looked into the dark woods. Even though he could not see the stranger in the darkness, Fire Dancer was looking right at him.

“What?” Golden Rod said sitting up a little nervous. He hated it when Fire Dancer would freeze like this and just stare. He followed Fire Dancer’s gaze, but did not notice Fire Dancer’s growing smile. He saw a short man coming out of the darkness into the blue light that Fire Dancer had created. Fire Dancer jumped to his feet and then bowed before the Figure still in the dark. Golden Rod did the same just two seconds behind him. The Figure stepped into the light, standing before the two men bowing before him. He was a beautiful, trim, but muscular young man, with a shaved head, but a dark-red mustache and goatee. His green eyes sparkled with a light from inside. His firm chest was smooth, with two nipple rings and a pansy tattooed over his heart. He had trim but thick dark red pubs at the base of his long thick uncut cock that swung between his lightly hairy legs.

"Fire Dancer, Golden Rod get up. It's just me," he said in a deep voice.

"Fag, we are always honored by your presence," Fire Dancer said looking up at the young God.

"Well, then you should of waited to have sex until I showed up" laughed Fag. "To make it up to me tell me who that hot little number is with Dream Weaver and Grey Wolf?"

"I'm surprised Dream Weaver didn't introduce you." Golden Rod said as he stood up.

"Dream Weaver was a little too busy to notice me," the young God said with a sly wink.

"Simon is the new faerie," Golden Rod explained. "Fire Dancer found him wandering the woods during the last full moon."

"You found another one huh, Fire Dancer?" asked Fag. "We should really call you Faerie Finder. That is a total of thirty-seven lost faeries isn't it?"

Fire Dancer blushed, "Yes sir, I seem to attract them."

"And I know why too," Fag said walking up to Fire Dancer. "You are a beautiful man with a loving soul. I find myself thinking of you quite often." Fire Dancer blushed at the high compliment. "I still don't understand why these faeries are so blind as to not snatch you up."

Fire Dancer was quiet and looked down at his feet, having wondered the same thing most of his life.

"Well, for me," Golden Rod broke the silence. "I love the big guy but we are like night and day. We would drive each other crazy, and I could never live out here in the woods, and would not dream of forcing him to leave the home he loves." He looked into Fire Dancer's amazed eyes. "You didn't know I was crazy for you? When you took me to Sea Temple, after finding me in the forest so many years ago, I cried myself to sleep the first week because I missed you so much." Golden Rod realized this was the first time he had ever confessed this to anyone. Fire Dancer stood there in an uneasy silence. "I am sorry. I shouldn't have said anything."

"No I should apologize," Fire Dancer said. "I never realized you felt that way. You took so fast to Sea Temple, I didn't think you wanted me around."

"Fire Dancer, I loved the city, but I also love you. Do you know how jealous I was at all the little faeries you brought to the city after me? I knew they had the joy of being with you, sleeping on that fab-o chest of yours. I guess I love the forest wanderer, hate the forest. I know you could never leave the forest and I don't want you to give up finding young faeries just for me. So I satisfy myself with our friendship, and seeing you as often as I can find you."

"I don't know what to say."

"You don't need to say anything. I love you, big guy."

"I love you too, Golden Rod"

"And what about Simon?" Fag asked. He placed his hand on Fire Dancer's chest. "If I remember correctly you tend to fall in love easy with these young faeries. How are you Fire Dancer?"

"Not very well. Ya would think I would be use to it by now. But every once in a while a faerie like Simon comes along and bam, I fall for 'em. Crying as they walk away into the city. Some come back for a visit, and I am grateful for that." He placed an arm around

Golden Rod. "Now with Simon, I only had to see the look in his eyes when he met Dream Weaver and Grey Wolf, to know I would be out of the picture. I thought I had a few more days to prepare before I had to let go."

"Have you talked to Simon," Golden Rod asked. "Maybe he would want to stay in the forest. He sure does better then I ever did."

"Fire Dancer hasn't learned that lesson yet," Fag said looking deep into Fire Dancer's eyes. "He never talks to the young faeries, just watches them run off to explore the city, thinking the city has more to offer then he does. Do you think he would want to stay with you?"

"I thought I stood a chance until he met Dream Weaver and Grey Wolf. And if they feel for him the way I think they do, I am definitely out of the picture."

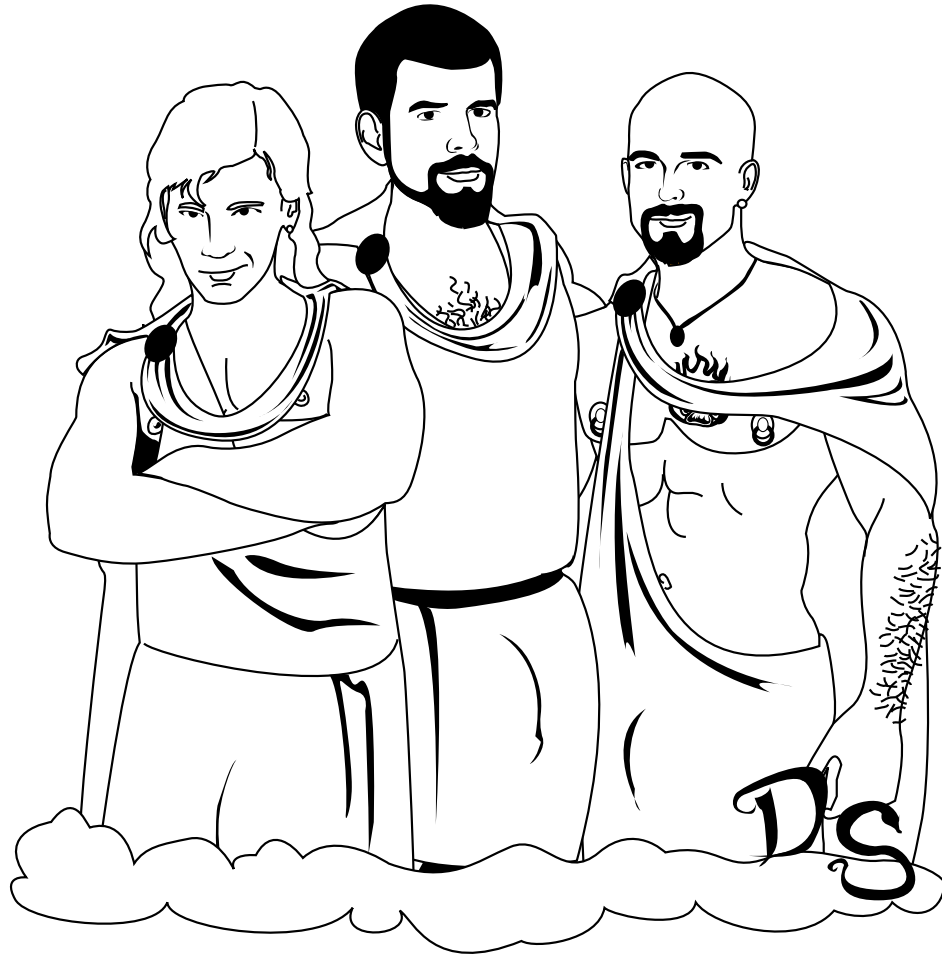
"Now are those two finally together?" Fag asked.

"No, they are still claiming it just doesn't feel right." Golden Rod said rolling his eyes.

"I don't know what to do with those two, but I do know what you need Fire Dancer," Fag said still rubbing Fire Dancer's chest. "Now surrender your pain Fire Dancer. It will not do you any good. And you better start talking to your young faeries and find out how they really feel. I also want you to realize that you have more to offer to a faerie then any village." As he rubbed Fire Dancer's chest a violet light began to glow from his hands. "Honor the love and cherish the joy, let the pain and regrets flow from you." The light began glowing brightly. "Simon loves and honors you and you love and honor him. Let this fill your heart." Fag kissed Fire Dancer forehead, "Come on I am eager to meet this Simon." Fire Dancer no longer had the pain in his heart and felt consumed in the love of every faerie he had led through the forest.

When they got back to camp the trio were laying naked, snuggling by the warm glow of the fire. Grey Wolf and Dream Weaver got up to kneel at Fag's feet when he entered. Simon followed suit, feeling he was in the presence of someone great, but unsure who this gorgeous man was.

"I should leave you two on your knees while I talk to Simon, but since you gave me such a hot show earlier this evening, I will let you go back to snuggling." The three got up but stood in front of the young God. "Now, you, Simon, I want to talk to you." Fag walked over to Simon and looked into his eyes. "First off, relax. I am Fag; my fathers are Gay and Queer. I am assuming that these faeries have taught you about the Three Faerie Gods. I guess I am the prince in the faerie kingdom." He placed his hands on Simon's chest. "You have been alone for a long time, a lot of the faeries have also gone through the same pains you have to get here. Not all of them are as lucky as you to have been found by such a wonderful group to teach them." Simon smiled and looked over to where Fire Dancer was standing and his smile grew bigger. "You have good heart Simon, and a strong soul. Trust your inner-self; you are very wise." Simon didn't feel very wise but didn't think he should say so to a God. "Stop it Simon," Fag said reading his thoughts. "You may not know how to do a protection spell, but your soul and heart have been blessed by the Goddess Shaeel and the God Kael. Trust your



from left to right: Gay , Queer and their son, Fag

inner-voice. It comes straight from the Gods.” He held Simon’s face in his hands, and kissed his forehead. “You have all of the heavens supporting you. There is nothing you can not do, if you listen to your heart.” Fag wrapped his arms around Simon and pressed their bodies together. Simon felt the warm naked body of Fag against his cold and naked body. A shiver of excitement tickled his groin. Simon fought the urge to feel the God’s ass, and left his hands at his sides. “Go ahead,” Fag whispered into Simon’s ear. “Just go like this,” he said running his hands over Simon’s butt. Simon blushed as he raised his hands to follow suit as he had been told to do. His cock began to stir, and Simon wondered if it was OK to get an erection while a God hugged you. Fag began kissing Simon on the mouth. Simon felt Fag’s cock stiffening and ignored any doubt that a hard-on was inappropriate. Fag stopped kissing Simon saying, “I will see you at the full Moon Party,” he pulled away from Simon but kept a hand on Simon’s ass. “OK faeries gather around,” he called. Everyone circled around Fag. “I have to leave, just wanted to drop in and see how my beauties were doing.” Fag was now floating half a foot off the ground as he kissed each faerie and then said goodbye and disappeared.

Simon could not believe what had happened, and stayed up talking about it until he noticed everyone else had fallen asleep.

Alone, Simon walked to the edge of the camp so as to not wake up the others. He looked up at the heavens. “Dear Sweet Shaeel, if everything I hear is true, you are my real mother and I want to thank you for the life you have given me.” He felt the cool evening wind caress his face. Following the actions he had seen Fire Dancer do, he brought his hands to his lips as if in prayer, kissed them and sent the kiss to the earth at his feet. He then looked to the dark eastern sky, “Dear Great Kael, you are my true father, and I thank you for this life you have given me.” Again, he sent a kiss; this time to the place where the sun rises. “Queer, you blessed my soul and made me yours, for that I am extremely grateful,” he said sending up a kiss to the waxing moon. “To all of you and to the faeries spirits I promise that I will do my best to honor you.” Simon felt a warm wind wrap around him, he felt at peace and suddenly very sleepy. Smiling up at the heavens he said good night, and walked back to the campfire. When he returned to the sleeping group, he noticed they were in groups of two, snuggling in their sleep. Not feeling comfortable in joining either group without being invited he curled up next to his still glowing fire and fell asleep.

In the morning Fire Dancer woke Simon with a kiss, and said if they had a good hike today they could be in Sea Temple that night.