

Chance Encounter

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Summer heat bore down on the city of Guin with the force of a red jade Grand Maul. It crushed the hopes and spirits of everyone in their struggles to bring in enough jade script to make it into the next day. Only the idle rich even had a chance to enjoy the burning sun, the crystal-clear waters surrounding the Blessed Isle, and the nearly endless parties that filled the night with the sounds of gluttony and lust. Surrounding the cities were the pastures that produced over-priced dairies to the surrounding area, but, like most things, those type of things didn't really concern the rich, the Dragon-Blooded. Even the children of the Terrestrials were enjoying themselves in the summer day, strolling along the waterfront.

Sesus Petros, the husband of Sesus Mnoma, breathed in the summer air with a smile. His dark blond hair blew across his right eye, obscuring his vision for a few brief moments. He let it blow past, then tucked the long strands behind his ear. Without taking his eyes away from the sparkling water, he patted the hand clinging to his arm. Mnoma, the woman who claimed him as her husband. He felt her looking at him, picturing the deep blue eyes that swam with the very essence of water and the wry smile that always brought a smile to his lips.

“Enjoying yourself, my dear?” His voice flowed like honey, the natural grace of a diplomat and a lover.

Mnoma giggled softly before trailing her fingernails along his arm. He shivered from the sensations, finally turning his head to look into her beauty.

“You are so beautiful.”

Mnoma ducked her head. Someone in the distance called her and her head snapped around, the sheath of her short daiklave slapping against his thigh as she turned. For all her grace and looks, they were both armed and capable of fighting off a hundred mere mortals. Petros chuckled and turned his eyes back to the ocean. His mind drifted to the thought of ocean travel. From the corner of his eyes, he noticed more than a few watching him and his wife. Feeling playful, he let his gaze wander past a few admiring men to focus on a young mortal, barely in her twenties. She caught his look and blushed, hurrying down the street in an effort to avoid his gaze. He watched the blush rising up along the back of her neck, then returned his gaze back to the ocean.

“Love, why don’t we take...”

He turned to face his wife, then let his voice trailed off as he caught her staring off in the distance. He felt just a few hints of jealousy as he followed her gaze. It took him a moment to find her attention, but he found it as his eyes locked on a figure stepping off one of the many boats.

He had black hair, long and shimmering. A strip of leather pulled the hair back from a heavily muscled shoulder. Uninterested in men, Petros found himself unable to tear his eyes away from the nearly naked man as he hopped lightly on the dock. Bare feet curled around the edge of the sun-warmed wood and he gave the entire waterfront an easy smile. His only nod toward modesty was a pair of well-worn pants over his legs, hanging almost off his hips and lazily swaying from the water-born breezes. He hefted a bag over his shoulder and Petros could see the ripple of muscles underneath the tanned skin. He struggled to tear his eyes away. When he couldn’t he focused on the people around the suddenly attractive stranger. Men and women alike were fading into silence, staring at him with shock as he padded up the short set of stairs and headed along the waterfront path, directly toward Petros and his love.

“Petros?”

The dreamy voice of his wife broke him of his fugue and he looked at her. Her eyes were shimmering, lost in fantasy. Her hair, the color of blue-tinted black, seemed to grow heavier, plastering itself against her skin as if an invisible rain soaked him. He felt emotions rising up inside him.

“Y-Yes?”

“I know you aren’t into men, but... would you consider a threesome?”

Petros returned his gaze to the raven-haired stranger. He was much closer, moving with the rapid clip of someone knowing where they were going and yet had the sensation of taking all the time in the world. A small train of mortals and Terrestrials followed, some more discretely than others. Petros felt a tightening in his chest and shook his head.

Next to him, his wife wilted with disappointment, but he could almost sense her thoughts memorizing his body, the lines of his muscles, the playful way his lips parted in an ultimately kissable set, and even the large hands that easily held the heavy rope of his bag. Together, they kept on walking down the path.

Just as the stranger passed Petros, the universe slowed down for the merest moment. Petros drank in the smell of the stranger, incense and musk, the smell of a traveler to exotic lands. His lips curled into just the barest hint of a smile as he looked deep into the yellowed eyes of the stranger. The stranger’s eyes flickered toward him and he could see the green of his eyes reflecting in the yellow, the mixture of their colors reflecting blue in the endlessly deep gaze.

For one brief instant, Petros and the man ceased to be strangers. They were lovers and companions, memories rising up through the thin veneer of persona and role, stretching out easily until the time before Mnoma’s father’s father had been born. A flush rose up between them, burning invisibly between two men who now pretended not to know each other.

Then, their steps took them apart and Petros became Petros once again and the stranger resumed being a stranger. They parted their way. His wife pouted as she turned to follow the strange man’s path.

“Are you sure?”

Petros shook his head.

“Never.”

She sighed, “Pity.”

—

Dark clouds rose up along the western sky, racing up to Guin in a matter of a few short hours. Out in the ocean, the fishermen would

claim the rain was possessed, springing up without even a hint, but the warm rain that threatened to fall fell just as natural as any other storm. The warm air filled with humidity, clinging to building and skin alike with the rumbles of the Celestial Bureaucracy coming to a decision about rain.

Petros sighed as he stood in the front door of their small manor. A small but annoying dog bolted out of the house, a thin leash trailing behind it for a few moments before it came to a stop with a halt and a yelp. Petros grinned and pulled a large flopping hat over his head. Behind him, a nervous-looking maid looked apprehensively.

“But, Sesus Petros, I should walk Methus. You shouldn’t be out so close to midnight.”

“Don’t worry, Sali, I need to clear my head. Too much Varsi wine.”

“But, sir...”

“I’m fine, Sali, we live in Guin, not the Imperial City. I’ll be fine.”

Still nervous, the mortal maid wrung her hands but walked back into the house. Petros sighed and wrapped the leash around his hand a few more times before stepping out into the humid air. Above him, flashes of lighting followed the dark shadows and he gave them a worrying look.

Walking down the stone path outside of the manor fence, Petros paused for a moment for Methus to mark the corner before heading south. His boots echoed loudly along the empty street. A few blocks away, he hurried up, his dog leading the way with its rapid, prancing steps.

The walk took him to a corner part of Guin, where a short stretch of the cobblestone road passed before a bank of dark houses before snaking toward the road leading to the Imperial Mountain. He grinned, his green eyes flashing for a moment, as he felt a pressure rising around him.

At the far end of the street, on the same side as him, he saw a shadow come around the corner, walking casually forward. Petros let his breath out for a long moment before letting the facade of his assumed persona drip away. The unseen presence faded away, peeling away from his body as invisible mist. Confident hands released the leash, though Methus didn’t seem to notice as the tiny

dog pranced along. Green eyes shone as the man known as Petros walked faster. The shadows peeled away to reveal the yellow-eyed man from the docks, his lover. They shared a smile as they came closer, walking in perfect unison.

Just as they met each other, the green-eyed man spun around suddenly, pushing the traveler against a stucco surface half hidden in shadows. A tiny gasp of surprise halted instantly as they kissed, hard and fierce, the man who was no longer Petros holding his lover tight against the ground. Hands stroked each other, content to stroke against defined bodies of muscle and strength. Fingers tugged at the shirts, pulling them out from tight belts and spreading fingers along heated flesh beneath.

They broke with a gasp, looking into eyes that had no white remaining, just yellow and green, lovers staring into each other's eyes. They shared a smile, lost in each other's gaze with their hands pressed together.

Methus, unaware that his owner stopped, continued to walk along the path, trailing the leash behind him as he sniffed at gutters and boxes.

It was the traveler who broke the silence, speaking in a hungry whisper.

"I missed you, my husband, my love, my Secret Kept Forever."

Secrets, the man who was Petros, shivered at the remembered name. He leaned forward, pressing his body tight against his lovers, feeling the resistance of flesh and the wall beyond. His lips trailed along the jaw of his love, working his way to the ear to nip at it lightly.

"And you, my Yellow Tinted Morning."

Above them, storm clouds began to rumble. An abandoned sheet of plywood on the roof above them fluttered with a sudden warm wind that rose up, the edge of it rapping against the tile roof. Secret ran his hands up the tight chest of Morning, pulling open the laces and pushing the fabric aside. He pressed his mouth against Morning's throat, his lover raising his head as Secret kissed along the bulge of his Adam's apple and worked his way down. A soft gasp escaped Morning's throat, then a shuddering moan of pleasure. Yellow eyes cracked open to look at the storm above.

"Rain comes..."

“I know,” came the response, muted by lips pressing against one hard nipple. Morning smiled and closed his eyes, leaning tightly against the wall as much as Secret pressed him against it. The green-eyed man circled the hardened nipple with his tongue, a spiral out and a spiral in before he kissed along the lightly haired chest over to the other nipple. The scent of musk rose strongly between them as he felt his body hot with the anticipation of their chance encounter. His hands stretched up to press against Morning’s shoulders, holding them against the wall as he leaned forward, kissing and stroking. Shuddering, the hands lowered down Morning’s flanks, exploring as much as guiding as Secret lowered himself to his knees.

A sharp wind rose up, sending a hissing noise throughout the city. Across the street, a light flickered to life as someone lit a candle. Both of the lovers didn’t even see it as someone came up to the window, peering outside. Just as the hand pushed past the curtains, a deep shadow of a storm cloud rolled across the street, plunging the two lovers in complete darkness for the few moments before the late-night walker turned away for their kitchen.

On the roof, the wind kicked up the sheet of plywood which slid along the roof, stopping mere inches from the edge of the gutter right above them.

Secret smiled as his hands came in front of him, almost in the position of a prayer. Instead of begging for the benediction of a god, his fingers worked at the confinement of his lover’s divine spirit, working the buttons down away from the hard and throbbing hardness below. As the cloth pants parted, Secret let out a hungry moan of his own, leaning forward to press his lips around the slick shaft hidden below.

The musky smell of his lover brought back thousands of memories. They were pushed back in the haze of lust as trembling fingers worked out the long, narrow shaft of his lover. With a smile, he kissed along the shaft, mouthing it as the heat of passion rose along the hardness. Fingers drifted down, caressing the edge of Secret’s hat as he worked his mouth down to the base of the throbbing shaft, taking in one then the other plum hanging below before letting them slip out with glistening shimmering. Breathing heavily, he pushed Morning’s pants down even further as his mouth rose up, praying to the Exalted hardness of his lover and caressing

the very tip with his lips. He tasted excitement and warmth in the clear fluids and felt a sudden hunger to taste it deeper.

Bringing his hands up, he followed the hard lines of a traveler's muscles to cup Morning's balls, one in each palm. His fingers curled around the base to bring the tip down in front of him, presenting him with the tip of a lover's spear.

Hungrily, he parted his lips and pushed his head down to the swollen shaft, tracing his tongue along the tiny hole and around the thick glans. A moan above him encouraged him, as did the feather-light touches on the back of his head. Secrets teased his lover for a moment, sucking on the very tip before he began to slow, torturous path down the throbbing shaft, taking it deeper into the hot liquid depths of his mouth.

The summer wind around them kicked up a storm of papers and dust, sending the sheet of plywood sliding even further along the edge, balance precociously over their head by only the barest pressure of wind and storm. Below, the lovers ignored the very world itself as Secret buried his nose into the thick thatch of hair at the base of his lover's cock. His hat, forgotten in their passion, tipped off his head and fell to the ground, dancing a few yards in an errant wind. He moaned at the feeling of heated hardness that parted his lips and brushed against the back of his throat, filling his mouth with the power of his lover. Still moaning, he drew out languishingly, his hands slipping up between Morning's legs and cupping the tight, powerful buttocks. The slick hardness slid past his lips, drawing out his breath and passion until only the tip of the spear rested inside his tightly pursed lips.

Rolling it around on his tongue, he impaled his lips and mouth back on the heated shaft, sliding it with delicate abandon back into the warm depths of his mouth. He moaned at the base, feeling a resonating moan filling his lover. Secret's fingers clutched tighter against the smooth skin, feeling his knuckles crushed against the rough wall but caring not for the tiny little pains with the growing pleasure and ache between his own legs.

Tonguing the bottom, the green-eyed Exalted tasted his lover in every way possible. The hands teasing his hair, holding his head in guidance, Secret lost himself in the slow bobbing hardness that slid in and out of his mouth until his senses were flooded with the very

essence of his lover. He drank in the smell of his excitement, rising with every stroke. He moaned at the feeling of the heat that rose from the shaft inside him, the way his lover's balls tightened with an orgasm reaching its crest.

Thought they had been parted for many years, kept away by the requirements of persona and bureaucracy, Secret still remembered every sensation that burned through him as his lover suddenly gripped his head, burying his length hard into his mouth. It came as a surprise and yet anticipated as he felt the pole of flesh surge inside him, splattering the back of his throat with the hot, slick liquids of passion. He moaned, one hand dropping down to rub his own ache while the other spread out over both spasming cheeks of Morning and squeezed tightly.

Hotness flooded his mouth, soaking around the shaft and Secret felt a pang of hunger fill him, a desire to never leave his lover again. Above him, Morning shuddered with joy as the last of his orgasm flooded into Secret's mouth. Then, his yellow-eyed lover pulled out, withdrawing his cock and leaving a void behind. The green-eyed man almost swallowed, but his hand against the tight buttocks of his love brought a new idea.

As if responding to his thoughts, his hat kicked up into the air, dancing on one edge before the wind drew it spinning down the street and out of sight.

Ignoring his clothes, Secret's lower hand working his pants, he released his own shaft. It was longer and thicker and already dripping with juices. Still, he took his other hand and dipped it into his mouth until it was coated with the slick juices. Then, with a swallow and a smile, he worked the soaked digit up between the buttocks of his lover, finding the tiny clenched hole. Morning shivered with sensations, but parted his legs as Secret began to circle the hole, transferring the natural lubricant until his finger could enter and release with only a firm tightness. He could smell soap in the air and looked up.

Morning looked down with half-closed eyes in afterglow.

"Already washed."

Secret wormed his finger in deeper, to the second, then the third knuckle before sliding in and out, loosening up a few more times before he stood up slowly. Morning moaned, watching him with

hungry eyes before slowly turning around, his pants dropping to the ground with a shuffle of fabric and leather.

The green-eyes Exalted kissed up along the tight buttocks as he brought his own throbbing shaft to the crevice between the tight buttocks of his world traveler. With a shudder, he lowered himself and aimed the dripping tip into the chasm, pushing forward until he felt it slide down along the fold of flesh toward the tight, welcoming hole below. As one, they moaned as Secret pushed forward, his cock pressing into the tight ring of Morning.

As the thick shaft slid deeper, forcing the tightness apart enough to lodge the wedge-shaped head inside, the rain finally came. Hot water splashed down to the ground, but managed to barely miss the two lovers as it hit the plywood above. The air turned electric as Secret pressed his hands against the rough stone behind Morning and leaned into his stroke.

With delicate, agonizing pleasure, he felt his cock slipping deep into the hot, clenching tunnel, his hips parting his lover's buttocks as he buried himself into long missed pleasures. He reached as far as he could, but his lover reached back to part his cheeks even more, pressing his shoulder against the stone. With his acceptance, Secret pushed a bit deeper, feeling his entire length buried inside his lover.

Morning let out a shuddering gasp, almost unheard over the roar of the summer rain. Humidity clung to both of them as Secret rocked his hips, reminding himself of where he was before he began a slow, loving withdrawal.

It felt like heaven and hell, slipping from the pleasurable hole, but he already braced himself to rejoin his love. His cock throbbed painfully as he held back on his orgasm, burying himself back inside with a short thrust. Morning gasped and whimpered "more" in soft words of Riverspeak, his shoulder grinding against the stone. Secret gave it to him, dropping his hands to hold the slick skin and using it for balance as his cock plunged in with a slap of summer rain and passion.

Every pulse deep inside pushed him closer to the edge and Secret closed his eyes, thrusting faster and harder with wet, juicy strokes. Together, they moaned and gasped, riding into each other. Morning reached back around his front to stroke his own cock, the slurping

noises of two thrusting filling the tiny space around them but lost in the sound of rain.

At the end of the street, a carriage spun around the corner. At the same time, the sheet of plywood rattled from the roof, gravity finally yanking it down. Secret drove up into his lover as the wood slammed into the ground, leaning against the wall above the two lovers. As the carriage sped past, it sent up a sheet of water that splattered hard against the wood at the same time Secret came inside his lover, splattering the insides the clenching rectum with his own spendings.

He buried his cock deep inside his lover, holding it there in throbbing glory as he felt the last of his juices flooding his lover. Morning twisted around, his own lips parted in an afterglow of divine proportions.

They kissed, a few streamers of water coursing down between the wall and the wood, a hint of the onslaught of water beyond the sheet of plywood.

Secret smiled, feeling tears in his eyes.

“I don’t want to leave you, my Morning.”

Morning’s eyes sparkled with yellow, the unnatural color of an Exalted.

“But, you must. Only thirty more years, my love. Only thirty more years.”

Secret hugged him tightly, squeezing as if he would fade away like the Fey. Morning, leaned against him, still impaled on Secret’s cock.

“We have centuries, my Secret, centuries. Thirty years is nothing.”

Secret nodded, not releasing his lover. His hands stretched out over hard nipples and brushed against rough rock beyond.

“I know.”

Working on a silent signal, Secret slipped his cock out of his lover’s tight right and watched as a few droplets splattered to the ground. More juices flooded down Morning’s thigh, but somehow they both knew Destiny would handle that sign of their love. Underneath the wood pounded with rain, Secret used a few handfuls of water to wash both of their cocks, then pulled up his pants.

He gave Morning one last smile, then drew him up into a long passionate kiss. They broke as the rain began to sputter out. Secret whispered softly.

“I’ll be here.”

Morning smiled broadly, “And I’ll be back.”

A sharp barking startled both of them, the first thing in the entire encounter they were surprised at. Secret looked down to see Methus holding his hat. With a grin, he took the leash and the hat. With another brief kiss, of two lovers parting, Secret headed on his way.

The two men who stepped out from underneath the plywood were not Secret Kept Forever and Yellow Tinted Morning, lovers since the Second Age. It was Petros and the traveling stranger, two men who only passed each other while Petros walked his dog.

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About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.