

# Encounter -- Witches and Wolves: Asylum

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### Asylum

What more could fate do to Adahy? It had stolen his homeland and destroyed his mate. Without her, nothing else mattered. The best he could hope for was to punish humankind for ruining his happiness, starting with the man whose body he currently inhabited. It wasn't this particular man he hated -- at least not until he'd done everything in his power to prevent Adahy from seeking revenge.

"Damn right I'll stop you. You might drive me crazy, but you won't drive me to murder," the voice roared from deep inside Adahy's mind.

Since he'd inhabited the body of this human, Caleb, they had struggled for possession of their shared physical form. At times Adahy had control and at others Caleb had it. While under the human's influence, they had been imprisoned in this insane asylum. Several times they had nearly escaped, due to Adahy's strength and resilience, but the human thwarted him. Even the foolish straightjacket they'd started using on occasion wouldn't hold Adahy once he took full possession of this body, but Caleb wasn't ready to surrender yet. Until then he'd stay, restrained and miserable, until he finally submitted to Adahy.

Yet today for the first time Adahy wondered if the human might outlast him. It seemed Adahy himself was losing his sanity. A spirit had visited them earlier -- the

spirit of a man called Nate who claimed to know him and Caleb. He said that if they helped him undo a magical curse that had changed the world, Adahy could reclaim his mate.

It had to be a lie.

"What if it's not?" Caleb prodded. "What if you can save Abey?"

"I told you never to mention my mate, human!"

"Or what? You'll kill me? I die, you die."

"If you die, then I'll be free to inhabit another."

"So that's your plan?"

A guard pounded on the door and bellowed for silence.

"Great," Caleb whispered. "If we don't shut up they'll drug us again. Hey. Maybe that's not such a bad idea."

Adahy was about to reply, but his attention and Caleb's riveted to the wall through which another spirit stepped. This one was of another young man with an innocent face and a graceful build.

This spirit was different than the one who had visited them earlier. Nate had belonged to a living body, but Adahy sensed this man was dead. A ghost.

"Caleb?" asked the ghost.

"Great. Another one," Caleb murmured, once again in control of the body as Adahy retreated to observe.

"Nate said we were married in another life," the ghost continued. "I wanted to see you."

"Sure. I'll play along. Who are you?"

"Devin. Wow. Nate said you were cute, but that was an understatement."

Now that Adahy had quieted, allowing Caleb's head to clear, he studied the ghost carefully. He was adorable and Caleb had never seen such beautiful, gentle eyes.

"You want him, don't you?" Adahy asked. "Why not take him?"

"Nate was right." Devin stared into Caleb's eyes. "There's another spirit inside you. Adahy. That's why you can see me and talk to me."

"We can even touch you," Caleb said, his voice rough as Adahy surfaced again. The spirit's strength flowed through him. He snarled, rose from the bed and reached toward Devin.

The ghost's eyes widened, but he didn't move away.

"Don't hurt him!" Caleb growled. Panting, he closed his eyes for a moment, his hand hovering near the ghost's cheek. "I won't hurt you, Devin, but you should go."

"Maybe not. On my way here I spoke to other spirits. Some of them sense that something is deeply wrong. Nate is right. The world has changed, but if we join him, we might be able to change it back. Adahy, I know about your mate being destroyed, but Nate said we might be able to get her back --"

"You can't change fate!"

"What if this is our fate?" Devin cupped Caleb's cheek, his touch faint and cool-a ghost's touch. Slowly it warmed as Adahy once again filled Caleb.

"Make love to us," Adahy said. "As a life spirit, I can sense truth through physical and spiritual contact."

"I won't let you hurt him," Caleb said, straining against Adahy.

"We won't hurt him, if he's truly here to help," Adahy replied.

"I'm not afraid." Underlying strength shone in Devin's gentle eyes. He slid his arms around Caleb's neck. "It's been so long since I've felt anything like this. I've been dead... but with you I feel alive again. Warm."

His words touched Caleb's heart. Devin was so young, or rather he'd died too young.

"Take me, Caleb, if that's what it takes to make Adahy believe me. If that's what it takes to send us to a world where we can have the life Nate told me about, then I want to do it."

Their gazes locked and Caleb's heart pounded. It felt like forever since he'd experienced a moment of happiness. Here with this man-this ghost-he knew he could feel joy again, if just for a short time.

Taking Devin's hand, he guided him to the small bed covered in plain white hospital sheets. They lay side by side, facing each other, and Caleb noticed that Devin's clothes had disappeared, leaving his slender body naked.

"One of the perks of being a ghost." Devin shrugged. "The clothes are only an illusion."

Caleb leaned closer and kissed Devin, tentatively at first. His heartbeat quickened and emotions bombarded him. He'd never felt anything like this before. It was as if he and Devin belonged together.

His tongue slid between Devin's lips and Devin opened his mouth, his tongue meeting Caleb's. He wove his fingers through Caleb's hair and pressed his lean body even closer. Their stiff cocks pushed against their bodies and Caleb groaned.

Surprisingly, Devin grew hotter in his embrace. His mouth was as warm and wet as that of a living man. Caleb opened his eyes partway and drew a sharp breath. Devin's ghostly pallor had faded, replaced by the natural colors of a live person. His thick hair was dark and his eyes a rich brown. He had pale, smooth skin and his lips were deep pink from their kisses.

Caleb gently bit Devin's lower lip, then sucked on it. He reached between their bodies and curled his fist around Devin's cock. The clothes might have been an illusion, but everything else felt real enough, at least it did to Caleb. By the way Devin moaned and sighed with pleasure, it felt real to him too.

He stroked Devin's cock and brushed his thumb along the underside of the bulging head.

"Let me," Devin murmured. He slid down the bed, tugging off Caleb's loose cotton pants and baring his stiff cock.

Caleb spread his legs as Devin settled between them and clasped his cock. He took it into his warm, wet mouth and rolled his tongue over the head, then flicked the underside.

"It's strange," Devin murmured. "Or maybe it's not."

"What?"

"I really do feel like I know you. Somehow..."

"I know," Caleb said. He moaned and arched his back, his fingers gripping Devin's shoulders as the ghost sucked him deep into his mouth. After a moment, Caleb panted, "Wait. I want to fuck you."

"I want you to fuck me." Devin sat back on his heels, his dark eyes glistening with desire. "Please fuck me, Caleb."

"Oh, babe," Caleb whispered, weaving his fingers through Devin's hair.

Devin smiled. "I like that."

"What? Babe?"

Devin nodded. "Very much."

Grinning, Caleb said, "Come here, babe." He guided Devin onto his side again and stretched out behind him, nuzzling his neck.

He fondled Devin's tight ass and found that in his ghostly form, he easily accommodated Caleb's gently probing fingers. Slowly Caleb filled him with his cock. Devin groaned and arched against him, his muscles taut.

"Fuck me," he murmured and Caleb willingly obliged.

He thrust into Devin while fondling his cock.

"Oh, Caleb!"

"Babe!"

They came almost in sync, their bodies hot and straining.

When it ended, Devin rolled toward Caleb and whispered against his lips, "Now do you believe?"

"Yes. We believe." Caleb kissed Devin's mouth, then his forehead. "Adahy sensed that the other spirits you talked to are right."

Again a guard pounded on the door and shouted, "Keep up the noise in there and it's back in the jacket!"

Staring into Devin's eyes, Caleb said, "We have to find Nate so we can change the world to the way it should be."

Adahy felt the first spark of hope since Abey's destruction. Another escape and this time they'd make it because he and the humans were miraculously working together. Here was his one chance to reclaim his mate. "Let's break out of this madhouse," Adahy said. "It won't be hard."

Caleb clasped Devin's hand. Their gazes met and they knew that no matter what happened, their spirits would always be as one.

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