

Changeling PressENCOUNTERSA close-up photograph of two young men with dark hair and light skin, wearing light-colored shirts. They are facing each other, with their foreheads touching and eyes closed, suggesting a moment of intimacy or a kiss. The background is softly blurred, showing what appears to be an indoor setting with a window.

**Siren's Melody**

*An Elvenswood Tales Encounter*

**Alexa Piper**

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**Siren Mike and his human lover are celebrating their first anniversary. And because Mike is a siren, he wants to give his human lover a song, even if that human is unaware of Mike's true nature. But sometimes a melody says more than a thousand words.**

## Siren's Melody

Mike had fussed over decorating his dinner table for a good half hour, but he decided it had been worth it. Now he watched the man sitting across from him at the table, and was enthralled by the sight. That man, Corvin, his blond curls gleaming golden in the light of the half burned candles in the center of the table, was Mike's, and while Mike had been busy cooking the dinner for their first anniversary, he'd not been able to stop singing out his joy.

Of course, then Corvin had rung the doorbell, and since Mike's human was, well, \$human, Mike had then stopped his singing. Corvin didn't know Mike was a siren, but that was not anything they'd discuss tonight.

"I like your pineapple sherbet," Corvin said. He licked his dessert spoon clean in a way that made Mike imagine his lover lick other things.

"I know you do, honey." Mike could imagine it vividly, those dark pink lips, closing around Mike's cock. Which was growing hard. "More?" Mike managed, his voice slightly husky.

Corvin put the spoon down. "Are you even aware you've been watching me for the past five minutes or so? Oh, or are you liking the shirt?"

Corvin, because he was Corvin, had shown up at Mike's door wearing a T-shirt that showed a winged cartoon Faerie, her nose buried in a book half her own size. \$Faeries Fancy Fantasy, the T-shirt read, and it had made Mike chuckle.

"I was almost hoping you'd wear the one you had on when I first met you. With the dragon." He swallowed. "I may have fantasized about taking that off you that same night. Did I ever tell you how much you ruined my shopping trip?"

Corvin snorted. "I did no such thing. You decided to help me pick a ripe pineapple and beg me for a pity date."

Mike got to his feet and rounded the table until he stood close enough to Corvin to touch the other man, tilt Corvin's head up. "It wasn't a pity date, honey."

Mike watched as Corvin's cheeks flushed the pink of crushed roses. "You keep saying that," Corvin said, his voice dripping with desire that sounded sweeter to Mike than any sherbet.

Corvin proceeded to bite his bottom lip, and Mike sucked in a lungful of air. He cleared his throat. "Let me play for you," Mike said.

"Huh?" Corvin tilted his head to the side.

"On the piano. I've never played for you, and now I don't even remember why." It was true. Mike had gotten Corvin to play a little minuet once, but then the way Corvin's fingers had birthed melody, it had simply driven Mike half to ecstasy just watching, and he'd barely managed to drag his human to the couch, that was how uncontrollably horny it had left Mike.

Corvin grinned at him. "Fine." He stood. "I actually would like to hear you play."

Mike grinned at him, took Corvin's hand and led him to the piano, which stood in its own corner in the living room, right where the acoustics were best.

Corvin was used to Mike's humming, because while Mike knew to control his siren song around his human, he couldn't make love to the man and stay entirely silent. And he liked making love to Corvin a whole lot. "Watch," Mike said, letting go of Corvin's hand, and sat down in front of the piano. A siren playing an instrument didn't automatically unleash the siren's power on the listener, not unless the siren wanted to, but if a siren chose an instrument -- or several -- they knew how to coax any melody they wanted from that instrument.

Corvin stood back a little, and Mike, instead of looking at his fingers, turned to his lover and began to play. The melody started softly, like wind in sun warmed leaves. It was how Mike felt when he remembered meeting Corvin, when he recalled their first kiss.

Corvin's eyes widened. "What... what is that?"

Mike shrugged as he filled the melody out, gave it more substance. "Just something that came to me."

Corvin nodded. His eyes fell to Mike's fingers, and he watched, enthralled. "You... Mike. You are really good."

Mike chuckled, mixing that noise with the blossoming melody, which sounded like holding Corvin, like the joy of making him moan.

Corvin's green eyes darkened, and the human continued to worry his bottom lip. Then, just as Mike was getting back to the motif, Corvin stepped right back, then went to his knees. Mike watched, mesmerized, his fingers flying into a different melody altogether. Corvin nudged Mike's leg aside until the human had enough room to get half under the piano and between Mike's legs. "I love the way you play," Corvin said as his hands brushed along the insides of Mike's thighs, "but I think I'll have to make you stop playing now."

Mike didn't. He wove trills into his play, made the notes flash with the brightness of arousal. "You try, hon," Mike said, his own voice low and full of want.

Corvin took that as the invitation that it had been. Mike knew how much the human enjoyed giving head, but this -- Corvin between his legs while Mike played for him? That was a kind of sublime pleasure Mike would fantasize about whenever he was apart from Corvin for the next month. Maybe forever.

Corvin's fingers worked Mike's pants open with easy dexterity, and Corvin never once broke eye contact with Mike. Only when the human had set Mike's erection free did he look away from Mike's eyes to focus on his cock instead. Corvin made an appreciative sound as he examined Mike's cock, his fingers teasing the tip and slicking the sensitive skin with Mike's precum. Mike, through all of this, did not miss a single note. He kept on playing when Corvin looked back up at Mike to make sure he had Mike's attention, and Mike played on when Corvin opened his mouth, parted those soft pink lips, and lowered his mouth onto Mike's cock.

Mike moaned, and his fingers wove a crescendo into the melody he was playing. Corvin's mouth was hot and soft, and he took Mike in all the way, gave Mike a taste of just what was to come before pulling off again. It made Mike lose the tempo, almost.

Corvin taking Mike all in, that was really just intended to tease Mike, and he wanted to hate it, but heavens, Corvin's mouth just felt too good.

"You're still playing," the human whispered, his voice a little hoarse from swallowing Mike just a moment ago.

"You are still talking," Mike said.

Corvin smiled up at him, then opened his mouth to work Mike's tip with his tongue. Mike moaned, and the melody he was playing grew heavy with desire, the notes finding harmonies already before pulling apart and seeking the sweet friction of minor thirds or open fifths. Corvin's fingers worked along the rest of Mike's length, stroking and squeezing, even as Corvin's lips and teeth and tongue delivered spikes of pleasure that Mike immediately translated into a melody.

Mike watched as Corvin worked him deeper, slowly savored Mike's cock and offered his mouth and throat to Mike in this intimate way. Once more, siren song wanted to break out of Mike. He could have made Corvin feel pleasure with just a few notes, but Mike had sworn to himself never to do that to this man whom he loved. They'd been together for only a year, but already, Mike could no longer imagine his life without Corvin.

Corvin's mouth pulled Mike back to the here and now. Corvin's hands massaged Mike's balls even as Corvin slid his lips up and down Mike's length, offering suction and the sweet caress of a soft tongue. The noises were their own morsels. Mike's melody changed once more to combine with them, and whether it was that which made Corvin pick up his pace or something else, Mike didn't know. Corvin took Mike deep before he pulled back a little to get Mike that sweet friction. Corvin's noises grew more insistent, and as much as the blowjob, the sounds were driving Mike close, so close.

Mike's eyes fluttered shut as he felt his orgasm approach, and his fingers on the keys found a fervent melody on their own accord. Mike was focused on the noises Corvin made. Hunger, love, desire, that's what Mike heard from his lover, and with that, Mike came in Corvin's mouth, the aftershocks running through Mike's entire body and making his fingers fill the ebbing melody with trills once more.

Mike looked down to Corvin, who was still swallowing, and in doing so, squeezed everything Mike had to give out of him. Corvin's green eyes blinked up, his dark lashes fanning against those rosy cheeks.

There was nothing else for Mike to do but stare as Corvin finished, swallowed, pulled off, licked his flushed lips. "You're still playing," Corvin said, his voice rough with the aftershocks of sex.

"Mmmh." Mike wove the melody to a stop finally, found an ending note to the song, but only because he needed to take care of Corvin after Corvin had just taken care of Mike. "You did that to me," Mike said into the silence. "Let's go upstairs."

Corvin, still kneeling between Mike's legs, nodded, and Mike brushed a blond curl out of Corvin's eyes before he pulled him up to his feet and kissed those swollen lips.

"Don't wait another year before playing the piano for me," Corvin said.

Mike smiled, kissed his human. "I won't. Promise."

And Mike wouldn't. Not with an audience like Corvin.



## [Siren's Love Song \(Elvenswood Tales 4\)](#)

Alexa Piper

As a siren, Mike has a voice to sway a human heart. But he is a lawyer first, and when he meets a cute librarian, it's Mike who is being swayed. Before the siren knows it, a chance meeting is turning into passionate love.

Corvin loves books and is passionate about being a librarian. When a tall, dark, and extremely handsome lawyer walks into his life, he is over the moon and in love. Yes, Mike likes humming and singing, and Mike's boss is a little odd, but Corvin knows Mike loves him, and that is all that counts.

Mike has been keeping his siren nature a secret from Corvin, and with each passing day, with each step they take toward each other, telling the human he loves what Mike truly is becomes more difficult for Mike. Yet, when they are about to leave the city and take a beach vacation so Mike can work up the nerve to tell Corvin, a jealous necromancer ex shows up and tells Mike he wants him back. Now, Corvin needs to know what Mike really is. All Mike can do is hope that their love will be enough to make Corvin accept him as worlds and desires clash.

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