

Lykos Redemption

Ch 5 Insert: Nyktimus et Apollon

Coulter DarkClaw

The god leaned back to look at Nyk directly in the eyes. He saw the flicker of doubt held therein and asked, "Shall we take a walk. I know that your brother wants you to collect firewood."

"I..."Nyk shook his head as if to clear his thoughts, "Yes, Let us take a walk."

Apollo and Nyktimus walked through the peaceful little patch of forest in utter silence for a time. As they traversed many *stadia** into the forest. The entire while Nyctimus let his eyes roam over the god's physique almost hungrily. In lieu of response he only received a chuckle. In being discovered openly ogling another man—especially one of the gods of Olympus—he blushed furiously.

It was almost a *million*** deeper into the forest when they happened upon a clearing. Apollo stopped and looked at Nyctimus. A sigh escaped his lips as he tried to think of how to go about ridding Nyctimus of his doubts of being with him. He decided Eros might be the best god to employ in this instance, though he really wanted Eros to show up, because he won Nyctimus' heart and not used Eros as the means to get under the mortal's *chiton**. At length Apollo opened his mouth to speak and then closed it, He was suddenly struck with inspiration and his lyre popped into his hand. He sung,

"It is more than t'bed you that I want...

Yes, my godl'ness willingly I flaunt,

Only show you how I shall and will

Protect my love, and with love shall fill..."

He continued for a whole three minutes singing of how wholly he had fallen for Nyctimus and slowly but surely Nyctimus' worry eroded. It didn't impede matters when Eros showed up midway through the second verse. He lined up his shot, knowing full well what this would mean for this family. As Eros loosed his arrow he giggled, "Now you will see, dear Nyctimus what it means to truly fall in love." With that he disappeared knowing he'd need to reappear after Apollo had finished.

The moment that Apollo finished his little love song, still only aided by his lyre, Nyctimus practically jumped him. He tackled the god who somehow clumsily tripped and fell onto his bottom as Nyctimus started to kiss him passionately. As Nyctimus kissed the sun god he practically had ripped the brooches off of their outer garments and was currently trying to take off Apollo's *chiton****. Apollo's response was more controlled, though no less sensual. He massaged Nyctimus' back as he slipped the *chiton* off of Nyctimus shoulders. Nyctimus' passionate kissing finally quieted down to be more controlled, sensual kisses as finally Apollo removed the last offending piece of fabric and then in response to Nyctimus still working furiously at the god's undergarments, merely willed them to disappear.

*Stadion= approximately a tenth of a modern mile. 1 Stadion=184.9m=202.2 yards

**million=Greek word for mile 1 milion=1479m=1617yd

***Chiton=Greek tunic

****Himation=Greek cloak worn by older men

The human's hands roamed freely over the smooth, unblemished, albeit highly tanned skin of the sun god. He continued his kissing as he started frotting against the god's semi-hard length. It wasn't too long before the god fully recovered his bearings and in one smooth, effortless move, he flipped Nyctimus over and held the human down. Nyctimus moaned in response to the god taking over. Now the god was frotting their two—now very erect—cocks together.

He paused the frotting and the kissing and breathed, "Continue?"

Nyctimus only nodded in response as he panted heavily. He'd barely breathed for what felt like hours. He knew it was only minutes however. He watched as Apollo lewdly sucked on his fingers—three of them—before he lowered his hand out of sight. Nyctimus felt the first finger enter his tight pucker and his just recently returned breathing caught.

"Are you ok?" Apollo asked, worry tainting the god's musical voice. He didn't remove the finger, but he still looked at Nyctimus as if he'd been cut or stabbed. The human nodded again, not trusting himself to speak. So the god carefully eased the digit in. Slowly he moved it around trying to relax Nyk's anal muscles so that he could ease in another finger.

Once Apollo was certain that Nyk could take it, he inserted another finger. He moved it in slowly moving the two digits around to relax the muscles even further. Apollo and Nyctimus had been kissing this entire time still letting their hands roam all over each other's bodies. When Apollo finally bottomed out with the two digits inside Nyctimus' anus, he wriggled them around still trying to relax the muscles of the sphincter and loosen him up some, just to make it more comfortable on Nyctimus. As he did this, he hit something inside of Nyk and he moaned loudly into the kiss as his dick released a large amount of precum.

They stayed this way for a good long while before the final finger was ever considered. Nyctimus looked at Apollo in the eyes. He was expecting pure, predatory lust, the only form of 'love' Nyctimus had ever experienced. All that was there was solely altruistic compassion, or maybe that was his lust addling his brain. **Whatever. So far this is better than anything I'd ever done to myself.**

Finally after much squirming and moaning on the part of Nyctimus, Apollo decided that it was time for the third finger. So he slipped the two fingers out of Nyctimus' pucker and he opened his third finger before inserting his raised digits back into the tight embrace of Nyctimus' tunnel. Again he wriggled his fingers trying to stimulate Nyctimus into moaning. Along with the wriggling his digits he pistoned them in and out of the humans increasingly abused hole.

After a few minutes of the god's finger fucking and constant abuse of that special spot, Nyctimus was spilling pre like a river and panting like a dog. He didn't feel like he'd last that much longer. Apollo was—apparently—very, very good with his hands. Apollo slipped his fingers out of Nyctimus' abused ass and asked, "Ready for the real thing."

Yet another nod shifted the human's head. He couldn't quite catch his breath. Apollo wrapped his hands around Nyk's hips before shifting Nyk into his lap. The god grabbed his still rock-hard member before directing it toward the human's winking star. He eased his way into the still-tight entrance. Nyctimus cried out. It was even larger—thicker—than he was expecting. It had been good that Apollo had used

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the third finger, because Nyctimus had a feeling that he wouldn't have faired the cock's entrance into his anus so well had he only be treated with two.

Apollo pushed in inch after inch at an agonizingly slow pace. He leaned down to kiss Nyctimus as the human moaned into the mouth. After what felt like hours of the cock sinking into his depths, the sun god bottomed out. He stayed that way for a long while. He still was kissing the squirming human. Slowly the pain of entrance went away. Leaving solely the dull ache of such a large member entering his virgin asshole, Apollo eased his way back out. He left only the tip inside before he eased back in again. He slowly exited again, this time with a bit more speed and in and out again before working into a very steady rhythm. He angled himself so that every thrust hit that pleasure button inside Nyk's ass. Making Nyctimus squirm and moan even more before he was crying out in pure blissful rapture, Apollo quickly got Nyctimus to orgasm. He continued to hit home even after Nyctimus was spent. Nyctimus whined — almost like a dog—every time Apollo hit home.

It was a good five minutes after Nyctimus came of continuous thrusting that Apollo's pace became arrhythmic and erratic. His breath was labored and both he and Nyctimus were covered in sweat. His beautifully dark-olive skin glisten under Helios' golden rays that filtered through the forest's light canopy. Nyctimus admired his perfectly proportioned, toned body and how each of his muscles flexed when he thrust into Nyctimus. A few moments later he felt a warmth explode in his rear, at the same time Apollo let out a low groan. Apollo stilled and breathed heavily for another long while before he pulled out of Nyctimus with a lewd squelching noise.

He plopped down and rested for a while before letting out a huge sigh. "Well, my love. We at least have had sex," he said with a chuckle.

Nyctimus laughed a little too. How could he not.

"Shall we head back?" Apollo asked, getting up and pulling on his *chiton* and *himation*****. He attached the brooch to his Himation before grabbing Nyctimus' hand and pulling him up to stand. As he did he pulled him into an embrace. Holding the naked Nyctimus, Apollo gave him another deep, affectionate kiss lasting seconds. It felt like hours to Nyctimus.

Nyctimus smiled as he pulled away, "By the Gods! I love you, Apollo... Wait, Eros said I would see him. He said I would see him when I found my true love. I thought for sure he would be here."

"You see, Nyctimus. It does indeed feel good to fall for another male. Does it not?" Eros appeared from above.

Nyctimus actually ignored the god of love after he confirmed his presence. "I know I love you. I have no doubts about that, Apollo. I must apologize about not joining you, though. Please, don't forget me. I love you, my lord."

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