

DALE CAMERON LOWRY



# CHANCE & POSSIBILITY

7 FANTASTICAL TALES OF GAY DESIRE.

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CHANCE  
& POSSIBILITY

Seven Fantastical Tales of Gay  
Desire

Dale Cameron Lowry

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While all the stories in this collection have romantic or sensual themes and happy endings, not all of them follow the conventions of genre romance. Please consult the genre notes, warnings, and heat levels below to get a sense for which stories might best fit your mood at any given moment.

## Key

- 🔥 Sensuality is not a focus of the story.
- 🔥🔥 Sensuality is not a major focus of the story. The story may refer to physical intimacy, but does not portray it beyond kissing.
- 🔥🔥🔥 The story includes a portrayal of physical intimacy.
- 🔥🔥🔥🔥 Multiple sensual scenes.
- 🔥🔥🔥🔥🔥 Multiple sensual scenes that may include kinks (BDSM, multiple partners, etc.)

## Ghost of a Chance

College student Jeremy Anderson meets a mysterious young man named Frank at his university library. The chemistry is obvious, but fears about his past keep Frank holding back. Can Jeremy prove to Frank that taking a risk on love is worth it?

## **Paranormal romance**



### **What You're Called to Do**

An unemployed journalist's iPhone inexplicably compels him to rescue stray cats—and leads him to more than one kind of love.

## **Contemporary magical realism**



### **Born of Fire**

The fairies on Ireland's north coast are notorious for kidnapping, and Aodhán of County Donegal has the scars to prove it. When the fairies abduct the handsome youth Cainnech, Aodhán seeks to free him—but risks losing his health and Cainnech in the process.

## **Fairy tale romance**



### **Far From Home**

Rajiv met and fell in love with his husband, Mateo, when they were both members of the scientific team responsible for transforming Mars into a home suitable for humans. But years into their shared mission, Rajiv is ordered back to Earth to restore the barren lands of the American Midwest. With a little help from technology, the two men find innovative ways to nurture their long-distance relationship while



they wait to reunite.

## **Sci-fi erotic romance**



## **Sweeter Than Blood**

Keith was a vegan before a hot encounter with a stranger turned him into a vampire. Though his sire tries to help him rein in his impulses, temptation is strong in the form of Andres, one of Keith's regular barbershop customers. When Andres finally asks Keith on a date, the real danger begins.

## **Paranormal erotica**

**Warning: violence**



## **The Tree of Wisdom**

A curse cast on Prince Florian makes love a dangerous enterprise. But when he meets animal whisperer Olvir, he falls willingly.

## **Traditional fairy tale with romance**

**Warning: violence**



## **Darling Proktiphallus**

Horticulturist JD loves his job at Albany Springs Public Gardens. But he starts to love it even more when Robert, the conservatory director and JD's sometime lover, introduces him to an exotic vine that's sexier than any plant has the right to be—and it requires human touch to survive.

## **Paranormal tentacle erotica**



PREVIEW

## Ghost of a Chance



THE NIGHT I met Frank had been a slow one at the university library. Most of the students were too drunk to be studying. We'd won our homecoming game against our archrivals that afternoon, transforming the evening into a campus-wide bacchanal. Even up where I was on the library's fourth floor, with all the windows tightly shut, I could hear celebratory horn-blowing and jingoistic chants floating up from the street. I managed to ignore them, focusing instead on the soothing *whoosh-whoosh* of the air blowing through the HVAC pipes above my head as I tapped away at my laptop, occasionally pausing to consult

one of the many books spread out on the table in front of me.

I was a serious senior who didn't care much for my university's consistent ranking in *Campus* magazine's top ten list of party schools. I enrolled because it also consistently ranked in *US News & World Report's* top ten list of public research universities. Besides, I was from in-state, and the tuition was relatively cheap. All my major life decisions up to that point had been based on logic and prudence. I didn't party, and I didn't date much. My parents joked I had been an old man since the day I was born. I preferred to say I was mature beyond my years.

Several of the fluorescent ceiling lights flickered off as they always did around midnight—part of the campus' effort to save electricity. I always felt a little spooked at that hour as my eyes adjusted to the new dimness. Back when I'd been little and spent every summer with my grandparents, my *bubbe* liked to entertain me with stories of spirits both terrifying and benevolent—ghosts, demons, dybbuks, golems, and ibbur. Being alone at this late hour tended to get me

thinking about the terrifying ones. I turned the table lamp on to chase away my trepidation. The library was open until two in the morning, and I intended to stay until closing.

As I turned back to my computer, I heard someone humming from amid the stacks. It was a tune I recognized but couldn't put a finger on—classic big-band music from an earlier era. It sounded to me like something Frank Sinatra had made famous once upon a time, or maybe another member of the Rat Pack.

Funny. I hadn't noticed anyone in the stacks earlier. But I did tend to get absorbed in my work. I leaned back in my chair and peeked down the row of bookshelves. The owner of the voice stood in the middle of the classics section, running his fingers along the spines as if he were reading the titles in Braille.

He must have felt my eyes on him, because he looked up. My heart did a somersault in my chest. He was a stunning marriage of both handsome and pretty, with a chiseled jaw and delicate blue eyes. His skin was so pale, it was almost luminous.

“What song is that?” I said.

“I’m sorry, was I singing? I didn’t realize— Did I disturb you?”

“Not at all. It was nice.”

“Oh. Thank you.” He lowered his gaze.

“September Song.”

“Because it’s September?”

“Always goes through my head this time of year, ever since I first heard Sammy Davis Jr. sing it. Sinatra sang it, too—but I’m partial to Sammy.” His accent was distinctive, like something out of a Hepburn-Tracy movie from the 1940s, each vowel pronounced with a sweet, gliding weight. It was classic upper crust New England, a blue-blooded voice to go with his blue-blooded look: short, dark hair gelled in place like a young John F. Kennedy’s; a pink polo shirt tucked into beige chinos; sockless feet ensconced in well-oiled penny loafers; and a white cable knit sweater hung neatly over his shoulders, its arms joined together over his chest like lovers’ clasped hands.

I realized I was staring and should probably say

something, but the only things I could remember about Sammy Davis Jr. at that moment were that he'd sung "Candy Man" and was Jewish like me. Neither seemed the most suave approach. As overachieving as I was, I had never mastered the art of conversing with attractive men. So I changed the subject, pointing to the books. "Do you study Greek?"

He shook his head. "I used to, but not anymore. Just thought I'd come down here and browse the shelves for old times' sake."

"Find anything interesting?"

The young man's pale blue eyes met mine. He smiled without averting his gaze. "Perhaps I have."

Did he mean me? My face went warm, but I tried to act as if men said such things to me every day. I scooted out of my chair and walked over to where he stood. "I'm Jeremy. Jeremy Anderson"

I started to reach out for a shake, but at the exact same moment he shoved his hands in his pockets. I saved face by patting my fingers over the spines of several books whose titles, being in Greek, I couldn't read. The flu season had just started; maybe he was



being cautious.

“I’m Frank Reed.” He stepped closer. I caught a whiff of classic Old Spice, warm and sweet like cinnamon. “It’s good to meet you.”

I invited him to sit with me, pulling a chair out for him at my table. For about two seconds, I made an effort to get back to studying. But it was pointless. I was much more interested in this young man than my books. We talked about our studies and more about music—his favorites were standards from the 1940s and fifties—and he told me bits of campus history I’d never heard before. I couldn’t help liking him. The way he spoke, his mannerisms—he seemed as much of an old soul as I felt. Maybe even more so. We didn’t stop chatting until the library’s PA system clicked on with an announcement that there were five minutes before closing.

“I could walk you to your dorm,” I said hopefully. I didn’t want to stop talking with him. I also wanted to see what he looked like under those clothes.

Something like regret seemed to flicker through his eyes. “That would be lovely, but not tonight,” he

said. "I'll see you around?"

"I'm here almost every night," I said.

"Then I'll make sure to be here every night too."



We met several times that week, and then the next. Frank would sit with me on the library's fourth floor, reading idly through one of the books I had open and commenting on it, or talking me through whatever problem I was trying to understand.

"Don't you have any of your own work to do?" I asked one night after he spent two hours helping me with the intricacies of post World War II relations between the United States and Japan.

"I suppose," he answered. "But yours is much more interesting."

Occasionally, he became absorbed in his own work, grabbing piles of books from the classics section and flipping through them hungrily, as if reading one was a rare opportunity. "Oh, the feel of paper against my skin," he'd say. "I don't think I'll

ever get tired of that.”

I wanted much more than paper against my skin. I wanted Frank. But he was always out of reach—literally. He sat across from me at our shared table, never next to me, and the few times I tried to play footsie with him, he inched his toes away.

Perhaps I misread the glance he'd given me the first night we met, and the looks he continued to give me whenever our eyes locked. Maybe I was just a study partner to him. Oh well. Love had always been a low priority for me. No point in making a big deal of it now.

September ended, and October began. The High Holidays came, followed by Sukkot, the Jewish harvest festival. I was planning to build a sukkah—a temporary shelter with a roof made from branches—on the roof of the campus center with some of the other students from the Reconstructionist congregation.

“I won't be here tomorrow night,” I said the evening before Sukkot began. “It's another holiday.”

“Oh? Tell me about it.” He shut the book he'd

been so absorbed in, then rested his chin on his fist and gazed at me, like a child waiting for someone to tell him a story.

So I did. I told him how growing up, my family always erected a little sukkah in the backyard and ate our dinners inside it for the week of Sukkot, and our parents let us sleep in it if it wasn't a school night, too cold, or raining. I told him how a necessary part of building the roof was leaving gaps in the branches, so that if you looked up through them, you could see the stars. I told him how sitting and sleeping in the sukkah reminded me that the universe was much vaster than I could comprehend, and I was as much a part of nature as the birds in their nests of twigs and leaves—and though I always tried to hold on to these realizations, they would eventually fade, just to come back and surprise me again the following year.

Frank looked enraptured, as if I had just transformed into a star myself. “That’s beautiful.”

“You can come, if you like.” My stomach fluttered. I felt like I was asking him out on a date.

He reached across the table and brushed a finger

over the back of my hand, feather-light, before pulling it away.

The touch had been so fleeting, I'd seen it more than felt it. Still, it made my heart gallop.

"I'd love to," he said.



The full moon was so bright we barely needed the battery-powered lantern we'd brought to light the sukkah. Frank appeared just before dinner, as I'd told him to, wearing a green polo and a light V-neck sweater with argyle diamonds on the front. He looked much sharper than the rest of us in our sweatshirts and hoodies. I swooned internally.

My friend Karen gave me a significant look from her corner of the sukkah, and then a quick smile. *He's hot*, she mouthed when Frank looked away to talk to one of the others.

*I know*, I mouthed back.

Her silent chuckle made her thick black curls shake.

There were seven of us, including Frank, and we sat in a cozy circle around a card table topped with a barley-pumpkin casserole courtesy of the vegetarians, chicken soup, potato chips—courtesy of me, who had such a lack of cooking skills I was lucky to ever get invited to potlucks—and apple-date crisp for dessert. Frank sat close to me, our knees touching, and sometimes when he spoke he would pat my leg for emphasis. The little bit of contact made me hungry for more, and I kept scooting closer. By the end of the meal we were in almost full contact from knee to shoulder. I was giddy with it.

He was charming the socks off my friends. They were deep in some conversation involving comparisons between ancient Greek and Hebrew that I wasn't quite following because I was too busy gazing besottedly at the side of Frank's face. The moon gave his skin a lovely glow. It almost seemed to form a silvery halo around him. I felt pulled to him, but given that he was in the middle of a conversation, the most I could do was lean my cheek against his shoulder. So I did.

I felt him sigh under my weight, and then wrap his arm around my waist. I was content.

People began to drift back to their dorms. At last, it was just Frank, me, and Karen. It was unusually warm for that time of year, and Karen and I had talked about camping out together in the sukkah. But around nine, as Frank perused one of his Greek texts with a flashlight, Karen leaned over to me and whispered, “I think I’ll leave you two lovebirds alone.” Before I had a chance to respond and ask her what on earth she thought I was willing to get up to in a sukkah, she was saying a cheery goodbye to Frank.

He looked startled. He turned to me as she disappeared down the fire escape. “No one’s going to sleep here?”

“I was thinking about it, but ... ” I didn’t exactly relish the idea of sleeping on the roof of the campus center all by myself. And if you’re at all uncomfortable sleeping in a sukkah, you’re not supposed to do it.

“I’ll stay with you, if you want. I can sleep anywhere.”

My discomfort vanished. We folded up the card table and I set up the air mattresses and sleeping bags. We lay down and watched the moon through a gap in the ceiling. “I always love the full moon,” Frank said. “But now I love it even more.”

I kissed him then. His breath was warm, and his lips so soft I felt like I might sink right through them. I felt him smiling against my mouth.

“I’ve been waiting for that,” he said.

“So have I.”



This is the end of the preview. To continue, please purchase the book at [dalecameronlowry.com](http://dalecameronlowry.com). Thanks for reading!