



Suffering Jordon

Book Three of the Amusing Amanda Series

DJ Manly

(c) 2007

Suffering Jordon

Book Three of the Amusing Amanda Series

DJ Manly

Published 2007

ISBN 1-59578-291-5

Published by Liquid Silver Books, imprint of Atlantic Bridge Publishing, 10509 Sedgegrass Dr, Indianapolis, Indiana 46235. Copyright © 2007, DJ Manly. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Manufactured in the United States of America

Liquid Silver Books
<http://LSbooks.com>

Email:
raven@LSbooks.com

Editor
Moiria Stanton

Cover Artist
April Martinez

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogues in this book are of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

Chapter One

Amanda had paid for Cassidy's funeral, and his burial. He was laid to rest in Forest Lawn Hollywood Hills Memorial Park. His stone was in the shape of an angel and the epitaph read, "*Beloved by Amanda and Chase. To our dear young friend.*" Chase went to the cemetery every Sunday, and as the months went on and summer came, he continued to go.

Amanda brought a multitude of men to the house. Chase went through the motions, satisfying every little fetish Amanda had. She seemed happy. Chase became resigned to living this way, not feeling anything, and feeling everything. He read, he swam, he took walks, he went to the cemetery, and he amused Amanda. Life was pretty routine, or at least it was, until *he* arrived.

He arrived on a Sunday. Chase had just returned from the cemetery, his mind wrapped in the past. He walked outside on the patio, preoccupied, looking for Amanda. He wanted to tell her that the new flowers she had ordered to be put on Cassidy's grave were beautiful. When he got outside, he realized she wasn't alone. There was a man sitting opposite her at the patio table. The man stopped talking when Chase appeared, and looked up at him. For some unknown reason, Chase's heart skipped a beat. It took him by surprise.

The stranger was possibly one of the sexiest men he'd seen in a long time. He looked to be in his late twenties. Dark blond hair, streaked by the sun, fell across his forehead, drawing attention to large blue eyes. The planes of his face were angled, exotic, and the mouth was sensuous, exceptional. He was wearing a pair of jeans and a red t-shirt and looked like he needed a bit of a haircut. His hair fell on his broad shoulders, somewhat unruly, and he had the faintest shadow of a beard on his jaw.

It was obvious that Amanda had been in deep conversation with this man, and that Chase was interrupting. The man gave Chase a cold stare.

"Chase, this is Jordon, my half brother." Amanda emphasized the word half, as if it were important to her. "Jordon, Chase."

"Ah, what happened to the last one?" Jordon murmured, his voice deep and silky smooth. "Scott, wasn't it?" Jordon stood up.

He was as tall as Chase, broad shouldered, muscular. "Another boy toy, Amanda? I thought you'd outgrown all that." He swept Chase with his eyes, then, dismissed him by turning back to his sister. "Well, I'll just go up to my room. We can continue this discussion later. I'll let you talk with your...eh...staff," he said, brushing past Chase and disappearing inside.

"Chase, I'm sorry," Amanda said immediately, her lips tight. "Please forgive Jordon. He is not known for his good manners."

"You're telling me," Chase said. *What a rude fuck!* "I didn't know you had a brother."

"My father remarried. He deserted my mother for some young princess. I went to live with my mother after Dad made a fool of himself with that woman. We're fourteen years apart, not very close. The only thing we seem to have in common is the same father."

“Is your mother dead?” Chase said, taking a seat. It was the first time Amanda had ever told him anything about herself.

“Died a few years ago,” Amanda said. “She was a cold, emotionless woman. I almost forgave Daddy for cheating on her.” She sighed. “At least I would have forgiven him if he hadn’t forgotten he had a daughter after his precious boy was born. My Father...” She stopped suddenly, giving Chase a brittle smile. “I do go on and on.”

“It’s okay. We all need to from time to time,” Chase replied. “So, if you’re not close, what’s he doing here, your brother?”

“Well,” Amanda sighed, taking a sip of her rum drink, “our father just died and we have to...”

“Amanda, I’m sorry,” Chase gasped, reaching over and taking her hand. It was amazing how much Amanda had come to mean to him, especially after Cassidy.

She laughed, squeezing his hand, then releasing it. “Oh, no worries, I reconciled what he was to me long ago. About the time he decided I no longer existed. In actuality, he did me a favor; my father was a pig.”

Chase sat back in his seat.

“He had more money than was good for him, really. Exactly like me,” she laughed. “This house belonged to him. I tried several times to buy it but he said it belonged to his ‘kids,’ meaning me and Jordon...as if I’d ever live here with Jordon!”

“I thought this house belonged to your husband,” Chase said.

Amanda shook her head. “No.” She stared into space for a beat. “I had my choice of my husband’s houses to live in, but ... there was always something about this house that made me feel sentimental. My father felt the same way, apparently. It was the original Nash family home.”

“Nash, is that your last name?” Chase grinned. “It’s the first time I’ve heard it. You go by your married name. Will you move out now?”

“The married name has more currency in these parts. I’m negotiating to buy the house from Jordon,” she said stiffly. “He’s being a pig about it. He’s so like his father.”

“Does he attach sentimental value to the place as well?” Chase asked.

“Jordon, attach sentimental value...?” She snorted. “Ha, he wouldn’t know sentiment if he got run over by it. He’s being stubborn and mean, that’s all.”

“Will you be going to the funeral?”

“No funeral. My father wasn’t much for public displays. He was cremated yesterday. Jordon and I will fly to New York tonight for a family thing. Oh God, I shudder at the thought of it. Want to come with us?”

Chase froze. “Me? No. I have no business there, Amanda. I’d feel out of place.”

She shrugged. “It would ease the boredom. No matter, I refuse to spend one more second in that horrible city than I have to. I hate New York. We’ll be back soon anyway. The thing is tomorrow and so I hope we’ll be able to catch a late flight back tomorrow night.” Her face had a pained expression on it.

“We?” Chase echoed warily.

“Yes,” Amanda smiled tightly. “It seems my brother has decided that he wants to spend some time here at the good old Nash house. He’ll be sticking around for awhile.”

* * * *

It was a little after ten o’clock. The staff had cleaned up and left. Chase wandered

around the big empty house for awhile, finally finding a bottle of Amanda's finest gin. Taking it with him out to the pool side, he screwed off the cap and took a few swallows.

Amanda and her brother had left a few hours ago. It was the first time he'd been alone here since Cassidy had been shot. The loneliness was stifling. He lay back on the lounge chair and took another gulp of the gin. It went down hard, burning his throat. He'd never been much of a drinker. He wiped the back of his mouth with his hand. So much had happened to him in the last six months. Just when he thought his life was getting better, it went ahead and got worse.

When he'd come here with Cassidy, he'd agreed to amuse Amanda. In his mind, it had been a temporary arrangement. He had naively worked everything out in his mind. He would stay until he finished the last few courses he had to complete to get his counseling degree, and then finally start his life. A new job, and maybe even a new love...at that time, he still believed that there was someone out there waiting for him.

He'd had a pretty good childhood until his mother remarried when he was an adolescent. In the beginning, Fred Anderson had been really cool. He was a trainer for boxers and he took Chase to the gym and taught him to box. Chase loved it. He loved working with the boxers too, and everything was good until his stepfather starting coming on to him. He'd left home after the situation became unbearable and was saved from life on the streets by the Agency, an upscale prostitution outfit. He started to service exclusive, rich clients, many of them older men, and at the same time he took some courses at the college and dreamed of getting out.

Amanda had been a surprise. She'd called the Agency looking for two men fitting a certain description and he'd been sent here with Cassidy, a younger guy, who was a little rough around the edges. All he was expected to do was have sex with Cassidy in front of Amanda. It didn't seem a lot to ask, especially since he got to live in a great house, eat great food, and finish his counseling degree.

Chase sighed, taking another swallow of the gin. He was trying to understand how he was managing to make it through each day, but he was. Every night, he woke up in a cold sweat, a gunshot ringing in his ears. Cassidy.

Cassidy was dead, the victim of his addict boyfriend.

Chase stood up now, clutching the bottle in his hand. He went over to stare down into the pool. Amanda had wanted him to stay. She didn't want to be alone, and at one point, she professed to love him. Of course he'd had no intention of staying with her. He wanted his own life, but now he realized how much he'd come to depend on her these last few months.

He was earning his keep again, amusing Amanda with a variety of men. He wished he could stop seeing Cassidy's face each time one of them touched him. Damn. It wasn't that he loved Cassidy. It was that he never got the chance to find out. Toward the end, there had been a whisper of something more; more than raw sex, a caring that had been deepening. Now all that was left was the wondering, and the image of Cassidy taking a bullet trying to protect him. And he had been helpless to do anything ... it all happened so quickly.

Cassidy lay dead in that park, and all Chase could do was shake. He went into shock; the stricken cries of Jude, Cassidy's ex-lover, went right through him. When the police arrived, Jude was still on his knees sobbing; the gun in his hand, and Chase was still standing there, frozen. He couldn't feel anything.

After the questioning and the identification of the body, he came back to Amanda. He didn't know where else to go. He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep, and he dropped out of school. Nothing. There was nothing left. Nothing mattered. It was as if when that bullet cut through Cassidy, ending his life, it took all of Chase's ability to feel emotion with it. He felt dead inside.

Amanda held him, talked to him, stayed near him, and he told her he'd stay. After awhile, he went back to the routine of being her sexual playmate when she demanded it. It was not perfect, but it was a life...it was all the life he could manage right now. It helped fill the black hole of emptiness and aloneness that threatened to engulf him. Now, *he* had come.

Obviously Amanda's half brother, Jordon didn't approve of Amanda's lifestyle, and Chase knew that Amanda could care less. However, since half the house belonged to Jordon, he had the right to live there. It was going to be uncomfortable. There was a story there between Amanda and her brother, a story of pain, and bitterness. Chase couldn't help wondering how Jordon's presence here would affect him. He couldn't bear moving on right now. He couldn't bear being alone. The same thoughts kept hammering away in his head ... if he'd only come home from school that day on time; maybe he could have stopped Cassidy from leaving with Jude. If Cassidy hadn't grabbed the gun and turned it away from him, he'd be dead right now, not Cassidy. Cassidy had sacrificed his life for him. A part of him was grateful to be alive, another part was filled with self loathing, despair that Cassidy's life had been snuffed out in a wink of an eye, while he was left standing.

The liquor went down faster now. God, he needed to be drunk. He needed to stop feeling so much. Anytime the emotions started to surface, he felt the overwhelming drive to douse them in alcohol. By no means an original response, but effective so far.

After awhile, Chase wandered upstairs. He stopped in front of what once was Cassidy's room. Pushing open the door, he stepped in. He took a look at himself in the mirror...tall, wavy black hair, now down to his shoulders, big blue eyes that looked haunted. He was muscular, probably leaner than he had been a few months ago and there were black circles under his eyes from lack of sleep. He wished that Amanda had been around tonight. He wished that some new fuck mate was here as well. He was in the mood to do some mindless fucking. He closed his eyes. Good and drunk now, he wandered over to the bed. He stripped off his t-shirt and threw it on the floor. Curling up on the bed with what was left of the gin bottle, he closed his eyes. *Cassidy. I'm sorry.* He felt himself drift off into a mindless sleep hoping that there was no gunshot in his dreams to wake him.

* * * *

"What in fuck are you doing in my bed?" The words pierced through his brain like a sledgehammer. Chase moaned and blinked open his eyes. He ran his hand over his naked chest and then down to his pants. They were open and soaking wet. It didn't register who was in the room with him until he rolled over on an empty gin bottle and managed to swing his legs over the side of the bed.

The voice rang out again, its tone ice cold. "I repeat, what in the fuck are you doing in my bed?"

Chase blinked up into the face of Jordon Nash. "Who in the hell made it your bed?"

He growled, clearing his throat and running a shaky hand through his ruffled hair. His mind was foggy.

Jordon Nash narrowed his eyes. They were goddamned incredible eyes. He wasn't so fucked up that he didn't notice that. And right now, those incredibly sexy blue eyes were furious. Jordon Nash went to say something, but Chase raised his up his hand and stood up. "Don't. Okay ... okay. I apologize if you were sleeping here. I wandered in here last night and conked out."

"I see that, you and a bottle of gin," Jordon Nash sneered. "Just don't get the idea to wander in here again at night. I'm back now and I intend on using this room."

Chase met his eyes. A smile played around his lips. "No worries. I don't usually go where I'm not invited. Your virtue is safe with me." Chase reached down and picked up his t-shirt off the floor.

Jordon walked over and picked the empty gin bottle off the bed. He ran a hand over the sheets. "Wet, and my bed smells like a brewery."

Chase leaned close to him for a minute. "I'll buy you a new bed."

Jordon shoved him away. "Phew," he made a face. "The bed's not the only thing that stinks."

"I said I'd buy you a new bed, okay," Chase growled, getting irritated. He had a headache and this guy was truly getting on his nerves. So, he'd fallen asleep in this bed. So he'd spilled some gin! Hell, it was the first good night's sleep he'd had in a month. Fuck him.

"You mean Amanda will buy a new bed," Jordon threw back at him as Chase stumbled toward the door.

"I have money," Chase spoke tersely.

"You have my sister's money," Jordon corrected.

"I earn that money!"

"You suck cock for that money," Jordon met his eyes.

"Yeah, well that's true enough," Chase snapped. "And I'm good at it too. Got a few bucks to spare?"

Jordon rolled his eyes. "Get out of my room."

"It's your loss...who knows, might improve your disposition," Chase threw over his shoulder before leaving the room.

* * * *

A few minutes later, Chase was back in his own room and in the shower. He stayed there for a long time, letting the warm water revive him. Finally, his brain seemed to clear, and he tried to remember what nonsense he'd just said to Amanda's brother. Shit.

He was positive that he'd been rude as hell. That's not how he wanted it to be. He should be making an honest attempt to get along with the guy, not pissing him off, even if so far he'd proven to be a royal pain in the ass. He would have to find some way to apologize.

When he finally went downstairs, it was almost three in the afternoon. Thankfully, Amanda was alone in the living room when he walked in.

"Chase," she said, smiling, looking happy to see him. She walked over and hugged him briefly. "Care for a drink?"

Chase held up his hand. "I don't think so."

“Had enough last night, did you?” There was a little grin on her face.

“So, he told you, did he?”

“Um, in so many words, words I don’t think I should repeat.”

Chase sat down on one of the leather sofas. “I think I said some nasty shit to him.”

Amanda laughed. “Don’t worry about it. He’s a big boy. He can take it, and I’m sure he said some nasty shit back.”

“I don’t want him to insist that I leave here. I don’t think I could do that right now.” His hands were shaking. The words coming out of his mouth making him feel like a fool.

“You’re not going anywhere,” Amanda said firmly. “He can’t make those decisions for me. Don’t worry, hon.” She took a seat beside him and patted his thigh.

Chase nodded, remaining quiet, after a few moments he said, “How did everything go at your Dad’s...” He let the words trail off not sure how to describe the event.

She shrugged. “It was long and drawn out. We were surrounded by a bunch of people who didn’t want to be there. Daddy wasn’t well loved. My step mother was being her usual charming self, and was tanked an hour after we arrived. Jordon and I went to the reading of the will, along with Jordon’s mother later in the day...after we’d sobered her ass up.”

“I hope everything went alright.”

“It went fine. We each got a third, which means I’m now probably one of the top five richest women in the United States.”

“Congratulations,” Chase said taking note that Amanda didn’t seem too thrilled by her additional wealth. She issued him a faint smile.

“What about the house?” Chase asked, the headache he’d had a while ago still lingering around his temples.

“Jordon still owns half. That hasn’t changed.”

“If he doesn’t want to sell, you can always...” Chase began.

“No worries. He will sell his half eventually,” she said, lifting her glass. “I’m pretty used to getting what I want. It’s only a matter of time.”

Chase nodded. He couldn’t argue with her there.

“So, feel like having some fun tonight?” Amanda said suddenly, draining her glass.

Chase drew in some breath, then nodded. “Sure, Amanda. Anything you want. What about Jordon?”

“What about Jordon?” She said, standing up.

“Well, he doesn’t approve of...”

“To hell with what Jordon doesn’t approve of.”

Chase laughed softly. Amanda leaned down to kiss him softly on the lips. “I’ll get someone exceptional for you tonight, love.”

Chase nodded. “Okay. Speaking of Jordon, where is he? I’d like to talk to him, explain about last night.”

“Well, last time I saw him he was in the pool, but darling don’t exhaust yourself trying to reason with Jordon. It’s not worth the effort.”

Chase didn’t reply. He watched as Amanda left the living room, then with a sigh got off the sofa and headed outside to the patio.

Chapter Two

Chase looked around him as he walked outside. It was a beautiful day. The sun was hot, and there was the smell of flowers everywhere. The t-shirt and jean shorts he wore immediately clung to his skin in the heat.

Jordon was in the pool. Chase could see him swimming laps across the length of it, doing a very controlled breast stroke. Chase moved closer, calculating the moment Jordan would get out and dry off. He glanced over at the jug of ice water on the table and walked over and poured himself a glass. He took a seat and waited.

Suddenly Jordon seemed to notice him there because he stopped at the edge of the pool and squinted up at him. Jordon reached up and pushed back his wet hair, swiping a hand across his cheeks to catch some of the water. With his hair all slicked back like that, Chase could really see his face. He was more handsome than he'd thought, almost beautiful.

Chase stood up. "I want to talk to you," he said. "When you have a moment."

Jordon didn't answer. Instead, he moved over to the pool ladder and began to climb up.

Chase held his breath. From the angle that he was at, he first got a look at his glistening bronze shoulders, broad and square, then his back, which led down to a trim waist and exploded into an ass which was without exaggeration a masterpiece. It was round, and firm, the perfect bubble butt profiled perfectly in a midnight blue spandex bathing suit. Some guys at the agency worked hours everyday to attain a butt like that. He bet there were those exquisite little indentations on the side too.

Jordon turned around, toned chest with sculptured abs and pecs gleaming in the sun, muscles flexing as he reached for a towel. His eyes were watching Chase curiously as he lazily dried off. *Okay Chase, snap out of it. What in hell has gotten into you?* It had been a long time since he'd had this kind of sensation looking at a man's body. Oh sure, the guys Amanda brought were good looking enough, and he achieved the standard physiological reaction when it was time to perform, but this was something different. Jordon wasn't naked, but damn, it couldn't have been any worse if he was; not to mention that they didn't really like each other very much. He wondered briefly if Jordon was gay. The thought was disturbing on so many levels. He desperately hoped Jordan was straight as they came, not pausing to analyze why he was hoping for that.

"So," Jordon said now, that deep voice of his seeping into Chase's consciousness, "what do you want to talk to me about?"

Was Jordan gay? Umm, did he care? "Well, I..." Chase began as Jordon walked...no, he didn't walk, he strode, over to table where the ice jug was, and sat down.

"Well, I what?" He asked, reaching for the pitcher and pouring himself some water.

"I came to apologize I guess," Chase managed, coming closer.

"You guess?" He raised an eyebrow, his dark blond hair beginning to already dry in the sun. "Don't you know?"

Chase sighed. "All right, damn it. I got drunk last night. I don't usually drink...and I know it's not an excuse but I shouldn't have been in that bed and I suppose I said some...well, I probably was caustic as hell to you when you found me...and I'm sorry."

Jordon sipped his water.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" Chase demanded, trying to keep his temper in check. He wasn't sure what it was about this guy that pissed him off so.

"What would you like me to say?"

"Well, that you accept my apology."

"Why is it so important to you that I accept your apology? You know I can't kick your ass out of here, but know this, I would if I could." Those dark blue eyes glinted up at him.

"Why? What is it about me that offends you so much?"

"You're a prostitute and you're exploiting my sister."

There. It was out, and it wasn't pretty.

"Is this going to get ugly?" Chase kept his voice light, forcing a smile.

Silence hung in the air.

"I'm not a prostitute and I'm not exploiting anyone!" Chase snapped. "I'm here because your sister wants me here, and that's all."

"Yeah, but you must realize that my sister has a problem. You're not the first. There was that Scott guy before you. She throws her money away on boy toys in order to avoid a real emotional commitment."

"Yeah, well we all have problems ... *Jordan*." He let his voice draw the name out lazily, tamping down on his temper, which had ratcheted up a notch. Chase's eyes narrowed as he continued, "maybe, just maybe she knows what she wants and isn't afraid to express it. We all have certain desires deep down, Mr. Nash, desires which may not be acceptable to mainstream society. Maybe the problem is with the judgmental hypocrites in the world who are envious that they don't have the guts to act on their own desires."

"Ah, so now you're a philosopher as well as a whore."

"I'm not a whore!" Chase told him, meeting his eyes.

"Well okay, then you're a freeloading gigolo, a man who uses his body to live off a wealthy woman instead of going out and getting a real job."

Chase closed his eyes for a minute. After a second, he said, "Maybe you're right, Nash, maybe I'm just a trained monkey using my body to sexually satisfy those who can pay for it. But don't forget," he pointed his finger at him, "it's people like you, the rich horny bastards of your world that are waiting in line to pay for it."

There was a deep silence. Chase took the opportunity to continue. "You rich little boys, born with a silver spoon in your mouth and a horseshoe up your ass, you never had to work for anything in your life. Everything was given to you. You can just lie back and..."

"Wait a minute," Jordon stood up. "You just wait a fucking minute before you go pretending to know anything about my life. I went to school. I got a masters degree in Mechanical engineering. I design race cars for a living. I waited tables and washed dishes to help pay my way through school. My father didn't give me shit. In fact, he didn't give anyone shit, either monetarily or emotionally! You've put no fucking effort into your life. All you're good for is to suck cocks and take it up the ass."

Chase took a step forward, his fist raised. Jordon moved closer, ready to strike back. Then they heard the voice. "There will be no violence in this house!"

Suddenly she was there, standing between Jordon and Chase. "What is going on out here?"

“Mister high and fucking mighty here was telling me the story of my life,” Chase sneered, taking a few steps backwards as Amanda gave him and her brother a slight push in opposite directions.

“Looks like he thinks he knows all about me as well,” Jordon added, his blue eyes blazing with anger.

“This is impossible,” Chase muttered. “I think I should go.”

“You’re not going anywhere,” she told Chase, then glared at her brother. “Chase lives here with me. He will continue to do so, is that understood?”

“If that’s the way you want to live,” he shrugged.

“Now,” Amanda demanded, “if you two are too immature to get along, then avoid one another. You’re like two children,” she muttered.

Jordon said nothing. He picked up his towel and stalked back inside.

Chase shook his head. He paced a bit, trying to calm down. Amanda put a hand on his shoulder. “It will be fine. Try not to talk to him too much.” She smiled.

“Um,” Chase paused for a second. “Jordon Nash. Where have I heard his name before? He told me he designs race cars but...”

“Yes,” she said, “now. At one time he used to drive them.”

“Ah...yes,” Chase snapped his fingers. “Now I know. The guy won several big races and then...he had an accident, didn’t he?”

“Yes,” Amanda nodded. “Another driver cut him off without any explanation. His name was Evan Donaldson. He toppled the car, it caught fire. Jordon barely escaped with his life.”

“I remember reading about it,” Chase said. “I just didn’t match the name with the story. Donaldson was charged with attempted manslaughter because he deliberately drove your brother off the track. Was it professional rivalry or was it personal?”

Amanda pursed her lips. “What ever the reason, it’s in the past now, hon.” She patted Chase’s hand. Obviously she didn’t want to pursue the subject so Chase dropped it. After a few seconds, she said, “we’ll have a quiet supper just the two of us tonight at seven in my room okay? Jordon has a business dinner tonight. Our dream man will arrive at eight thirty.”

“Okay,” Chase said, beginning to calm down.

“Take a swim, hon,” Amanda suggested with a laugh, “it will cool you down.”

“Um, what about cooling that brother of yours down!”

“I’ll dump a bucket of ice water over his head if you like,” she giggled, then disappeared inside.

* * * *

Amanda wouldn’t stop teasing him at supper about her “surprise,” and he wasn’t reacting the way she wanted him to. His mind was on Jordon. Just before he had come down the hall to Amanda’s room for dinner, he had run smack into him.

Jordon was all dressed up in form-fitting navy pants and a pale blue open-neck shirt. There was a subtle hint of aftershave emanating from him which smelled intoxicating. Jordon looked just as surprised to see him.

Chase too had dressed for dinner with a loose fitting bohemian style melon colored shirt and a pair of white summer shorts. It was too damn hot for pants, and besides he’d have them off soon enough. Both men stopped dead in the hallway, eyes locking. Chase

couldn't resist tearing his eyes away and running them over Jordon.

Jordon cleared his throat at one point, muttered, "excuse me," and brushed past. Chase didn't move. He stood his ground, feeling the pressure of Jordon's body against his for a fleeting second. Chase turned around, not being able to resist throwing at him, "all dressed up and no place to go?"

Jordon paused at the top of the stairs. He turned his head, issuing Chase a caustic smile. "At least I'll have my clothes on at the end of the evening."

"What a shame," Chase replied softly.

He heard Jordon mutter something under his breath then continue on down the stairs.

Chase was actually smiling when he knocked on Amanda's door.

Amanda was talking to him now and he hadn't heard a damn word. "So," she insisted, "aren't you the least bit curious?"

"Of course," he said, coming back to the present.

"Well, I will give you one hint. He's new at the Agency, and I hear he is a professional when it comes to arousing his partner."

"Um," Chase replied, lifting his wine glass.

He watched Amanda butter a piece of bread for a second, then he said, "tell me about Jordon."

She glanced up at him, chewing her bread, then shrugged. "What do you want to know about him?"

"Do you really detest each other that much?"

"I'm not sure," she said.

"What kind of answer is that?" Chase laughed slightly.

"Everything got worse after he was born, but I know it wasn't really his fault. He wasn't close to Daddy either but that was his choice."

"What do you mean?"

"Daddy tried to mold him, make him into a business tycoon like he was. He wanted Jordon to take over as CEO in one of his major businesses. Jordon wanted to race cars, and of course Daddy cut him off."

"Then the accident happened."

"Yes." She nodded. "He wasn't supposed to walk again."

"Really?" Chase was surprised.

"He forced himself out of bed every day and sometimes he crawled but he was determined to defy the doctors."

"Sounds as stubborn and determined as you," Chase commented.

She nodded. "Yes. Maybe that's why we don't get along. We're too much alike. If Jordon wants something, he goes out and gets it, no matter what the odds. Daddy never even came to the hospital the whole time he was in there," Amanda added. "Almost a year."

"But you went," Chase noted.

"Yes, I went," she said. She seemed sad suddenly, tears in her eyes.

Chase reached over and touched her hand. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you sad."

"I'm fine," she said, clearing her throat. She took another sip of her wine. "Let's talk about other things. Okay, ask me ten questions about the guy tonight, and I'll answer them," she said, reaching over and punching him lightly in the arm.

Chase shook his head.

"Don't you want to know how big his cock is?" Amanda insisted.

"You know," Chase shook his head, "you're incorrigible."

"I know. I know, and you love it."

Around twenty after eight, Amanda went downstairs to wait for the "guest." Chase stayed upstairs in the playroom. He looked around, expecting to see Cassidy's ghost but he didn't appear tonight. It's not that he actually saw Cassidy's ghost, it was just that his mind had a way of conjuring up images of him whenever he came into this room. Tonight however, his mind gave him peace. Instead, it was Jordon he thought about. The story of Jordon Nash's crash on the racetrack had made headlines seven or eight years ago. As much as he could recall, it had been at the Talladega Super Speedway in Alabama, one of the fastest tracks for racing. Amanda's story tonight of how he had fought to walk again told him a lot of Jordon Nash. It wouldn't be easy to win him over if he was determined not to like him. Also, he wasn't sure if winning him over was a wise place to go at this point, given the sudden awareness he had of Jordon's ... mmmm ... physical attributes.

"Here we are," Amanda announced suddenly forcing Chase back to reality. "Chase, this is Rocky. Is that a nickname, honey, or your real name?"

Rocky looked to be around twelve, but Amanda assured Chase that he was nineteen. He had ginger colored hair and brilliant green eyes. He stood around five eight and was pleasantly plump. When he spoke, it was with a deep Southern accent which practically knocked Chase on his ass.

"Hello there, Daddy," he said, giving Chase a wild wink, "why, you're as cute as a bug in a rug."

Chase laughed out loud, gave Amanda an incredulous look, and mouthed the words, "*bug in a rug*."

Amanda gave that tinkling laugh. "You two get to know each other and I'll just go and slip into something a little bit more comfortable."

Rocky watched her go. "That's some classy lady," he whistled between his teeth, letting his eyes inch over Chase's body.

"Yes, she is," Chase said.

"So, let me tell you up front, darlin' honey pie, I got a lot of ass. Some fellows like that. You like that?"

"Yeah," Chase grinned. "It's fine."

"It all depends on what the lady wants. Have cock, will travel," he cajoled.

Chase nodded, pursing his lips. That reminded him of Cassidy. He was cocky like that. He pushed it from his mind. *I'm going to have a good time tonight.*

"So, what size cock you got in those there pants of yours, handsome?"

"About an eight I guess," Chase shrugged.

"Um, take your time going in babe, but once it's in, anything goes. I like it." He moved closer, again letting his eyes move over Chase. "I like it a lot, especially when the cock is attached to someone who looks like you."

"Thank you," Chase said.

Rocky reached up and touched his hair. "Dark, wavy, all that hair, my, my, I'd do it for free but don't tell the mistress."

"Mum's the word," Chase said softly, raising a finger to his lips.

"Tell me what you like," Rocky asked, letting his hands run down over Chase's

chest.

"It depends on my mood," he said.

"So what's your mood," Rocky asked seductively, beginning to undo his shirt.

"You should wait until ah...Amanda comes. She doesn't..."

"I'm just undoing your shirt, honey. I want to see that chest, touch your nipples maybe. I'll wait for the cock."

Chase covered Rocky's hands with his own. "Amanda likes to give directions so..."

"Ah, you're no fun, lover," he pouted and backed away.

Chase grinned. "I'll try and make up for it soon."

Rocky blew him a kiss.

Amanda came cascading into the room, her long, see-through red negligee billowing around her.

"My, my," Rocky said, "you are so pretty."

"Thank you, Rocky," Amanda said, going to the toy drawer and pulling out her rabbit vibrator.

"New toy?" Chase inquired.

"Yes, gets the clit at the same time. It's a wonder toy."

Rocky looked around the room as if he was just seeing it. "This is some setup you got going here, lovely lady," he said.

"Come see the toys," she invited, pulling out the drawers as Rocky scanned the contents.

"Ooh eeee," he said. "This is a house of pleasure. I really am digging the mirrors, man."

Amanda crawled up onto her seat. She pushed aside her thin robe and positioned her vibrator.

"Juicy jugs, Mama," Rocky commented. "Looks like they'll be needing attention."

"I'll give them plenty," she said. "Now, take off your clothes, Rocky. Chase and I need to see you naked."

"My pleasure, Lady," he said and began to pull his navy t-shirt over his head. Next he unzipped his blue jeans, thrusting his ass in the air as he did.

Um, Chase thought, he did have a lot of ass, big and round and firm. Not a bad ass for fucking at all.

Amanda glanced over at Chase as Rocky preened naked in front of them. "What do you think?"

"I think he's cute as a bug in the rug," Chase returned. "And ah...hard too."

"Um, so it seems," Amanda remarked, grinning at Chase's little joke.

Rocky appeared pleased with the attention.

"I'd like to see you sexually torture him, Chase. He's just a little too cute for his own good."

Chase bowed his head at her. "Anything to please you, my lady." Instantly he marched over in front of Rocky and demanded, "Place your hands behind your neck and push your hips out."

Rocky licked his lips. "When are you going to get naked?"

"Don't speak. You do exactly what I tell you, do you understand?" Chase reached out and slapped Rocky's cock.

He winced slightly, then smiled. "Oh honey, you can use me anyway you want,

baby.”

“Use the lift, Chase, baby,” Amanda instructed.

The lift was a new sexual gadget Amanda had purchased recently. The person was asked to lie across a narrow strip of table around three inches wide and twelve inches long. The strip would support only the person’s stomach leaving the chest and the genitals fully accessible. A lever on the floor raised the individual three or four feet off the ground. The person’s hands were cuffed and the ankles were raised and cuffed over head, leaving the thighs spread eagle.

Rocky looked uncertain when he leaned over the bench like table and Chase cuffed his hands underneath. Then Chase pulled down the ankle cuffs and pulled one of Rocky’s legs to the side, secured it, then the other. Two pushes with his foot, and Rocky left the floor, hovering a few feet in the air, his cock and balls exposed, his anus accessible and his nipples in plain sight.

Chase walked over to the drawer and took out the penis gag. It was a hard plastic penis attached to a gag which Chase quickly shoved into Rocky’s mouth and then clicked into place. Next came the corkscrew butt plug. As Chase fingered it, he suddenly had the urge to wear it himself. He’d always wanted to try that, but it was for Rocky this time. Coming around to the back of Rocky, Chase spread his ass cheeks and slowly screwed the plug into place. It was used exactly like a corkscrew, and had to be inserted with several turns of the plug. Rocky’s body went into spasm and he moaned. Chase slapped him on the ass, and laughed. “You like that, slut.”

Silence.

Next came the nipple clamps, heavy duty ones with chains. First he’d have to play with Rocky’s nipples a bit. Getting underneath him, he darted out his tongue and started to lap at Rocky’s nipples. The centers began to rise and swell, while Rocky moaned deeply into his penis gag. Another couple laps, a pinch or two and he attached both the clamps, tugging on them a few times to make sure Rocky felt them there.

Amanda was moaning, driving her vibrator up inside of her as Chase began to take off his clothes. He made sure that Rocky could see him as he removed his shirt, then, slowly moved his zipper down over his pants.

Rocky’s untouched rod began to leak pre-cum. Chase walked over between his legs, and dipped his finger in it. He smeared it on his lips. Slowly he licked it off as he ran his hands down over his own chest to his stomach and framed his hardening cock with his hands. “Does your ass feel full, Rocky? Is your cock hard? How about your balls?” He came over and began to massage Rocky’s balls. “Are they tight? Let’s check that butt plug, shall we?”

Chase reached up between his ass cheeks and grabbed the head of the butt plug; slowly he screwed it down, then, up, down then up. Rocky’s cock was pulsing. He wasn’t going to last much longer.

When Chase lowered the lift, Rocky was moaning. Chase reached around his head and took off the gag. “Please,” Rocky begged, “do something baby. Fuck me. You’re such a hunk. Take out that plug and put that cock of yours where it belongs.”

Chase moved his cock head over Rocky’s lips. Rocky licked it, moaning. “Yes, sweet man, yes,” he murmured. Chase moved around back again. Slowly he withdrew the plug, again causing Rocky to cry out. He placed a finger up inside of him, then two. Rocky groaned. His cock head bumped against his anus now, teasing.

“Come on,” Rocky pleaded. “My cock is throbbing, my ass is pulsing, my tits are aching. Give it to me!”

Chase slapped his big ass, then leaned down and bit it gently. The plug had been nicely lubricated so he was ready to take him, his little rosebud hole was actually twitching. Chase pushed his cock past the muscle ring, then another thrust and he was in. Rocky’s entire body began to buck like a rodeo bull as Chase grabbed his big ass and rammed in and out of him. God, it felt good. His ass took to him like bread to honey and it tightened around his cock as if it never wanted to let it go. Then, the cum rumbled through him like a thunder storm, coming...coming...ahhhh... yes...yes...fuck... Sweat pouring into his face, and cum dripping out of Rocky’s fantastically fat ass. Rocky cried out as Chase came, coming himself seconds later.

Amanda was playing leisurely with her tits when Chase came around to remove the clamps from Rocky’s tits. Rocky moaned with pain. “Hurts like hell,” he said.

Chase massaged them with his thumbs.

“Keep doing that,” he urged. “Um, that feels good. Pinch them titties...I like tit play.”

While Chase was tormenting his tits, Rocky looked into his eyes. “You’re a stunner you know that... gorgeous and such a great cock...fuck me again, stud.”

“No,” Amanda said suddenly, causing Chase to stop tormenting Rocky’s tits and look over at her. “Release him. I want him to come over here and play with my tits awhile, and Chase,” she held out the vibrator, “pleasure me with this.”

Chase unlocked Rocky’s cuffs and Rocky got up off the table. Amanda spread herself out, placing her hands above her head like she was bound. “Cuff me,” she told Rocky, “my hands above my head.”

Chase handed Rocky some fur lined cuffs and he immediately stood behind her chair and cuffed her raised hands together. “You,” she looked up at Rocky, “when I tell you to, play with my nipples. Now they are large and sensitive, so torment them. When they look ready, use the clamps, but the baby ones with the long chain. Chase darling, bring Rocky the baby clamps.”

Chase walked over to the toy chest.

Rocky licked his lips as he looked down at Amanda’s large naked breasts with their gigantic brown nipples.

“Chase,” she said, “I want you to insert a butt plug in my ass; there are plenty in the drawer. Oil it well first. It will make my orgasms stronger. And talk dirty to me. Talk to me as if I was your bound slut and you were going to do any number of very, very naughty things to me.”

Chase smiled. “Okay,” he said.

“And Chase,” she said softly, wiggling her naked body in the chair, “have Rocky insert a butt plug into your ass, an extra large one.”

Oh boy, she was really going to town tonight, Chase thought. He handed Rocky an extra large oiled butt plug, and the baby clamps. He brought over a small butt plug for Amanda.

“Okay, first Rocky, put the butt plug in Chase’s ass. Chase, bend over in front of me, I want to see it go in.”

Chase bent over as Rocky rammed the butt plug into his anus, none too gently. “I like rough play,” Rocky said when he heard Chase grunt.

“Seems so,” Chase replied.

“Um, I loved that,” Amanda swooned. “I loved seeing the plug disappear inside your ass. Rocky, what do you think of Chase’s ass?”

“Beautiful. He’s one hot stud there.”

“He sure is,” she laughed.

The butt plug was already doing its work. It was giving him that feeling of pleasurable fullness, causing his cock to expand and his nuts to tighten. Even his tits were tingling.

“Rocky, look at Chase’s tits. They are so rigid. Do you think he needs clamps?”

“Can I suck them first, Mistress?” Rocky asked softly.

“Do it,” she breathed, “but first, pinch my nubs and attach the clamps.”

Rocky walked over to Amanda and reached out for her stiff nipples. He pulled and teased them so that they were both pointing upwards, incredibly elongated. She moaned, bucking her hips.

Chase could tell she wanted it. She practically squealed when Rocky clamped one nipple then the other.

“Okay, suck his nipples, then, clamp them,” she told Rocky, her eyes on Chase.

Chase waited for Rocky to bring the nipple clamps over. When Rocky started sucking his nipples, Chase let his head fall back. He moaned with pleasure and squeezed his thighs together to increase the pressure of the butt plug, then, growled when Rocky clamped both his nipples.

Amanda met Chase’s eyes. “Put the butt plug in my ass, then pleasure my clit with the toy, while holding the clamps in your teeth. Don’t be afraid to pull that chain, love. Rocky, get behind Chase and play with that plug in his ass. Make his cock bounce in front of my eyes, baby. Don’t forget to tug on that nipple chain as well. He is a man who definitely needs some rough nipple play tonight.”

Rocky was delighted. “Can I fuck his ass after?” he whined.

“Maybe,” Amanda said, “we’ll see. Okay Chase, let’s go.”

As Rocky grabbed the chain attached to Chase’s nipple clamps and got behind him, Chase leaned down and reached underneath Amanda’s ass. He quickly found her anus, and he inserted a finger and teased the opening for a minute. As he did, he said, “What a dirty slut you are. You deserved to be handcuffed. Look at those tits, those nipples have to be controlled with clamps. You’re so wet, and a plug up your ass...so dirty...such a dirty girl...”

Amanda closed her eyes and dug her head back into the chair. She let out a low moan as Chase pushed the butt plug up inside of her. Next he leaned his head down and picked up her nipple chain in his teeth. He felt Rocky pull on his own nipple chain and he sucked in some breath. Rocky’s fingers were now fiddling with the plug in his ass, pushing and pulling on it. His cock pulsated.

“That’s it, Rocky,” Amanda cooed, “good boy.”

Chase spread out Amanda’s vagina lips with his fingers. The lips were filled with her own special cream. He inserted the toy and began to expertly twist and turn it while tugging on the nipple chain periodically with his teeth. Through his teeth, he said, “you are completely at my mercy, you whore. I could have you anyway. I could fuck you in any position and there’s nothing you could do about it...”

Amanda was moving her hips up and down frantically, pulling on the cuffs above her

head. Rocky was licking his crack and tugging brutally on his nipples. He moaned loudly as Amanda cried out in orgasm.

"Rocky," Amanda cried out, "take that plug out of his ass. I want you to fuck him at the same time as Chase fucks me. Come on," she urged, looking up at Chase, "take out the butt plug, and impale me on that beautiful penis of yours. In the ass, Chase...go!"

"You dirty girl," Chase smiled at her, reaching down to yank up her hips as he felt the butt plug being pulled out of his ass. He played with the plug inside her for a moment, then pulled it out and threw it aside.

Rocky was already in position. He could feel his hard cock against his anus. "Wait until I'm inside her, then take me," he told him. "We have to keep the same pace. Just follow my lead. Can you do it?"

"To get inside that ass, you bet," Rocky breathed.

With Amanda's legs up over his shoulders, he leaned down and folded the bottom half of the seat down. Bearing down, he went in, slowly at first, then something gave and he plunged deep inside. She cried out. "Oh God, I can't...I can't...oh yes...yes..."

He started to thrust now, pausing only a few minutes to allow Rocky to push his cock inside of him. It went in easy. Rocky's was an average size but not thick. Once Rocky was inside of him, Chase established a rhythm that Rocky was finding fairly easy to follow. "Harder, deeper," Amanda cried out and Chase sped up, causing Rocky to hyperventilate and cry out himself.

Sandwiched between the two of them, Chase had no time to think. His cock was ready to explode. He reached down and massaged Amanda's clit. She screamed, coming hard, her entire body shuddering. Rocky exploded inside him almost the same time, and Chase finished hard by slamming three hard strokes inside of Amanda, then coming with a strong, immensely satisfying orgasm.

Rocky crawled off of Chase's back and sprawled on the floor behind him. Chase leaned down and kissed Amanda gently on the lips, then removed the clamps from her nipples. He got off the seat and went around to undo the cuffs.

Amanda smiled at him. "That was nice," she sighed.

"I'll say," Rocky said loudly, "nicer than a pig in the poke party."

Chase's eyes widened and Amanda laughed. He turned around and removed the clamps off his own nipples, and Amanda told Rocky to get dressed.

Chase said goodbye to Rocky and Amanda prepared to take him downstairs to the door. "Wait for me," she told Chase, "we'll have a drink."

"Okay," he said. He pulled on his pants and went to sit on a sofa in Amanda's bedroom suite. He was half asleep by the time she returned. She reached over and ruffled his hair. "Tired?"

"Um," he said softly.

"Did you enjoy that?"

"Yes," he said.

"What about Rocky?" She laughed.

"A little too Southern Boy for me...but..."

She laughed out loud. "We have to sample different things."

"Of course. Amanda, I didn't know you...like..."

"Enjoyed anal intercourse?" She raised an eyebrow, pouring herself some scotch. "Want some?"

He shook his head. "No thanks. I like that stuff too much."

"Ah...well, about the anal stuff," she laughed. "Sorry to tell you darling, you're not my first."

"Damn," he smiled.

She laughed. "My late husband was into it, and I got to like it actually, but it's been a long time. What I really enjoyed was feeling you getting fucked at the same time I was. It made me...well closer to you, you know."

Chase nodded. He stood up, then took her in his arms and hugged her. "Night Mandy," he said.

She kissed his temple. "I know, Chase, that you'll never love me like, you know...but I don't mind that. I know you care about me, and it's the fact that you love men that makes me love you. Don't change."

"No hope of that," he smirked, raised his hand and said goodnight.

On the way down the hallway, he paused at the doorway of Cassidy's old room. It was quiet. Maybe Jordon was in there sleeping, or maybe he hadn't come home yet. Chase placed a hand on the door for a minute, then continued on to his own room. After a quick shower, he slipped into bed and closed his eyes. He saw Jordon in his mind, standing by the pool in his bathing suit. He pushed the image away. It would have been easier if he could think of him as just some little rich boy, but after talking to Amanda, he realized that wasn't the case at all. Anyway, why in hell was he thinking of that asshole? To hell with him. The image returned to his mind, and eventually Chase drifted off to sleep.

When he heard the gunshot ring out in the night, this time he didn't bolt upright in bed. He saw himself kneeling down on the ground. There was blood everywhere. *Cassidy...Cassidy...* There was a body lying there, something unspeakable looming closer to him, a bloody concave hole where a face used to be. It rose upwards, closer and closer. *Chase...I think I loved you...why didn't you come home from school on time, Chase...I wanted to tell you I loved you. Did you love me, Chase...did you?"*

A hand reached out for him, Cassidy's hand. He was screaming, trying to get away. Someone was shaking him, talking to him. His eyes snapped over. He was hyperventilating like he'd been running, sweat pouring down his face and his chest. Finally, he was conscious of strong hands gripping his shoulders. He turned his head. *Jordon!* There was a light streaming into his room from the corridor and Jordon was leaning over him, his hands on his shoulders. Chase lifted up his arms and put them desperately around Jordon's waist. He pulled Jordon down to him, holding him, his face against his chest. "Don't let me go," he whispered. "Please."

For a moment, the man in his arms froze. Then he gently disentangled himself from his arms.

Chase took a breath, then running a hand through his damp hair, he apologized. "I didn't realize...I mean..."

"You were screaming. I was walking past your room and I heard you screaming. I thought someone had broken in or..."

"I had a bad dream, that's all," Chase muttered. "Thanks for..."

"No problem," Jordon said, taking a few steps away from the bed. "You okay now?"

"I think so, yes."

"Care to talk about it?"

Chase was surprised at the offer. He was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. Here he was in bed, a thin sheet standing between him and his nakedness and Jordon, fully clothed, obviously just getting in, standing a few inches away from his bed.

"No," Chase finally replied. "Go to bed. I'll be fine. I'm sorry I grabbed you like that."

"You were half asleep," he muttered.

Chase traced the outline of Jordon's body in the dark. His heartbeat quickened a little. *What in the fuck is wrong with me? Can't I think about anything else but sex?* There was absolutely no reason for his body to be reacting like this, as if he were starving and Jordon were a big piece of juicy steak. Hell, he didn't even particularly like the guy.

"Well, good night then," Jordon said. "I'll close the door."

"Thanks, night," Chase said, breathing easier as soon as he'd left. Immediately, Chase leaned over and switched on the light. He stood up and went to stand at the window. *Please Cassidy, get out of my head. Give some peace.* He needed to sleep, but he couldn't keep draining Amanda's liquor cabinet to do it. Maybe he should take Amanda's advice and go and see someone, or get a prescription for sleeping pills...or something. With a sigh, he pulled on a pair of jean shorts and went downstairs. The clock told him it was a little after three. Looked like Jordon had had a late night. Anyway, it was nothing to him. He unlocked the patio door, and stepped outside. When he saw Jordon sitting there in one of the deck chairs, he turned around, ready to go back inside.

"Don't run away on my account," Jordon said. He was sprawled out in the chair, a drink in his hand.

"I just came out for some air," Chase said, looking up at the night sky.

"Me too, although I don't know if you can call it air in this city."

Chase laughed a little. He came over and took a chair beside him. He looked at the drink in his hand and then away.

"Want one?" Jordon offered.

"No...thanks...I don't drink...usually."

"Ah," Jordon said. "That night in my bed was an exception."

"I've been having some problems sleeping lately and I..."

"It might be your line of work," Jordon replied lazily, the ice clinking in his glass.

Chase looked over at him. He looked so beautiful in the moonlight, his shirt open to the waist. Chase's sarcastic comeback suffered a little in the deliverance. "It...ah...has nothing to do with that."

"And Cassidy? Does it have something to do with him?"

"How do you...?"

"Amanda and I do talk you know. We may like to pretend we can't stand each other, but it's more of a love/hate thing."

"I see. So you know."

"I know your lover was shot."

"He wasn't my lover...well...at least not...really."

"You were fucking him in front of my sister, weren't you?" He took a sip of his drink.

"Do you have to be so crude?"

"Forgive me, I didn't know you guys were so sensitive," he smirked. "Ah...let's see you were his partner in the sexual entertainment industry. Is that better?"

“Not really,” Chase told him.

“How would you describe your relationship then?”

“It’s a good question,” Chase replied. “I guess we didn’t like each other that much when we first met. He was cocky and well...not the kind of guy I’d go for. Then we got closer, especially after his ex-boyfriend came around.”

“The ex-boyfriend was trouble obviously.”

“He was hooked on drugs, desperate, some dealers were on his ass for money. He threatened Cassidy, threatened both of us. I drove him off a few times, then in the end, I...well...” Chase stopped. He drove his fist into his hand.

“You what?”

“I was late that day from school.” Chase looked at him. “And yes, I was in school, finishing a college degree so I’m not as stupid as I look.”

“Did I ever insinuate you were stupid?”

“No, but you...anyway...never mind. I had some rather good news that day. I was finishing my counseling degree and my teacher was recommending me for a job.”

“Great. What happened? What are you still doing here?”

“That’s over now,” Chase shook his head.

“Why?”

“Because,” Chase said bitterly, “when I got home, Jude had taken Cassidy. I found them in the park and...”

“Jude shot Cassidy. Chase, that wasn’t your fault,” Jordon said.

“You don’t understand,” Chase said, tears streaming down his face, “it was my fault. Jude had the gun aimed at me and Cassidy grabbed it and turned it around and...”

“The gun went off,” Jordon finished for him, putting down his drink.

Chase put his face in his hands.

Suddenly Jordon was there beside him. He had gone down on his haunches. He took Chase’s hands away from his face. “He saved your life...”

“And gave up his!” Chase sniffed.

“Yes, because obviously he cared about you, and obviously he believed that he was responsible for all that...not you. He gave his life, Chase, and the way you honor him is by giving up yours?”

The words stunned him, then he exploded in anger. “How can you say that? You don’t understand? You weren’t there. You didn’t see his face...what was left of it and...”

Jordon didn’t react to his anger. In a soft voice, he asked, “Did you love this guy, Chase?”

Chase paused a minute, swallowing. “That’s just it...I never got a chance to...find out. I might have. He could have been the love of my life.”

“You can’t live your life with ‘what could have been,’ Chase,” Jordon said, shaking his head. He stood up. “You can only live your life with ‘what can be.’”

Chase sat back in the chair and closed his eyes. “Doesn’t matter now. I’m here with Amanda, and it doesn’t matter what you think of me, I’m staying.”

“What do you care what I think of you, Chase?” Jordon turned around and looked at him. “Anyway, it’s not you I’m concerned with. It’s my sister. She needs to stop being so afraid of love, and find someone who will truly love her.”

“I do love her.”

“Maybe you do, but I mean to love her passionately...in a way that makes your

pulses race when you look at her...like they did tonight when I was in your bedroom.”

Chase’s eyes widened. “Wh...wh.at?”

“Chase, I’m not naïve. I felt it tonight in your room.”

“You are more arrogant than I thought you were initially. If you think I have a thing for you in...”

“Chase, grow up. I’m not imagining you’re in love with me. I just see a qualitative difference in the way your body reacts to my presence than to Amanda’s. One day you’re going to fall passionately in love with a man, and you’ll leave her, just like Scott did.”

“No chance of that,” Chase scoffed. “I’ve given up on...”

“On life?”

The words cut through the air like a knife.

Chase got up out of his chair. “I will stay here with Amanda. I won’t desert her. Maybe I can never love her exactly in that way...but...I will love in every other way.”

“Just two pathetic human beings in a co-dependency relationship, both afraid to really love,” Jordon muttered.

Chase got up and came to stand in front of him. “And what about you, Jordon?” he challenged, his voice tinged with bitterness. “Where’s the great love of your life?”

“I don’t know,” he shrugged. “It’s a good question.”

“Isn’t it?” Chase agreed, then turned around and left the patio. “Maybe you should sleep on it.”

“I will,” he smiled.

Chase shook his head, waved his hand in the air as if he were waving him away, and went back inside. Finally, he fell asleep just before the sun rose in the sky.

Chapter Three

When Chase came downstairs the next day, it was lunchtime. Amanda was sitting outside eating a lunch of her usual endive salad. Jordon sat opposite her, dressed in a light blue suit and pinstriped tie. He had a briefcase sitting next to him. He looked up briefly and nodded when Chase appeared, then went back to eating his salad.

Chase leaned down and kissed Amanda on the cheek. "Join us," she said, "I'll tell Sally to bring you some lunch."

"No, it's okay. I saw her on the way out here, and she's bringing coffee."

"You have to eat," Amanda insisted.

"I will."

"Too early in the morning?" Jordon asked, looking up at him now. Those blue eyes looked bright and alert. He obviously slept well.

"I see you're all dressed up. A late afternoon business meeting, Jordon?" Chase took his seat, his voice filled in innuendo.

Jordon smiled at him. Chase felt his body betray him again. His heartbeat thudded in his chest. His stomach felt a little faint, probably hunger. "Maybe I will eat something," Chase said, when Jordon didn't bother answering.

"So how is it going?" Amanda asked Jordon, looking up as one of the servants brought a fresh pot of coffee. Chase asked her to bring him some toast and jam.

"Well NASCAR is really excited about the new model. This car will be used in half the races in 2007, and all of them by 2009."

"Is it a lot faster than the older models?" She asked him, pouring some cream in her coffee.

"Well, the major focus is on safety of course, but the new model is designed to reduce dependence on aerodynamics. There's a detachable rear spoiler. This is a feature penalized since its use in Dodge Charger Daytona and Plymouth Superbird in 1970, but it's now making a comeback."

Amanda looked at Chase. "Do you have any idea what he just said?"

Chase grinned.

Amanda shook her head. "It's all Greek to me," she told her brother. "I went to a race once that Jordon was racing in," she said, "and I thought I'd have a heart attack. What was the speed you were going at again?"

"One hundred and eighty eight miles per hour," Jordon laughed.

"Yes, that was it...a Dodge Charger."

"Do you miss it?" Chase asked him suddenly.

Jordon shrugged. "Sometimes, but..." he said, getting up from the table, "not enough."

Leaning down and giving Amanda a quick kiss, he said, "I'm off. Have fun."

"Will we expect you for dinner?"

"Not tonight," he said and left through the side gate.

Chase watched him go, then turned to Amanda. "What are your plans today?"

"Oh, I have to go to some god awful function for some charity. Do you want to come?"

“Think I’ll skip it.” The servant brought his toast and jam. Chase picked up a piece and took a bite

“Well, speaking of it, I’m off. Are you up for something tonight, darling?” She touched his hands. “I don’t know if it’s the heat or what, but I’m feeling randy as hell.”

“Whatever you want, Mandy,” Chase said.

She smiled at him and stood up. “Well, the driver will be waiting. See you for dinner at seven?”

“Sure.”

“I’ll make sure we have something special for dessert.” She winked and was gone.

* * * *

Chase decided to take a drive later that afternoon. He took one of the cars and drove around with the top down. Finally, he pulled into one of the city libraries. Inside, he went looking through the computer archives for newspaper articles. Finally, he found what he was looking for. There on the front page of the newspaper was a picture of the car. It was on fire and had been pushed to the edge of the track. Beside it was a picture of Jordon Nash, and below was Evan Donaldson. The headline read: *Donaldson drives Nash deliberately off the track?*

Chase scrolled down to the article on page one. According to the article, Donaldson and Nash were good friends. They had been seen skiing in the Alps just a few months before the incident. The propulsion of Nash’s car off the track was described as “malicious and inexplicable.” Nash was already several laps ahead of Donaldson and going into the final. Even with Jordon out of the race, Donaldson would have come in seventh. The article went on to say, “Luckily, Nash was able to crawl out of the vehicle before it exploded into flames. The injuries to his back however have been reported to be extremely serious, and some sources say he may not walk again. Several hours after the incident, Evan Donaldson was arrested by Alabama Police. There is a chance that he could be charged with attempted manslaughter.” The article went on to talk about Jordon’s career in racing, which ranked him as a first class champion racecar driver.

Below the article were some pictures of Donaldson and Nash together. The caption read, “In Happier Days.”

Chase studied the pictures a few minutes. Jordon looked pretty much the same, younger of course, but with those same blue eyes and that killer smile. Donaldson was a few years older than Jordon, a strong and handsome man, with black hair and a short cropped beard. Were they lovers? And if they were, what in hell had Jordon done to make Donaldson viciously try and kill him? There were lover’s spats but this was heavy duty.

He stared at the pictures a long time before he left the library. On the drive home, he had to ask himself why he had bothered to go to the library at all. Maybe it was boredom. Maybe it gave him something to think about besides himself.

He stopped by the cemetery before returning home. Cassidy’s grave stood there as always, looking lonely and forlorn, in spite of the beautiful angel shaped stone, and all the flowers. He stood there for a few minutes, looking down at it, before turning and going back to the car. Did his body actually react to Jordon when he came into a room to the point where Jordon was aware of it? Of course, last night, he’d been half asleep and he’d been naked in his bed and... Chase sighed, starting the engine. He could rationalize all he wanted. The truth was he found Jordon Nash attractive. Well, so? He was

attractive, a hunk even, great body, nice eyes, beautiful face, but that didn't mean anything. He found a lot of men attractive. So what? He put it out of his mind and drove home. He was wondering who Amanda had in mind for them tonight.

* * * *

Rico was a handsome enough fellow, a dark skinned Latin with a machismo that one would either find sexy or overbearing. Chase chose to look beneath it to his charming smile and enticing accent. Amanda seemed mischievous tonight. She went on and on talking about the city and all the great places to dine and dance. Chase took note of how patiently Rico sat at the table listening to her go on, but his eyes were on Chase's. Chase found Rico's obvious attraction to him flattering and a definite turn on.

When Amanda's conversation turned to sexual proclivities, Rico sat forward and took a greater interest.

Chase took the time to give him a closer inspection. He was probably no more than twenty-two but he gave the impression that he was much older than that. He looked as if he'd had it rough growing up, and probably knew his way around a fight. He had a faint scar going from his left eye to the corner of his mouth but it didn't detract from the beauty of his face. It was a strong face with deep liquid brown eyes. He wasn't tall, probably no more than five-eight or nine, with a thin sinewy body covered in luscious brown skin. If you were to separate him into parts, he might not be so attractive. It was the overall picture that compelled you.

"So there's nothing you wouldn't do, Rico," Amanda was saying now, taunting him some.

"Nothing, Senora," he said, flashing Chase a smile. "Anything that pleases."

"That's what the agency told me," Amanda grinned. "What do you think of my Chase? Now, be honest."

There was a second when he looked flustered, but he quickly regained his composure. "Well, he's the kind of man who would make you stop in the street and turn around. Not many men can make me do that."

"What exactly is it about him that would make you turn around, Rico?" Amanda inquired innocently.

Rico raked him over once with those liquid brown eyes. "His body first, so tall and hard all over." He licked his lips. "After that, I'd get around to looking at his face."

Chase laughed.

Rico smiled. "And I'd notice that I could die looking at that face."

There was a silence, then, Amanda said, "lovely. Tell me Rico. Would you prefer to fuck him, or be fucked by him?"

"I'd like to possess him," he said, meeting Chase's eyes now. "But to fuck a guy like that, you need to know how to submit, because even if it looks like you are in control of him, you're not really. Then later, I'd want to completely surrender to him."

"Sounds like you want it all," Amanda laughed lightly. "Interesting observational powers you have," Amanda said. "I'd like to see how that plays out tonight."

Chase hid a little grin. Yep. Amanda was in one of her 'anything goes moods.' He liked that because he always felt freer to do what he wanted, and with this one tonight, he suddenly wanted to be free to do that.

Rico was on his feet.

“Raring to go, aren’t you honey?” Amanda giggled. “I can see by the bulge in your pants, you’ve been ready awhile. How about you give Chase and me a little show? Take off your clothes, lover.”

Rico immediately began to strip down. Chase folded his arms across his chest, and watched through half closed eyes. He would have preferred to have undressed him himself, but Amanda was the boss. The clothes came off a little too quickly, but the end result was nice. Rico had a nice well muscled chest and stomach, a substantial cock, and an ass you could have bounced pennies off. He hoped he would get to fuck it.

“Nice Rico. You like, Chase?” Amanda asked.

Rico looked over at him eagerly.

“Very nice,” Chase murmured, which caused Rico to strut around a little.

“Take Rico into the playroom, Chase, but keep your clothes on until I get there. I want to be there when you undress.”

Chase stood up. He walked to the playroom. He could feel Rico close behind him, too damn close. When he walked into the room, he put some distance between them.

“Whoa,” Rico said, looking around, “a real palace of sin you got here, man. So how does a guy get a gig like this?”

Chase shrugged. “It’s not a gig really. I live here now.”

Rico walked around, touching the handcuffs and the different contraptions. “Is she into S and M?”

“Sometimes, but light stuff. Ever done anything heavy?” Chase asked him, his eyes on Rico’s stiffening cock.

“Yeah. You?”

“Not for awhile.”

“Did you like it?” He ran a tongue over his lips, then moved his hands slowly up over his own chest.

“Some of it wasn’t too bad,” Chase said, the sexual tension in the room growing thicker by the minute. His cock was starting to twitch in his pants.

“You know I want to rip off your clothes right now, baby, and lick you all over?” Rico met his eyes boldly.

“Um, sounds nice,” Chase said deeply, “but you’ll have to wait for Amanda.”

Rico looked towards the door. “So it’s true, she’s just going to watch while we go at it?”

“Probably. Sometimes she tells us what she wants. She has participated in the past.”

“You like to fuck women, Chase?”

“I don’t mind it.”

“Give me a man any day,” Rico said, “give me a man like you and I’ll lose my mind.”

Their eyes met. Oh boy, if Amanda didn’t put the brakes on tonight, he could really get wild with this boy!

“Oh yeah,” Chase breathed.

“Yeah. Believe me, baby, you’re just my type.”

“What is it you’d like to do first, Rico?”

Amanda inquired as she walked through the door. She was in a light mauve satin lounge dress tonight with spaghetti straps. On her feet, she wore matching high heels, her hair swept up with a diamond clasp. She paused in front of Rico, and ran a manicured

hand down his chest. "Tell Mama," she whispered.

Eyes clouded with lust, Rico looked past Amanda's shoulder to Chase. "I want to..." His chest heaved.

Amanda laughed softly. "Oh Rico. Poor Rico. See what you do to him," Amanda said, glancing at Chase and flicking a finger over Rico's stiff cock. "I guess if you tease, my pretty Chase, you have to please."

Chase smiled. "I guess so," he drawled.

"We wouldn't want the poor boy to suffer," she said, slapping Rico's cock to and fro a few times. He drew a labored breath. Amanda pushed him up against the glass wall. "Now stay here and don't touch yourself, understand?"

Rico nodded, his eyes never leaving Chase.

Amanda turned to look at Chase. "Now, my sexy handsome stud, show Rico what you have under those clothes."

Chase smiled at Rico whose tongue darted out of his mouth and wet his lips in anticipation.

Amanda brushed past him, letting her fingers trail over his rough jaw, and then went to take her place. Nestled in her right hand was her new vibrator, the one she called her rabbit.

Chase began to undo the buttons on his shirt, one at a time, all the while holding Rico's gaze in his. By the time he had it all the way open, Rico's cock was glistening with pre-cum. Chase reached for the top snap on his pants and Rico moaned, letting his head push back against the mirror. When Chase lowered the zip and spread over his pants, the tip of his cock had made its way out of his underwear.

"Fuck," Rico muttered, his tongue wetting his lips again.

Chase smiled. He kicked off his shoes, then, pulled his pants over his hips bit by bit, letting them fall to his ankles. He stepped away from them, leaving them in a heap on the floor. All eyes were riveted to him, Amanda's and Rico's. He was enjoying the attention, enjoying his ability to tease suddenly. He paused to wet the tip of his finger, then, moved it down his chest to his right nipple. Slowly he moved his moistened finger over the tip, feeling it stiffen and expand.

Rico reached for his cock, only to be reprimanded by Amanda. He flattened his palms out against the mirrors and bit into his bottom lip.

Chase laughed softly. He felt his own balls tighten, his cock begin to throb. He put his fingers in the top of his underwear and lifted the material up over his cock. His cock bobbed free, pumping out a little bit of pre-cum as soon as it was exposed. *God, his cock was such an exhibitionist...* "My cock is so hard," he said suddenly, letting his eyes settle on Rico. "If I fucked you now, I'd fuck you so hard and so rough..."

"Do it," Rico urged coarsely.

Chase looked at Amanda. Amanda nodded.

Chase scrambled out of the underwear, and came closer to Rico. Rico went to touch him but he shook his head. "No, keep your hands out to your sides."

Rico smiled at him. "Torture eh?" He hissed.

Chase smiled back. "Not at all." He reached over and took Rico's cock in his hand. Rico moaned on contact. Chase squeezed it hard, then ran his thumb around the head. "Nice cock. Very nice. Nice chest too. I want to touch your nipples with my tongue."

Rico closed his eyes, his head falling to the side as Chase pressed his body against

his, roughly widening his thighs with his knee. One hand on his balls, he took one of Rico's nipples between his teeth and bit it gently. Rico's chest heaved. Chase massaged his balls roughly, bouncing up against his stiff cock with his arm at the same time. He withdrew his mouth from the nipple and studied it. It glistened, slightly red, still and standing at attention, begging for more. "Want to fuck me, Rico?" Chase whispered against his cheek, his rough jaw scratching against his smooth skin.

Rico moaned.

"Want to kiss me, Rico?" Chase murmured, letting his tongue dip out and taste Rico's bottom lip. Rico trembled all over. Chase took his nipple between his thumb and forefinger and pinched it gently, then, he leaned in and bit it again. At the same time he lifted up his hand and inserted his middle finger into Rico's mouth. "Lick it good, baby, because it's going up your ass."

Rico began to lick his middle finger with relish, moaning with pleasure as Chase began to lick and bite his other nipple. Suddenly Chase pulled his finger out of Rico's mouth and placed his hand between his thighs. "Spread 'em wider," he hissed.

Rico immediately complied, placing his hands in Chase's hair as Chase drove his wet finger up inside of Rico's quivering orifice. Chase's mouth covered Rico's as he began to finger fuck his hole. Rico's mouth was practically devouring his. His hands moved down over Chase's shoulders as he struggled to get closer. Suddenly, Chase pulled his finger out of him and moved away. "Get down on all fours," Chase told him.

Rico went down to his knees, pressing his face against Chase's cock as he did. Chase moved back, watching as Rico seductively posed on his hands and knees, ass out, legs spread, one hand tweaking his nipple.

Chase intended on making him wait for it. He slowly crossed the floor and took some lube out of the toy chest, along with a condom. Standing in front of Rico, he slowly lubed his own cock, moving his hand up and down, letting it deliberately show off his hard, eight inch cock to advantage. Rico's eyes were glued to him. Then just as slowly, he opened the condom package and rolled it on.

His hands coated with lube, he got down behind Rico and began to oil his entrance. Rico's sighs escalated into deep moans, then cries. "Chase..." he breathed... "beautiful...Chase...come on, baby...do it..."

Chase grabbed his hips and positioned his cock at the entrance of Rico's ass. With one grunt he was in. Rico let out a yell, then, Chase began to thrust. Rico's ass was wrapping his cock in ecstasy. The sweat was pouring off of him as he continued slamming into Rico. Chase was hardly even aware of Rico's cries of pleasure. All he could hear was his own labored breathing. *Then, clapping.*

He wasn't sure if it was the clapping that caused him to freeze, or Amanda's shrill admonishment. "What in hell are you doing here?"

Rico was coming all over the place, grunting like a pig, his entire body jutting back and forth as he drew upright on his knees and moaned aloud.

Chase pulled back from Rico and then looked up to see Jordon standing in the corner of the room, staring at him.

Amanda was on her feet, pulling her clothing together, the discarded vibrator had fallen on the floor.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," he said, the faintest smirk on his face, "we have an emergency."

“What emergency? How long have you been standing there?”

Chase was anxious to hear the answer to that one. He stood up and hastily grabbed his pants, placing them in front of him.

Jordon seemed to find that amusing. He uttered a little laugh, before he returned his eyes to his sister.

Rico finally noticed the other body in the room. “Wow,” he said, “looks like Amanda has no end of hunks here.”

“Shut up,” Chase said, putting one leg then the other into his pants. “That’s her brother.”

“So, how long have you been here spying on us?” Amanda was demanding. Her eyes alive with indignation, focused on Jordon.

“Long enough,” he said. “And I wasn’t spying. You have a phone call from London. There is a crisis, something about the board of directors. If you don’t appear within the next twelve hours, they will vote to demolish the company.”

Amanda gasped. “They can’t do that!”

“Well, that’s what...” He began.

Amanda didn’t wait to discuss it. She stomped out of the room without another word.

Jordon leaned against the door frame, and folded his arms across his chest. “Quite the performance there, boys,” he said, looking at Chase. “Does all the yelling and grunting cost extra, or is it included in the price?”

Rico ran his hands down over his chest to his cock. “Baby, that was no performance. That was the real thing. If you had that beautiful eight-incher up...”

“That’s enough, Rico,” Chase mumbled, looking down at the floor.

“No, let him go on,” Jordon urged. “I find this fascinating.”

“This is ridiculous,” Chase snapped. “I don’t have to...”

“What’s wrong, Chase?” Jordon met his eyes, smiling. “Embarrassed? A man should never be embarrassed about...”

“Why should he be embarrassed?” Rico cut in. “He’s gorgeous. He has a great cock, and he knows what to do with it. What about you, good looking? What’s your cock like?”

“Rico, this is...” Chase began.

Jordon put up his hand. “Want to find out?”

“Um, yeah, I’d like to take both of you on,” Rico stated, looking from one to another.

“Well, my sister is going to London tonight, and you’re ah...already paid for, aren’t you? And well, we know you’re paid for,” Jordon gave Chase a meaningful look.

Rico took a step towards Jordon.

“Not now,” Jordon said. “Later, by the pool.”

Chase opened his mouth to speak.

“Unless you have some objection, Chase?”

Chase met those gorgeous eyes. His pulses were racing. He was finding it hard to breathe suddenly. “Amanda might not...”

“My sister will just have to learn to share her toys,” he said, a smile playing around his sensuous mouth.

Before Chase could protest, he had left the room.

Rico turned to Chase, his eyes wide. “What a stud, can’t wait to see what his...”

“It’s not going to happen,” Chase snapped. “Now, I think, Rico, you should go home.”

“Now? But...”

“Go home, Rico,” Chase said, gathering up the rest of his clothes and quickly leaving the room.

Chapter Four

Chase watched as Amanda got into one of her cars with the driver. He sighed. He hoped to hell she'd be back soon. He didn't want to be alone with Jordon in this house for one second more than was necessary. It was after ten o'clock, and he considered just going to bed, but he discovered that he was hungry. When he got down to the bottom of the stairs, he heard voices. He swore softly in his throat. Rico had decided to ignore him, and stay on anyway. The opportunity to get into someone like Jordon Nash's pants didn't come along every day. It looked like Rico wasn't about to waste the opportunity.

Chase's blood was boiling as he stormed out onto the patio. Rico was sprawled in a lounge chair, wearing nothing but his underwear, making sure that his boner was arranged seductively under the almost transparent material. Jordon stood by the pool, a glass of liquor in his hand. They were in the middle of a conversation.

"I saw that race, man," Rico was saying. "Man, my head was spinning because..."

"I thought I told you to go home," Chase cut in coldly, glaring at Rico.

Jordon turned around, lifting his glass. He was wearing a pair of jeans and an open neck shirt in a subtle shade of blue. His hair was blowing softly in the evening breeze and it was obviously he'd drunk a bit more than usual. "No reason to be rude, Chase. Why don't you join us for a drink?"

"Why don't you put some damn clothes on," Chase said out of the corner of his mouth to Rico.

"It's hot, man. Your fault," he smiled coyly.

"Rico is my guest, Chase. I'd appreciate it if you'd be nice to him," Jordon said.

Chase walked over to where Jordon stood. Shoulder to shoulder, they were practically the same height, with Jordon perhaps topping him by a quarter of an inch. "Why are you doing this?" Chase asked him, his voice barely above a whisper.

"What?" Jordon gave him the most dazzling smile. "You don't approve?" He lifted an eyebrow. "I have needs too."

"This has nothing to do with your goddamned needs."

"You don't think I have needs?" Jordon smirked, draining his glass. "You think I'm a cold fish, do you?"

"I...I never said that." Chase was beginning to feel uncomfortable with the conversation.

"So, what's the problem?"

"You're doing this to make some kind of a point." Chase accused.

"And what would that be?" Jordon turned to face him now.

"I haven't figured it out yet, but I will." For a moment they just looked at each other. Finally Chase dropped his eyes and muttered, "you think you're so fucking smart. I've been to college you know..." He stopped. What in hell was it about this man that made him get to this point?

"Yeah so you've said. So, why didn't you finish then? And more importantly, what are you still doing here? I mean besides torturing yourself out of misguided guilt? Just because Cassidy died, didn't mean you had to die with him."

Tears stung Chase's eyes. "Fuck you. You don't know anything about it."

Jordon grabbed Chase by the shoulders. "I know you're wasting your life here. But if you're a whore, then act like one, but make up your mind who you want to be."

Chase wrenched away him. "I am who I am."

"Fine," Jordon murmured, "then you're a whore, bought and paid for by my sister, and since I own half this house, I require your services tonight...and since I doubt you're enough for me, I'll make use of the both of you."

Chase mouth tightened. That comment about him not being enough was intended to wound, and it did, it went straight to the target. "Whatever you want," Chase muttered.

"Yeah baby," Rico cried out, completely oblivious to the tension between Chase and Jordon.

Jordon's eyes were alive with emotion. Chase read them as a mix of anger and sexual anticipation. Whatever it was, he found himself having to look away. His pulses were racing again, and he felt this tight feeling in his gut.

"Let's go back upstairs," Jordon invited, placing a hand on Rico's ass. "I'm anxious to try out my sister's pleasure room."

Chase's eyes went to Jordon's hand, which was planted squarely on Rico's firm little butt, and suddenly his blood boiled. He wanted to rip his hand off.

As they were walking up the stairs, Jordon right behind Rico, and Chase behind Jordon, Jordon smacked Rico's ass a few times and dragged down his underwear. Chase stepped over them on the stairs halfway up.

"Can't wait to see you naked," Rico called out as they walked down the hallway.

Jordon swayed a bit in front of Chase. Rico stopped in front of the door of Amanda's room, and gyrated his hips in front of Jordon. "You like?"

"We'll see. I have nothing to compare you to yet, now do I?"

Chase swallowed.

Jordon stopped as they entered the room, and looked at Chase. Rico ran on ahead into the back room. "You can stop all this, you know, if you want."

"How?"

"By packing up and getting the fuck out of here, that's how."

Chase met his eyes. "You hate me that much."

"I don't hate you, Chase," he said. "I just want my sister to..."

"But you're not her father, you're her brother."

Jordon shrugged. "Come on then, Chase, show me what you got."

"Oh, I'll show you what I got," Chase said, his anger spilling out of him. With one hand, he pushed Jordon against the wall and grabbed the back of his head. His mouth came down on his hard, his tongue sliding between Jordon's surprised lips. Chase's other hand ripped at his shirt, buttons flying as his finger sought out one hard brown nipple and squeezed. The kiss which began in anger quickly turned to passionate urgency. As Jordon struggled against him, Chase devoured more of his mouth, his breath rasping his desire. Jordon's mouth was incredibly sweet, in spite of its defiance, and as Chase let his hand trace over a muscle board stomach down to his groin, he discovered a cock which was well on its way to paying complete attention. Jordon managed to turn his face to the side, growling something about "fuckin' get off me."

Chase grabbed Jordon's hand and pressed it against his own cock. "Feel this," he demanded. "See what you do to me. I don't even like your sorry ass and I..." Chase wrenched Jordon's chin back to the front and captured his mouth again, the other hand

now reaching around back to grab his rock hard ass...God, how he wanted that ass at that moment.

Jordon finally got enough leverage to push him back and away from him. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and that simple motion caused Chase's cock to twitch in his pants. His hair was in disarray, his shirt hung open, half the buttons gone, and the distinctive bulge in his pants was more than telling. "You little fuck!" He growled, his chest heaving.

Chase smirked. He felt a certain sense of victory as he observed this sudden vulnerability. "Want to hit me, Jordon, or you want to admit that you got off on that kiss?"

"Oh you're good at what you do," he whispered, meeting Chase's eyes.

"Yes," Chase said back, taking a step closer. "I'm good, but you're good yourself. You know just how to make me want you, playing the elusive cool Mr. Nash."

Jordon looked taken aback suddenly. He said nothing.

"I want you, tonight," Chase told him. "It's been a long time since I really wanted someone for the sake of wanting them. Let me send Rico home." When he said nothing, Chase came over and placed his hand on his chest, and met his eyes. "I promise, you won't regret it. No strings, no payment, nothing, just you and me. One night."

He nodded. "I'll wait for you in my room."

Chase smiled at him and then went to inform Rico that his services were no longer required.

* * * *

After Rico finally left, Chase walked down the hallway toward Cassidy's old room. Several times he went to knock, then put his hand down and walked away. He was shaking like a leaf. It didn't make any sense. He was going to have sex with a man, a beautiful man, but he'd had a lot of beautiful men in his life. It was sex, just the two of them, no spectators, no directions, just...*Jordon Nash*. What in hell was it about him that made him feel so nervous, his stomach full of butterflies.

Finally, when he was halfway down the hall again, he heard a door creak open. He turned around to see Jordon Nash standing in the door. He was wearing a short green silk robe, his hair hanging down in his face. "Well," he said, "are you coming or...?"

Chase began walking down the hallway again. When he reached the door, he couldn't speak. Jordon opened it wider and stood aside so that he could go in. Chase closed the door behind him.

The lamp was lit beside the bed, bathing the room in a soft clear light. Chase cleared his throat, glancing at Jordon who stood a little uncertainly to the side of the bed. "God, you're so beautiful," Chase whispered, and it was true.

Jordon laughed a little. "Never thought of myself as beautiful," he said.

"In a very masculine sort of way," Chase replied. "Can you...you...ah...take the robe off?" God that sounded desperate.

Jordon shrugged. "Sure," he said, undoing the belt and letting the robe fall off his broad shoulders.

Chase sucked in some breath. "Jesus Christ," he said. His body was an artist's dream. A series of full, hard, sculptured muscles defined his pecs, his biceps, his triceps, his stomach, his thighs, not the mention the swell of ass he could see if he moved his

head to the side. His cock was at least seven inches with a beautiful thick shaft and helmet shaped head. The balls were large, and perfectly shaped. The sight of him standing there like that made Chase's body hum in anticipation.

Jordon gave him an almost shy smile. "Well, are you going to stand there gawking at me all night, or are you going to...?"

Chase narrowed the distance between them in three strides. His hands were in the soft dark blond hair before Jordon could say another word. Chase kissed him deeply. His hands settled on his shoulders, then crept down his biceps before winding around his back and drawing him closer.

The t-shirt and jeans Chase was wearing felt almost painful suddenly and he longed to feel Jordon's hard naked body against his. Jordon's hands were pulling the t-shirt out of his pants now. Chase found the strength to separate himself from Jordon's body long enough so that Jordon could pull his t-shirt over his head.

Jordon threw the t-shirt aside and went right to work undoing Chase's jeans. He pulled them down over Chase's naked hips and let them fall around his feet. Chase stepped out of them, then immediately pulled Jordon back into his arms. He made love to his mouth for a few minutes, then with an urgent cry, he turned him around and pressed him against the wall. He let his hands move down over the smooth muscles of his back, his eyes on his incredible round hard ass. He fell on his knees, parting the firm cheeks with his hands and began to move the tip of his tongue around his tight entrance. As he did, he wrapped one arm around his upper thighs, forcing him to bend his knees some, and thrust his hips out. His other hand found his cock, hard, ready, with a smooth rounded tip which was already sticky with pre-cum. He wrapped his fist around it and gently fondled it as he aggressively stabbed his ass hole with his tongue.

Jordon was making soft sounds of pleasure in his throat. Chase turned him around abruptly and licked the length of his cock. Jordon placed his hands on Chase's head. He looked down at him, meeting his eyes. "Put it in your mouth," he breathed.

Chase's tongue darted out and licked the length of his shaft again, then swirled his tongue around the head, dipping it into the tiny hole on top.

Jordon urged his head forward and Chase took Jordon's cock in his mouth. As the cock sunk deeper into his mouth, inch by inch, Chase suddenly felt as if he were tasting heaven. He inched his neck back and took it deeper into his throat. Jordon's fingers tightened in his hair. Some guys were really vocal, and when he was sucking and licking their cocks the way he was doing to Jordon right now, they would be moaning and groaning. But Jordon was silent. He indicated his pleasure through the motions of his body, rather than through his lungs, and it was driving Chase out of his mind. Jordon's entire body was trembling with passion, his hips twisting and moving erratically. His head slammed back against the wall, and still there was no sound coming from his lips. Chase doubled his efforts, his own cock so hard, it was near to bursting. He felt his hands shake as he dug his fingers into Jordon's delectable ass.

Jordon did let out the faintest of groans now, his cock shuddering inside Chase's mouth. God, he wanted that ass. He wanted to fuck him. Winding his tongue around the shaft again, he grabbed the base of Jordon's cock and released it from his aching jaw. He lay back on the floor in front of him, legs spread.

"Why...why did you stop?" Jordon breathed, lifting his head off the wall.

"I want to fuck you," Chase pleaded, his eyes meeting his. "I want to fuck that

beautiful ass of yours.”

Jordon walked over to the bed and sat down. He opened the side table drawer and took out some lube and a condom. Chase pushed himself off the floor. He came over to the bed and picked up the lube. Jordon turned over.

Chase swallowed, running his hand down Jordon’s muscular back and to his perfect ass. He spread some lube on his hand and then got onto the bed on his knees. As Chase began to spread the lube up inside of him, Jordon rose onto his knees. Chase hastily put on the condom, and then wrapped his arms around Jordon’s waist. His cock met with resistance at first, then began its gradual decent into Jordon’s incredible ass. The only sounds in the room were their collective breathing, and Chase’s cries as he began to thrust harder and deeper inside of Jordon. Jordon came when Chase reached under him and began to jerk off his cock, Chase came seconds later, his hand covered with Jordon’s cream.

Chase rolled over onto his back and took a few minutes to recover. The room seemed to spin. Everything seemed surreal suddenly. His cock was empty and yet he’d never felt so full. Jordon turned over on his side, and laid there watching him for a minute. He could feel his eyes on him, then his hand as he reached over and moved it over Chase’s damp chest.

“You don’t make a sound when you come,” Chase breathed into the stillness of the room.

Jordon smiled. “Did you want me to? It doesn’t mean I didn’t enjoy it.”

“No,” Chase replied. “It’s not necessary. Your body talks for you. I like that.”

“You do, do you?” He asked, running a thumb over one of Chase’s nipples. “What else do you like, Chase?”

He was teasing him now, leaning over him, his lips moving over his chest and settling at one of his nipples. His other hand was on Chase’s cock now, gently lifting it and tugging on it.

Chase began to have that feeling again, the one where he thought he’d lose his mind. The feelings were intense, sharp. When Jordon moved his lips down to his cock, Chase dug his fingers into the mattress, his head into the pillow. His hips bucked upward straining to enter Jordon’s luscious mouth. *Intense*. He licked his lips. “Baby,” he whispered. Jordon was sucking his cock, fondling his balls at the same time, then moving his fingers down underneath to push up inside of him. He cried out something incoherent. Jordon positioned himself between his thighs and released his cock. He ran his hands over Chase’s calves then began to lift his legs over his shoulders.

Chase froze. “What are you...?”

“I want you,” Jordon whispered. “I want to be inside of you, Chase, I want to see your face when you come. I want to...”

“No,” Chase grunted, pulling his legs out of Jordon’s hold. He swung his legs over the side of the bed.

Jordon sat back on the bed. “I...I mean...I...”

“It’s just that...” Chase began. “I don’t want to, that’s all,” he said briskly. *Why in the hell was he saying that, when he could think of nothing else he’d want more at this moment than for Jordon to be inside of him?*

There was silence. Jordon nodded and got off the bed. Finally Jordon said, “some guys don’t like it. I guess you must have to specify that to your clients before...”

Chase got up off the bed. "It's not that. I've done it before lots of times. I just don't..."

"Want to do it with me," Jordon finished the sentence for him. There was no anger in his voice.

Chase couldn't look at him. *No, goddamn it, he wanted to say. You make me feel too much. I'd be lost with you inside me. I don't want to fall in love with you. A man like you would not only break my heart, you'd destroy it.* "Something like that," he said. "Of course since I'm essentially being paid for sex, you could insist."

Jordon's voice sounded brittle now in the reply. "I fuck for pleasure, Chase. I wouldn't want to be inside any guy who didn't want me there, even if he was a paid whore."

"Yeah, well..." Chase swallowed. Suddenly he had to get to hell out of this room. "Guess, I'll go to bed," he said, standing up and quickly leaving the room. He didn't bother picking up his clothes.

Chapter Five

When Chase finally accepted the fact, that no matter what he did, he wasn't going to be able to sleep, he rose in the early pre-dawn, took one of Amanda's cars, and drove to the cemetery to visit Cassidy's grave. They hadn't known each other very long, but it was amazing how close he felt to him. He was alone really, with no one, except Amanda. All the friends and contacts he'd made at school were lost. He had basically cut them off after Cassidy died. His mother, well...hah...she made it clear to him that she hated him when she discovered that her new husband liked him better than her. He often wondered how she lived with herself. No matter, life moved on. His had.

Chase walked over to the grave and sat down on the grass in front of it. "Hi, Cass," he said softly, "how ya doin'? I hope you're doing better than me, pal. I was feeling better these last few days probably because Jordon has been distracting me, making me pissed off more than anything. Oh, did I tell you about Jordon? Amanda's half brother, you'd like him, you'd be drooling all over him, but he doesn't like me. He wishes I'd leave because he thinks Amanda needs to change her life and shit. Well, maybe she does. She's as scared as I am."

He bowed his head, swallowing hot tears. "It's not fair," he said, doubling up his fists and pressing them into the earth. "Not fair that you're dead and I can fall in love with..." He stood up. "I'm not in love with him, and he's not in love with me. He thinks of me as a whore, and well...I am a whore." A teardrop fell from his eye and hit the grass. "I don't why I did what I did last night. I should have never touched him, Cass, cause now I want to go on touching him. But I didn't let him...you know...it's the ultimate possession, isn't it? He would have made me his tonight, my body, my mind, my...heart." He closed his eyes. "I'm in this hole Cass, and I can't climb out no matter how I try, and Amanda is down there with me. Both of us, afraid to love, not knowing how, two hurt little children. But I'm a fighter Cass, really I am. My step dad taught me how to box, remember and well..." he started to laugh, "he came to regret that, the old bastard. That night he came to my room and tried to stick his cock up my ass, I plowed him Cass, I knocked him across the room, and my mother...well...she didn't believe me even if it was all in front of her eyes. She couldn't, she couldn't bear it. I wanted to change my life, and Cass, maybe it would have been you and me but now...I can't anymore. I don't deserve to..." He started to cry in earnest, all alone in the dawn, sobbing over the grave of a guy that no one else cared about except for him.

Finally, Chase got back into the car and drove back to the house. He sat in the car for a long time. Things were more complicated now, but not impossible. Jordon was not in his future. Jordon would never love a guy like him, and he wasn't at all ready to take Jordon on. Amanda didn't need to know anything about what happened between them. With a sigh, Chase got out of the car. He needed to talk to Jordon, to put this all behind them, and to find some way to peacefully co-exist.

* * * *

Chase managed to get a few hours sleep, then he went downstairs in search of some

food. Jordon was sitting at the dining room table eating lunch. Chase glanced at him hesitantly. "We need to talk," he said.

"Oh yes, about what?" He said, looking up.

One of the servants came around the table now and poured Chase some coffee.

"Would you like some lunch, sir?" she asked.

"Toast," he said, "thanks."

Jordon was dressed in a light summer suit. It was charcoal grey and worked well with his blue eyes. He ate a few mouthfuls of what looked like tuna salad and then paused, glancing at Chase who sat quietly across from him. "You look like shit," he said.

"Thanks. I didn't sleep much last night."

Jordon didn't comment.

"What happened last night...I..." Chase began.

"Let's ah...not go there, Chase," Jordon replied coolly.

"I think it's better that Amanda doesn't know and..."

"She won't hear a word from me," Jordon said.

"Can we try and..."

"Whatever," he said.

"It's just that what happened last night..." Chase began.

Jordon stood up abruptly, and pushed back his chair. "Nothing happened last night as far I'm concerned, now let's fucking stop talking about it, okay?"

The servant who was bringing in Chase's toast stopped dead in her tracks. The anger in Jordon's voice was profound. Chase sucked in some breath. *Nothing. What had happened last night between them was nothing.* Chase nodded. No words came out of his mouth. He watched Jordon leave the dining room. A few seconds later, he heard the front door slam, and a car engine start. Chase lowered his head, and bit into his bottom lip.

* * * *

Amanda called that afternoon around four o'clock. She told Chase it was around midnight in London. "Are you tired?" Chase asked her.

"A little. Suffering from jet lag mostly. Look Hon, I'm going to be about a week. It's a mess here, unfortunately, and I have to wait for some legal documents."

Chase sighed inwardly.

"Where's Jordon?"

"I don't know. He left here at noon in his suit and..."

"Oh yes, I know, they're finalizing the work on the new race car. He must be very excited. You know, we've been getting along so much better lately. I think with Dad out of the picture...well... about the other night, he really didn't mean to bust in on us. It was an emergency and..."

"I know that," Chase said.

"He'll come around where you're concerned, darling. Who couldn't help but love you."

Chase didn't reply.

"Chase, are you feeling better? Are you sleeping?"

"I'm okay."

"Why don't you go and get a massage, go to a concert, take a few days for yourself while I'm gone. You have plenty of money in your account? If not, I can wire..."

"I'm fine, Amanda. I went to see Cass today."

She sighed. "Baby, I wished you'd stop going to the cemetery so often."

"I don't go often," he said defensively, "not as much as I used to."

There was a silence.

"Why don't you go and get some sleep. I'll see you in a few days."

"Okay, let Jordon know I won't be home for a bit."

"Okay, nite, Mandy."

"Goodnight, love."

* * * *

Chase went out for a walk and ended up eating a hamburger at some greasy spoon. He decided to take Amanda's advice, and so he went to see a movie, some action flick in the gay village. The theatre was filled with couples, cuddled together, holding hands. Chase found himself distracted. Halfway through the movie, he closed his eyes. Suddenly Jordon was sitting next to him, whispering in his ear, grabbing for his hand, offering him some of his popcorn. They didn't wait for the end of the movie. *Come home with me, Chase...I want to fuck you...I want to be inside you...we know how it ends anyway...Chase, I love you...*

Chase's eyes snapped open. The credits were playing, people were leaving. Chase shook himself and got up out of his seat. He walked to his car, and drove home. When he slipped his key into the front door, and walked into the hallway, he heard laughter. It was definitely a man's, and not Jordon's. He walked deeper into the hall and then saw Jordon with another man sitting on the sofa. The other man, with a sleek bald head and a muscular frame was kissing Jordon on the neck. They were laughing together, frolicking around on the sofa. Chase bumped into the hall table, knocking it sideways. The noise was enough to cause both men to look up.

"Sorry," Chase muttered, coming into the living room, "I don't mean to disturb you but..." The sight of Jordon and this other man was causing him to blank out. He stood there dumbfounded, not sure of what he wanted to say.

"It's okay," Jordon blinked. "Did you want something?"

"Ah...yes...Ah...Amanda, she called today."

"And?" Jordon said impatiently.

The other man's hand suddenly landed on Jordon's upper thigh. Chase's eyes were riveted to that hand. "Don't you believe in using the bedroom?"

Jordon's eyes widened. "We were about to use that fun room my sister has upstairs when you barged in."

"Well then fucking go at it then," Chase rattled off, "don't let me fucking stop you, Stud!"

"Whoa," the other guy said, standing up, then looking at Jordon, "seems there's a little jealousy here. Didn't know I had competition, Jordon. What's your problem, pal?" He looked at Chase.

"You, you're my fucking problem, PAL," Chase growled.

Jordon stood up. "Look Chase, this is none of your..."

"So, you're Amanda's little slut, are you?" The guy leered at him.

Chase reached out for him. With one hand on his collar, and the other raised in the air, he was ready to strike.

Jordon grabbed Chase's arm and held it in midair. "Don't do it, Chase," he said quietly, a lethal look in his eyes.

Chase was shaking with anger. He lowered his fist. "Wouldn't want to get your little fuck mate all messed up before the big moment," he hissed. He took a step backward. "Amanda won't be home for a few days," he said, then turned on his heels and headed up the stairs.

A few minutes later, his door burst open, and Jordon stood there, hands on his hips. He had discarded the suit, and was dressed in faded jeans and a red shirt. His hair was slicked back from his face. He looked pissed.

Chase looked up at him from where he lay on the bed, his hands positioned under his head. "A problem, Jordon? Need some technical advice?"

"Fuck you," Jordon told him. "I don't need anything from you."

Chase sighed.

"You have some nerve threatening my guests in my own house. Care to tell me what that was all about!"

"You told him I was a whore," Chase accused.

"I didn't tell him anything. That guy knows Amanda, he's her masseuse."

"And he was here to give you a massage?"

"Among other things. What's it to you?" He came closer to the bed, eyeing him.

"Nothing. Not a damn thing, just like you said what happened between us was nothing."

"Fine," he said.

"Jordon," Chase said, sitting on the side of the bed now.

"What?" He didn't turn around.

"Can't we get along?"

"Sure," he shrugged. "I'll just pretend you don't exist, and you do the same."

Chase didn't answer. He might as well have told him to forget how to breathe. He watched as Jordon left the room without a backward glance.

Later, Chase went to look out his window and he saw Jordon. He was swimming alone in the pool, the moonlight shining down on his head and his shoulders. Chase lowered his hands to his pants. He unzipped his jeans and slipped his hands inside his pants. Rubbing his cock slowly, he watched Jordon as he continued to do laps. Suddenly he could feel Jordon's cock against his ass, his lips on his neck. *I want you, I want you, Chase. I want to be inside of you.* Chase stroked his cock harder. Jordon was impaling him with his cock, going deeper inside of him, possessing him, causing him to cry out in passion, and lose himself completely. *Jordon...Jordon...* He was coming out of the pool now, his muscled body bathed in moonlight, water dripping off his hair, his chest, off the tip of his cock. He was completely naked, and he was hard. Chase pushed away from the wall. He marched into Amanda's playroom and rummaged in the drawers until he found exactly what he wanted, a pair of extra heavy duty wrist cuffs, then he bounded down the stairs.

Chapter Six

“What do you want?” Jordon asked, wiping his face with a towel.

“You,” Chase growled, tearing the towel out of his hands and pressing him against the wall. Wrenching Jordon’s arms over his head, and behind his neck, he quickly attached the cuffs and clicked them closed.

“Hey,” Jordon protested. “What in hell is...?”

Chase kept one hand on Jordon’s chest, balancing him against the wall. Jordon’s cock was hard and his tits were standing stiff and erect. “Goddamn you, if you aren’t too beautiful for your own good.” Chase whispered, trailing his lips down his neck.

“This could be considered rape,” Jordon said, his voice dangerously low.

“It could be, but with the state of your cock,” Chase slapped it lightly with his hand for emphasis, causing Jordon to grunt, “there’s not a court in the land that would convict me.” He attached his lips to one of the cold hard nipples and sucked on it, while he continued to brutalize Jordon’s luscious cock by slapping it.

Jordon did moan then, arching his body, letting his head go back.

Chase raised his head. “You like that, do you? Well, since I’m a whore, and a well trained one, why not simply treat me like one. Let me...” he met his eyes, “give your body to me, Jordon.”

Chase didn’t wait for his answer. He lapped at his stiff nipple, and began to pinch the other between his thumb and forefinger. He felt Jordon’s needy cock slap his against his thigh and he laughed. “Patience, baby,” he murmured as he caught his nipple between his teeth and pulled, “I’ll get to that in a minute. Come on upstairs. Let me introduce you to the pleasures of your sister’s playroom.”

* * * *

Chase knew that Jordon felt ridiculous as they made their way up the stairs. He kept insisting that Chase take off the cuffs, but Chase ignored him. “Relax, we’re playing. None of it means anything, remember.”

When Jordon protested again, Chase slapped his ass a few times, which caused him to laugh. Once in the hallway, Chase grabbed his arm and pulled him into Amanda’s suite. They went straight through to the playroom. Chase quickly ripped off his own clothes. He enjoyed the way Jordon’s eyes moved over him, and it hardened his cock even more. “Your cock is so hard,” Chase told him, keeping a distance between them.

“So is yours,” Jordon told him, standing there in the middle of the room with his hands cuffed behind his head.

Chase reached out for him. “Come here,” he said, pulling him into his arms. He kissed him deeply, allowing himself the pleasure of playing with his ass a bit. “Look at yourself in the mirror, Jordon, look how beautiful you are. Do you blame me for wanting you?”

He didn’t answer.

“Amanda is gone, so while she’s gone, let’s play,” Chase whispered against his hair. “Are you willing to let me take you? Are you willing to give yourself over to pleasure,

because I want to please you?”

He nodded.

Chase dragged him forward. “Get up on the table on your knees,” he told him.

Jordon did as Chase asked him, giving him a suspicious look. “Do you trust me?”

He hesitated, then nodded.

“Good,” Chase said. He pulled his legs apart, cuffed one ankle to the table, then the other. He pulled the clip down above Jordon’s head and attached it to his cuffs. The way he had spread his legs made his chest and his cock jut out at an angle. Chase came around to admire him. He almost came looking at him.

“Chase,” Jordon breathed. He was suffering now, his cock, his balls, his ass, his tits, all crying out for attention.

“You’re really turned on,” Chase said softly, running his hand over his chest and down over his stomach.

“Come on,” Jordon said, “undo these cuffs. I don’t think I want to...”

“You don’t want to play with me anymore, Jordon?” Chase said softly, coming around to his back and planting a kiss at the small of his back. The table was level with Chase’s hips. It would be so easy just to grab Jordon around the hips and plunge his cock inside of him. That’s what he wanted to do, but he’d have to be patient. He wanted him to want him first. He wasn’t sure why he needed that right now, but he did. He’d wanted to make him beg.

Chase went over to the toy box and opened a few drawers.

“What are you doing?” Jordon asked him nervously.

“I thought you said you trusted me, Jordon,” Chase replied.

“What-are-you-doing?”

“I’m going to massage your prostate, if you must know,” Chase said softly, inserted a lubed finger between his ass cheeks.

Jordon gasped.

Chase inserted two, then three fingers. Jordon’s head went back. “Chase,” he breathed.

“Um,” Chase replied, his lips moving over Jordon’s ass. He began to fuck him slowly with his fingers, reaching around with the other hand to stroke his cock.

Jordon’s body went into spasms, his cock fucking the air as Chase continued fucking him. “Are your tits aching, Jordon?” Chase asked him, moving his fingers out of his ass now, coming around to press his lips to his erection.

“Everything is aching,” he hissed.

Chase began to play with his nipples, tugging them and pinching them. He took his time torturing them, deciding not to clamp them. They were just too beautiful. The guy had perfect nipples. In fact, he had perfect everything. Chase lowered his head to lick and suck his balls while Jordon slapped his cock against his cheek. “You taste wonderful,” Chase said, wrapping his arms around his body now and kissing him deeply. He could feel Jordon’s entire body tremble as he did. He actually moaned when he released him.

“Let me fuck you,” Jordon pleaded, meeting his eyes. “My cock is so...”

Chase ran his eyes over Jordon’s cock which was pulsing slightly and dripping with pre-cum. “I’ll take care of it,” he said, coming around back and taking the condom out of the package. He put it on and got close up behind him. “Are you sure you want it, Jordon? You’re not fucking me but I can fuck you, release you, make you come. Do you

want to come, Jordon?" Chase was breathing hard. He hoped he'd get what he needed from him soon because he didn't know how much longer he could hold on. He wanted him too much. "Beg for it."

"No," Jordon moaned.

"Come on, one word, say please and I'll..." Chase licked his lips. He felt the cum rumbling through his cock. Shit...no...no... "Say it, Jordon, say it you son of a..."

"NO!" He cried out.

Chase's cock dipped into his ass, sliding in all at once, causing Jordon to let out one great cry. He came as soon as he was inside of him. There was no thrusting, nothing. He was spent. Swearing, he pulled out. He'd never lost control like that. He was the epitome of control. "Fuck," he said. "Fuck you, Jordon."

"Everyone loses control sometimes," Jordon said. "Now get me out of these things, please."

Chase came around to the front of him. He met his eyes. "Tell me about Evan."

"What about him? Get me out of these things, Chase."

"In a minute," Chase said. "Why did he try to kill you?"

"Who said he did?" Jordon replied stiffly, struggling with the cuffs.

Watching his body move like that was making Chase hot again. He felt his cock start to stiffen. "I read the newspaper article. Said he..."

"Do you believe everything you read in the papers?" Jordon replied angrily. "Chase, undo these fucking things before I..."

"Before you what?" Chase grinned at him. "You can't do too much right now. You're at my mercy." Chase ran a hand down his chest to his cock which was still semi-erect. "I still haven't taken care of that for you."

"Forget it. The mood has passed."

"Doesn't look like it. Was Evan your lover?"

He sighed. "None of your business."

"Tell me."

"We were...friends."

"Bullshit. You were fucking him. What happened?"

"It was a long time ago."

"Tell me," Chase said, running his fingers over Jordon's cock, "tell me and I'll release you."

"Alright, I was fucking him."

"Why did he try and kill you?"

Jordon sighed. "I told him it was over. He tried to kill us both, but it didn't work out that way."

Chase met his eyes. "My God. He loved you that much."

Jordon sighed. "I was young and foolish. Evan was older than me. He was looking for something that I couldn't give him."

"He went to jail, didn't he? What happened to him?"

Jordon looked down. "Chase, don't...don't make me..."

"What happened to him, Jordon?" Chase insisted, reaching out and lifting his chin up.

"He killed himself in prison."

Chase swallowed. He saw the pain in Jordon's eyes, and suddenly he regretted

asking him. "Jordon, God, I'm..." He reached up and unhooked him from the clamp, then undid the cuffs on his arms and his ankles. He stood back and watched as he sat on the edge of the table.

"I don't know what came over me. I'm sorry Jordon. I had no right to ask you and to..." Chase turned his back.

He was surprised when he felt Jordon's arms move around him from behind. "It's alright," he said softly. "Why do you care so much?"

"I...don't...I don't know," Chase replied, covering Jordon's hands with his.

Jordon turned him around. He took his face between his hands for a minute, then, he kissed his mouth softly. The force of that tender kiss shook him to the core. "Come," he said softly, "come to my bed, out of this room. You don't need to perform for me, Chase. Let me hold you. Let me make love to you."

Chase melted against him, melted into his kiss. In Jordon's bed, he let him lay him down against the pillows. He closed his eyes as Jordon's mouth moved over his chest, his nipples, his stomach. When he placed his slick fingers up inside of him, Chase cried out, turning his face into the pillow, he whimpered. When he felt the head of Jordon's cock between the cheeks of his ass, he drew a labored breath, his legs hoisted over Jordon's strong shoulders. Jordon leaned over him and stroked his hair. "Baby," he said softly, "I want you."

Chase closed his eyes as he felt Jordon's cock begin to fill him. He grunted, curled his toes, said something which might have been his name. He felt him go deeper, his cock contacting every spot which brought pleasure. He cried out. *Jesus...Jesus...he had filled him completely, moving inside of him, making the entire world go away. He couldn't think of anything but him, his cock filling his need, going faster now, harder, demanding release, demanding...*

He couldn't think anymore. He watched Jordon's face contort, his eyes closed, his chest heaving. He heard himself say something like "oh...oh...yes..." while his hand was leading his cock to its own release. They came together, almost at exactly the same time, their bodies twitching with that rush, that pleasure like no other, complete and utter orgasmic heaven.

When Jordon slipped away from him, Chase felt as if he was dying for a moment, then it passed. It was the strangest feeling. He lay there, his breathing returning to normal, listening to Jordon mumble "Oh God...that was good...that was so good."

Chase looking up at the ceiling. Jordon rolled over and looked down at him from where his head laid on his elbow. "Was it good?"

Chase nodded. "Do you need to ask?"

He laughed a little. "Guess not. Why didn't you let me do that before?"

"I had my reasons," Chase stiffened.

"I don't understand."

"You don't need to, okay?"

"Okay." Jordon went to sit up.

Chase put out his hand. "Don't go yet. I'm scared."

"Scared of what?" Jordon asked.

"I don't know."

Jordon lay back down beside him. "Tell me about school, and what happened with that Cassidy guy."

"You know everything."

"No, all I know is that Cassidy had an ex-boyfriend who was a drug dealer and he shot him."

"He wanted to shoot me."

"Why?"

"Because he was jealous, and because I didn't want Cassidy to give him money. I also punched him out a few times."

"You seem prone to that."

"I'm sorry. I wasn't in a good mood when I came home earlier."

"I think you were jealous."

"Jealous? No. No way."

Jordon smiled. "Where did you learn to fight?"

"My stepfather trained boxers for a living."

"Ah. Why do you blame yourself for that guy's death when you did everything you could to help him?" Jordon asked him.

"He gave his life for me. He turned the gun away and..."

"You probably would have done the same. You know Chase, for a long time I blamed myself for Evan. I carelessly got involved with him without any concern for his feelings. I was young. I wanted to fuck everything that moved. As a result, he went to prison, ruined his life and eventually died there."

"You don't blame yourself anymore?"

"No. I paid for my crimes. I spent an entire year learning how to walk again. I had three plastic surgeries to cover the burns to my legs. I had to forgive myself and go on. That's what you have to do Chase."

Chase swallowed.

"Tell me about school."

"Counseling. I wanted to counsel runaway kids like myself."

"Why did you run away?" Jordon asked, taking his hand.

"My step father wanted to...well, he tried to have sex with me. I had to leave, my Mother...well..."

"Didn't believe you. Then what happened?"

"I ended up on the streets but The Agency found me and..."

"That place where Amanda gets her boys."

"Yep."

"Why don't you go back to school?"

"I lost the...I don't know...I just couldn't after Cassidy."

"Did you love him?"

"I could have. I mean I didn't feel what I feel for..." He stopped. Damn. What had he almost said there? "I mean, I didn't have time to find out."

Jordon squeezed his hand. "Chase, you can't throw your life away because of Cassidy. Put it behind you. Go back to school, and get out of here."

"You really do want to get rid of me," Chase snapped, sitting up in the bed.

"Chase, it has nothing to do with..." Jordon began, sitting up too. "Listen to me. I want you to have a life. Look at my sister. Do you think she has a life? She's afraid just like you. She's been hurt, by Dad, by her late husband, by everyone. Dad didn't love anyone, not even himself and he made his children suffer. Amanda should have someone

in her life who can really love her, but as long as she keeps hiding, she'll never find it."

"Maybe it doesn't exist," Chase said, hovering near the door.

"It exists."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know but...we have to go on believing it does."

Chase nodded, and left the room.

* * * *

The next day was Saturday and Chase was surprised when Jordon bounded in the door and shook him. "Get up," he said. "We're going biking and on a picnic."

"Picnic," Chase woke up and rubbed his eyes. "Where in the hell are we going to picnic around here?"

"We're not going around here," Jordon said, looking gorgeous in a pair of white shorts and a sand colored t-shirt. "We're going to the Ahmanson Ranch area, about ten miles out of Santa Monica."

An hour later, they were on the road, Chase surprised at the invitation. Jordon had packed two trail bikes up on top of his four by four, and had brought a cooler filled with food and drinks.

He couldn't believe how beautiful it was. They drove along a road through gently rolling hills dotted with huge, spectacular oak trees. After a big loop around, the trail headed northwest to a place called Las Virgenes Canyon where there was a small creek.

Eventually, Jordon stopped the vehicle and got the bikes down. They biked along in the serenity, pausing only to drink some water every once in awhile. By the time they turned around and headed back to the vehicle, the sun was beginning to dip low in the sky. They got out the lunch and sat by the creek, watching the beautiful sunset turn the sky the color of flames. It was beautiful, and the sandwiches tasted delicious.

A cool evening breeze had picked up now, and Chase watched as Jordon's hair blew gently across his face. For a moment, he couldn't decide what was more beautiful, the sunset or Jordon.

"Why did you invite me to go with you today?" Chase asked suddenly. They hadn't said much all day. They had biked side by side making small talk, mainly about the scenery, and when they stopped to eat, it was just too beautiful to talk.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Jordon asked him.

"Yes. I don't think I've ever been out of the city."

"It's good to get away, to take a fresh look at things," Jordon said.

"But you don't even like me."

"True, but all my other fuck buddies were busy," Jordon said, then grinned at him.

Chase shook his head, then started to laugh.

"Chase, I never said I didn't like you. I said it would be better for Amanda if you left."

"She'd only get another."

"Maybe."

"I was going to leave before..."

"You still can."

"What about you?"

"I'm going to give Amanda my share of the house," he said.

“She’ll be happy. She thought you were hanging on to it out of sentiment.”

He laughed. “Nothing sentimental for me here, just pain and loneliness. I was trying to prompt her to do something else, but she is genuinely attached to that place. With her money, she could travel more, but I’ve realized that I can’t tell her how to live her life.”

Chase nodded. “You had good intentions.”

“Yeah,” he laughed, “and you know what they say about that. You know, it may sound funny but Amanda is all I have left, and in spite of all the shit in our past, most caused by our father, I want the best for her.”

“What about you, Jordon? What do you want?” Chase asked him.

“Right now at this moment,” he said, reaching over and touching Chase’s hair, “I want you.”

* * * *

It was a nice drive home, the streets of L.A. dark and quiet as they drove into the city. Chase could still taste Jordon’s kisses on his mouth. They had made love there by the creek, in the cocoon of nature as the sun went down in the sky. It seemed so bittersweet. To feel so high on love, to have everything he’d ever dreamt about in a man, and to know it wouldn’t last. It couldn’t, of course. He and Jordon Nash were as different as two men could be. They came from different universes, and either he had to accept these stolen moments and absorb the pleasure, or save himself and put a stop to it. The latter was impossible. The former spelled only heartbreak.

Chase knew he would be going to Jordon’s bed when they walked up the stairs. It was inevitable. Jordon was like a magnet pulling at his heart, and he couldn’t let go. At the top of the stairs, Jordon stopped and pulled Chase up against him. He kissed his mouth, running his hands down over his arms. “Come with me,” he said, his voice laced with passion. “Say you want me tonight, Chase.”

“I want you tonight,” Chase replied. *I want you every night.*

They fell together on the bed, Jordon kissing him again. Christ, the guy could kiss and it seemed that Chase couldn’t get enough of those kisses no matter how long they did it for. Jordon had a mouth made for kissing and as Chase had discovered earlier and was about to rediscover, it was made for fucking too. On his knees, Chase fed Jordon his cock, who took every inch of it. Chase began to fuck his face, his hands in his silky hair. They gazed into each other’s eyes, Jordon’s mouth stretched over Chase’s thick, fully erect cock. As Chase’s cock began to pump its liquid into Jordon’s mouth, he swallowed it. Chase could feel Jordon’s eyes on him as he came, shouting in sweet release.

Chase’s eyes ran over Jordon’s naked body as he pressed him back to the pillow; his hand roughly fondling his cock, massaging his balls. He felt aggressive suddenly, as if he was a panther and Jordon the prey. He wanted to devour him. Jordon began stroking his own cock as Chase leaned down over him, whispering. “Sit on my cock. I want to fuck you with you on top of me. I want to see it going inside you, I want to...”

Jordon placed a finger on Chase’s lips. He sat up, reached over into the drawer, and began to lube himself. Then he undid a condom and rolled it onto Chase’s cock. Chase never took his eyes off of him. “Do it,” Chase whispered to him, “do it, baby.”

Jordon straddled him, his eyes searching his. He positioned Chase’s cock and began to take it up inside of him. Chase whimpered softly, letting his tongue move over his lips. Jordon bore down. Chase felt himself inside Jordon, then Jordon began to move, to use

Chase's cock exactly the way he wanted to. "Chase," he hissed, "damn you feel soooooo...yes, yes..." Chase reached out and played with Jordon's erection, stroking it, squeezing it. Jordon bounced up and down on his cock, taking it all the way out, then laying siege to it again. They both cried out, Jordon's cock exploding, spraying Chase's face and hair. Chase reached up and grabbed Jordon's arms and pulled him down on top of him. He kissed him passionately, deeply, bruising his mouth. How in the hell could he ever let him go?

It was Chase who heard the car. He poked Jordon, and said, "Oh my God, I think Amanda is home."

He yawned. "Okay," he said.

"So," Chase said, "I...we..."

"It's been nice," Jordon said, looking into his eyes. "I guess this means you'll have to go to..."

"Yes."

"Think about what I said, okay?" Jordon said. "I'll be leaving here in a week. I'm going to tell Amanda she can have the house."

Chase's stomach knotted. "Where will you go?"

"Back home. I have a house in New York. I do most of my work from there so..." He got up and went to put on his robe. "I'll go downstairs and see her, give you time to..."

"Right," Chase said.

After Jordon left, he got out of bed and went back to his own room. In the shower, he gulped back hot tears. This was the moment. It was here, and it hurt deeper than he thought it would.

Chapter Seven

That night at dinner, Amanda chattered on about London. She was in an especially happy mood. Everything had turned out with her business interests there, and Jordon had already told her he was giving her his half of the house.

"I don't see why you have to go back to that crappy city so soon," Amanda said to Jordon.

"I have work," he said.

She reached over and hugged him. "Things are different now. We're closer and I'm afraid to lose you again."

"You won't lose me," he said.

No, Chase thought, she wouldn't lose him, but he would.

"You promise?" Amanda said.

"I do."

Chase noticed that Jordon had been avoiding his eyes all evening. It seemed to be his way of saying ... turn the page. *It's behind us.*

Amanda refilled the wine glasses. "Chase, I have a surprise for you tonight."

Chase blinked. "Really. What's that?"

Amanda looked at Jordon. "Now, no comments from you."

Jordon put up his hands defensively.

"A new boy, I called the Agency from London to see what they had. He's pretty special. I thought you deserved something special after the famine."

Jordon cleared his throat. "Well," he said, pushing back his chair, "time's getting on. I'm supposed to meet some friends so..."

"Jordon," Chase put a hand on his sleeve. Jordon met his eyes. "Ah, have a good time."

Jordon kissed his sister's cheek, and left the room.

"He didn't finish his supper."

Chase's eyes were on the open door. He had all he could do not to get up and follow him. He didn't want any new special boy from the Agency. He wanted Jordon.

"Amanda," he said, "I can't."

"You can't what, love?" Amanda asked.

"I'm in love with your brother."

Amanda's face went white. "Wha ... What?"

Chase stood up and ran out of the room. As he did, he heard the car skid away from the house. He opened the door and called after him. All he left was a cloud of dust.

Chase placed his forehead on the door and banged it a few times. Amanda was at his elbow. "Did you say you were in love with...Jordon?"

Chase turned around. "Amanda, you and I...we have to...we can't be afraid anymore. You need a man in your life, a man who loves you, and I need a man in mine. Amanda, listen to me," he took her by the shoulders. "I've never felt in my life what I feel for your brother. I can't let it go. I can't let him go. I can't go on pretending. I don't want to have sex with a string of strange men. I want Jordon. He satisfies me in a way that..." He let her go.

Amanda shook her head. "They all leave me, first Scott, then you. I can't believe you fucked my brother when I was gone."

"It just happened. Amanda," Chase followed her down the hallway, "Amanda, I'll pay you back every..."

"You don't owe me anything, Chase," she said, sinking down in her seat, "I owe you everything. Now, I'm going to be alone."

"Your brother loves you, and I love you, and if he'll be with me, then...well..." Chase took her into his arms and hugged her. "You'll gain a...brother-in-law?" He suggested comically.

She laughed a bit. "Does he love you?" Amanda asked.

"I sure as hell hope so," Chase breathed. "Any idea where he could have gone?"

She shook her head. "He'll come back." She stood up now, putting some space between them. "Good luck, I'll be rooting for you," she said.

"Amanda," he called after her, but she had left the room.

* * * *

It was almost three in the morning when the door opened and Jordon walked in. He was none too sober. Chase raised his head up off the dining room table and walked briskly out into the hallway. "Jordon?" he said.

"Oh," Jordon replied, "didn't expect to see you down here. Thought you'd be upstairs with the..."

"Jordon," Chase interrupted, trying to put his hands on his shoulders.

"Chase, no," he said. "It was fun. It's over now and it's not my business who you..."

"Yes it is, because I love you," Chase said, meeting his astonished eyes.

"You ah...what?"

"I love you, and I don't give a shit...I mean I do give a shit if you don't feel the same way. I'm risking humiliation here. I'd risk everything...everything..." Chase sunk down on his knees in front of him, "for you."

"Chase," Jordon said with a smirk, "get off your knees. What will the neighbors think?"

"Joking? You're joking?" Chase said angrily, punching him in the flank.

"Ow," Jordon said.

"I'm telling you I love you and..." Chase was close to bursting into tears.

Jordon leaned down and took his chin in his hands. "Look, tonight I left because the thought of you with someone else, no matter how special he is or..." He stopped. "Look, Chase, for Christ's sakes get off your knees. Leaning over like this makes me feel sick."

Chase scrambled off his knees.

"That's better."

"What were you saying?" Chase insisted.

"I was saying that...fuck...I'm crazy about you."

Chase began to laugh and cry all at once. He pulled Jordon into his arms and hugged him to him. "I love you, Jordon, shit, it hardly seems possible...I..."

Jordon separated himself from Chase for a moment. "You have to promise me, no more of this stuff..." He waved his hands around in the air. "And you go back to school... 'cause I'm not supporting your lazy ass," he laughed.

"I'll do anything for you, baby," Chase kissed his mouth, then made a face.

“Whew!”

“Yeah, yeah...I know. It was either that or come back here and kill the guy.”

Chase smiled.

“And listen to me. I don’t want you to do it for me. I want you to get your life together for yourself. You have to put Cassidy in the past and...”

“Okay,” Chase said. Suddenly he really felt like he could do that.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to go and throw up.” He hurried away and shut himself into the downstairs bathroom.

Chase watched him go helplessly. It wasn’t exactly the scene he had in mind for declaring their love. But shit, it would do for the moment.

* * * *

Ten months later

Chase sat there nervously as he heard each name being called. He turned around and looked behind him. Amanda waved to him with a smile. *He wasn’t going to make it.* Jordon had called earlier to say he had missed his flight due to a meeting that went overtime, but he was taking the next one out. It was okay, so he wouldn’t be here to see him walk up and get his diploma. He’d see him tonight. He’d have him all night. That brought a smile to his lips. God, he hadn’t seen Jordon for three weeks. Jordon flew back to L.A. every chance he had, but lately he had been working long hours and traveling to Europe to attend ceremonies for the initiation of the new race car he’d helped design. Chase had stayed behind to finally finish his degree.

Now, here he was, and Jordon...damn...where was he? This time was the last time they’d be parted because Chase was going to go back to New York with him. They had spoken briefly on the phone last night. Jordon sounded excited, talking about all the places he’d take him in New York.

He heard his name. Someone patted him on the back. He stood up, stumbling forward toward the podium. He took one last look at Amanda, then from the corner of his eye he saw a man hurrying down the aisle. *Jordon!* He’d made it. Chase smiled and turned to mount the stairs. He took the diploma, and the handshake, then walked down the other side. Jordon met his eyes when he was facing the crowd. He gave him a slow wink.

That wink made his heart beat like a drum in his chest. Damn, he was gorgeous. When the ceremony was finally over, Chase made his way through the crowd to Jordon and Amanda. He wanted to hold Jordon with a fierceness that made him dizzy. He went instantly into his arms, and Jordon rubbed his cheek against his. “Congratulations, baby,” he whispered. “Now you can support me in my old age.”

“Ha, ha,” Chase said, reluctantly letting him go. He looked flushed, as if he’d been running. He was wearing a dark blue suit, and his tie was crooked, his hair disheveled.

Amanda was kissing him now, hugging him tight. Chase looked over her shoulder at Jordon and smiled. Jordon returned it.

“Okay, Chase, I’m taking you to the best restaurant in town to celebrate. Let’s go,” Amanda said.

It was a nice gesture and he really did appreciate it, but all through dinner all he could think of was fucking Jordon. Every movement Jordon made, every gesture, even

the sound of his voice was making him hard. Jordon seemed to be aware of it himself because when Amanda got up to go to the bathroom, he leaned over to him and said, "I've missed you too."

Chase laughed slightly. "You hide it better. I'm in pain."

Jordon shook his head. "Hold on. It won't be much longer."

"So," Amanda said, returning to the table, "what do you say we go out on the town?"

"Ah...Amanda," Chase said abruptly, "I'm a little tired and..."

Amanda looked from Chase to her brother. "Um, I'm not stupid you know. I know you can't wait to rip my brother's clothes off."

Chase grinned and looked at his plate.

"Okay, let's have dessert and then you guys can go and have more dessert. I had the bed made up in..."

"No," Jordon said. "Thanks, Amanda but I've reserved a room tonight...a special place."

Chase looked up and met his eyes.

After a few seconds, Amanda broke the spell. "Okay, okay...I would say get a room, but you already did. Why don't you guys just skip the coffee and dessert and get the hell out of here already."

Both Jordon and Chase asked her several times if she minded, but they were halfway out of their seats.

She laughed. "Wouldn't do me any good if I did. Since the moment Chase saw you tonight, his mind has been on your cock."

"Amanda!" Jordon scolded her but he had a ghost of a smile on his face.

"Go on," Amanda said, "you know I'm not one to mince words. Have fun. Don't bruise each other too much. And don't you dare take off without..."

"Of course not," Chase said, kissing her cheek.

"Ask the driver to..." Amanda began but they were already heading for the front door.

* * * *

Chase and Jordon slipped into a taxi outside the restaurant. "Continental Diamond," Jordon told the driver.

Chase slid up closer to Jordon in the back seat. "Wow! That's a pricy hotel."

"I'm the last of the big spenders. What do you want?" Jordon told him.

"You know what I want," Chase said, his eyes filled with intention.

"Um, do I?" Jordon teased. "Tell me."

The taxi driver glanced into his mirror.

"Not here," Chase whispered, trying not to laugh. He felt giddy. He lowered his voice and pressed his lips to Jordon's ear. "I want to devour you."

"Ah, sounds promising," Jordon murmured, then reached his hand over and pressed it against Chase's hard cock, "feels promising too."

Chase pushed his hand away playfully. "Stop that, you wolf. You'll get into trouble that way."

Jordon said back in the seat, a smile plastered on his face. "I sure as hell hope so."

Chase grinned and looked out the window. Behave, he told himself, it won't be very much longer. He wasn't sure how he felt, leaving Los Angeles. It was his home after all.

He'd never been to New York, but he knew he'd go anywhere as long as Jordon was there. God, Jordon was the one he'd been waiting for all of his life, the one he thought he would never find. It was like a dream.

He'd gone to the cemetery today to visit with Cassidy. He hadn't been for awhile. He wanted to say goodbye. He'd come back of course with Jordon to see Amanda, but it could be awhile before he got back to Cassidy's grave. It was all right. The pain was still there but it wasn't all consuming anymore. He shed a few tears just the same. He knew that if Cassidy was alive, he'd be happy for him. He only wished that Cassidy could have lived to find the love of his life too.

"We're here," Jordon said suddenly as the cab screeched to a halt.

Chase shook himself out of his sadness and looked at Jordon. The sadness evaporated. *My love.*

When they reached the room, Chase didn't even notice the luxury. He didn't see the champagne bottle swimming in ice, or the hot tub near the balcony. He saw only Jordon, who was taking off his suit jacket. Chase slid the chain over the lock, never taking his eyes off the man who was standing less than a few feet away. His heart was beating like a drum in his chest. He could feel it in his ears. His balls began to tighten, and his cock strained against the zipper of his pants. Jordon smiled at him, and Chase took a step. "I love you," Chase whispered. "God, if I could only tell you..."

"Show me," Jordon said.

Chase went into his arms, fumbling with the buttons on his shirt as he frantically kissed his mouth.

Jordon started to laugh. "Whoa...whoa...we have all night you know."

"Um," Chase replied, moving his lips down Jordon's chest as he pushed the shirt off his shoulders. "And I don't intend on wasting a second of it."

Jordon took him by the shoulders and raised his head up to meet his eyes. "We have the rest of our lives now too, Chase."

Chase placed his hands on both sides of Jordon's face. He inhaled a kiss, then, pulled him into his arms. As his arms tightened around him, he said, "You really do love me, don't you, Jordon?"

"Unfortunately, yes," Jordon replied teasingly.

Chase gasped, his face a mask of comic horror. "Unfortunately?"

Jordon grinned. "Take your clothes off, Chase," he danced away from him. "You know you want it."

Chase narrowed his eyes, watching him as he unzipped his pants and jumped onto the bed. "Looks like you want it as well, boy."

Jordon lay on his back and slipped his pants and underwear off. "I do at that."

Chase stripped off his own clothes and came closer. "Maybe I'll make you beg."

"No you won't," Jordon whispered softly, looking up at him.

Chase melted. "No, I won't," he repeated as Jordon reached a hand out to him and pulled him down on the bed.

"So what am I supposed to do in New York anyway?" Chase murmured against Jordon's hungry mouth, pretending to be resisting as Jordon kissed him.

"We'll think of something," Jordon told him, pulling him over his body, then falling on top.

Chase wrestled with him a little, laughing, then quieted suddenly when Jordon's

mouth moved down to take his cock. His eyes locked with Jordon's and he saw love etched in them, fiery in its intensity. Any and all doubts vanished in a blink. Suddenly, he felt a feeling of pure happiness slice through him, taking his breath away.

Chase placed his hands on Jordon's hair, and moaned. "Oh God," he said, adding silently, *thank you*, not sure if he was thanking God, or Jordon, or both ... and not caring. He buried his hands in the rich texture, hanging on for dear life as Jordon's words whispered through his mind. *Unfortunately, he loved him too.*

The End

About the Author:

D.J. Manly is first and foremost a writer, but is also a college professor, a small business operator and a sociologist who works as a consultant on research projects. D.J. is a proud Canadian who lives in French Canada, and speaks both English and French. Human rights are a great concern, and D.J. longs for a peaceful world free of sexism, racism, and homophobia.

D.J. writes for the pure love of writing, and always with the reader in mind. If D.J. doesn't enjoy reading it, it won't be written. Great characters, great sex and a great love are the elements you'll find in D.J.'s work.

There is nothing quite as exciting as beautiful men falling in love. Come taste D.J.'s work, but be careful, you may become as addicted to reading it, as D.J. is to writing it. One reviewer said of Manly's work that reading it can give you "...third degree burns in an air conditioned room..." I think that says it all.

Email D.J. anytime with any questions or comments.

**Meet LSB Authors At The House Of Sin
Lsbooks.NET**

We invite you to visit Liquid Silver Books

LSbooks.com
for other exciting erotic romances.

MOLTEN Silver

Edgier, naughtier – from Summer 2006

Featured Series:

The Zodiac Series: 12 books, 24 stories and authors

Two hot stories for each sign, 12 signs

The Coven of the Wolf by Rae Morgan

Benevolent lusty witches keep evil forces at bay

Fallen: by Tiffany Aaron

Fallen angels in hot flight to redeem their wings

The Max Series by JB Skully

Meet Max, her not-absent dead husband, sexy detective Witt, his mother...

And many, many more!