

# *Single Shots*



Do You Believe in Magic  
*by Drew Zachary*

**Torquere Press**

[www.torquerepress.com](http://www.torquerepress.com)

Copyright ©2006 by Drew Zachary

First published in [www.torquerepress.com](http://www.torquerepress.com), 2006

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

Theo Kaminski, also known as Theo Charm, stood outside the Herald's offices. He was glaring up at the building, a wadded-up newspaper in his hand. Well, a section of it. The entertainment section. The section with entertainment columnist Craig's Boston's column, "Boston's Beat", in it. The section with the extremely uncomplimentary review of his magic show in it. The column didn't just dis his show either, oh no, it also claimed that he—Theo Charm—was an utterly uncharming fake.

It made him wonder what magician had pissed in Craig Boston's Wheaties.

It also pissed him off.

His mamma had always told him that his temper would get him into a world of trouble. His manager had actually made him read books about how to conduct oneself in the face of bad reviews, crying five-year-olds and other critics. That didn't stop him from opening up the Herald's doors and wandering around the building until he found himself in the right area to track down columnists; far away from the newsroom, close to the bathrooms.

"I'm looking for Craig Boston," he said to a harried-looking woman with a pile of files in her arms.

She nodded her head behind her. "First door on the right. He's the desk by the window." She gave him an amused once-over and took off toward the front.

"They put a critic near a window?" Theo muttered to himself as he walked down the hall and turned into the indicated room. "Not very well planned, that."

He looked around for a moment and spotted what had to be his target, sitting by the window and working diligently on a computer. Probably looking at porn, Theo thought uncharitably as he walked over. "Are you Craig Boston?" he asked, coming to halt by the desk.

The face that turned up to his couldn't possibly belong to a critic. Oh, no. This man was gorgeous. Short dark curls framed a square-jawed face with dark green eyes and pouty lips. Shirtsleeves and a loosened tie gave the impression of being busy, but did nothing to hide the muscles in the man's arms and chest. "Yeah. I am. Who're you?"

Theo looked down at the crumpled paper in his fist. Oh, yeah. Right. Pissed off. He could do pissed off, still. He hoped. He didn't like to think that he was utterly shallow, but then, he did work with illusions. "I'm Theo Cha—Theo Kaminski. I'd like to talk to you."

Craig blinked for a moment and then grinned, relaxing back in his chair. "The magician. Oh, excuse me, your type prefers 'illusionist'."

"I prefer anything over 'hack'," Theo ground out. "As I'm sure you do. However, I at least do some research."

One of Craig's eyebrows went up. "Attending the show *is* my research, bub. And I assure you that I did. I even managed to stay awake. Through most of it."

"Hmm." Theo braced his hip on the edge of the desk. "Did you know—did you ask ... oh, no, I guess asking questions falls outside of your particular research parameters. Fine, I'll just tell you. The lighting tech they hired turns out to be the

younger brother of Peter Nagas—AKA Peter the Great. The tech issues weren't mine."

"That's not my problem. My job is to let my readers know what I think of the shows I go see. Yours sucked." Craig crossed his arms over his chest and stared right at him.

"And so did this piece of crap you pass off as a review," Theo growled, tossing the paper onto the desk. "Barely literate and I doubt you'd know a good illusion if it sat up and smacked your pretty mouth twice." Oops. He hadn't meant to say the pretty part.

Craig's eyes narrowed and he stood. Oh, the man was tall. And well-built all over. If Theo hadn't been so mad he might have been intimidated.

"I know that I was *bored*. They might have been good illusions, but they were *boring* illusions, too, and I have a duty to tell my readers that."

"Hard to have a show-stopper when the fucking lighting tech blew the show as a laugh. Hard to make rainbows show when the lights are wrong. Do you have any idea what goes into a decent illusion? The variables that have to be set just right? What happens when one of the elements is tossed?" Theo very carefully kept talking, not backing up at all. Just as carefully, he tried to keep himself from swaying *toward* Craig's body.

Craig finally held up his hands. "Look. You're right. I don't know how any of that technical shit effects stuff. But I'm not going to write you a glowing review when the show sucked wind. That's not how it works. I show up on a random night

and I make my review. I'm sorry if you were having a bad night, but that's really not my problem."

Logically, Theo knew Craig was right. He knew he didn't have any real call to even be there, in Craig's face about it; his manager was going to kill him, actually. Still, it grated because it just wasn't fair. He was damn good at what he did, and the sucky review was going to hurt him long term. "Come to another show," he blurted. "See how it's supposed to be done."

That eyebrow was back up again, but Craig didn't answer right away. "You realize that if I do, I'm going to write a column about it, whether I like it any better the second time or not. You could wind up with two shitty reviews."

Theo snorted. "They fired the lighting tech." He took a careful step backward, trying to add a little distance before he gave up the internal war and just stared at Craig. Now that his mind was a little calmer, his body was waking up. "Saturday, matinee and evening."

"You expect me to give up my Saturday night for a show that I already hated once?"

Irritation washed up Theo's spine. "Or an afternoon, and yes, I do. You didn't check into the theater, you know nothing about me, you know nothing about illusions. Frankly, you shouldn't be reviewing magic shows if you don't know what goes into them. This is my career you're toying with, buddy. Not some piss-ant college review shit. Or don't you have that so called 'journalistic integrity' the rest of us plebes get to hear about so much?" He never did know when to shut up. His mamma had told him that, too.

Craig growled. "Listen here, you two-bit charlatan. I've put up with you coming in here and getting in my face without calling security, but if you think questioning my ability and my integrity is going to get you a favorable review, you live in a world of illusion full time, *buddy*." Craig was clearly pissed off now, too, which made them even, if nothing else. "I suggest you leave right now and I'll *consider* showing up on Saturday and taking in your meager offerings again."

"Whatever." Theo could feel his eyes narrow and knew his face was heating, his irritation turning back into anger. "Don't do me any favors. Maybe I'll get lucky and the four people who actually read your crap will see it for what it is." He turned to walk away, his hands balled into fists at his sides.

"Forty thousand people, you mean." The man sighed. "All right. I'll go. But it better rock my socks off, Mr. Charm."

Theo suddenly had a strange mental image of Craig Boston in nothing *but* his socks. "It's what I do," he said in a slightly strangled voice. "Come backstage after the show, if you want."

"We'll see."

He could have sworn he could feel those eyes on his ass all the way out. But that was probably just wishful thinking

\* \* \* \*

Saturday's matinee was solid, the crowd enthusiastic and with him, and Theo couldn't help but hope that Craig had been there, had seen just how good it could be when all the marks were hit and the elements were nailed. But Theo's life was never that easy, and half an hour after the curtain fell he

started the set up for the evening show, praying it would go just as smoothly.

Then again, with his luck, he'd nail it again and the bastard wouldn't even have bothered to show up.

He'd had some phone calls about the crappy review, teasing from colleagues mostly, but one or two booking agents with second thoughts. As much as he didn't like to admit it, Craig Boston had a lot more than just four readers.

The set-up went smoothly, the techs were on board, and Theo had double-checked as much as he could without making himself crazy. When he felt himself getting a little too manic about it all, he took himself off to the shower, got himself nice and relaxed again. If he reached his bliss with that stupid thought of Craig in nothing but his socks, he wasn't going to tell anyone. No harm, no foul.

Dinner was fast and light, then Theo did another last check and locked himself in his dressing room to change and wait, staring at his toes. He had two of the rabbits on stage, ready to go, so when he left he dropped some treats into the cage for the other two. "Wish me luck, kids," he said, and he could have sworn that Flip and George wiggled their noses at him.

The evening crowd started off a little slower than the afternoon audience had, but it took Theo himself less time to get into the flow, to pull them in with him. He dragged them into the illusions with him, made them believe in the impossible for a short time, and brought a little magic out into the world for a while. By the end of the first act he knew it was going to be fine, better than.



Do You Believe in Magic  
*by Drew Zachary*

The second act was easier, the audience ready to go with him. He started with one of his two best, making rainbows dance from the stage to the back of the hall and up into the rafters. It was simple light and mirrors, but it was elaborate and pretty and the sudden shower of sparkles from nowhere brought cheers and long applause.

The bunnies were perfect as always, Flap and Flop vanishing and reappearing, sitting still when he needed them to and giving a little hop when nudged just right. Extra carrots went on his mental list of things to do after the show.

The illusions flowed, his words were a steady hum to even himself as he talked. Familiar phrases were easy to trip over, but Theo was as much into the show as the audience, and he let himself be as dramatic as the moment called for, holding nothing back in his voice, his body. He charmed. He persuaded. He coaxed and tricked and finally he vanished from the middle of the stage and it was over.

He walked to the stage from the back of the hall, nodding at the applause and the cheers and the few people already on their feet. In the middle of the front row a boy looked up at him, frowning.

"You wanted smoke, didn't you?" he asked, reaching into his pocket. At the boy's nod, Theo held out his hand to show him the small plastic ball he'd pulled out. "It's just pretend. The smoke comes from here, when I drop it, like this." He dropped the ball, darted forward and tugged the boy onto the stage, and when the smoke cleared there was more applause, this time for the child suddenly appearing on stage. "Illusion is in the eyes," Theo told him. "Magic is in your heart."

With a bow, Theo returned the boy to his parents, waved, and left the stage. He'd done it, and he knew it. He grinned all the way back to his dressing room, accepting the slaps on the back from the stage crew and tossing out instructions to leave the set up; he wanted to do the tear down himself. Right after he took care of a pressing problem or two.

Success made him hard, always had. Trouble was, he'd managed to forget Craig Boston and his invitation backstage. And there was the man, leaning against his dressing room door, looking mighty fine in a dark black suit, grey shirt and silver tie.

"Congratulations, Mr. Charm. *That* was a show."

Theo nodded, trying to be gracious and matter of fact at the same time. "It was better than my average," he admitted, "but it's damn close to what I do. I'm glad you got to see it."

"Yeah, so am I. You deserve a good review. Not that my initial review wasn't fair—in fact I was kind, given the screw-ups—but I'm happy I'll be able to do you a more favorable one second time around." Craig straightened and grinning. "So do I get some sort of tour or something? An insider view? Dinner? I mean you invited me back here for some reason, didn't you?"

Theo figured he must have, but he'd be damned if he could remember what. Part of that was because his blood was far more interested in moving south than it was in moving to his brain, and he was pretty sure Craig was going to figure that out in about two minutes or less. "Yeah," he said, finally. "I have to take a quick shower, but then I can show you around,

if you'd like. Introduce you to the rabbits." He grinned and swung his arm to the door of his dressing room. "After you?"

"The rabbits. Sure." Craig preceded him into the room, shoulders broad across the top of the suit, his ass just visible beneath the jacket.

Theo's cock gave a little leap, pushing against his fly in an effort to get a little closer to the tease. "Two of them are in the cage," he said, pointing to the wire box by the couch. He peeled off his jacket and headed to the mirror, grabbing a box of tissues. "Give me a moment to get this make-up off?" Hopefully, long enough for his erection to get the idea that he wasn't going to be able to do anything about it for a little while.

"Yeah, sure." Craig started looking around, poking into boxes, checking out the bunny cage. Probably trying to ferret out secrets.

"There's nothing terribly interesting in here," Theo said with a smile. He swiped at his eyes and cheeks with cream and tissues, taking off layers of color. "All the impressive stuff is still on stage."

"Yeah? I liked the disappearing the best. I always have. Funny, because it's such a simple, obvious trick, but it's still the one that delights me the most. That was pretty good, bringing the kid up on stage like that. He'll be in love with magic the rest of his life."

"I hope so," Theo said honestly. He shifted on his chair a little and cleaned the last of the cream off his face before starting to undo his tie. "It's what started me. What got you into writing?" He didn't need to know, really, but talking was

better than walking and showing off his dick, which still hadn't figured out there was delay in the jerking off.

"You know the old saying: those who can, do; those who can't, criticize?" Craig chuckled, fingers pushing through the cage to stroke one of the rabbits. "In high school I used to entertain my friends with scathing reports on school plays, whatever movies I'd seen. Usually during class. My English professor decided I should be allowed to do it, only in the school paper instead of in her classroom. It stuck."

"Well, you've got the scathing part down," Theo said, smiling to take away any sharp edges to the words. He tossed his tie onto the table and took a breath. They couldn't really just sit in his dressing room all evening. "Want to see the stage set up?" he asked as he stood. He gave himself points for not holding his hands over his crotch like a kid needing to pee.

Craig's eyes flicked up his body, went back to his crotch and then met his, the man smiling. "Sure."

Theo shrugged, grateful he was showman enough not to blush. "The lights should all be up, so it won't be as ... well, as impressive close up," he said, leading Craig to the stage. "And I can't tell you how most of it is done."

"That's okay, I don't really want to know." Craig shrugged. "I *like* magic. I like it when I can't see the trick. That's one of the reasons why I was so disappointed with your performance the other night. It wasn't very magical at all."

"And thus, my point. The show had to fail, because the elements were fucked, and that was out of my control." He adjusted himself, trying to be casual about it, but couldn't

help the hitch in his breathing. "I did what I could, short of stopping the show. And if I'd done that, I would have breached my contract and been as out of work as the asshole light tech."

"Well, I'm glad I came again because like I said, it turns out you deserved the second chance. But I wasn't about to print something along the lines of 'oh, apparently there were technical difficulties, proceed at your own risk'. Trust me, that wouldn't have helped you any." Craig gave him a grin that clearly said his adjustments had been noted.

Theo led him around a couple of freestanding illusion cases and nodded. "I get that, but honestly anything positive you can say will help at this point. I've been fielding calls and trying to avoid getting dropped from booked shows." He went to the small stage cage and bent down to feed the rabbits, stroking Flap's ears. "Reputations aren't easy to build up in this business. It's pretty cut throat, as I'm sure you understand."

Craig nodded. "I'm sorry the show I wound up at sucked. Part of my disappointment stemmed from the fact a reliable source had said you were awesome. You'd been built up to me, you know? And I was disappointed. Don't worry; I'll give you another column. I think you'll be happier with this one. I'll even mention the sexy ass."

Theo had to pull his hand away from Flap so he didn't hurt the little thing when he twitched in surprise. He'd been moderately grateful that Craig hadn't teased him to this point, but he really hadn't seen a pass coming. He glanced back over his shoulder and grinned. "Yours or mine?"

Craig gave him a slow smile. "Mine's a given."

"Mine's ... magic." Theo stood up, pulling his shoulders back. It was blatant display behavior, but what the hell. Theo wasn't a terribly subtle guy, what with liking the spotlight and all.

Craig laughed and moved toward him, confident and sure, not at all shy. "You gonna give me a private magic show, Theo?"

"Want to see my magic wand?" Theo grinned, holding his ground and letting Craig come to him.

"Oh, now that was *bad*." It didn't stop Craig from putting a hand behind his head though, tilting it for those pouty lips.

"But you want to," Theo whispered, going with it and waiting for it.

"Yeah, I do." Craig's lips came down over his, the kiss hard, sure.

Theo moved into him, pushing against Craig with enthusiasm. He really hoped Craig wasn't going to call this off suddenly and leave him hanging, there on the stage. That would really, really suck. Just to make sure, Theo clamped a hand down on Craig's ass, moaning at how nicely it fit in his palm, the curve sweet. Craig groaned, rocking slightly as his tongue pushed into Theo's mouth, exploring him thoroughly.

Using his free hand to tug at Craig's shirt, Theo freed it from the back of Craig's slacks and slid his palm on warm skin, under shirt, under jacket. Craig was smooth and warm to hot, and Theo wanted more. He wanted Craig laid out for him, naked and ready, a feast for Theo's hands and mouth.

"There somewhere private we can disappear to?" Craig asked, licking at his lips.

Theo almost laughed. "Cute." He tightened his hold on Craig's ass and squeezed. "Dressing room. Or my place, but frankly I don't think I can wait that long."

"The dressing room will do. Let's walk—I don't want to ruin the disappearing and popping up somewhere else illusion." Craig gave him a wink and turned him toward offstage, hand sliding to the small of his back.

"It's actually very cool," Theo told him, not exactly sauntering along. He reached down and adjusted his cock again; boxers were so not his thing. "But walking is faster."

Craig laughed. "I think your concentration is elsewhere just now." The man leaned across him and grabbed him through his clothes, giving him a squeeze.

"Jesus." Theo rocked into Craig's hand, not able to stop himself.

"Not quite." Craig gave him a wink and let him go, kept them moving back through the darkened corridor.

"Says you," Theo muttered under his breath. He took a few steps, let his dick lead the way, hearing only his own breathing, fast and heavy. He was going to be quick off the mark, he decided. Best get Craig distracted so he either didn't notice or didn't care.

They got to the dressing room and Theo closed the door, making sure it caught and locked before he grabbed Craig by the arm and turned him, pushing him up against the door. "Now," he said, leaning in and kissing the man's jaw. "I have

a rule. No stupid magic jokes once the fucking has officially started, okay?"

"I'll do my best, Mr. Charm." Craig's hands landed on his ass, tugging him in closer, letting him feel all those muscles.

"I'm sure you will." Theo moved against Craig, pushed and rocked and rubbed, and slowly worked his way down, tugging buttons open and licking at skin as it was revealed. One handed, he undid Craig's belt and popped the button on his pants. "I'm good with my hands," he said, slipping said hand into Craig's clothes.

"Not bad with your mouth either." Craig's hands slid up his back and then wound into his hair, encouraging the licks.

"Better with my mouth," Theo promised, darting his tongue into Craig's navel. He sank fully onto his knees and lowered Craig's zipper, looking for his prize.

"I'm willing to let you prove that." Craig's eyes danced down at him.

"I'm so not surprised." Theo would have made an attempt at sounding sarcastic, or at the very least not a total cockhound, but he'd fished out Craig's cock and it was demanding his attention. Long and thick and perfect, just a tiny curve to it ... Theo licked delicately around the head. Craig tasted as good as he looked, which was something to celebrate, so Theo took more of him in, sucking lightly.

Craig's head hit the back of the door, and the sound was followed by a long moan. Warm fingers carded through his hair. That was it, one distraction, made to order. Theo palmed Craig's balls and left a long trail of sucking kisses down the shaft, then back up to taste the crown again.



Craig's legs spread, his hips pushing forward, encouraging him quite firmly to take more of the fine prick in. Theo was unsurprised that Craig was bossy, kind of liked it, and his own legs spread as he braced himself. He drew more of Craig's cock into his mouth and thought about holding the man's hips still, pinning him to the door, but chose not to. Instead, he bobbed his head, sucked a little harder, and rolled Craig's balls.

"Oh, yeah ... that's fucking talent." Craig kept moving his hips, pushing his cock deep every time Theo went down it, pulling out almost to the tip when Theo came back up.

Theo smirked as well as he could around his mouthful, and eased a couple of fingers back behind Craig's balls. He pushed up at the same time as he swirled his tongue over the head of Craig's cock, then swallowed him down. Craig cried out, fingers clamping down around his head, holding him in place as the man started fucking his mouth. Theo pushed again, picking up Craig's rhythm, and opened his mouth, his throat. He took it, wanted it, and with a long groan he realized he'd likely come in his pants if he wasn't careful.

"Yeah. Fuck. Like that. Suck it." Craig was babbling, hips speeding, hands tightening. The sudden cease in the flow of words was his only warning before Craig shot down his throat.

Swallowing again and again, Theo willed himself not to let go. His legs were shaking, his stomach hard and hot, his dick heavy and throbbing. He was a little surprised he was still upright when he finally let Craig slip from his mouth. With a shuddering moan he stumbled to the couch, clumsily pushing

his clothes away. "C'mere," he said to Craig, finally realizing his shoes had to come off before his pants.

"I'm not in the habit of leaving my lovers wanting," growled Craig, pulling off his jacket and stalking toward the couch.

"Good, didn't think you were," Theo shot back. "But I'm going to go off like a fucking canon here, so be careful what you do."

That fucking eyebrow went up again. "What if I just strip and you get yourself off. Then we can have some real fun."

"Like what?" Theo asked, even as he fell back onto the couch, his hand wrapping around his cock, far too loosely. "What do you like?"

"Fucking. You like getting fucked?" Craig tossed his jacket at a chair and loosened his tie, undoing it, but leaving it around his neck. The buttons were next, Craig slowly undoing the ones he'd missed earlier. Man looked sexy with his pants undone, cock hanging out.

Theo stroked himself a little harder. "Yeah. Like taking it, like doing it, like just about anything really," he said, eyes on Craig's cock. "Like it a little ... rough."

"I can do rough," growled Craig, dumping the shirt and pushing down his pants.

"So you say," Theo taunted, his wrist starting to work. He could feel heat pooling all around his cock, that hot feeling in his gut going lower, making his balls heavy.

Craig laughed. "Is that a challenge, Theo Charm?"

Theo grinned and nodded, then hissed as he worked his cock. "Soon," he promised, his hips jumping up to meet his fist.

"Let me see. Show me how much you need it."

"Watch," Theo said through gritted teeth. It was rising up in him like a storm, his cock stiff and drooling pre-come in his fist. His heels pressed down, one slipping off the couch to hit the floor and the vibration roared up him, the shock landing in his balls for a long second before he started to come. He left a streak of white across his belly, then a pool, panting with each pulse and throb of his cock.

"Pretty, pretty," murmured Craig, fishing a condom out of his wallet before tossing it and his pants over on his pile of clothes.

Theo blinked rapidly and tried to clear his head. "Thanks." He swiped at the puddle on his belly with one hand, grimaced. "Messy, though."

"Don't you have a bunch of handkerchiefs up your sleeve?"

"No sleeves, smart ass." Theo reached under the couch and pulled out a box of tissues. "This'll do, though."

Craig chuckled and climbed up onto the couch, straddling him. "So you want to get fucked?"

"Want to come again, yeah," he said, looking up into Craig's face. "You're incredible looking, you know?"

Craig reached out and stroked warm fingers along his face. "It's always nice to hear. Especially from the guy you're about to get up close and personal with."

"Kiss me again?" Theo asked, turning his face to chase after Craig's fingers.

"Sure thing." Craig leaned in, mouth closing over his. The kiss was long and melted into a second, Craig's tongue pushing in between his lips. Theo moaned and tried to shift under Craig's weight. When he couldn't do much, just wiggle a little, a thrill chased up his spine and he moaned again, his mouth opening a little wider to let Craig in.

Craig shifted against him, dragging their pricks together, and one hand slid back into his curls, tilting his face as Craig deepened the kiss. Sucking on Craig's tongue, Theo tried to rock his hips up, made an effort to rub or buck or be anything other than passive; he was never passive, even when he was restricted. Mostly he wanted to remind Craig that it would be okay to be a little over-enthusiastic.

Craig groaned into his mouth and ground against him, hips digging into his skin, cock like a brand against his own, against his belly. Theo sucked harder on Craig's tongue, then bit down a little, growling. He looped one hand around Craig's back, his fingers digging in to Craig's spine, tracing the line of bone down to his butt.

Craig growled back a little, the hand in his hair pulling just a bit, Craig's other hand sliding down so the man could rub his nipple hard with a callused thumb. That was it; a little more of that and Theo would be a happy man. He writhed as much as he could, which wasn't a lot, and blood flooded to his cock.

He chewed carefully on Craig's tongue then let him go, biting gently at Craig's bottom lip as he pulled his head away. "More," he said hoarsely. "You promised rough." He grinned up at Craig and waited, knowing he'd get *some* reaction.

"I did, didn't I?" Craig grabbed his wrists, putting them both in one hand and pulling them up over his head. "I guess I'd better deliver, huh?"

Theo's whole body throbbed, not just his cock. "Uh huh. Hate to give you a bad review," he gasped, tugging his arms a little. "Strong. Typing is good for your arms?"

A bark of surprised laughter came from Craig. "No. But push-ups are." Craig tugged on his wrists, pulling his arms up harder, stretching him a little. With his free hand, Craig started to touch him, firm glides of those hot fingers over his ribs, his belly, on up to tweak his nipples.

"Oh," Theo breathed. "Well, good. Good for you." He would have arched into the touches, but it was almost good enough just lying there, taking it, knowing he was pinned down. Almost.

Craig was watching his face, hand moving, now hard, now soft, gauging his reaction to each touch. The softer touches made Theo moan, made his skin tingle, but the harder Craig touched him the better Theo liked it. The firm press of Craig's hand made him growl a little, make the tingles feel more like burns. "Like that," Theo told him, his voice breaking into another growl.

"Yeah? You want me to leave bruises, Theo? You want to feel me once I'm gone?" The words were accompanied by the firmest touch yet, Craig's fingers digging into his hips, the ones around his wrists tightening.

Theo tried to arch, the motion stifled by Craig's weight on him. He gasped, the sound between a cry and a whimper, and his cock jumped. "Yes," he hissed, tugging his arms against

Craig's grip. He wanted marks, wanted the dull ache of sore muscles and bruises on his skin.

"I think I can manage that." Craig brought their mouths together, the kiss hard, commanding. He wasn't given a chance to suck on Craig's tongue this time, and it was Craig's teeth that did the biting as the hand on his hip pulled him up against Craig's heat.

Theo made a noise in his chest, a low moan that tried to be something other than a mere sign of submission, and he opened his mouth wider, tried to grind himself up against Craig's cock. He couldn't find anything to really brace himself on, but he bucked and moved as best he could, inviting Craig's touch, wanting whatever he could get.

"Horny beast," muttered Craig, mouth leaving his to slide along his jaw, teeth threatening and finally biting back near his ear. Craig let go of his hip and slid hot, pressing fingers up along his ribs. The man's knees pushed at his legs, spreading him open.

Part of him wanted to struggle against it and make Craig use even more pressure, almost force, but Craig was right—he *was* a horny beast, and Theo's legs opened smoothly, showing himself without even a tiny bit of shame. He felt exposed and reveled in it, rolling his hips to draw Craig's attention to his cock and ass. "Come on," Theo said, his voice almost a whine.

"You got slick? Because I only have condoms. Unless you like it rough like that, too?" Craig's fingers had found his cock, one pushing into his slit.

Theo considered that as a jolt of pleasure ran through his cock and settled in his balls. "Are they lubed?" he asked finally. He had nothing against the very occasional dry fuck, but condoms tended to tear more easily that way and he wasn't exactly sure how far into the rough Craig was willing to go. If the rubbers were slick enough it might be an acceptable compromise.

Craig laughed and let him go, gave him a wink when he would have protested. "I have to check, Theo. And if they're not we have to find some lube—might as well do all of it at the same time."

That muscled ass went into the air as Craig bent over his pile of clothes and picked up the little packets. "You're in luck—they are lubricated, but now that I'm up, if you have lube, I can get it."

Theo glanced at his make-up kit. "There's some in there," he said. "If you want it."

Craig chuckled. "It's not *my* ass that's going to get fucked, Theo."

"Then skip it," Theo said evenly, spreading his legs even more, until he could feel the strain in his muscles. "Come here."

"You're pretty bossy," Craig informed him, coming back to settle between his legs, slowly working him open with two fingers.

"I've been accused of that before," Theo said, trying his best to relax and flow with the burn. "Don't see it, myself."

Craig laughed. "No? Put your hands back over your head and leave them there." The fingers inside him pushed harder, going deep and brushing across his gland.

Theo did as he was told, his teeth clenched against a needy moan. He pushed back a little, trying to get more of Craig inside him. His hands curled around the end of the couch and he dug into the fabric hard, clutching at it.

"Sexy," murmured Craig, free hand sliding over his chest again, the touch firm, though not quite firm enough. At least not until Craig got to his nipples and then suddenly the man was pinching the tiny bits of flesh, hard.

"Yes!" Theo yelled, his head falling back and his body straining up. He wanted more of that, wanted teeth and pinches and shocks of sharpness. "More," he demanded as his cock throbbed.

"Christ, you're a sweet slut, aren't you?" Craig's fingers disappeared suddenly, the sound of the condom wrapper being torn open loud.

Theo almost let go of the couch, his need to grab his cock and give it a pull almost too much to bear. Instead, he watched with greedy eyes as Craig smoothed the rubber onto himself. Theo wanted that, wanted it in him. His hole spasmed as he imagined what he'd feel like, Craig pushing into him. "Hurry," he said, his fingers flexing on the arm of the couch again.

Craig laughed. "And you don't think you're bossy..." He was given a wink and then Craig grabbed hold of his covered prick and rubbed the head against Theo's opening, teasing him—*torturing* him.



"Get your dick in my ass," Theo panted, trying to push down onto it. "Just push; it's right there. You can't miss it, I swear. Or do you need a map? A diagram? Freaking pictures?" He had a vague idea that shutting up would be wise, but part of him just wanted Craig to lose control. A huge part of him, mostly centered around his balls.

One of Craig's eyebrows went up and that blunt heat disappeared as the man moved his hips. Leaning forward, hand on either side of his head, Craig leaned down until their noses were almost touching. "Pushy, bossy, loud, demanding." Each word was punctuated by a nip to his cheek, his chin, his lips. "You want me to go on? I mean I'm a writer, I like words."

"Do you like fucking?" Theo asked, rolling his hips again, looking for Craig's cock. "Because I'm seriously beginning to wonder."

Craig just laughed again. "Fuck, you're cute. How bad do you want it? Are you going to beg?"

"If it'll get your cock shoved into me, I will." Theo wiggled. "Please?"

"Oh, that's more asking nicely than begging. Although it isn't bossy." Craig gave him a wink and bent, teeth wrapping around his right nipple and biting hard.

"Christ!" Theo's body twisted again, one leg wrapping around Craig's hip. "Please. Oh God, please. I want to feel you in me—need to. Want you, Craig, please fuck me."

Groaning, Craig leaned up and grabbed Theo's wrists in one hand, holding them there above his head, and then that fat prick pushed into him, didn't hesitate or go slow, just

pushed right into him and started fucking. Craig's eyes stared down into his, intense, hot, looking into him.

Theo tried to grin, tried to show Craig that he was amused by the whole thing, but he couldn't quite manage it. His body had been invaded and the sheer power of the way Craig fucked him swallowed everything but lust. Craig felt huge in him, the drag of the condom against Theo's hole a fine counterpoint to the fullness. He could feel everything like he was living on the very edge of his skin. "Fuck me harder," he whispered, staring right back into Craig's eyes. "As hard as you can."

"You'll be feeling me for a fucking week," Craig promised, hips pushing harder, faster, just shoving into him.

He didn't doubt it. He figured the rub marks on his back from the couch would be there at least that long. He hooked his leg tighter around Craig's hip and pushed back into the next thrust, his breath whooshing out as Craig's cock slammed into his gland. "Oh, fuck!"

"Oh, right there." Craig laughed, the sound a little wild, and the fucking got harder, pounding into that spot over and over again. And fuck, if Craig's hand didn't start grabbing bits of his flesh, kneading into his sides, his chest, his hips.

Theo yelled again, grunting with every thrust as a light sweat broke out all over his skin. He twisted and moaned, finally letting go of the couch to slap a hand down on Craig's ass. He was pretty sure he wouldn't get away with it for long, but not touching the man was unthinkable, not touching him was driving Theo crazy.

Craig growled at him and grabbed his hand, bringing it back over his head and holding it there with the other one. The fucking continued, harder than ever as Craig accused him of being pushy again.

"Gets me what I want," Theo pointed out. He squeezed down on Craig's cock and wiggled a little. "You wouldn't fuck me if I was a pushover."

"Sure I would." Craig grinned and leaned in to nip at his earlobe. "I'm easy."

"Fine, we'll do it the easy way next time. You can bottom." Theo grinned and squeezed again. "Do me a favor, since you're so easy?"

"Oh, I'm easy in that I'll fuck anything, Theo. Anything else you *do* have to work for. But you can ask."

Theo tried to raise an eyebrow but got distracted by another well-aimed thrust. When he could uncross his eyes again he said, "Grab my dick, would you? Not enough friction like this. And since you have my hands..." He tugged his arms and tried to look helpless.

Craig shook his head. "I don't think so. I want you to come just from this." Craig pushed harder, nailing his gland again.

"Christ!" Theo shuddered and arched again. He would have scowled, even started to try, but it felt too good to protest for long. He pulled on his arms again, his erection leaping as he felt Craig's grip tighten. "Oh, God, yeah."

"Uh-huh." Craig's body was beginning to shine with sweat, the thrusts never stopping, Craig driving into him over and over, like the man could do it all night. Like he was going to.

Theo lifted his head, chasing Craig's mouth and jaw. He wanted to lick the sweat from Craig's shoulders, to suck it off his chest, but there was no way he'd reach, the way he was pinned. It felt good to try though, and he could taste the salt as he dragged his tongue along Craig's jaw. "Taste good," he said unevenly. Lights were starting to flash in his brain and he could see little black specs floating in front of his eyes. "Think I'm going to pass out when I blow." It was an interesting idea; he hadn't done that before.

"Do what you've got to do," rumbled Craig, thrusts becoming impossibly harder, the whole couch rocking.

"Don't think I'll have much choice." Theo's head fell back again and he stared at the ceiling as Craig drilled him. He could feel his orgasm swell in him, rising up and making every twitch of his body feel awkward and uncoordinated. He felt his stomach muscles tense, felt his back curl as his hips lifted to meet the next thrust, and pleasure crashed over him. He could feel his cock throb as he shot, but the ecstasy was in his balls, his ass; the tingles turned to a burning rush and he heard himself shouting, and then he relaxed utterly, his come still coating his belly.

Craig was still moving in him, pounding into him and then the man froze and shouted, the sound huge as the cock inside him throbbed, filling the condom.

"That's good," Theo slurred, his eyes closing. "Good." He had no strength left in his body at all, but he was pretty sure he hadn't passed out.

Craig collapsed down onto him, weight heavy, but the band across his wrists eased and then slipped away, so it evened out.

"Oh, shit," Theo whispered. "I think my arms are asleep." He didn't really care, was just making an observation.

"Actually, I'm pretty sure my entire body is going to report in with all kind of interesting aches for the next while."

"That's what you asked for."

"Not complaining." Theo managed to get one arm moving and slid it around Craig's back. "You'll really have to learn to ignore half of what I say."

"I'm a writer, remember? Ignoring things isn't what I'm good at."

Craig bit at his collarbone and shifted so that he was more beside Theo than on top of him. "And you need a blanket for this couch."

"Hey, your back doesn't have couch-burn." Theo shifted too, curling into Craig's side. "And it's not my couch."

Craig just chuckled. "Details. The fact of the matter is, we stay here too long we're going to be frozen. Not to mention stuck together."

"Not to mention caught. I'm pretty sure there's a cleaning crew waiting to get in here." Theo grinned. "Maybe they're standing right outside, listening."

"You think? Lets give them something to hear." Craig started moaning obscenely, loudly, crying out "Oh, baby, fuck me! Fuck me!"

Theo laughed, unable to find the energy to smack Craig on the shoulder. "I think they've heard that tune before. And I sang it better."

Craig nipped at his neck and then hauled himself up, standing and stretching, all the man's muscles going tight and then loose again. "I guess we should clear out then, let them get on with it."

"Yeah," Theo sighed, not moving an inch. "I have to get my stuff cleared up, too. And the rabbits." He really didn't want to move.

Craig was already pulling on his pants, shrugging into his shirt and covering the wide shoulders. "I put a twist in your plans."

Chuckling, Theo rolled off the couch and crossed to his dressing table. He felt twinges and aches all over his body, some bigger than others. "Not like I minded," he said, reaching for his bag with his street clothes in it. "Rather get laid than tear down the set."

"You keep wandering around naked like that and I might be obliged to lay you again." Craig was watching him, a soft grin on his face, admiring look in his eyes.

"I don't think I'd have any objections," Theo said with a smile. He sat down to open the bag and find his jeans, and winced. "Or maybe only one. If we're going to do that again soon I think I'd better find the lube."

"Well, invite me to yours for dinner sometime next week and I'll bring it instead of wine." Craig was all zipped up and buttoned down, feet slipping into his shoes.

"How's Tuesday?" Theo watched Craig, not bothering to actually put on his own clothes. The view was too nice to spoil by rushing. "I make a fantastic pizza. Easy, too. Just one phone call, and there it is."

Craig laughed, face looking pretty young and open when he did. "That happens to be one of my favorites."

"Excellent!" Theo stood up and walked to him, half turned on by Craig himself and half by being naked in front of the fully dressed man. "I'll call with directions, then."

"You're on." Craig's hands landed on his ass and tugged him up against the long body, rubbing him against the material of Craig's clothes as he was given a kiss. "I'll see you Tuesday."

"Absolutely," Theo promised, returning the kiss for a long moment before pulling away reluctantly. The sooner he got his work done the sooner he could get home. And the sooner he was home, the sooner he could go to bed and relieve every single moment since Craig had appeared backstage.

Tuesday was a long way off, but Theo was pretty sure he'd stored up enough memories to jerk off for months, let alone days.

He watched as Craig's ass disappeared out the door. Maybe even years.

\* \* \* \*

Theo had the music up loud, the thump of the baseline punctuating his hips and butt as he boogied around his house. He'd tidied up, changed the sheets on the bed, made sure there were condoms and lube. He'd showered, shaved,

dressed and fed the rabbits. He'd even dusted. Now he was trying to find the phone number for Papa Luigi's so he could get dinner prepared.

The tempo of the music picked up, a little jazz winding around the percussion, and he spun around in the kitchen, imagining the adoring fans.

His ego was feeling fine, thank you very much.

He found the flyer on the fridge and danced his way into the living room, checking the time. If he had more than a few minutes he might have to go change clothes again; the dancing was doing things to his silk boxers, and it was either change or open the door with a hard-on. But then, he figured Craig wouldn't mind the erection.

The doorbell rang and that kind of took the decision away from him. He opened the door to find Craig dressed casually in jeans, a white t-shirt and a worn leather jacket that did great things for Craig's shoulders. Not that they needed any help.

"Yum," Theo said under his breath as he stepped back to let Craig in. Louder, he said, "Hey, come on in. Any trouble finding the place?"

"No, your directions were good." Craig handed him a bottle of wine and a tube of lube with a flourish and a grin.

"Ah, excellent. Social lubricant and ... well, lubricant. Were you a boy scout?" Theo led the way into the kitchen and set the bottle on the counter, wondering where exactly he'd stuck the wine glasses. He didn't tend to use them much.

"Well, yes, but trust me, lubricant's got nothing to do with boy scouts." Craig grabbed his waist and turned him around,



bending to take his mouth in a long kiss hello. Theo went with it happily, smiling into the kiss before opening his mouth wider and inviting Craig in. Three days had been a long time thinking about the way Craig tasted. He slid a hand around Craig's waist and then lower to grope his ass, humming.

Craig backed him up against the counter, kiss going deeper, bending him back as Craig's hands slid up along his sides, thumbs moving out to stroke over his nipples through his shirt.

"We going to wait on dinner?" Theo asked into the kiss, pulling Craig tighter to him. He rubbed shamelessly against the hard body, letting Craig feel every inch of him.

"Do we need to?" Craig asked. "I mean I don't want to get interrupted by the doorbell, but the food's kind of ... unnecessary."

"I'll call later," Theo said, sinking to his knees. He brushed his cheek along the outline of Craig's cock and mouthed it a little, looking right up Craig's body to his eyes. "Okay?"

"Fuck, yes. I'm not going to say no to that mouth." Craig's hand slid into his hair, encouraging him.

Theo settled himself, his own legs spread wide as he kept mouthing Craig's dick and balls, wetting the denim. He was glad the jeans weren't new, the soft fabric letting him get close to Craig's heat. He brought a hand up and thumbed open the button, pressing lightly along the zipper. Teasing.

Craig groaned, hands tightening, pulling just a little before relaxing, stroking over his head.

"Want it?" Theo asked, easing the zipper down far too slowly. His mouth was watering and he didn't much care what

Craig replied with—he was going to get it. Theo was dying for a taste of that hot and sweet skin.

"Oh, yeah, I do." Craig nodded, grinned down at him, voice rough with want. "In fact if you stop I might have to pout."

"Oh, no, not pouting. I may never recover." Theo rolled his eyes and grinned, the zipper finally all the way down. With both hands he tugged at Craig's jeans, yanking them to his knees, almost getting poked in the eye as Craig's dick sprang out at him. "Watch it with that thing!" he said with a laugh.

"If your mouth was around it your eyes wouldn't be in trouble." Craig winked, hands guiding him again, not forcing, just showing him what Craig wanted.

"Interesting concept," Theo mumbled, his tongue sliding along the full, heavy length. "Oh yeah," he added, licking the crown. "That's the taste."

Craig groaned. "Keep tasting."

That wasn't really something Craig had to ask for; Theo was willing to stay there for as long as Craig would let him. He licked around the head once more and then a little lower, tracing the ridge where the shaft met the full, smooth crown. With one hand he palmed Craig's balls, but his attention was focused on the man's cock, on learning its texture and all of Craig's sweet spots.

Craig's legs spread, his knees locking as a low moan was pulled out of him.

"That's it. Gimme." Theo opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around Craig's cock, sucking very gently, pushing his tongue into the slit a little.

Craig's hips jerked, shoving his cock deeper, and then those knees locked again, Craig's fingers opening and closing on his head. Theo took him in and sucked a little harder, but made sure to use his tongue as much as was humanly possible. He dragged it over the soft skin, pushed with it, tasted everything. Slowly, he slid his mouth over Craig, down to the base of his cock so he could lick there as well.

"Oh fuck. Yeah. Don't stop."

Theo looked up, wondering if Craig was crazy. No way was he stopping. He sucked a little harder, his fingers rolling Craig's balls as he began to bob his head, working harder now. Craig started making noises, hips moving, sliding that cock in and out of his mouth. Moaning himself, Theo welcomed it, moved with Craig. He put his other hand on Craig's hip and guided him gently, showing him it was okay to go a little deeper.

And Craig did, a little faster, too, the sweet sounds filling the air, joined by the sound of Craig's prick sliding wetly in his mouth. Theo moaned and pressed hard, pushed Craig's cock against the roof of his mouth and swallowed around him.

"Oh. Yeah. Soon." Craig groaned, jerked, and began to move harder, faster. Craig's hands tightened in his hair, fingers hard against his scalp as he was held in place.

Theo did his best to make Craig feel every single nerve ending he had. He sucked a little harder, pushed firmly with his tongue, and added a twist of his head as Craig slid a little deeper. And he moaned, unable not to, wanting Craig to just let go and take what he needed.

"Oh, fuck. Theo." Craig started fucking his face, pushing that fat prick into his mouth again and again before stiffening. With a shout, Craig shot down his throat.

Theo moaned again, swallowing everything and gently sucking as he hoped for a little more. He backed off a bit and contented himself with licking when he figured Craig would be getting too sensitive, and nuzzled Craig's balls a bit as well. "All right?" he asked, smiling against Craig's thigh.

"Damn. I already wrote you that second review you know. You don't have to ... suck up to me." Craig grinned down at him, fingers sliding gently through his hair now. "More than fucking 'all right'."

"Good," Theo purred, his smile turning into something better described as a grimace. "Willing to give me a hand then? I'm about to break my zipper here." He climbed his way back up Craig's body, rubbing on him with absolutely no shame whatsoever.

"Yeah? Maybe you need a stronger zipper." Craig gave him a wink, fingers teasing lightly over the bulge in his pants.

"Maybe I need to take care of it myself," Theo shot back with a grin, dropping his hand to tangle with Craig's. He molded Craig's fingers to himself and shuddered. "Like that. But with less cloth."

"Didn't say I wasn't going to take care of you," murmured Craig, grabbing his cock through the material and jacking him firmly. "But that doesn't mean I'm not going to take my time ... after all, last time I was hasty, I wrote that review you objected to..."

"Hasty can be okay," Theo protested. Then he groaned and rocked his hips as Craig teased him. "Or you know. Take your time."

"I was hoping you'd say that." Craig shifted them so he was leaning against the counter, one of Craig's hips pressing tight against his crotch, giving him something to rub against if he wanted. Then the man cupped his face, tilted it and brought their lips together.

Theo tried his best to keep the kiss gentle but it wasn't easy. His body was hot and eager, and in moments he was kissing Craig harder, pushing into him with his hips and trying to get as close as he could. "Oh God," he whispered between kisses. "Want you. Want this."

"I like the way you want," Craig noted, kissing him back more languidly, forcing him to slow down a little.

Theo felt like he was getting stupid, thoughts not forming as fast as usual. The only thing that was really registering with him was sensation, like the taste of Craig's mouth and how soft his lips were. The drag of his clothes over his ass and especially his cock, and how strong Craig's body was. He moved on instinct, a long, slow drag of his hips against Craig, and tried not to whimper.

Craig pulled up his own pants, but left them undone, cock hanging out as he slowly, so fucking slowly, undid Theo's button and then started to pull down his zipper. "Careful now. I wouldn't want the zipper to catch on anything important."

Theo rolled his eyes, but held himself still. The urge to just wiggle and then thrust at Craig as soon as his cock was out was strong. "Just ... ah, just don't leave me like this," he

begged. Not that he really thought Craig would, but the teasing was almost as bad as the pressure in his groin.

"Hey, I said I'd take care of you."

"So do it," Theo hissed as Craig's hand *finally* slipped into his pants, his fingers warm and smooth.

"Impatient. I should tie you down and make you take it the way I want to give it to you." The words were spoken almost idly, Craig's fingers wrapping around his cock and pulling it.

"Oh, God!" Theo squeezed his eyes shut and clutched at the counter with one hand. "Don't say shit like that!"

"No?" Craig pushed him back harder, bending him backwards over the counter, hand moving like the fucking ice age, taking forever to slide up and down his length. "What about I can't wait to get into your tight little ass again and fuck you through the floor?"

Theo made himself open his eyes. "You seem to be having no trouble waiting," he pointed out. "Goddamn, but you're good at this." The slow glide was more intense than a fast jerk would be, and Theo moaned again, his eyes drifting shut.

Craig laughed. "Jacking someone off? Too much practice on myself." The head of his cock was squeezed, Craig's thumb sliding slowly across the tip, pressing hard into his slit. "I just need to throw in the odd rough stuff with you to make it really good. Right?"

Theo nodded quickly. "Not that this isn't good," he said, almost as an afterthought. "And you don't have to if it's not your thing..."

"Long as you're having fun I guess I don't mind." Craig leaned in and bit at his bottom lip, then his jaw, his neck. The hand on his prick tightened, moved a little faster.

Theo felt himself start to shake, his knees getting weaker with every drag of teeth over his skin. "More," he said roughly. "Close."

Craig nosed his way into the collar of Theo's shirt and found his collarbone, teeth sinking in as fingernails dragged up along his cock.

"Oh, shit." Theo gasped and tried not to cry out, his stomach tensing. He felt like he was going to light up, just going to burst into white and red, and as soon as the thought formed he started coming. He jerked against Craig, trusted the man to keep them both standing, and let go, pleasure and pain making him shoot hard.

Craig kept stroking him long after his orgasm was over, sensation just zinging through his cock and up his spine. The bite mark on his collarbone was licked, Craig's tongue hot as it pressed against the abused skin.

"Christ," Theo mumbled. "Nice of you to play along just to let me have some fun," he teased. "I suspect you've done this before." He caught Craig's eye long enough to wink, then bared his neck again. Man really knew what to do with his teeth and tongue.

"I'm just a real quick study and you seem to like it well enough." Craig's nose slid along his neck and then those teeth dragged, teasing him before sinking in again for a nice, sharp bite.

Theo gasped and his neck arched a little more. "You're a *real* quick study," he agreed. "God, nice teeth, too." He pushed against Craig a little more and then blinked. "Um. Want to go somewhere else? Sit down, even?"

"Sure. And someone promised me supper." Craig grinned at him, tucking his cock back into his pants, then doing himself. "God, that's gonna mark up real dark. You might need to wear a turtleneck a few days."

"Not a problem," Theo told him. "Stage makeup covers just about everything and I've got all kinds of black turtlenecks. Great for matinee shows." He did up his own pants and smirked. "I'm kind of good at hiding marks, actually."

Craig chuckled, hand moving up to press against the mark on his neck. "I'll bet you are."

Theo shivered. "I like it," he said frankly. "But it's cool if it's not your thing, really. Come on, sit down in the living room while I order that pizza—I have a feeling I'll be needing my strength later."

Craig followed him, a hand in the small of his back, fingers making small circles. "It's not 'my thing', but making you get off is, and if that's the way you like it? I'm there." Craig gave him a wicked grin. "And yeah, you're going to need your strength. There's a lot more skin that needs to meet my teeth."

Theo swallowed hard and reached for the phone, his eyes not leaving Craig's face as he ordered their dinner. He made a point of ordering extra, too. Just in case.

\* \* \* \*



Theo wandered through his living room and tripped on the pizza box with a curse. By the time he'd picked it up and carried it to the trash, thought to go check the rabbits, and opened a couple of windows to air out the place, he was mostly feeling human again. It was mid-morning by the time he'd showered, and after noon when he sprawled on the couch, trying to order his thoughts.

As dates went, he'd had very, very few that were as athletic. He and Craig had eaten their pizza on the couch and talked a bit about magic, illusions and writing, and then they'd made out for a while. It has been hot and intense and Theo had felt almost like a teenager.

He'd pulled Craig on top of him, and they'd gone at it fully dressed again, until they were dry humping like kids, and then Theo had panted out directions to the bed.

After that it had gotten a lot more physical and a lot more naked. Theo tried to piece together images in his memory, but as he massaged his wrists he found himself hoping that Craig really didn't mind playing rough. He'd said it wasn't his thing, but Theo didn't want it if it wasn't a mutual thing; he wasn't that selfish.

And yet, he could hear his own voice yelling for more, for harder, for hurt. And he could remember Craig giving it to him, making him beg, making him wait until the fine edge was sharper than ever. It would be horrible if Craig was only doing it to make Theo happy. It would be worse if Craig was doing it because Theo wouldn't fuck vanilla at all.

With a sigh Theo looked around, vaguely discontent. It had been an amazing night; he kind of suspected there wouldn't be another one, though. He'd just have to wait and see.

The phone rang and when he answered it, Craig's voice poured over the line. "Hey, Theo. How're you doing? Polka-dotted?"

Laughing, mostly in relief, Theo looked down at his chest and arms. "Kinda splotchy, yeah," he said, his cock twitching as he looked at all the bruises and suck marks.

"Yeah? Cool." It might have been his imagination but he thought Craig's voice had gone husky at that. "I should bring my editor's big red pen and play connect the dots. Of course then I'd get hard every time I saw the edits in my work."

"I don't think that I'd really object to that," Theo said carefully. "Though you'd be the one at work with an erection, not me. Good thing you have a desk." He'd started to babble, and he knew it. His stage mind kicked in, the showman in him knowing that it was far, far better to just shut up and say nothing than try to salvage a situation. He had to bite his lip, though, to actually make himself stop.

Craig laughed at that. "It is a good thing I have a desk, just talking to you..." Craig cleared his throat. "I was down at the hardware store this morning and they had a special on rope. What are you doing tomorrow night?"

END

---

If you are connected to the Internet, take a moment to rate this eBook by going back to your bookshelf at [www.fictionwise.com](http://www.fictionwise.com).