

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies
Naughty Nuptials

Do

Barbara
Sheridan

Anne
Cain

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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I Do

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Chapter One

Jason Chen looked into his glass of tea, which would've been iced except the unexpected May heat melted the cubes almost as soon as the order reached the table. The air-conditioning in the run-down little diner wasn't worth shit and the fans overhead only circulated the warm, humid air. For going on twenty years he'd been coming to this place for meals. Sometimes he came with friends from the station, which was only a little further up Elizabeth Street, and other times he came with his son. Like now. A lot of important conversations had gone down here and the tradition was still going strong. He set down the tea and gazed across the table to his son. "Do you love her?"

"Yeah," Dan nodded. "I love everything about her."

"Then it doesn't matter if you've only known her six months. It'll all work out."

Dan started to speak but Jason raised his hand. "Call me old-fashioned but I don't go for that living together stuff." He sipped his coffee then glanced at his watch. "If there's one thing I learned working around the clock after 9/11 it's how short life is. I'm not all gloom and doom but if Em makes you happy and you do the same for her then go for it. Get married, build a life together, share it all—the good and bad. Share it together. Don't waste a minute worrying if you should 'wait for the right time'."

Jason glanced out the window where the sun bore down on the sidewalk and everyone scurrying around outside had bottles of water in hand. "Besides, June is supposed to be the perfect month for weddings, right?"

"What about you?" Dan asked his father. "Mom's been dead over sixteen years. I haven't seen you even looking at a woman."

Jason grinned. "Women my age are too scarce. The good ones are taken and the others are too much of a headache. Besides, being involved with a cop is no picnic. We're rotten to the core you know."

Dan laughed and set some money on the table to cover the check and walked out with his father. He hailed a cab and before getting in said, "I think I may stop by one of those old matchmaker women on Mott Street and have them set you up with some sweet young honey from Hong Kong or maybe the mainland."

Jason laughed loudly. "You do that, Danny boy. You do that."

Jason gave a quick wave as his son drove off in a taxi to get back to work at the *Downtown Express*. He was crossing the street to get back to his office at the precinct house when someone called to him in Chinese. It was another detective he knew who'd grown up here in Chinatown.

"How's it going, Dai?"

"Same shit, different day. You know how it goes up in the Five-one."

Jason smiled. "The same as the shit goes down here in the O-Five." He gestured. "How the hell can you wear that leather jacket and not be sweating bullets?"

"I'm the coolest cop to ever work the Bronx didn't you know that?" Grinning, Dai reached into his jacket and took out a small ticket envelope. "I got that concert ticket for your niece."

"I owe you one. Danny and I went over to my sister's for dinner last week and all Lena did was moan about how this concert was sold out in an hour." Jason peeked into the envelope. "Three tickets?"

Dai shrugged. "I tried to get an even four but this was all my friend had. I thought you might want to tag along."

Jason grinned. "I guess I should. If you hired the club security guys, who knows what sort of riffraff will get in."

* * * * *

Randy Ohara stood near the door of the bar area of the nightclub in the city's Chelsea section and watched as the roadies placed equipment on the stage in the main room for the live band scheduled to begin their set at nine. He hadn't been to this club in ages but the place hadn't changed all that much.

The background music was still loud, the crowd tonight mostly goth kids drawn by the heavy metal Japanese band making a rare US appearance. At thirty-four Randy felt pretty old compared to the knot of teenagers streaming toward the stage but there were enough parents scattered throughout the crowd to make him feel not quite so out of place. He didn't know the band and didn't understand a word of Japanese despite his family's heritage. But he'd seen the crowd lined up around the block, excitedly filing into the club, and thought what the hell, he'd give it a go.

Housed in a former church, The Resurrection was perpetually grungy with its entrance on busy Sixth Avenue. The expansive central portion of the building sported a high vaulted ceiling above a dimly lit balcony area with the wooden stage taking up the portion where the original altar would have been. The bar area was opposite and separated from the entrance by the walls added after the church's conversion. There were a few dozen adults here, either waiting for their kids to watch the show or perhaps like him, just bored and looking for something to do.

Lonely, Randy. You're lonely.

Randy sipped his beer, wishing his inner voice or conscience or whatever the hell you called it was a bug like Jiminy Cricket that he could flick off and step on. Still he couldn't deny that the inner voice was right. He really needed to stop angsty over losing Harry and get into the dating game. But shit he felt so weird. He'd been with Harry since their senior year of high school. He hadn't ever really dated and with the disease thing he was nearly scared shitless to try. He and Harry had been each other's first.

Finishing his beer, Randy took the empty bottle back to the bar and asked if the men's room was still where he remembered it to be. Finding that it was, Randy stepped

out to the main area and made his way along the wall and past the throng of chattering kids. Out in the central corridor he had to pause repeatedly as he stepped past and around those entering or crowding the merchandise table set up to sell the band's CDs and T-shirts.

A drop-dead gorgeous Asian guy dressed in a white silk shirt and leather pants exited through a narrow door marked "No Admittance" and disappeared into the crowd. The sexy Asian took Randy's breath away and as he craned his neck to see where the man went, he smacked into someone.

The guy turned and scowled. "Watch it, buddy."

"Sorry, someone bumped me."

This man—also Asian, also gorgeous—rolled his eyes and turned back to the woman he was with as Randy stepped past him. Randy's pulse quickened when he heard the guy say "Grab me a beer, I'm hitting the restroom first".

Yeah, Randy was lonely these days and tonight he was feeling awfully horny for some reason. Inside the restroom the four urinals and three stalls were all in use. Randy stepped away from the door and stood by the first of three sinks to wait his turn. The guy he'd bumped into outside entered and Randy motioned for him to go first and take a urinal when it became available.

"You can have it. I need to take a dump," the guy said with typical New York candor.

Randy caught himself feeling disappointed as he headed for the urinal. He wouldn't have minded taking a look at the man's package just to see if it was as promising as the rest of the guy. The guy's leather jacket did nothing to mask the broad shoulders underneath while those form-fitting jeans hugged the man's tight rear and emphasized the rounded bulge of his cock at the front.

Shit, I am horny, Randy thought with a shake his head.

After taking care of his business Randy headed back to the bar. Before he reached the crowded alcove he saw the woman the guy from the restroom had been with. She

was talking to a girl who must have been about fourteen or so and who reminded him of his younger sister. In fact the girl's obvious attitude really reminded him of Emmi. It was hard to believe that she was twenty-six now and getting married in a couple days.

Getting another beer, Randy stood near the door again, his gaze wandering again to the woman and girl and the guy who joined them. The guy gave the teenager a stern look and the attitude seemed to slip right out of her. She nodded yes then scurried off to join some friends as the houselights dimmed in preparation of the band's appearance on stage.

The guy and his wife approached the entrance to the bar and Randy nodded a greeting as they passed. The guy did likewise and Randy felt the weight of that stare like none before. Damn the guy was hot. Older, somewhere in his forties maybe, and he carried himself with such an air of authority that Randy couldn't help but be impressed. It didn't help that the stranger reminded him a little of Jet Li in fact. Randy regretted the comparison when the thought sent his blood rushing between his legs. His cock pushing up against the fly of his pants, Randy slipped off his own jacket and held it in front to conceal the hard-on. He glanced back into the bar and watched the guy take a bottle of beer and a mixed drink to a small table on the left side of the bar area.

With a sigh, Randy forced himself to focus on his own bottle of draft before he needed another run to the bathroom to jerk himself off.

"Are you sure she'll be all right, Jason? She might get crushed. Is it safe for this place to be so packed?"

"It's okay, Mei. Everything is up to code and I know the guy in charge of security. It's Dai Matsui. You remember, the son of that girl Cousin Dave married when we were kids."

Mei nodded and sipped her drink as the warm-up band began to play. She shuddered and reached into her purse for a set of earplugs.

Jason suppressed a grin and sipped his beer. *And I thought I was an old fart.* The more he looked around, though, the older he felt. There were quite a few parents hanging out back here, a few fathers, mostly mothers, and he thought again how Danny had really been pushing him to get out and date these past months as he and Emmi planned their wedding.

But hell. He'd been on his own too long, and to hear the guys at work bitch and moan women were even more complicated than he remembered. Still, he probably should get out and at least date. Or not. He'd probably be better off just hanging out with the guys at the gym or start coaching one of those youth sports leagues. The Commanding Officer was always on his ass about building up good community relations since he'd been born and raised in the confines of the precinct.

Soon the old building seemed to vibrate with the enthusiastic roar of the crowd as the night's main attraction took the stage and Jason got up and weaved his way through the crowd to check them out, his sister beside him, clutching at his arm.

Jason found himself making eye contact with the young guy who'd bumped into him when they'd first come in. He was a good-looking kid with short dark hair falling in tousled waves around his face and voluptuous lips curving up in a sexy half-smile. The guy almost belonged up on stage with those Japanese pretty boys Jason's niece was so crazy for. Of course the young man wasn't a kid in the sense that his niece was. This guy was probably about Danny's age, maybe a little older. The guy glanced over his shoulder as if sensing Jason's attention and Jason raised his beer in a small salute. The guy's smile broadened and he gave a nod before turning his attention back to the stage.

* * * * *

Emmi Ohara growled when she looked through the peephole in the apartment door. She flung the door open and glared at her older brother. "Randy! It's four o'clock in the goddamned morning—you said you'd be back early!"

"Tone it down, sis, geez. You could have told me you'd changed the locks on the place after Dad died. I didn't know my key wouldn't work anymore."

Swaying more than a little, Randy stepped inside the spacious Upper East Side apartment and pulled off his boots, dropping them next to the suitcase that was right where he'd set it when he arrived that afternoon. "It wouldn't have killed you to unpack for me," he muttered, picking up the bag.

"I'm getting married in two days, Randy. I have nine million things to do, including getting up in two hours to attend six planning meetings before I take my vacation. Excuse me if I can't remember to unpack your crappy underwear."

Randy burst out laughing and his younger sister stared at him as if he were a crazy man. "You're drunk."

Randy laughed harder. "No shit, sis, and you sound like you did when you were fourteen years old and caught me peeking at your diary."

Emmi threw up her hands in frustration and bolted the lock on the door. "There's not point in trying to go back to sleep. I'm getting a shower. You'd better not sleep the day away or have a hangover later because we have the rehearsal and dinner to go to."

Randy trailed behind as Emmi stalked down the narrow corridor to her bedroom. "Be nice to me or I won't give you the wedding gift I brought you from Shanghai."

Emmi stopped short halfway into her room. "You bought me a gift?"

"A nice one too. Jewelry. Antique."

"Can I have it now?"

"No." Randy laughed when Emmi stuck her tongue out at him and disappeared into her room.

In the guest room Randy chuckled when he saw that his sister had at least had the decency to hang the garment bag containing his suit and the rental tux.

He set his suitcase on the mirrored dresser and pulled out his drawstring lounging pants as well as the lacquered box containing his sister's gift—two gold hairsticks from

the late 19th century, each decorated with tiny seed pearls and emerald chips. He wondered if he should tell her that the hair ornaments had come from the estate of a renowned Shanghai hooker. *Nah...*

Randy smiled to himself as he moved a few pieces of clothing to look at the other box at the bottom of the suitcase. He'd gotten this from the same lot of antiques and he'd bought it with the intention of giving it to Em's fiancé, Dan Chen. This box contained sex toys carved from tortoiseshell. There were two cock rings, one smooth the other scalloped on the outer edges, a thick dildo, two cock sheaths with ribs and ridges and two smaller cock-shaped finger sheaths, one of which was covered with tiny raised bumps, the other with tiny carved flower petals.

His cock stiffened at the thought of one of those finger sheaths tickling inside of him. Especially if it was attached to a finger of the man he'd seen at the nightclub. If only the guy hadn't been married, Randy might have gotten the courage to go over and talk, feel him out as far as his sexual persuasion went. Hell the guy didn't have to be gay, just open-minded.

Breathing a quiet sigh, Randy stripped off his clothes and slipped into the silk drawstring pants, his cock reacting to the touch of the soft silk sliding up his legs and caressing his ass. An erection even more pronounced than the one he'd experienced at the club swelled his penis and pushed it against the light cloth. He dropped onto the bed and lay staring up at the ceiling. Not usually a person to give into these kinds of impulses with strangers, Randy was still surprised by his urge to pick up that guy down at the club. The attraction had been so intense, and damn if it hadn't appeared to be mutual for a moment.

Emmi was right. He was pretty drunk and the music the band at the club had been playing certainly had been conducive to sexual feelings. Randy had found himself wishing his branch of the Ohara family hadn't given up the Japanese language. Though he couldn't understand a word the singer had been saying the vocalist's rich voice and

the emotion sure came through and the beat of quite a few of the songs had a definite “fucking rhythm” to them.

And the one he wanted to be fucking with was that Chinese American guy he’d seen there.

Looking over to the dresser Randy decided that his soon-to-be brother-in-law could do without the box of fuck toys because he needed them more. He needed them now. Getting out of bed, he removed the kiri wood box and the bottle of lube he liked to masturbate with. He took the dildo, the finger sheaths and the lube and set them on the bed. Stripping off his pants, he rubbed the head of his cock, smearing a drop of pre-cum around the swollen head, murmuring as the simple action sent a shiver of delight through him.

After coating the dildo with lube Randy slid his slick fingers into his ass, slowly stretching the tight hole. Damn, it had been a long time since he’d had anything thicker than a finger up there but his body responded quite readily. His passage flexed around the probing touch, sending a shiver of anticipation up his spine. Right now he wished he had a live pulsing cock to look forward to.

An image of the man from the club filled his mind. Without any effort at all—even considering how drunk he was—Randy could clearly see the stranger’s handsome face, those piercing dark eyes and the soft full curves of those lips.

“Fuck.” He groaned under his breath and furrowed his brow while he stroked himself. As his fingers pressed in as deeply as they could go, he imagined the touch belonged to that man, feeling him up and gently exploring in this intimate way. Moaning, Randy dropped down to his knees onto the mattress.

When he slowly inserted the well-coated head of the dildo into his anus, Randy pretended it was the stranger’s thick cock driving into his willing body. The toy was ribbed, causing just enough friction as it pushed its way in to fill Randy’s opening to make him squirm. He thrust his hips backward against the artificial penis, sucking in his breath as the slick, coated cylinder rubbed the sensitive gland within his ass. Giving

the dildo a half-turn as he finished pushing the toy in all the way to its base, Randy started rocking back and forth to ride the dildo as hard as he wished he could ride that stranger's cock.

Another sound indecipherable to his own ears tumbled out of his lips. Nothing could really compare to the heat of another body pressing against him, let alone the feel of genuine love. But playing pretend as Randy screwed himself, worked well enough. For getting off, anyway.

With the toy wedged deep inside his ass, Randy jerked his stiff cock in an increasingly faster rhythm. His heart hammered in time with his strokes, his breath coming harder and faster. He squeezed the sensitive swollen head, teased the tiny opening with the tip of his finger then ran the blunt edge of his fingernail up and down the swollen vein at the underside of his cock.

"Fuck," he whimpered. All he could picture in his mind was the stranger from the club with those intensely beautiful eyes, pulling and tugging on his cock like this.

Rubbing the flat of his palm in long, lazy circular strokes over the engorged tip of his penis, Randy used his other hand to twist and work the dildo filling his passage. He moaned, hips thrusting as the cock buried deep within his ass drove him forward. Taking his own shaft in hand and feeling the fat, swollen organ pulse against his grip, Randy pumped himself until his breath came out in ragged gasps. A trickle of pre-cum oozed onto his fingers, the hot wetness helping his hand to glide the rock-hard length in fluid strokes. His cock stabbed upward, rigid as a fucking pole, almost parallel to his rapidly falling and expanding diaphragm.

"Oh shit," Randy whimpered. "Please..." With no one else in the room he was still begging the stranger to bring him to the edge of ecstasy, to make him come until his body quaked with orgasm after orgasm.

His muscles around the dildo buried so deep in his ass he felt like he literally might be fucking his brains out. The quick involuntary spasms pressed the toy against a sensitive spot, shooting jolts of pleasure through his body. His shaft jerked in his hand

and he slowed down the pace of his strokes to keep from spilling out on to the jumbled bedsheet too soon.

Pumping his cock with lube-slicked fingers, Randy yanked the fake penis from his ass. The sudden emptiness shocked him, his anus stretched open and hungry to be filled again. He shoved the toy back in, the plastic warm from his own body heat. Before his passage could tighten around the thick tube he jerked it halfway out and let out another wordless moan. He repeated the motion over and over, ramming in the dildo and then quickly withdrawing it until his body writhed the erotic sensation of being full one moment then empty the next.

Ass clenching around the dildo and holding it fast, Randy clasped his cock with both hands. He gripped the base of the erection that was just as swollen, hard and large as before and squeezed the shaft itself with his other hand. He felt the pull deep in his groin, balls taut and heavy as the orgasm shot through him. Cum erupted from his slit, jetting out onto the bed in a milky stream. Sucking in his breath, Randy tugged again and another burst of fluid shot from the head his stiff cock. The pull in his groin eased, his penis relaxing as he jerked himself dry.

Spent, Randy pitched forward on to his hands. "Shit," he muttered, feeling a little nauseous as a pounding started behind his temples. So much for not being hungover later today.

And so much for feeling satisfied.

Staring at his creamy white semen as it soaked into the dark sheets, Randy cursed again. He was just as lonely as before, maybe even more so. While the adrenaline ebbed from his body after his sexual release, the desire to fall into someone's arms and share the moment with another living, breathing and loving person only got stronger. And that lack of contact made the emptiness of the bed all the more apparent.

Randy pulled the substitute cock out, moaning as his ass relaxed from the tension of the workout. He steadied himself and sighed. There was no warm cum trickling down his passage to soothe the tender flesh within, not unless he dipped his fingers in more

lube and swabbed as much of the area as he could. He wrapped up the dildo in the wet cum-soaked sheet and tossed everything over the edge of the bed. Lying back, he stretched out on the bare mattress, too exhausted and worn to the core to hunt down a spare blanket.

Eventually he drifted off to sleep and the emptiness in his heart didn't hurt so badly. At least not until morning.

Chapter Two

Dan Chen chuckled as he watched his father Jason toss back three extra-strength aspirin. "Good concert, Dad?"

"I should have made you play escort to your aunt and cousin. I had the urge to call in a detail with hats and bats."

Dan laughed. "Oh that would have been rich – Decorated NYPD detective calls riot squad on squealing fifteen-year-olds."

Jason smirked and put his empty water glass in the kitchen sink. "Surely my son the reporter could put a spin on it and see that I got good press."

"No can do, Dad, I'm going on my honeymoon soon."

Jason's smile fell and he leaned back against the sink, his shoulders slumping forward. "I wish your mother could be here. If only I –"

"Dad, don't go there. It's not your fault. She was sick. She didn't tell you. She didn't tell anyone 'til it was too late."

"She didn't tell me because I was too busy working so much fucking overtime."

Dan lowered his head and said nothing for a few painfully long minutes. Jason turned on the water and splashed his face to cover up the tears brimming in his eyes.

He knew his son was too good a man to blame him for anything but that didn't lessen the grief or the inevitable feelings of guilt. Sixteen years might have passed since cancer stole his wife and Danny's mother but the pain never really dulled. And the emptiness was always there.

"Dad." Dan put a hand on his shoulder and Jason looked up. "Mom knew how much your job meant to you. She used to tell me that every day you made a

difference in this city—helped people who needed it most. She wouldn't want you to feel this way now."

Jason breathed a sigh. "I know. I just wish..." He shook his head and ran his fingers through his hair. "Ah fuck it."

Dan gave his shoulder a squeeze. "You should have Aunt Mei move in when I move out."

Jason smirked. "But then I'd have to kill your lazy-assed Uncle Henry because he makes me fucking nuts and it's bad enough that I have to see him at work, I don't want to have to deal with him here."

Dan perched on the edge of the old Formica-topped kitchen table. "Then maybe you need to get out and date, find yourself someone to keep you company in your old age."

Jason swatted at his son with the dishtowel draped over the edge of the sink. "Old age my ass. I'm not even fifty yet."

Dan laughed and grabbed his briefcase from the other side of the table. "Don't forget the rehearsal is tonight. Emmi's mom is flying in from L.A. and doing the big dinner thing at the Essex."

Jason winced. "That the place where they charge you sixty bucks for a glass of whiskey?"

"Belgian whiskey," Dan corrected.

"Well la di dah, Danny boy." Jason laughed. "How in the hell did you get a girl like Emmi Ohara to marry you?"

Dan laughed. "I don't know but I hope she never comes to her senses." He headed for the back door, pausing as his dad grabbed his own jacket and slipped his gun into the holster on his belt. "You know, Mrs. Ohara didn't remarry after her divorce."

"No society dames for me, Danny boy. I like my freedom."

* * * * *

Jason reminded himself of that fact again and again as he met with the assistant district attorney about an upcoming hearing and went over his reports for a current case, rewriting the report and agonizing over wording it just right before turning it in. He wasn't stalling for time, wasn't going over his notes again and again to purposely miss his only son's wedding rehearsal or the fancy dinner that was to follow. Jason told himself that he was working, that it was The Job tying him up and not his own foolishness.

"I'm sorry, sir, you just missed the Ohara party," the maitre d' told him when he finally arrived at the upscale hotel restaurant a little after eight thirty.

"Did they look happy?"

"Very happy, sir."

"Then I guess I won't get bitched out too badly," Jason joked before strolling over to the hotel bar. It was pretty crowded for a midweek night, most likely due to the professional conference mentioned on the placard in the lobby. He ordered a beer and looked around for a seat. A guy got up at the end of the bar and Jason made his way there only to have the seat taken by another man just as he approached.

"Damn, I must be getting old. Used to be able to move faster," he joked quietly. The younger guy looked up. He was Asian, Japanese probably, older than his son Danny but not more than thirty. There was something familiar about him, especially in the way his dark hair fell across those warm cocoa-colored eyes.

"Did you want this seat?" the young man asked.

Jason shrugged. "It's no big deal," he said before turning away.

"Wait a sec."

Jason turned back to the younger guy. "Yeah?"

"I know you from somewhere..."

I know you from somewhere. How fucking lame can you get? Randy asked himself when the man narrowed his eyes as if sizing him up, and not in a good way. Shit, his eyes were incredible, penetrating in ways that Randy hated to acknowledge. Randy shifted and glanced down to his drink. "I'm sorry, I must have you confused with somebody else."

"The Resurrection," the man said after what seemed a lifetime of heavy silence within the noise of the surrounding bar.

Randy looked up. "Right. What'd you think of the concert?" he asked with a grin.

"Too loud." The guy took a long swig of his bottled beer. "What's that saying – if the music's too loud you're too old? My ears are still ringing. Damn that bites."

Randy laughed and raised his rum and cola in a friendly salute. "You're not alone. I used to live on that hard rock stuff but now..."

"You should have been at the Garden in '73. I was there all three nights when Zeppelin played. They filmed *The Song Remains the Same* then. Damn that was some good stuff." He pulled on his beer again and laughed. "I met this girl. Prissy little white girl from Long Island, thought I was all 'exotic and dangerous', tried to get me in her pants by saying I was like a Chinese Robert Plant."

Randy shifted on the padded stool and wished he could redirect the surge of blood hitting his groin. "So did you? Get in her pants, I mean." The guy laughed. It was a deep rich laugh that hit him low and hard. Very hard.

"I was fifteen, what do you think?"

"Oh man," Randy chuckled into his glass before taking a sip of his drink and wishing the temperature in the room was about ten degrees cooler. He cleared his throat after swallowing.

"So where'd you do her?" Randy asked, trying to sound casual. He had a mental picture of this man having sex in the backseat of a car right outside the stadium.

The man gave another rippling laugh that sent a jolt straight through Randy's cock. "Right there."

Randy's eyes widened. "What do you mean right there?"

"Found a storage room one of the janitors left unlocked," the man grinned. "We banged right there, about four or five hundred feet from the stage. We could feel the vibrations from the music shake the walls."

"Holy shit." Randy laughed again but it came out a little nervous-sounding. He turned away to glance up at the TV screen over the bar to try to clear his mind of the pull he felt deep in his groin.

Jason smiled to himself as he thought of that crazy night—three crazy nights actually. He'd gone back the two other times to meet that girl and had done her again. Hell, he and his old friend Win had done both the girl and her friend—then each other the third night out, at Jones beach...

The guy on the barstool behind him left and Jason slid into the seat. He ordered another beer. He wasn't much for talking to strangers but for some reason he was enjoying this odd little chat. "So what about you? What wild scores did you have back in the day?"

The younger guy shrugged. "I didn't date much or anything."

"The shy intellectual type huh? My son's that way."

Randy kept a cheerful front but inside he wilted. The man was married for sure, with a wife and two kids at least—the girl from the concert last night and now his son. Randy hadn't realized until now how he'd sort of been creating a fantasy in his mind of getting involved with this guy. Randy felt so comfortable talking to him and he'd thought he'd felt some chemistry between them.

Again more hopeful and completely ridiculous fantasizing.

"What does your son do?" Randy asked.

"He's a reporter for the *Downtown Express*," the stranger said. "That's a local paper."

"Do I look so obviously not from New York?" Randy chuckled, staring down into his drink to avoid staring into the man's dark, sexy eyes.

The stranger grinned. "The way you talk gave it away—you're missing the jaded attitude."

Randy could've corrected him on that—he was plenty jaded, especially when it came to finding another man to love. He sighed and was rewarded with a friendly clap on the shoulder from the other man.

"It's a good change," the man said. "You get tired of dealing with all the shit in this city sometimes. So where are you from?"

"Originally San Francisco. I did live here during college though. I just flew in from Hong Kong, actually," Randy said. "The firm I work with has a corporate office over there."

"See, I knew you were an intellectual type."

Randy laughed. "Hardly. I'm a good number cruncher is all." He held out his hand. "My name's Randy by the way. Randy Ohara." He almost regretted the impulsive action because the guy had a firm grip and his cock wanted to feel that grip too.

"Jason Chen."

"Are you—" they began in unison.

Jason smiled and Randy wished he could wake up every morning to see that glorious expression. "I'm Danny's dad."

"I'm Emmi's brother. It's too bad you missed the rehearsal." Jason ran his hand through his close-cropped black hair and Randy noticed the faint shine of a few stray silver hairs.

Jason took another sip of his beer and set the bottle down. "Work was a bitch."

"And so was my mother," Randy muttered finishing his drink.

"Oh not good."

"Not at all. That's why I came in here after they left. I needed the drink."

"Uh oh, maybe I should warn Danny?" Jason quipped.

Randy grinned. "Nah. It's me she rags on. She loves Dan to death. I think she feels he's the good son."

"Ah well." Jason waved off another beer when the bartender approached and Randy did likewise. Jason set his money down. "I'm sorry I missed the meal portion of the evening, I'm starved. I think I'm going to grab a pizza. I don't suppose you want to come along? I can give you a lift home."

Randy bit hard on his tongue to contain the whimper that wanted to escape. "Actually my mom is probably at the apartment fussing over Emmi's wedding dress, and that's the last place I want to be."

Jason stood. "Come on then. We'll grab a pizza and head to my place. I live in Queens."

"Your wife won't mind?"

"Danny's mom died when he was ten."

"Oh. At the concert I thought—"

"That was my sister and her daughter." Jason tapped his palm on the bar top. "Come on. My stomach's growling like you wouldn't believe."

Randy followed him out of the bar, slipping his hands into the pockets of his jacket. Mixed emotions tugged at his heart. He personally knew the heartache that followed the loss of a loved one. When Harry died in that car accident a part of Randy had died too.

"Hey, I'm sorry about your wife," he said, coming up beside Jason. "I didn't mean to bring up any sad feelings."

Jason shook his head. "It's all right," he replied, that sad look returning to his eyes. A hint of loneliness was reflected there also, the same kind Randy often felt himself. But Jason covered it up with a dry grin.

"Danny tried to set me up with your mom," he said.

"God no," Randy said, horrified in more than one way. "Trust me on that one."

Jason chuckled and unlocked the doors as they got to his car. "I think I'm having more fun with you now anyway."

"Definitely," Randy got in the car, reminding himself not to read into things more than he should.

"Hell," Jason dropped into the driver's seat and turned on the engine. "I'm on vacation, let's wash the pizza down with some fine Chinese booze while we're at it."

"Sounds great to me," Randy clapped his hands together. "What's on the wine list?"

Jason laughed again. "Something a little stronger than your rum and cola, that's for damn sure. Ever had Jiugui?"

"That like sake?"

"Randy, buddy, you're going to learn what real Asian booze tastes like."

* * * * *

When they arrived at the tidy little house in Queens Jason broke out the bottle of Jiugui and offered a toast to Emmi and Dan. Randy coughed and sputtered seconds after he downed the tiny cup of liquor quickly as Jason had. "Oh Shit!"

Jason clapped him on the back and laughed. "Easy son, easy. Damn, if I knew you were a virgin I wouldn't have given it to you."

Randy took the glass of water Jason brought from the kitchen and gulped it down to quell the alcohol burn in his throat. "Whoo, that's some strong stuff! And trust me I'm no virgin." Jason grinned. Damn that man had a fine grin.

“A good-looking young guy like you? I wouldn’t think so.”

Randy sipped some more of the water then held out paper plates while Jason took out large slices of pepperoni pizza from the box in the center of the kitchen table. Jason suggested they go into the living room and Randy followed.

“What is in that stuff anyway?” Randy asked, dropping onto the couch next to Jason. Not even the best whiskey he’d tried before, left such a good burn and hell—he was already starting to feel a blush spread across his cheeks from the alcohol. He wondered where else he might be blushing too...

“One hundred twenty proof.” Jason dropped on to the couch. “Not too many guys can take it. Hell, some of the ball-busters down at the precinct couldn’t handle half a shot.”

The other two chairs in the living room were piled high with wrapped presents, samples of invitations and place cards and other wedding things Emmi must have brought over. But Jason pointed to the empty spot on the couch right next to him and invited Randy to join him.

“That’s some powerful shit.” Randy shook his head but a pleasant buzz was already dulling his senses. Except for his libido. Sitting this close to Jason he could feel the warmth of the man’s body radiating from him and it complemented the heat of the liquor spreading through his insides.

Jason chuckled again and they finished eating their pizza. He picked up the bottle of Jiugui and served them one more round, the small glasses not even half full.

“Too much of this stuff will kill you but we need one more toast,” Jason said. He raised his glass. “To new friends.”

“Amen.” Randy touched his cup to Jason’s. This last bit of alcohol finished loosening up Randy’s tongue, so he admitted out loud something he hadn’t before last night. “I didn’t realize until I came to New York for the wedding how lonely I’ve been for some good company. Seeing Dan and Em together and so happy almost makes it, I don’t know, worse.” He shook his head. “That’s pretty fucking selfish, isn’t it?”

"No," Jason said quietly, rolling the little cup in his palms. "Can I tell you something? Something that won't get back to the kids?"

"Sure," Randy said, setting his cup on the coffee table. "What is it?"

Jason stared down at the drop of clear liquid sliding around his cup. He looked up into Randy Ohara's brown eyes and felt...something. He looked down again. "I've been feeling the same for weeks now. I don't begrudge my son his happiness not at all but..." He looked up. "Danny's mother and I had an arranged marriage—traditional Chinese thing, you know." He paused and Randy nodded, that warm brown gaze never leaving his.

"I wasn't as good a husband as I might have been and then she got sick, cancer, and never told anyone. Because she didn't want to put more pressure on me, she said. She said my giving her a son and a nice home was all she'd ever wanted and that she was dying happy." He paused again, drank down that last drop of alcohol then set the cup down. "I didn't love her, Randy. I know she loved me but I didn't love her the way Danny loves your sister. Mai-lin deserved better than me and it's been on my mind a lot lately."

"I'm sure you were the best man you could've been," Randy said quietly. He reached out to touch Jason's knee but dropped his hand back to his own lap before he screwed something up. "It's the alcohol making you feel worse than you really do."

"God, I wish it was," Jason leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "It'd be nice to know that tomorrow when my headache's gone, so will this guilt twisting in my insides. I wasn't fair to her at all, Randy. She deserved a man who would've loved her deeply, honestly."

"What about you?" Randy asked.

Finding it hard to pick the right words, Jason just shook his head. "It's not important what I want."

"Of course it is." This time Randy did reach between them and rest his hand on Jason's shoulder. "You have to listen to your heart."

"I don't even think I know how." Jason looked up, the genuine concern in the younger man's eyes touching him more than he could say.

Randy edged closer just a bit and Jason wanted more than anything to breach the small distance and kiss those pouty lips. Instead he stood up, shoved his hands deep into his trouser pockets and went over to the small stereo system in the little alcove beside the mantle.

He pulled out a CD and put it in the stereo then turned and looked at Randy. He fought the urge to go back and sit next to the younger man, to touch him in some way. "Led Zeppelin's first album is my favorite."

Randy nodded. "It's good stuff. My dad liked them. My mother hated them, no surprise there." He grinned and Jason found it to be a damn sexy grin. If he had been a woman it would have been one of those "come hither" kind of looks.

Jason looked away. "Everyone's got different taste in music right?"

"Yeah, like at the concert last night," Randy said. "Who knew so many American girls would fall over themselves for Japanese rock stars?"

Jason shoved his hands into the pockets of his jeans. "Tell me about it."

The first song came through the stereo speakers and Jason started nodding along to the beat. They didn't say anything else, just listened to the music, which covered up what would've been an awkward silence. Randy scooted down the sofa, making a polite show of distancing himself. Should Jason want to return to the sofa.

But the last thing Jason wanted was that space. He liked the feeling of Randy close to him and the younger man was damn attractive. Jason couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so drawn to someone, so why was he letting feelings of guilt everyone said he shouldn't have, get in the way?

"I guess I should get going," Randy said. He gave Jason a warm smile that didn't do much to cover the embarrassment clouding his eyes. Standing up, Randy swept some of the hair out of his flushed face. "Thanks for the dinner and the nice talk. I'll see you at the wedding and maybe we can have another toast or something then."

"The bachelor party is tomorrow night. A little place in the Village. Rossington's Back Room over on Bleecker Street. The owner is an old friend of mine."

"I'll be there." Randy turned the doorknob.

"Let me give you a lift back to Manhattan."

"No I'm good. I used to have a college friend who lived a couple streets over. I think I can still find my way home."

"Okay." Jason stepped into the doorway when Randy exited. "Be careful out there. The subways are full of perps just looking for trouble."

"It's okay. I'll be fine."

Jason watched the younger man disappear into the night then went inside and locked the door. He put away the leftover pizza and liquor then went up to bed, telling himself that he was drunker than he realized. The house didn't seem darker and colder without Randy Ohara's presence. It was just his tipsy imagination.

Chapter Three

"This place has been in his family for three generations now," Jason said, leaning close to Randy to be heard above the loud rock music.

Randy grinned. "Is it some tough guy cop hangout?"

Jason ran his fingers through his hair. "It used to be. A few still come in, mostly guys J.J. and I went to the academy with. But nowadays it's mostly interior decorators and those fashion school types." Randy frowned. It was a subtle frown but he was clearly disappointed in some way. "What's wrong? What did I say?"

"This bar. You mean it's a gay hangout these days."

"It's not some pick-up joint with guys fondling each other under the tables or giving blow jobs in the bathroom if that's what you mean."

Randy's frown wasn't concealed this time and he picked up his bottle of beer and stepped out of the reserved second floor party room. Jason followed the younger man as Randy went down the corridor and out onto the little balcony that overlooked the building's side entrance.

"What did I say?" Jason asked.

Randy stared down at his shoes. "I'm gay," he said in a soft tone before turning away to look at the lights of the Village.

"I didn't mean to offend you," Jason said, quickly closing the distance between them. "I'm no homophobe or anything."

"It's okay," Randy said. He tried to smile but it didn't reach those pretty eyes of his the way it had earlier. "Now you know why my mother likes Dan better than me. He's normal. He can give her grandchildren."

Jason stammered for a second, the words caught in his throat. He hadn't even let himself entertain the idea of being attracted to Randy last night, now it seemed almost too good to be true.

Randy's sweet smile faltered, like it was taking every last bit of his will to keep at least a hint of one on his lips. He leaned back against the balcony's railing, his arms wrapped around his waist. "It's no big deal," he said. "Just forget about it."

"That's bullshit," Jason said roughly. "Whatever your mother says about you not being a good enough son is total crap. Who you are as a person should count more than anything else and I'm damn proud that you're going to be part of my family."

Jason rested his hands on the railing and looked over the balcony to the busy street below. "No one could ask for a better kid or friend or...anything else." Or lover, was what he'd almost said.

Randy's eyes widened. "Jason, it's okay, really," he put a reassuring hand on Jason's shoulder. "It's Danny's party, don't get upset because—" He stopped when Jason turned and pressed a finger to Randy's lips.

"You have to listen to your heart, right?" Jason said throatily.

Nodding, Randy whispered softly. "Yeah."

Jason moved his hand away, letting his fingertips brush gently across Randy's cheek. "Why don't we find some place quiet, just the two of us?" he said.

"I'd like that," Randy said, slipping his hand into Jason's.

* * * * *

"Dad, wake up."

Jason's eyelids fluttered open and the dream he'd been having dissolved. Sharing a few more drinks last night, Jason and Randy had spent a few more hours just talking, enjoying each other's company. Even after they'd said goodnight Jason couldn't stop thinking about the younger man. No surprise he'd ended up dreaming about Randy.

"Dad." Dan shook Jason by the shoulders. "Dad, it's almost one in the afternoon."

"I'm up, I'm up," Jason yawned groggily.

"Dad, are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Jason looked at the bedside clock then sat up. "Shit, it really is one o'clock."

"That's what I said. Are you sure you're okay? You never sleep in late."

Jason nodded and stretched. "It's been a long week. I guess it caught up to me."

Dan grinned. "I bet the Jiugui had a hand in it too. Did you have company over?"

"I ran into Em's brother at the Essex. You guys were gone by the time I finally made it. Damn ADA Foster. That woman can ramble on when she wants to."

Dan's smile broadened. "Randy is a great guy. It's too bad he doesn't live here, you guys would get along great."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jason asked sharply.

Dan shrugged. "It doesn't mean anything, just that I think you two would be friends. He's into classic rock and is a big Knicks fan. Emmi said when he was a kid he wanted to be a cop too but their mother thought it wasn't a proper career."

Jason smirked. "Randy said his mother was a bitch."

"She's always been nice to me."

"Because you're 'normal'," Jason muttered.

"What?"

Jason dismissed it with a wave of his hand then pulled himself out of bed. Crap his back and knees were starting to ache every morning these days. Shit. He was turning into one of those dragging-ass old farts he used to look down on back when he was a rookie.

"Well I'm heading out to lunch with Em and her mom. We're supposed to run by the caterers' to check out the cake then I'll pick up our tuxes from the rental place and meet you back here later." He grinned a totally shit-eating grin. "You got Mr. Rossington to book that hot stripper didn't you?"

Jason threw a pillow at his son. "You're marrying a beautiful girl tomorrow, what do you want to look at a stripper for?"

Dan laughed and threw the pillow onto the bed. "Damn, Dad, you're older than I thought. You need some Viagra or something?"

"You little shit." Jason snatched the pillow to throw it again but Dan scurried out of the room laughing his head off. Jason dropped the pillow, the smile falling from his face. He let his hand slide over the front of his baggy sweats. He didn't need any Viagra 'cause this sure as hell wasn't a simple needing-to-take-a-morning-piss hard-on he had in his briefs.

The erection was still full-blown when Jason stepped into the shower a few minutes later and began rubbing the bar of soap across his chest. What the fuck was wrong with him for having a dream like that? He had no right to think Randy Ohara was gay. It didn't matter to him if the kid was or not but why had he dreamed it? Why did he wish so damn badly that Danny hadn't woken him up just then?

The jolt he felt when he rubbed the soap lower gave him the answer he needed. He was attracted to Randy in ways he hadn't been attracted to anyone in a long, long time. Not since that cute little blonde rookie had flirted with him a couple years back. What was her name? Sharon? No, Susan. Susan Lenzer. He'd be a lying bastard if he said he hadn't wanted to tap that but he'd had more sense than to get involved with anyone at work. He'd seen too many guys get jammed up that way, like that commanding officer from the One-Sixteen with twenty years on the job who lost it all because he wanted to bang some rook who decided to get it all on tape.

Jason closed his eyes and put his head under the streaming water in a vain attempt to wash the crazy thoughts out of his mind.

It didn't work. In fact his thoughts drifted back to those insane nights when he was a kid and he and his buddy Win Fong had gone to those Zeppelin shows and screwed around with those Long Island girls. Win's dad had owned a grocery over on Mulberry

and after the concert they'd gone there to the basement office and had their very own little orgy.

Win had been on his back, one girl grinding her pussy into his face while the other had begun to tease Jason's cock with those pretty painted lips of hers. Not wanting his friend to be left out—and being more than a little high from the pot they'd smoked, Jason had knelt and told the girl to scoot under him to blow him while he used his own mouth on Win.

And Jason Chen very much wanted to use his mouth on Randy Ohara now.

He closed his eyes and could almost feel the pulsing tip of Randy's sex as he swirled his tongue over the slit the same way he had done to his friend all those years ago. He imagined the taste of hot cum streaming into his mouth as sucked on the tip, imagined he could hear Randy moaning his name in that soft but deep voice.

"Shit," Jason breathed shakily. His entire body trembled, his stiff, pulsing cock at the center of it all. Dropping the soap, he took his sex in hand and stroked the sensitive flesh. The heaviness and hardness of his organ surprised him. He couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten it up so bad for someone. Not even back in the day when he was kid with more hormones than common sense.

Jason jerked his cock and found his hips thrusting in time with his eager strokes. Gasping, he hit his climax and shuddered as the first spurts exploded out of him. Even after he emptied and the tiles in front of him were streaked with the shower water and his semen, his organ continued throbbing between his legs.

He shut the water off and wrapped a towel loosely around his waist as he stepped out of the shower. This was going to keep driving him crazy unless he did something about it. After that freaky dream last night and now this, he couldn't keep denying himself.

"You there, Danny?" he called out for his son. No answer. The kid had already gone.

Jason went into the living room and picked up the phone. He punched in Em's number, hoping Randy had returned to his sister's place in the morning.

After three rings Jason started to second-guess himself. What the hell was he doing? He couldn't be sure Randy was even interested. Even so, Jason was still a good fifteen years older than him.

"Damn it," he cursed and almost dropped the phone back in its cradle.

"Hello," a familiar voice came over the other end of the line. It was Randy.

Jason clammed up.

"Hey, anyone there?" Randy sighed. "I've got a bad hangover so whoever it is better start talking because I'm going to hang up."

No words were able to get past the knot in Jason's throat. A couple of seconds later a dial tone came over the line as Randy ended the call.

Jason dropped the cordless phone back to its base. What the hell was wrong with him? He went back to his room, got dressed and headed for the Bronx. If he couldn't get in any practice at least he could keep his mind off this newfound madness by yapping away the afternoon with the guys down at the department firing range.

* * * * *

Randy's headache had waned by the time Dan came home from lunch with Em and their mom.

"Did you call before coming over?"

Dan shook his head "No, why?"

"Someone called but hung up and the caller ID had your house number on it."

Dan shrugged. "Maybe my Dad forgot I said I was going to pick up the tuxes. He was kind of hung over when I talked to him. How much did you guys have?"

"Two of those little sake-sized cups that's all."

"That's more than enough. Hey, want us to pick you up for the party?"

Emmi groaned and Dan nudged Randy. "She acts like I don't know all about the male strip show her friends have planned at The Resurrection."

"Oh yeah?" Randy raised his eyebrows at his sister. "Sounds like someone has serious double standard issues."

Em gave him a dry look and put her hands on her hips. "For everyone's information, the girls and I are just going to a nightclub for drinks."

Dan coughed conspicuously and got swatted on the shoulder for it.

"You watch it, mister," Em said.

"Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on him," Randy smirked.

"So you're coming after all—all right!" Danny grinned.

Em huffed. "Just great! And I thought you weren't into those kind of degrading strip club parties, Randy."

"Can't a guy change his mind?" Randy shrugged and gave her a crooked smile.

"Men." Emmi said it like a swear word and stomped off. Randy rolled his eyes as his kid sister left the room.

"It's the stress." Randy patted Dan on the shoulder and shuffled off to the kitchenette to make some coffee. "Hey, is your dad going to be at the club?" The thought of seeing Jason again made his heart give a hopeful little leap. The phone call might mean nothing—Jason might've been trying to find Danny here at Em's apartment—but then again...

His future brother-in-law followed him in and leaned against the counter. "I hope so," Dan replied. "But he usually gets caught up at work."

"Oh okay," Randy shrugged and flicked on the coffeemaker.

"Then again, you guys seem to be getting along really well," Dan straightened. "It's been a long time since he's had a real friend outside of work so maybe you can get him to join us."

"I'm not that special to him." Randy told that to himself more than anything.

"Bet if I tell him you're coming he'll be there," Dan turned to leave. "He doesn't share his Jiugui with just anyone, you know."

Randy laughed. "He seems like a pretty cool guy."

"He is. He needs to stop making that damn job his life though. He'll have twenty years on the force tomorrow, as a matter of fact." Dan pulled out his cell phone. "He's not at home, let me get his cell." He tapped in the number. "Dad, someone here wants to talk to you." He handed the phone to Randy.

Randy stared a minute, his mouth suddenly bone dry. He took the phone. "Hi, Jason. I guess Dan wants me to bug you about making sure you come to his party later. Yeah I'll be there, if only to piss off my little sister." He laughed when Emmi punched his shoulder. "Maybe you need to come over here now and arrest my sister for assault, the brat just punched me." Randy laughed then hung up the phone and gave it back to his future brother-in-law. "Your dad says he doesn't trust Em being near the cuffs 'cause it might give her kinky ideas."

Emmi's cheeks flushed red and Randy laughed harder. Maybe he should have given those antique sex toys to Dan after all.

"I'm going to head home. You want to come along and we'll all leave together?"

Randy nodded. "Sure. Let me change clothes first."

By the time they got to the house in Queens, Randy had about a million butterflies fluttering around in his stomach. He stayed cool, laughing and joking with Danny about the good time they were going to have later that night.

Yeah right. As if you'll have eyes for anyone else besides Jason at the party.

"Dad, we're home!" Dan unlocked the door and they stepped inside. The water was running in the master bathroom and they got a garbled response from Jason, who was showering.

Dan motioned for Randy to take a seat on the sofa. "While he finishes up I'll go on getting ready. Help yourself to anything in the fridge."

"Thanks." Randy smiled but didn't think he could keep much down in the way of food. He tapped the sofa's armrest nervously. Dan slipped off to the other bedroom. He got up after a little while, crossing over to the bookcase next to the TV stand.

There were a bunch of photos displayed on the top shelf. There was one of Dan as a kid, dressed in a Little League uniform, in one of those clay frames kids make in the first grade. Randy smiled, his eyes skimming over the other photos, some of which must have been the late Mrs. Chen and a few of Jason in his younger days as a uniformed patrol officer.

Randy picked one of those up, entranced by Jason's eyes. They were just as intense and beautiful as they were now.

"Oh. I thought maybe Danny brought Em over."

Randy almost jumped and he turned to find Jason standing behind him. His hair was still wet from the shower, his white terry robe was belted but nearly open to the waist, revealing Jason's smooth, chiseled abdominal muscles.

Oh god how he wanted to glide his tongue along that light tan skin, savor the unique taste of him. "Em's getting ready for her girl's night out." Randy gulped. He laughed nervously. "Uh, did you want to see her or anything?"

"No," Jason said quickly. "Where's Danny?"

"Getting ready in his room."

They stared at each other in a silence that quickly became uncomfortable. Randy tried not to let his eyes drop past Jason's waist but he thought he caught the hint of a rise at the robe's front outlining Jason's... He quickly shoved those thoughts out of his mind.

"I'm...glad you're here," Jason said quietly.

Randy's heart pounded. "Yeah," he said with a smile. "Tonight should be fun."

"I guess I better get dressed." Jason turned away.

Damn it! Randy followed after him despite the fearful knot in his stomach. Why was it so hard to just take a leap and say something to Jason?

"Jason, I want to—" The rest of Randy's words got caught in his throat the moment he stepped into the bedroom.

Jason was at the dresser and had slipped out of the robe. Below his abdomen his cock pushed upward, thick and half erect, from the dense nest of dark springy curls that Randy's fingers were tingling to touch. It made Randy's knees go weak and it was all he could do to keep from dropping to them and begging to take it in his mouth. "Oh shit—I'm sorry for barging in."

"Wait," Jason said and he froze. When he turned back Jason was knotting the belt of the robe. "Don't run away."

Jason came forward and Randy felt a blush spread across his cheeks. "I'm so sorry. I should've knocked first."

Jason stared into Randy's warm brown eyes to find his own longing mirrored there. His common sense evaporated. He reached over the younger man's shoulder, pushed the bedroom door shut until the latch clicked into place then leaned in closer still. "Tell me to back off and I will," he said softly.

"I don't want to you to," Randy said in a whisper.

The way Randy's hand settled on Jason's hip was all the invitation he needed. His lips had just touched Randy's when Dan's voice rang out in the hall.

"You guys in there?"

Jason jerked back. "Yeah," he called. "Hang on." He threw on pants and a shirt, buttoning the shirt as quickly as he could while Randy stood to the side of the door, staring down at the floor. Jason slipped into his shoes then grabbed his blazer from the end of the bed and slipped it on.

Crossing the room again, he stopped in front of Randy, tilted the younger man's chin up with the tips of his fingers. "That boy always did have a rotten sense of timing," he joked.

With a wan smile, Randy stepped aside. Jason grabbed his jacket sleeve and tugged him close, capturing his lips, parting them with a skilled swipe of his hot tongue. Randy whimpered and pressed close in answer to the press of Jason's strong hand on the small of his back. Jason shifted his stance, bringing their groins in closer contact. Randy moaned into Jason's mouth as he felt a surge of blood in his cock. He taunted Jason's tongue with his own, caressed the older man's taut pecs through the fabric of his shirt.

"It'd be nice to get to the party before it's over," Dan called, his voice closer to the door.

Jason pulled away, his gaze heavy with pent-up desire. He ran his thumb along Randy's full lower lip and brushed his mouth against Randy's once more before backing away.

Randy stepped aside and let Jason open the bedroom door and prayed that he had the strength not to make a fool of himself at the party by ogling Jason Chen like some love-struck schoolboy.

In the hall Jason clapped his son on the shoulder. "I was showing Randy the wedding gift I got for you and Em."

Dan was in the living room checking out his reflection in the mirror above the mantle. "So what'd ya get me?"

"You'll find out tomorrow."

"You're really going to make me wait, aren't you?" Dan whined jokingly.

"You know how that saying goes." Jason shrugged into his blazer as the three men made their way to the door. He gave Randy a quick but tender look. "Anticipation makes good things even better."

Chapter Four

The anticipation was unbearable.

Randy hung out in a corner sipping a rum and cola while Dan and his dad made the rounds of the room talking to old friends and cousins not seen in ages. The beer flowed and the liquor did too and by the time the entertainment arrived quite a few of the guys were pretty well lit.

But not Jason Chen. No, Jason had had a few beers but he was quite sober. Far sober enough to give Randy piercing no-nonsense looks every chance he got. The music was blaring and the room lights dimmed while the stripper started her routine and Randy made a discreet exit to the men's room just to get away from the weight of that sensual stare. He relieved his bladder and was washing his hands when the wooden door creaked open. He knew Jason was there even before the man appeared in the mirror behind him. That stare. That stare said it all and more.

Randy turned around as Jason gripped him by the shoulders. Their lips joined in an open-mouthed kiss, the passion heating their blood. Jason pressed Randy back against the edge of the sink, their hips and hardening cocks touching.

Taking both sides of Jason's face in his trembling hands, Randy drew out their kiss. He made whimpering noises when Jason's tongue slipped inside to explore the recesses of his mouth just as he had earlier.

Outside, the music continued to pound and the half-drunken cheers of the other men showed no sign of letting up. Randy got hold of his senses long enough to break away. "The party...we shouldn't..."

"To hell with it," Jason said huskily. He dropped his hands to Randy's hips and slipped them down to cup his rear. He brushed his lips across Randy's forehead. "I'd rather be here with you."

“God.” Randy swallowed a lustful moan before trailing kisses along the side of Jason’s neck. “I can’t wait for the party to be over. I have such a damn hard-on for you.”

Jason suddenly picked him up and perched him on the edge of the sink. “We don’t have to wait,” the older man breathed. He tugged down the fly on Randy’s slacks, reaching in between the folds of material to rub his hand over the hot flesh within.

“Oh shit,” Randy said with a sigh when Jason began to stroke him. The grip was firm, the skin of his fingers pleasantly rough against the smooth flesh of Randy’s erection. He looked down watched as Jason’s strong fingers slid back and forth in a quick firm rhythm. He sighed when Jason rubbed his palm over the head of his cock, smearing the pearly pre-cum in a lazy circle. God—it was just the way he loved to be touched, and a groan reverberated in his chest. His hips pushed forward of their own accord, his cock hungry to keep feeling more of that touch along its entire throbbing length.

Jason did more than comply. He rubbed and squeezed the shaft, sliding the pad of his thumb along the vein. He slid his hand further down the sex, fingers softly kneading Randy’s tight ball sac. Randy gripped the sink edges for support and prayed the old fixture wouldn’t pull from the wall. It held but his self-control slid fast. “I’m gonna come soon—”

The press of Jason’s lips on his cut off the rest of his words. Randy opened his mouth, stealing some of Jason’s breath as their lips rubbed and joined together in a steaming kiss that could have melted an iceberg. But Jason pulled away first, leaving a moan on the tip of Randy’s tongue.

“I want you to come,” Jason said, throatily. The older man bent over and took Randy’s hard length between his lips.

A shuddering gasp burst from Randy as the heat of Jason’s mouth enveloped his cock. The wet velvety strokes of Jason’s tongue lapped over his head and toyed with the foreskin, nearly sending Randy over the edge—literally. Randy tightened his grip on the sides of the sink to keep from pitching forward as a jolt raced through his cock.

Jason drew his head back and slowly mouthed the rigid length just as his fingers had before. He returned to the head and flicked his tongue back and forth, teasing the now-oozing-with-pre-cum slit at the tip. Jason took him deep again, created a gentle suction while he reached down and cupped Randy's balls, this thumb pressing with a gentle firmness that drove Randy wild. Randy bit back the cry of pleasure as the climax hit him hard and he shot deep into Jason Chen's mouth. Just as Randy slumped back and reveled in the feel of Jason's tongue licking him clean someone thudded against the closed door to the bathroom.

Jason pulled away, wiping the corner of his mouth with back of his hand as he took several deep breaths to control the lust Randy Ohara roused in him.

"Hey, guys? Which one of these is the men's room?" Dan's slurred voice carried through the door. Damn that kid and his timing! He was drunk—but maybe not enough to dull the shock of finding his father and brother-in-law having sex on a bathroom sink.

"Oh shit." Randy jumped down from the sink but his knees were weak from too much alcohol coupled with that incredible—albeit way too short-lived—blowjob. He stumbled into Jason, who held him by the shoulders while Randy fumbled to get his pants zipped up.

The door creaked open and Randy whipped around to double over in the sink.

"Oh man, this is one helluva party." Dan grinned sloppily at them but his expression turned serious as he noticed Randy. "Are you okay? You don't look so hot, Randy."

"Had himself a little too much drink," Jason shook his head.

"That blows," Dan said and Randy had to turn on the water to cover up the half-drunk giggle that slipped out of him.

"Why don't you take him home, Dad?" Danny offered. "The music and stuff is still going strong here. I'm staying awhile."

"Sounds like a good idea." Jason patted Randy on the back. "Think you can make it downstairs and into a cab?"

Randy turned off the water and gave what he hoped like a convincingly weak nod. "Yeah...I think so."

* * * * *

Randy's mouth was bone dry and he wondered how the fuck Jason Chen could be so freaking calm after what had just happened. The way he sat opposite him on the backseat of the cab was unreal. He just sat there idly gazing out the window as if nothing unusual was going on.

When the cab pulled up to the house in Queens, Jason kept with the cool act as he paid the cabbie. "C'mon kid, time to sleep it off so you can get to the wedding on time."

Randy followed Jason up the porch steps and waited as he unlocked the front door, wondering if this was some dream or some weird prank and when they got inside Jason would beat the crap out of him for luring him into the encounter.

Jason locked the door as soon as they entered and hit Randy with that stare once more. Randy flinched when the older man reached out to stroke his cheek.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Tell me," Jason said.

"This is so weird. I mean, not in a bad way but...it's so sudden. I don't understand."

"Neither do I but it feels so damn right."

Randy nearly melted like some swooning girl when Jason pulled him into an embrace and kissed him slowly and deeply.

"We're moving too fast," Randy murmured when they parted. Despite the reservation gnawing at him he trailed his lips along Jason's chin and down the side of his neck, his tongue snaking out to lick the salty traces of perspiration from Jason's skin.

Oh god it was better than the booze and he wanted to drown in every essence the older man had. He nuzzled his cheek on Jason's shoulder and tried to get hold of his senses.

Part of Randy screamed that he was insane for trying to put a stop to this while another part of him wanted to run. Fantasizing about Jason had been one thing but now that it was real—Randy doubted if he was ready for another relationship. And what if there was no “relationship” to be had, what if this was just some wild one-time fling for Jason Chen?

Jason kissed Randy's earlobe and cradled the back of his neck. “It took more than a decade for me to find someone like you,” Jason whispered. “How long have you been waiting?”

Randy swallowed the lump in his throat. It wasn't a one-time lay he'd begun at all. He couldn't stand losing someone else. His current loneliness had become bearable—it just left him numb and he could handle that. But could he handle things not working out somewhere down the line? Jason had been married, he'd had women in his life before. What if this was some middle-aged crazy thing he was having? “I'm afraid,” Randy said.

“Don't be,” Jason's fingers tangled in the soft strands of hair brushing the top of Randy's collar.

“But I am. God I feel stupid. I've never played around for the sake of sex.”

“And you think I have?” Jason asked, clearly offended.

Randy pulled back. “I don't mean that. It's just... I haven't been in the closet since I was eighteen. I'm comfortable with being gay but you've been married, you've been hetero. How can you act so sure of everything between us?”

“Chalk it up to old age,” Jason said quietly, his hand stroking through Randy's hair. “You get to a point in life where you don't give a shit about keeping up appearances or following old patterns—you just want to do what feels right.” He paused, licked his lips and smiled. “That night at the club concert I couldn't keep my eyes off you. The way you stood there in the door of the bar and bounced to the music. I wanted so bad to

come up behind you and just feel you against me. I don't know why. I've never really been attracted to guys, though I won't say I didn't experiment when I was a kid. There's something about you Randy, something I very much want to keep with me."

It was all Randy could do to keep from throwing himself in the other man's arms. He looked down at his hands, tightly clutching Jason's. "But for how long?" he asked quietly. "After tomorrow Dan and Em's wedding is over. We'll all go our separate ways and whatever we think we have will be over too."

Jason frowned and Randy dropped his gaze to the floor rather than stare into those intense, beautiful eyes again.

"Look at me, Randy." Jason only whispered but the tenderness behind his words was powerful enough to tug at Randy's heart. He looked up and Jason caressed both sides of his face.

"The way I feel about you isn't something that's going to stop tomorrow or at the end of the summer...or ever," Jason said. "If it seems like I'm moving too fast it's only because I've seen enough bad in my day to know how precious a good thing is. And this thing I feel between us is very, very good."

Randy didn't say a word. It was crazy, beyond crazy, but he knew that he had to seize this moment and hold it for however long. Finally he managed to force a few words past his dry lips. "I want you, Jason."

Jason smiled and led the way to the bedroom. He closed and locked the door behind them then studied the beautiful young man before him, bathed in the faint glow of the low light in the bedside lamp base. His eyes never leaving the younger man's, he peeled off Randy's suit jacket and tie then began to undo the buttons of his pale blue shirt. He tugged the shirt free from Randy's pants then slid it off, letting his palms skim across Randy's smooth shoulders and down across his chest. He rubbed back and forth across Randy's nipples, loving the pebbly feel of them and the little half moans that escaped Randy's kissable lips.

He unfastened Randy's pants next, pressing his hand against that fine cock already straining for release against the dark briefs. "You tasted so damn good," he said before pulling Randy to him for a slow deep kiss.

His arms slipping around Jason's middle, Randy pulled up the shirt tucked in Jason's waistband. He slipped his hands under the material, stroking his fingers along the muscles of Jason's back as one kiss melted into another. Their hips touched as they pressed closer together. Each man made deep, vibrating sounds as their bulging cocks touched through the fabric of their clothing.

Jason guided them to the bed and they tumbled back onto the sheets. He trailed his lips down Randy's chest, eager to take the younger man in his mouth again.

But Randy pulled away and moved further up on the bed. He sat up, leaning forward and kissing Jason teasingly on the lips. "I want to know what you taste like this time," Randy murmured, tugging down Jason's zipper. He reached in cupped the mound of Jason's cock and balls in his hand then bent forward, letting his tongue stroke the thick flesh through the cotton of Jason's briefs. Jason squirmed and a tiny wet spot appeared on his briefs. Randy kissed the spot then ran the tip of his tongue over it, getting just a hint of Jason's unique taste.

He tugged off Jason's pants as the other man pulled off his shirt. Randy grinned, taking in that glorious expanse of Jason's tan skin as he moved from the bed to remove his own pants and underwear. He climbed back on the bed, straddled Jason's hips then bent forward. He licked a slow straight path from Jason's navel up across his firm belly, delighting in the hint of salty perspiration he picked up along the way.

"Damn, Randy, you're making me crazy," Jason drawled and he gripped Randy's hips and arched up his hips to let the bulge in his briefs press against the curve of Randy's ass.

Randy smiled as he peered into Jason's gorgeous dark eyes. "And you make me hotter than I've ever been," he said before dipping his head to suck on Jason's left

nipple. He ran the flat of his tongue along the pebbly flesh and moved his hips so his cock head could skim against Jason's belly.

Pulling away, he drew Jason into a lingering kiss then kissed and licked a slow path back down toward Jason's groin. Randy lifted the waistband of Jason's briefs and let his tongue run in a line from hip to hip.

He rose up and knelt so he could remove Jason's briefs. Once he dropped them to the floor he stroked his palms along Jason's well-muscled thighs, loving the feel of the fine hairs on his legs. Randy bent forward, kissed the base of Jason's cock and let the thick curls brush against his lips.

Jason sat up, drew Randy to him and claimed the younger man's mouth with his own once again, thrilled the way their tongues teased one another, the way their lips melded together perfectly. Jason broke away long enough to kneel, craving the feel of Randy's cock brushing alongside his. He hugged Randy close and groaned as the younger man stroked his index finger along the cleft of his rear before moving his hand around and under again to rub the sensitive area behind his balls.

"I need to taste you, Jason," Randy whispered. "Now."

Jason lay so that he could pleasure Randy as well. At first he lay still, losing himself in the waves of desire that shot through him as Randy teased with slow, practiced licks up and down the length of his erection. Jason bucked his hips forward when Randy took him suddenly into his mouth so deep the head of his cock slid all the way back into Randy's throat.

Jason writhed, gripped Randy's leg and tried not to thrust too roughly, though his body screamed for him to. He grunted as he felt the climax well up but then Randy squeezed the base of his cock with his thumb and forefinger so it acted like a cock ring, holding back the tide that swelled in him.

"Shit, Randy, you're killing me."

Jason shivered as Randy chuckled around him. He eased his head back, his free hand rubbing over the head of Jason's cock as his tongue had done moments ago. "Do you want me to stop?" he teased.

Jason kissed Randy's calf then grinned up at him. "Fuck no. You stop and I'll cuff you to the bed until you change your mind."

Randy laughed and shifted on the bed. He lay facing Jason, a smile spreading on lips still wet with his lover's fluids. "That has possibilities, Detective, but I'd really like you to fuck me instead."

Jason's groan this time was one of frustration. "I don't have any rubbers. I haven't been with anyone since my wife died." He propped himself up on one elbow. "Danny might have some."

He tried to sit up but Randy stopped him.

"I've only ever been with one guy and none since he died. All we need is some lotion or lube...unless you don't want to."

"Oh I want to," Jason said with a slow smile.

He went to the bathroom and returned with a bottle of unscented body lotion. He let Randy take it from him and watched as the younger man lay back, knees bent and spread wide, and dripped some of the lotion onto his fingers.

Jason sucked in his breath as he watched Randy lift up his hips and insert his slick fingers into his tight hole, remove them, coat them and insert them again, this time moving them in a slow steady rhythm that made Jason suck in his breath as a wave of red-hot lust raced through him.

Randy withdrew his finger, knelt on the bed then dripped some of the lotion into his palm. He coaxed Jason into a kiss then reached down to smooth the lotion over both their cocks. Randy broke the kiss first then looked deep into Jason's eyes. "Don't worry about taking it slow, just fuck me. Please," he said in a dusky tone before turning away and bending forward to rest his head on the pillows.

Jason's heart pounded as he positioned himself behind Randy. He caressed the younger man's lean hips, bent forward to plant soft kisses on his lower back before thrusting forward to sheathe his entire length deep within Randy's hot body.

"Oh shit," Jason moaned as Randy moved his hips forward just a bit then pushed back, his tight passage and the slick lotion creating an incredible friction.

"Jason, please," Randy begged.

Randy ran his hands up the smooth tight plane of Randy's back and gripped shoulders then gave in to the primal urge of his body. He pulled back then drove in deep again and again, Randy matching each thrust with one of his own.

The way Randy clenched and unclenched his inner muscles propelled Jason to a quick climax but he remained hard and buried to the hilt. He reached down to place his hand over Randy's while he jerked himself off.

Jason collapsed against Randy's back as the younger man's climax spasmed his muscles and milked the last of Jason's cum from his cock.

Struggling to catch his breath, Randy dropped forward and Jason went with him. He kissed Randy's neck then hugged him close, turning onto his side, their bodies still joined.

With a satisfied sigh Jason eased out of Randy, pulled the sheets up over them both and cradled Randy in his arms. This was his idea of heaven—the comfort of having someone he loved close and holding them in his arms. With Randy he felt more connected than he had with Mai-lin or anyone else in his life. He'd never believed in something so farfetched as love at first sight but he did trust in the sense of happiness and contentment that filled his heart now.

"I want to go with you. To Hong Kong," Jason whispered against the silky strands of Randy's hair.

Randy blinked sleepily at him. "Are-you serious?"

"Yeah," Jason kissed his forehead. "I am. I can retire this year. No more job to get in the way."

A smile spread across Randy's face. "You mean it?"

"Hell yes I mean it," Jason said. "Danny's got Em to take care of him now and I don't want to spend the rest of life alone in this house. That is...if you want me to go with you."

"I do."

The End

About the Authors

You can reach Barbara Sheridan at email Bsher213@yahoo.com or through her website at www.barbarasheridan.net.

Graphic artist Anne Cain has had a pencil in her hand for just about as long as she can remember. Though most of her art is created digitally these days, she also enjoys working in a wide range of mediums including pencils and watercolors. An author as well as an artist, Anne's favorite genres are horror and fantasy, and she writes yaoi (a sub-genre of m/m) stories with her partner in crime, Barbara Sheridan.

Anne loves different cultures, trying out new foods and learning a little bit from different languages. Fascinated with Asian mythology and pop culture especially, she is a huge fan of anime and the Japanese music scene. Often, these two media influence her work and she's happy to share her love for them.

Barbara and Anne welcomes comments from readers. You can find their website and email addresses on their author bio pages at www.ellorascave.com.

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