



Loose Id

SPARKLERS

THE REVIVAL

an erotic interlude
with the characters of *Eye of the Beholder*

D.J. MANLY

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An erotic interlude with the characters of
EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

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Danny stopped to watch the boats for a minute on Lake Champlain. There was a cool breeze, and it lifted his curly dark hair off his neck, giving him reprieve from the day's heat. He checked his watch. It was almost six o'clock. He had just received a fantastic mark on a paper he'd written for his family therapy class at the University of Vermont, and he wanted to surprise Frank with it. He'd have to hurry if he wanted to get there before Frank closed up, but more than likely, Frank would still be working when he got to his studio on Church Street.

It hardly seemed possible, Danny reflected as he hurried on his way, his backpack bouncing on his shoulder, that it had been almost three years since he and Frank had settled in Burlington. They'd bought a great rustic old house on a tree-lined, dead end street, with very few neighbours around, and Frank had decided to set up a studio in the city, continuing to do freelance, and also portrait stuff. It had taken Danny longer to decide what to do with his life. He had more difficulty adjusting to the laid back pace of life here, although he had come to love it. Of course, all through it, Frank had held his hand, prompted him when he needed it, babied him when he needed that too. Frank was wonderful. There was no question, and he fell a little more in love with him every day. The passion was just as intense. Although this last month, it seemed to Danny that they hadn't made love a lot. Of course there was a perfectly good explanation for that. Frank had been commissioned by the city to

do a splashy brochure for tourism, and he'd been running around taking shots of just about everything, then staying up half the night deciding how he wanted to put them together. They'd paired him off with some bureaucrat from the tourist bureau who kept changing his mind about the pictures every second day, going on about what image he wanted to project. Frank had been tearing out his hair. Couple that with the fact that he, himself, was studying for his final exams. Frank had finally talked him into doing a degree in counselling. He loved it, but it meant that he was often exhausted. Going back to school had been struggle. He never thought he'd make it through. But with Frank's constant encouragement, he had just about successfully finished up his first year.

It wasn't that they didn't want to make love. They would both look at each other, say, "tonight, we're going to bed early, and make love all night," then they'd get into bed, cuddle up, and one of them, if not both, would conk out. Danny joked about it, but he missed him so much. Frank was so beautiful, over six foot, well toned, muscled, gorgeous body, long, silky black hair, big gorgeous brown eyes...um... Danny had yet to see a man anywhere who could hold a candle to him, and the way he made love... Danny was getting a hard on just thinking about it.

As he reached Frank's studio, he looked up at the sign. "Frank Melina: Photography." He remembered how they had celebrated the day he'd opened it. Frank had fucked him right there on the floor of the office. Danny smiled to himself. The window had been opened. He was sure the entire neighbourhood had heard them.

He was just about to go inside when two young women came out. One was fanning herself. "He's such a hunk," she said. "What a babe."

"Tell me about it," the other one cooed. "God, I'd love a piece of that action."

Danny grinned, watching them as they walked down the street. "My hunk, and my action," he whispered, opening the door, and walking up the few steps into the studio.

"Sorry," a deep voice called out, "we're closed."

“Is that so?” Danny replied, laughing.

Frank suddenly emerged from the other room, wearing a pair of cut-off jean shorts, and a white tank top. “Danny,” he said, grinning. “What are you doing here?”

“Checking up on you,” Danny narrowed his eyes in mock severity. “What were you doing with those two young girls, dressed so indecently?”

Frank laughed. “I’m not dressed indecently.”

“On you, those shorts should be declared illegal. God, turn around.”

Frank did a funny little pirouette.

“Don’t go into ballet, honey.”

“The shoes don’t come in my size.”

Danny watched him as he walked over to his desk and leaned over it. God, he had a great ass, not to mention his cock. When Danny was younger, he yearned for a lover with a cock like Frank’s, big and thick...and the ass, well, it was round, and hard, and...

Frank was talking to him now.

“What?” Danny asked, looking at him.

“Is something wrong?” He walked by him and pecked him on the cheek.

“No.” Danny thought of taking his paper out of his bag to show him, then, changed his mind. He could do that later.

Frank disappeared for a second. “I’ll just straighten up in here,” he called out, “and we can go.”

“Okay,” Danny said absently, gazing at the floor. It was right here, right on that floor, and Frank hadn’t asked permission. He just took him, rough, raunchy, and tender all at the same time. That was Frank. Danny licked his lips and lowered his backpack onto the floor. There was so much to do all the time. Tonight, they had to make supper, and then, they should probably go and buy groceries, and the garden needed to be weeded, and the...fuck it.

Fuck it all. What he needed right now was Frank. He needed his beautiful, meaty cock. He needed to melt into those beautiful Italian eyes, and touch him all over. "Those girls were hot for you," Danny called out, pulling his T-shirt over his head.

"Who?" Frank called out again.

He wasn't paying attention, as usual. This was his Frank. Danny never worried that Frank would be unfaithful to him, aside from the fact that he knew Danny would kill him, Frank was totally oblivious to the way people fawned all over him when he walked into the room. Someone could be doing the most seductive of poses, and his Frank would just look over and give Danny one of his most beautiful smiles. God, he was so lucky. He wanted to show him. He wanted to show him how much he loved him, right now, right here.

Danny threw the T-shirt onto the desk. He undid the first button of his jean shorts, undid the zip a little, adjusted his hard on. Yes, he was hard. That hadn't changed. Just thinking about Frank made him erect. It's just that he'd had to use his hand a little too often lately. He smirked to himself, and lowered his body to the floor. He reared back on his elbows, lifted his knees, spread his legs. When he heard him coming, he lowered the zipper a little bit more. The head of cock made a discernable bulge at the waistband of his white briefs. He wished he'd worn sexier underwear today, but no time for that.

Frank locked his development room, a habit he had. Danny didn't understand the logic, but it seemed to make sense to Frank. It knew it had something to do with the fire. When Frank turned around, he froze, his gaze travelling over Danny.

"Hey, gorgeous," Danny said softly. "Do you remember what we did on this floor the first night you bought this place?"

"Yes," Frank said, his gaze burning into his.

"Would you like to do it again?"

"God, yes," he whispered, grabbing onto his tank top and ripping it over his head.

“Ah, ah, ah, wait,” Danny said, making Frank pause in mid step. “If you want me, you have to earn it.”

“All right. What do I have to do?”

Danny moved his hand over the bulge in his underwear. He slid his finger under the elastic band, and pulled it down just an inch, allowing the head of his cock to peep out.

He saw Frank wet his lips. Danny’s cock pulsed in reply. Oh God, Frank could still make him crazy with a flick of his tongue. “Strip for me, slowly.”

Frank looked down at his shorts, then, undid the top button. His waist was slim, his abdominal muscles smooth and flat. There was a perfect, thin line of silky dark hair, which ran from under his delicious pectorals, over his stomach and into those shorts. Danny loved to lick his way down because at the end of the line was the most scrumptious cock and incredible balls. The zipper came down inch by inch, then he turned around, lowering the shorts so slowly that Danny stifled a moan. The shorts hit the floor. Frank looked over his shoulder at him, and grinned. “This slow enough?”

“Excruciatingly, yes,” Danny wet his own lips now. “The underwear. Come on, baby. There’s a fine line between teasing me and torturing me.” Danny ran a finger over his own cock.

Frank’s underwear was far sexier than his. They were black with silver strips, and very skimpy, but not skimpy enough. Right now, Danny wanted them gone. “Don’t make me come over there,” he teased. He watched as Frank’s fingers flirted with the waistband, then took them down over his gorgeous bubble butt. “Oh yeah,” Danny said. “I caught a glimpse of your ass in the shower today. You can’t know what it took for me not to pound my cock into it.”

Frank turned around now. “Oh yeah?” he said, but his chest was heaving a little, and his cock was telling a story all his own.

“Take it in your hand,” Danny urged, his eyes closing for a second. He lowered his underwear some more and lifted his cock out. “Make love to it for me.”

Frank took his cock into his hand and fondled it, his face contorting. Danny loved that face. Frank’s face was at its most beautiful when his cock was being paid attention to. It was just so raw, so absolutely sexual. “Come on, baby, let me come over there now?” Frank’s pleaded.

Danny began to play with his own nipples, making them stand out. He lifted his hips off the floor. He had put off the anticipation. He needed him. He wanted him so bad. “You’re beautiful. I want you, Frank. Come and take me.”

Frank closed the distance between them in what seemed a heartbeat. As he reached for Danny, Danny pulled him down to the floor and instantly put him on his back. He straddled him between the legs, pushing up his knees. “Naked on the floor, it’s the way I’ve always wanted you, Frank, from the moment I first saw you.”

“Liar,” he teased.

Danny smoothed back his hair. He lowered his mouth to his and devoured his mouth. Frank brought up his hands to touch him, but Danny shook his head. “Not yet. Put your hands over your head on the floor, and leave them there. I’m going to make love to every inch of you. I ache to taste you.”

Frank relaxed his hands over his head.

“Don’t come,” Danny told him, smiling down into his eyes.

Frank laughed a little. “That’s easy for you to say.”

“No.” Danny shook his head, his body trembling, “it’s not. From the second you took that T-shirt off, and I saw those stiff brown nipples of yours,” his tongue dashed out and licked his left one, “I wanted to come.” He licked it again, swirling his tongue around, and then traced the shape of his pec, as his hand slid down his stomach to his cock.

Frank groaned.

“You love it when I play with your cock, don’t you, baby?” Danny teased, dipping his hand under his cock, and then letting it go.

His response was a grunt. Frank’s head fell to the side, and his hips lifted in invitation. “Touch me,” he urged. “God, Danny.”

“Baby, you’re so sexy,” Danny muttered, pushing his shorts over his hips and tossing them aside. The underwear was cutting into his cock. He struggled with those and got them off as well. His eyes feasted on Frank’s naked chest for a moment. His chest was moving a little more rapidly than normal, all the hard muscles moving smoothly under his bronzed skin. Danny let himself play with Frank’s nipples as his tongue moved down over the waves of his stomach, to the base of his cock. He licked around the circumference of his dick. Frank lifted up his head and made some sound of enjoyment in his throat. “Your cock is so hard,” Danny breathed, lifting it in his hand, squeezing it gently, running his finger around the tip, which was now wet with pre-cum. “So thick. Do you know what it feels like inside my ass?” His lips captured the head now while his fingers tracked up the side.

“Holy Christ,” Frank cried out. “Danny, mercy,” he grunted.

Danny lifted his head and smiled at him. Frank’s face was contorted in that mask of beautiful lust he loved so much. “It’s been a long time since I’ve seen that look of tortured pleasure,” he whispered, leaning down to suck on the head of his cock again, inserting the tip of his tongue into the slit, moving under the helmet, and playing lightly with his balls at the same time.

Frank was moaning, warning him, begging him. Danny inserted the tip of his finger between the cheeks of Frank’s beautiful ass and moved his cock deeper into his mouth. He moved it in and out of his mouth a few times, inserting the finger deeper into him, then, released his cock. “Do you like that, baby?”

“Come on, Danny.” Frank met his gaze. “Suck it. God, I ache, come on. I’m just about to...”

"I will," Danny whispered, kissing his stomach, reaching up to run a hand over his chest, careful to stimulate his hard nipples. The finger began to move around inside of him.

Frank let out some air. "Danny," he said between clenched teeth.

"Are you going to make me pay?"

"Oh, yes," he hissed.

Danny laughed, then kissed his chest, his stomach, licked his balls, and then began to suck his cock in earnest. His head bobbed up and down, pausing only to look up at Frank a few times, who now sat upright, his hands in Danny's hair. He lifted his hips off the floor a few times so that Danny had more leverage, then with a deep groan, he came. Danny took as much of him as he could, swallowing, then released him, wiping his mouth on his hand, licking the taste of him from his lips, as Frank's cock pulsed its release in the air.

Frank fell back onto his elbows, his eyes closed, breathless. Danny watched him. "I'm so in love," he whispered. "God, you are the most beautiful thing in this world, Frank Melina."

Frank opened his eyes. He smiled at him. "Is that so?"

"That is so."

Frank sat there for a few minutes.

Danny grinned playfully. "So, ready to go home now. There are things to do."

Frank didn't say anything.

Danny went to stand up, and then he felt Frank's fingers circle his ankle.

"Oh no," Frank shook his head, "not yet," he whispered. "Payback time."

Danny swallowed. His cock, still hard, stiffened even more. "I'll call the police," he threatened.

"And say what?" Frank looked up at him, so sexy, so gorgeous. The look in his eyes was enough to make him come right there.

"I'll cry rape," Danny whispered.

"Oh, really?" Frank muttered. "You can't rape the willing."

Danny laughed. "Cocky, sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah," Frank said. "And that's what you like. You want a man, a man who's sure of himself, a man with a cock big enough to satisfy you."

Danny was trembling. *Oh yeah, all that. And Frank had all that, and more.* "What are you intending on doing to me?" There was a smile mixed with the pretence of fear.

Frank laughed, and got to his feet. He grabbed Danny and pulled him roughly into his arms. "I'm going to fuck you so hard, and so long, and make you beg for it."

"I won't beg for it." Danny laughed, struggling to get away from him, but not hard enough to actually get loose from his strong, muscular arms.

Frank pulled him over to the window. "We'll see," Frank grunted. He reached up and yanked the cord down off the blind.

"What are you doing?" Danny demanded, howling with laughter. "You've lost your mind. You've destroyed the blind."

"To hell with the blind," Frank growled. He turned Danny around and slapped his ass a few times.

Um, that was pleasant.

"That's for being such a naughty boy," Frank told him, pushing him over the desk. He grabbed Danny's hands and tied his wrists together with the cord, then, he secured it to the knob on the middle drawer of his desk. "Um, what a position. Your hands tied, your ass bent over my desk, on display." He slapped it again.

"Frank," Danny protested, looking back at him. A smile played on his mouth. "You devil."

A hand moved over his ass, then slapped it again. Then he felt his ass being opened. A finger moved over his opening, then a tongue. A hand reached between his thighs and roughly pushed them apart. "Keep them like that."

"Yes, Sir," Danny said smartly, wiggling a little. Within minutes, his head was on the desk, and he was moaning in need. Frank was rimming the hell out of his ass. In between the tongue treatment, the light spanking, and a well-practised hand slapping at his cock and balls, Danny was halfway there, teetering at desperation. "Frank," he moaned. "Frank, please."

"Ask me nice," Frank groaned in reply, then lowered his lips to the small of Danny's back, licking the hollow between his cheeks.

"Please, God damn you, you..."

"That's not nice. Ah, ah...ah...what are the magic words?"

"I love you, fuck me!" Danny screamed.

"That will do it."

When Frank's cock sliced into him, he took him none too gently. He placed a hand under him and stimulated his cock and balls at the same time, and fucked him soundly across his desk. Danny came within minutes, Frank shortly after. Then Frank undid his hands, and picked him up off the desk. He took him into his arms, and kissed him mouth passionately. "I love you," he said. "I'm sorry if I've been neglecting you."

Danny ran a finger over Frank's full lower lip and smiled. "It's called life. I've been tired myself. I got an A on the paper, by the way."

Frank grinned, his face bursting into a smile that was all his own. "That's fantastic. We should celebrate."

"I think we just did." Danny kissed him again. "Put some clothes on, will you? I'm getting horny again just standing here with you naked like that."

Frank laughed and moved away. "Let's go out for dinner."

“Okay, how about we go home, shower, and change first?”

“Sure.”

Danny glanced at the blind. “That’s an expensive blind.”

“Did you enjoy it?” Frank looked over at the desk.

“You bet.”

“Well, then it was worth it. Blinds are replaceable, but you’re not.”

Danny smiled. “Did I tell you I love you?”

“Every day.”

Frank got dressed.

As soon as they got home, Frank got into the shower. Danny stripped off and followed him in. He stood back for a minute, watching the water run down over the hills and valleys of Frank’s body. It ran down his back and in between the delightfully round mounds of his ass. Danny took a breath. He stepped into the shower, and placed his hands on those mounds, then, he brought them around and began to play with Frank’s cock, his balls. He pressed his own cock against Frank’s ass, and reached up to tug brutally on his stiff nipples. Frank moaned, his head went back against Danny’s shoulder. Danny kissed his neck, roughly played with his thickening cock. They could eat later. Whatever slump they’d been in, if it was a slump, well it looked like it was over.

“How hungry are we really, Frank?” Danny pressed him forward. The palms of Frank’s hand slapped against the tile over his head. Danny lifted his knee, forcing Frank’s legs further apart. “I think we can wait.”

Frank's answer was brief and somewhat unintelligible, but it sounded to Danny as if he was definitely in agreement.

 THE END 

D. J. Manly

D. J. writes for the pure love of writing, and always with the reader in mind. If D. J. doesn't enjoy reading it, it won't be written. There is nothing quite as exciting as beautiful men falling in love, and "the boys," get themselves into some pretty sticky situations!!! Come taste a piece of D. J. Manly's work, but be careful, you may become as addicted to reading it, as D. J. is to writing it.

D. J. Manly is the author of the Eternal Souls series, (*Vampire Lust*, *Beloved Foe*, and *Wanton Renegade*), *Brennus' Witch*, *Christmas with Wistan*, *Dreaming of Brandon Archer*, and *The Initiator*, part of the wonderful Sins and Virtues Series at Extasybooks. With D. J. Manly's male/male romance, you never know what "the boys" will be up to. You have only to come along for the ride.

Email D.J. at djmanly@msn.com anytime with any questions or comments. You are also welcome to join the author's Yahoogroup at djmanly-subscribe@yahoogroups.com for free stories and special surprises for aspiring writers.

Be sure to visit D. J.'s website at djmanly.com or join the author's Yahoogroup at djmanly-subscribe@yahoogroups.com for free stories and special surprises for aspiring writers.

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *Eye of the Beholder* by D. J. Manly:

Everyone wanted to be photographed by Frank Melina. Everyone wanted to be in his bed. Until tragedy struck and a lovesick assistant locked him in his developing room and set it on fire, just before taking his own life. Left with the guilt of that night and his face horribly scarred, Frank retreats from the fashion world to his native Italy, wearing his scars as a reminder. Frank's solitude is interrupted when an old friend pleads with him to finish a shoot with the beautiful but shallow Danny Verdi.

Danny Verdi beds his photographers then refuses to work with them, creating an impossible situation for his agency. When he's given the opportunity to work with THE Frank Melina, he jumps at the chance. Normally surrounded by beauty, Danny finds Frank's scars shocking. But Beauty sees another side of the Beast when he ends up in Frank's bed and has the best sex of his life.

Unable to reconcile his growing feelings with the scarred man and his reticence, Danny leaves Frank behind...or so he thinks. Frank has a little surprise for Danny. He comes back to the fashion world, this time without his scars. He's through hiding. Now, he's taking matters into his own hands.

Publisher's Note: This book is a homoerotic love story. It contains descriptions of acts that may offend some readers: homoerotic sex practices, violence.

Eye of the Beholder is now available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=330>