



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM
TEMPERATURE'S RISING

CATCHING A BUZZ

ALLY BLUE

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Dedication

To Jesse, for sending me the link that gave me the idea in the first place, and to the girls of J_A_W_breakers for helping me hammer it into shape.

Chapter One

Planting a foot on the rim of the rubber raft, Adam shoved it over the edge of the waterfall.

“What time is it?” he asked, watching the raft swirl out of sight down the blue plastic tunnel, the three young children and their sunburned dad whooping all the way. Adam wished *he* could still enjoy Thunder Falls that much.

That’s what two months of working in a water park’ll do to you, he thought sourly.

“It’s four-forty,” Marcy answered, glancing at her watch.

Adam wrinkled his nose. “Shit. I can’t believe our shift’s only half over. It seems like we’ve been here all day.”

“Adam, language.” Shooting a stern look at Adam, Marcy caught the next raft coming off the conveyor belt and steadied it in the entry pool. “I have to leave early today. As a matter of fact, someone should’ve been here to replace me ten minutes ago. They better get here soon, or I’m in trouble.”

Adam stifled a groan. He wished, selfishly and not for the first time, that Marcy didn’t have kids. Or could at least find a reliable babysitter. She was the only person at Wild Waters he particularly enjoyed spending time with, probably because she was ten years older and at least twenty years more mature than the rest of the mostly college-age staff. He’d never gotten along well with people his own age, preferring the company of those whose every fourth word wasn’t “like” and who did not insist on calling him “dude”. His mom, of course, interpreted this behavior as “antisocial” and declared he would never find a nice girl to settle down with if he didn’t make an effort.

Adam sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose, which still tended to turn pink in spite of the deep tan he'd acquired over the summer. The thought of the hysterics his society-belle mother would have when she discovered he didn't swing that way made his stomach turn flip-flops. Which was why he hadn't told her yet.

God, he didn't want to think about that right now. Later. Tomorrow, maybe.

After all, he thought, in the Scarlett voice that tended to plague him at times like this, *tomorrow is another day*.

A sharp smack on his arm brought him back to the present. He winced when he realized Marcy had been forced once again to get physical in order to interrupt his runaway thoughts. "Sorry."

Marcy shook her head. "Honestly, how do you make such good grades when you daydream so much?"

Adam shrugged and kept his mouth shut. He had a natural head for figures and for the classroom environment in general, which kept his grades in the B range, but he'd only majored in business to make his parents happy. He hadn't told them—or anyone else, for that matter—about his pie-in-the-sky dreams of becoming a famous novelist. His dad would lecture him about "responsibility" and "optimum career choices", and his mother would have an attack of The Vapors.

Dear God. *I'll think about that tomorrow.*

He snickered, earning him a glare from Marcy. Blushing, he leaned over the edge of the tall tower. The raft carrying the dad and the kids hit the exit pool with a splash. He waited until all four were safely out of the way, then beckoned to the next group in line. Three giggling preteen girls shuffled over, their arms linked. They wore matching bikinis in blinding pink. Adam thought they looked like a three-headed Barbie. Only without the huge plastic boobs and impossible proportions.

Give 'em ten years. He mentally berated himself for the uncharitable thought, and summoned a smile.

"Sit with your legs crossed," he instructed the three, ignoring the renewed burst of giggles. "Keep your arms and legs inside the raft, and

stay seated at all times. You with the shades, take 'em off and hold them in your hand."

The girls climbed into the raft. The blonde removed her heart-shaped pink sunglasses and gave him a prepubescent version of a come-hither look. *Christ, not even if I was straight*, he thought, horrified, and shoved the raft rather harder than was necessary.

A husky laugh at his right shoulder made Adam jump. "Dude, that little chicklet was *totally* into you."

Adam whirled around and found himself staring into a face that would definitely be lobster-red within the hour. A fall of glossy black hair streaked with crimson partially obscured the milky pale face. Adam would've bet his last dollar there was black eyeliner under those wraparound sunglasses.

Goth, Adam decided. He jerked his thumb toward the line of people trailing down the wooden steps to the ground a couple hundred feet below. "Line's there. No cutting."

"Naw, I'm here to replace Marcy." The boy stuck his hand out, evidently unfazed by Adam's back-off attitude. "I'm Buzz. Pleased to meet you."

Adam took the offered hand and shook it, hoping he'd heard wrong. "You work here?"

Buzz grinned, and Adam scowled. *Why'd he have to have dimples? And such pretty lips? Shit, shit, shit.*

"First day, yeah." Buzz let go of Adam's hand and reached for Marcy's. "Hey, sorry I'm late. I had trouble getting away from Neil."

Marcy laughed. "No problem, I understand. Neil's a good boss, for the most part, but he does get long-winded. Have you been shown what to do here?"

"Nope," Buzz said cheerfully. "But it's okay. Happy Boy here can show me how it works. I'm a quick learner."

Happy Boy. Great. Adam drew a deep breath and forced himself to smile, ignoring Marcy's snicker. "My name's Adam Holderman. I'll show you what to do, sure. There's not much to it."

“Well, I’m off, you boys have fun.” Marcy slipped on her flip-flops and headed for the stairs, giving Adam’s arm a squeeze as she passed. “Nice to meet you, Buzz.”

“You too.” Buzz hooked both thumbs in the waistband of his black-and-red trunks, which hung dangerously low on his slender hips. “So. Happy. Gonna show me how this operation works?”

Adam bit back a groan. It was going to be a long afternoon.

* * *

The next two hours proved a couple of things to Adam. One, Buzz really was a quick learner. He had the routine down within the initial few runs. Not that it was all that hard, but most newbies were a little more awkward to start with. Two, Buzz must be in possession of the strongest sunblock known to man, because his skin remained flawlessly alabaster except for a faint rosy glow painting his cheeks, nose and shoulders.

Adam still remembered the sunburn he’d gotten on his first day. Anyone who had the audacity to keep his ghostly complexion intact after spending a couple of hours in the southern Alabama sun deserved to be hated.

The problem was, Buzz was impossible to hate. The incessant “dude”ing aside, he had an open, friendly and easygoing personality that drew Adam like a beetle to a porch light. Of course the hard, lean body didn’t hurt any. Neither did the full lips, or the dimples, or the frequent laughter. And his hair was sexy as hell, razored short-short in the back and falling over his face in the front.

I do believe you’re gettin’ sweet on that boy, the Scarlett-voice declared.

“Am not,” Adam muttered, catching the raft coming off the conveyor belt.

“Not what?” Buzz asked as he beckoned a pair of teen girls over.

“Nothing.” Plastering on his best Customer Service smile, Adam gallantly held out a hand to help one of the girls into the raft. “Keep your arms and legs in the raft and remain seated at all times.”

“Thanks.” The girl gave him an appraising look. “Can I come back later and give you my number?”

Adam stifled a sigh. Girls were always coming on to him, though he could never figure out why. He’d always thought women liked the square-jawed, no-neck, Alpha-dog type, but his own experience didn’t bear that out. They seemed to find his baby face and perpetual bedhead irresistible. His female friends assured him girls fell all over him because of his slim, athletic build and the enormous eyes his sister had once jealously dubbed “aquamarine”. Adam privately thought all women were on a mission to flirt the gayness out of him.

“No, thank you,” he told the girl as politely as he could.

Her eyes widened. “No? Why not?”

Adam blushed. He hated telling perfect strangers he was gay. “I...um...”

“He’s seeing someone,” Buzz interjected, flashing a dimpled grin. “Now, if you could just sit down, please?”

The girl huffed, but sat in the raft with her friend. Buzz shoved the raft over the edge, waving at the girls as they whirled off down the tunnel.

“I’m not seeing anybody,” Adam said, and instantly wished he hadn’t. *Real smooth, Casanova.*

“Excellent.” Buzz lifted his sunglasses, revealing a pair of smoky blue gray eyes rimmed in—*yes! I knew it!*—black eyeliner. “Wanna go out?”

Adam’s jaw dropped. “What?”

“You. Me. Go out.” Buzz slid his shades back into place. “You know, like a date.”

“A date?”

“Yeah. Dinner. A movie. Making out in the backseat. Or haven’t you ever been on a date?”

“I...uh...”

Buzz crossed his arms and cocked his head to the side. “You *are* gay, right?”

“Um, yeah. Er...” Adam felt the conversation slipping out of his control. *You mean you had control at some point?* He licked his lips, trying to think of something to say that wouldn’t make him sound like a complete idiot. Nothing came to mind.

Chuckling, Buzz shook his head. “Dude, chill. It’s no big deal if you don’t want to go out with me. We can still be buds, yeah?”

Not waiting for an answer, Buzz leaned over and grabbed the handle of the next raft. Adam caught the scent of sunblock and sweat and spicy cologne under the ever-present chlorine smell, and felt a sudden rush of desire.

Shit. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

“Um. Yeah, sure.” Adam bit his lip. *Naked grandmas*, he thought, desperate to rid himself of the tent forming in his trunks. *Neil and his wife having sex. Preteen girls coming on to you.*

That did it. He let out a grateful sigh as his cock deflated.

“Cool.” Buzz clapped him on the shoulder, then turned his megawatt smile to the next person in line.

Adam brushed off the twinge of disappointment. He did *not* want to go out with Buzz. He didn’t date Goth-surfer-skate-punks, or whatever the hell Buzz was with his striped hair and eyeliner. He didn’t.

Watching the play of lean muscles in Buzz’s back, Adam wondered how much trouble he was going to have convincing his libido of that.

* * *

Buzz asked him out again the next day, while they were working the side-by-side water slides in the children’s area.

"We don't have to, you know..." Putting a thumb and forefinger together in a circle, Buzz made a decidedly lewd gesture with his other hand. "We can just catch a show or something."

A blush crept up Adam's neck and into his cheeks. "Good grief, Buzz. Do you have to do that?"

"What?" Buzz lifted a towheaded toddler into position at the top of the slide and nudged him down the yellow plastic slope. "Are you worried about the kids? C'mon, they don't know what that means."

"Doesn't matter. What if one of them goes home and shows their parents the neat hand gesture they learned from the guy on the slide? You'd get fired."

"Good point." Buzz waited until Adam sent a little girl in a SpongeBob swimsuit down the slide, then leaned close enough for Adam to catch his sun-and-sweat scent. "So what about it? There's a poetry slam at Darkshines tonight, wanna go?"

He's courtin' you, Scarlett purred. You're not going to turn him down again, are you? Such an attractive young man.

"No thanks," Adam answered, ignoring Scarlett and her prodding. No way was he spending his evening listening to a bunch of emo kids recite their overwrought odes to misery, even if he *did* want to go out with Buzz. Which he didn't.

Really.

"We don't have to—"

"Yeah, you said that," Adam interrupted before Buzz could make it even clearer. "I'm not really a fan of poetry slams."

Buzz shrugged. "Suit yourself, dude."

He turned back to his work, seemingly unaffected by Adam's refusal. To Adam's annoyance, part of him felt stung by the fact that Buzz didn't continue the pursuit.

Stop it, he admonished himself, helping a gangly preteen boy settle his baby sister on his lap for a trip down the slide. What are you, an

eighth-grade girl? You don't want to go out with him anyway. He's not your type.

Inside his head, Scarlett chuckled. *Honey, that boy's hotter than blacktop in July, and he's got a hankerin' for you. Tell him you changed your mind.*

"But I didn't," he blurted. "I don't want to."

Shoving his sunglasses on top of his head, Buzz shot Adam a puzzled look. "What'd you say?"

Adam cringed. When would he learn not to answer Scarlett out loud? "Nothing," he mumbled. "Just talking to myself."

Buzz laughed. "You're weird."

You have no idea. Adam kept that thought to himself.

Chapter Two

In the weeks that followed, Adam and Buzz fell into an easy routine. They were assigned together more often than not, and on the days they weren't, they would meet up on their lunch break and talk. Topics of conversation were nothing particularly thought-provoking—movies, sports, gossip about their coworkers—but Adam found himself looking forward to their time together.

It was surprising, and a bit disconcerting, to realize how comfortable he'd become with Buzz. He'd known the man for only a month, but he felt more relaxed with him than he did with people he'd known for years. He figured it was mostly due to Buzz's easygoing nature. The man accepted Adam's idiosyncrasies with a Zen sort of calm like Adam had never encountered before. It was nice to spend time with someone who didn't constantly tell him he should do this, or be that, or act this other way. He got more than he could stand of that from his parents and other friends.

Ironically, the fact that Buzz had asked him out every single day since they'd met made it easier to not take him seriously. It had become sort of a game between them, with Buzz inviting Adam to the most outrageous events—like drag queen mud wrestling, which Adam still maintained Buzz had made up—and Adam turning him down with a smile and a shake of his head.

Of course, every time Buzz sidled up to him and requested his company for the evening, it became a little harder to say no. It threw Adam completely off kilter to think about that, so he tried not to.

Not that the ignore-it-and-it'll-go-away approach had ever worked in the past.

He didn't want to think about that either.

"School's starting back next week," Buzz observed through a mouthful of veggie burger one day at the end of August. "You gonna keep working after you go back?"

"No, I have a full class load. Next Saturday's my last day." Popping a corn chip into his mouth, Adam crunched it up and swallowed. "What about you? The park closes for the winter at the end of next month, do you have something else lined up?" He already knew Buzz didn't attend college. Not that he held that against him. Adam wanted the security of a business degree, but he'd never held to the notion that a college education was necessary for everyone.

Buzz nodded, taking a long swallow of the mango-flavored water he always drank. "I already work part-time at Best Buy, I'm just gonna go full-time."

Adam laughed. "Geek Squad, right?"

"Right you are, Happy Boy." Grinning, Buzz stole one of Adam's Fritos. "I'm damn good with computers and stuff."

They fell silent. Adam shoved the last bite of his chicken sandwich into his mouth, watching Buzz drag a clump of fries through the God-awful ketchup, mustard and salsa concoction he always ate. Something about the way the sun glinted off the red streaks in his hair made Adam's insides twist.

As Buzz tilted his head back and crammed the entire handful of red-and-yellow smeared fries into his mouth, Adam realized the days of low-key flirting and banter over lunch trays were about to come to an end. And he didn't want them to. His throat constricted.

Buzz frowned, took his sunglasses off and pinned Adam with a keen look. "Dude, you okay? You look like your dog just died or something."

Don't say it, Adam warned himself, but the part of him which always got lost in Buzz's eyes had already seized control of his tongue and

wasn't about to let go. "I was just thinking how much I'll miss hanging out with you."

Buzz's eyebrows shot up, and Adam groaned inwardly. *Why, why, why can you not keep your big mouth shut? Now he'll get the wrong idea, idiot.*

Seems to me it wouldn't be the wrong idea at all, Scarlett chimed in.

Adam ignored that. He didn't much like how true it felt.

For a few heartbeats, Buzz didn't say a word, just stared hard enough to bore holes in Adam's skull. Adam hunched his shoulders and dropped his gaze to the corn chip crumbs littering the red tabletop.

"We don't have to stop hanging out just because we won't be working together anymore." Buzz's hand closed around Adam's wrist, his fingers warm and slightly damp, and Adam had to fight off the urge to jump across the table and rip Buzz's swim trunks off. "Hey. Look at me."

Adam reluctantly obeyed, both wanting and dreading what he figured he'd see. The uncharacteristically serious expression on Buzz's face surprised him.

"Go out with me?" Buzz asked, his voice devoid of its usual teasing tone.

"Okay." Adam blinked, as stunned by his own answer as he'd been by the grave manner in which Buzz had asked this time. "You still want to go out with me?"

"I've been asking you every day for a month. What do you think?"

"Okay, yeah, but I've been turning you down every day. Most people would've given up by now."

Buzz's face broke into a smile that promised all sorts of sin. "I am not most people."

"You got that right." Adam let his mouth curve into a grin. "So. What are we doing?"

"Don't know. I hadn't really thought about it, since you never said yes before." Tilting his head sideways and thus baring a stretch of throat

Adam desperately wanted to bite, Buzz scratched his chin. "Want to hook up after our shifts are over and just see what happens?"

"Okay, sure."

They stared at each other. *I will not molest him in the middle of the snack bar*, Adam chanted to himself. *I won't, I won't, I won't.*

With a look suggesting he could read minds, Buzz stood, walked around the table and bent down so that his lips brushed Adam's ear. "You can ravage me later, Happy," he whispered, and flicked Adam's earlobe with his tongue. "I've been dying to spread for you since day one."

All the blood drained from Adam's brain, making a beeline for his crotch, and he groaned.

Buzz let out a throaty chuckle that did nothing to lessen Adam's desire to bend him over the table, sandwich wrappers and Frito crumbs be damned. "Come on," Buzz said, straightening up. "Gotta go back to work now."

Adam had to wait a couple of minutes before he could stand without scandalizing everyone in a fifty-foot radius. Buzz laughed, and Adam wondered what it meant, exactly, that he'd still rather kiss Buzz than hit him.

* * *

Four hours later, Jane and Rita came on shift, and Adam and Buzz were free to go. Buzz took Adam's hand as they made their way through the throng of sunburned families and teenagers on dates. A hot flush crept into Adam's face. He could sense everyone staring at them. It was uncomfortable as hell, but not enough to make him let go. The feel of Buzz's long, slim fingers laced through his was too good to give up.

Adam's Inner Scarlett chuckled. *Why, sugar, I do believe you might get lucky tonight.*

Why, Scarlett, I do believe you may be right. He grinned, ridiculously pleased with how well things seemed to be going.

They strolled toward the locker room hand in hand, not talking, but smiling at each other from time to time. Buzz had pushed his sunglasses up on top of his head, making his long bangs stick up in a way Adam found enchanting. Every few seconds, those pretty eyes would rake down Adam's body. Adam swore he could feel the warmth of those hungry looks, and wondered idly if Buzz had heat vision or something. *Like Superman*, he mused, picturing Buzz in blue spandex and a cape.

The mental image was more amusing than arousing, and Adam stifled a laugh.

"What's funny?" Buzz asked, pushing open the door to the men's locker room.

"Nothing." Adam let go of Buzz's hand and crossed the room to his locker. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure." Buzz went to his own locker and started dialing the combination to his padlock. "What?"

"Is Buzz your real name?"

"Took you long enough to ask."

"Yeah, well, I'm asking now." Turning around, Adam leaned against the bank of lockers and crossed his arms. "So is it?"

"Nope."

Adam waited, but it seemed Buzz was content to leave it there. Adam was not. "So, what's your real name? And why do you go by Buzz?"

Sighing, Buzz rested his forehead against the wall. "Promise you won't laugh?"

"No," Adam answered, not wanting to lie since he had no idea what Buzz was about to say. *If his name's Priscilla, there's no way I'm not laughing.* "But I'll try not to. Will you still tell me?"

One corner of Buzz's mouth lifted in a sly smile. "Myron Stiles."

Adam blinked a couple of times, then threw his head back and laughed until tears rolled down his cheeks. In all his life, he'd never seen anyone who looked less like a Myron.

“Dude, come on,” Buzz—*no, Myron! hahaha!*—grumbled. “It’s not that fucking funny.”

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry.” Adam wiped his streaming eyes on a mostly clean towel from his locker. Buzz stood with his arms crossed, glaring daggers at Adam, and Adam felt a twinge of guilt. “It’s just that Myron doesn’t suit you. You look more like a... I don’t know. Something sexier than Myron.”

Instantly, the hurt in Buzz’s eyes vanished, replaced by a hot lust that made Adam’s prick sit up and take notice. Leaving his locker open, Buzz crossed the room and pressed his body against Adam’s.

“You think I’m sexy?” Buzz asked, his voice low and rough and practically dripping with seduction.

Oh, honey-child, he’s good, the Scarlett-voice chortled. I bet he gets more cock than the last hen in a barnyard full of roosters.

And tonight he’s getting mine. In his ass and in his mouth, though not necessarily in that order, because, ew. Unless we fuck in the shower, because there’s soap and I can wash my dick after I fuck him and then it wouldn’t be gross for him to suck me off after. Of course maybe it’s not gross to him anyway, how do I know?

Scarlett tsked at him. *Honey, you’d best pay attention. You don’t want your daydreamin’ to cost you your chance with this pretty li’l thing, hm?*

As usual, she was right. A hint of uncertainty had crept into Buzz’s eyes, and Adam wanted—no, *needed*—to make it go away.

Sliding his arms around Buzz’s waist, Adam gave a tiny thrust of his hips, pushing his rapidly stiffening prick against Buzz’s thigh. Buzz’s lips parted on a soft gasp, and Adam felt like emperor of the universe. “Yeah. I think you’re sexy.”

Buzz licked his lips, his gaze flicking lightning quick to Adam’s mouth and back to his eyes. “Dude, the feeling is *totally* mutual.”

Oh, sugar, he’s gonna kiss you. From her floral-print chaise in Adam’s mind, Scarlett clapped her hands in delight. Adam ignored her, because she was right and he wanted his full attention on Buzz and those gorgeous lips. He leaned forward at the same time as Buzz.

Their noses bumped, then Buzz tilted his head and his mouth covered Adam's and it was amazing.

Adam closed his eyes and lost himself in the kiss. Buzz tasted like French fries and salt and a surprisingly appealing mixture of condiments. His hands came up to frame Adam's face, thumbs caressing his cheeks. It was oddly tender considering how little they really knew about each other, but Adam wasn't about to complain. Now that he'd made up his mind to give in to his attraction, he wanted to enjoy every second. Sliding his hands down to Buzz's ass, he got a double handful and squeezed, making Buzz moan in the most wonderful way.

The locker room door banged open, and Adam nearly jumped out of his skin. He groaned when Kevin, Ross and Connor—the three most homophobic lifeguards ever spawned—sauntered in. Their shifts hadn't intersected with Adam's in weeks. Wouldn't it just have to be *now*.

Land's sake, I do believe they saw you boys kissin'.

No fucking kidding, genius.

Before Adam could say a word, or even let go of Buzz, Kevin pointed at them and bellowed, "What the fuck, Adam? Were you and him just *kissing?*"

For a heartbeat, Buzz's eyes blazed with anger. Then he seemed to shake himself, and turned a blandly friendly smile to the three lifeguards.

He strode forward with his hand out. "I've seen you guys around, but we've never been introduced. I'm Buzz, nice to meet you."

Adam watched with interest as Kevin, Connor and Ross all shook Buzz's hand and introduced themselves, the expressions of shock and disgust still plastered to their faces. He wondered if it was some sort of Pavlovian response. You see a hand held out in greeting, you shake it and introduce yourself, in spite of the danger of catching Gayness.

Mindin' their manners, like their mamas taught 'em.

Adam grimaced. *And thinking me and Buzz are evil and going to hell. Just like their mamas taught them.*

Ross crossed his burly arms and scowled at them. "We don't want you fags doing your fag business in here."

Fag business? Adam snorted, earning him a glare from Ross.

Tilting his head to the side, Buzz gave Ross a considering look. "I guess this means you wouldn't be willing to accept the position of Fag/Non-Fag Liaison."

Ross's thick eyebrows drew together in confusion. "Huh?"

"Whores," Connor hissed, his face an angry red that clashed violently with his carrot-colored hair. "Filthy fag whores! Don't try spreading your seeds of evil here."

"Of course," Buzz continued, not missing a beat, "there are many other excellent opportunities for enterprising young people such as yourselves at Filthy Fag Whores, Incorporated. Give my secretary your number. My people will call your people, we'll do lunch. Now if you'll excuse me, Happy Boy and I are in the middle of a meeting of the Committee for Spreading Seeds of Evil. You'll have to come back later."

To Adam's immense surprise, all three lifeguards turned around and filed out of the room. At least they were heading for the showers. If they actually went back outside, Adam would've been forced to conclude that either they were even dumber than he'd thought, or Buzz had mind-control powers.

Actually, Adam was inclined to believe the latter. How else was he supposed to explain the fact that he was now dating a "dude"-spouting, eyeliner-wearing, apparently three-quarters insane Goth boy? That was so *not* his usual type.

"Get your stuff," Buzz ordered, snatching his ubiquitous black T-shirt and baggy shorts out of his locker and slamming it shut. "We should probably leave before they figure out how pissed they are at me."

Removing the duffle bag with his clothes and toiletries in it, Adam shut his locker and clicked the padlock closed. "How the hell did you do that?" he demanded as they left the locker room.

"Best way to deal with the 'phobes, dude. Confuse 'em." Buzz grinned. "It's usually not too hard."

“Not with those three, for sure. They are *collectively* dumber than a bag of hammers.” Adam let out a chuckle. “Filthy Fag Whores, Incorporated. You’re crazy.”

“Hey, I’m just pimpin’ the fag business.”

Adam laughed loudly enough that people stared as they passed by. For once, he didn’t care. So what if Buzz made him laugh? It was no one else’s business, and it was nothing to be ashamed of.

Acting on a whim, Adam looped his arm around Buzz’s shoulders. He was going for cool and casual, but he had a feeling it came off as desperate and horny instead. Not that Buzz seemed to mind. His arm went around Adam’s waist, his hand slipping into the back pocket of Adam’s trunks to gently squeeze his ass.

They both turned their heads, their eyes met, and a tingle went up Adam’s spine. He felt like he was back in high school, sneaking a kiss with his first real boyfriend at the church picnic. The giddy thrill of it was the same, only better because he no longer felt the need to hide it from the rest of the world.

Not here, anyway. In his own environment—at work, at school, in his apartment in a building full of college students being rebellious—he could be himself, and no one would fault him for it. No one he gave a damn about, anyhow. However, if his mother saw him right now, walking hip to hip and arm in arm with another man, he’d have to break out the smelling salts.

I won’t think about that right now. I’ll think about that later.

“So,” Buzz said, tightening his arm around Adam’s waist. “Got any ideas where to go?”

Adam pursed his lips, thinking. A crowd of dripping children ran past, shrieking with laughter, pursued by a hefty woman in a flowered one-piece and bright orange flip-flops. Her matching flowered miniskirt ruffled around her dimpled thighs as she trotted after the youngsters, grumbling under her breath.

“Let’s go clubbing,” Adam suggested, watching the flowered woman swat a recalcitrant toddler on the butt. “I think I’ve had my fill of families for one day.”

Buzz snickered. “I hear you. I want to shower and change first, what about you?”

“Yeah.” Leaning closer, Adam nuzzled Buzz’s hair. The glossy locks smelled like coconut. “Where do you live? I’ll come pick you up.”

“Sounds good.” Buzz tilted his head up for a quick kiss as they reached the front gate and went into the small office to punch out. “You got something to write on? So I can give you my address?”

“Yeah, in my glove compartment.”

After they clocked out, they left the office and crossed the parking lot. On the other side, the westering sun flung long shadows from the pines edging the asphalt. Adam’s car sat in deep and blessed shade, which was why he always parked here. Sitting out in one-hundred-degree heat for six to eight hours, he’d quickly discovered, nearly melted his leather seats. Snagging a spot which would be in the shade for most of the afternoon made for a much more comfortable ride home.

Buzz let out an admiring whistle when they reached Adam’s car. “Dude, sweet! A Viper.” Pulling away from Adam’s side, Buzz ran his fingers over the smooth curve of the midnight blue hood. “Wish I’d asked to check out your ride sooner. Ninety-seven, right?”

Adam puffed up a little. He couldn’t help it. He fucking *loved* his car. “Yeah. Got it cheap from my parents’ next-door neighbor. Her husband left it when he ran off to Italy with some girl he met online. I think she sold it just to get back at him. She knew what she had, but she just wanted to get rid of it.”

“Lucky for you.” Buzz sidled up to Adam and wound both arms around his neck. “You know what?”

“What?”

“Muscle cars make me horny.”

Adam grinned. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Buzz rubbed his crotch against Adam’s thigh, sending a dizzying wave of lust through Adam’s brain. “You know what I want right now?”

“Um. No.” *But God, if it’s what I think it is, I’m gonna come in my pants.*

“What I want,” Buzz murmured, lips brushing Adam’s ear, “is for you to bend me over this fucking sweet hood and fuck me.”

Oh my, Scarlett tittered, furiously fanning her nonexistent self. Adam closed his eyes and conjured an image of the flowery mother to keep from shooting like a virgin on prom night. It worked, thankfully. He licked his lips, trying to find his voice.

“I’d love to fuck you across the hood of my Viper,” he said, with absolute sincerity. “Later. When it’s dark, and we’re not in the Wild Waters parking lot.”

“Deal.” Snaking a hand between Adam’s legs, Buzz gave his crotch a squeeze. Adam squealed, and Buzz laughed. “Get your little black book and write down my address, Happy Boy, before I lose it and have to sit on your cock right here.”

Now, that’s mighty temptin’.

Mighty tempting, indeed. Tempting enough to get them both fired and/or arrested. Resolutely ignoring the Scarlett-voice telling him to drag Buzz into the trees for a quickie, Adam fished his car keys out of his bag and opened the door. The sooner he got Buzz’s address, the sooner he could peel the man out of the Goth-boy clothes he was sure to be wearing later.

He was halfway home, already daydreaming of pounding his cock into Buzz’s ass, when he realized the sneaky bastard had never said how he got the nickname “Buzz”.

Damn.

Sugar, you got all night to sweet-talk it out of him. Once you start lovin’ on that boy, he’ll tell you anything you want to know.

One thing about his inner Scarlett was she was almost always right. He grinned. The night was definitely looking up.

* * *

While he showered, dressed and made the requisite vain attempt to tame his hair, Adam pondered the possibilities for the night ahead. There were lots of clubs in downtown Mobile, including a wide variety of gay spots. He could picture Buzz in a place like Bela's, with its black walls and earsplitting death metal music, but he hated Bela's and really hoped Buzz didn't want to go there. On the other hand, Buzz would be sadly out of place in Adam's favorite club, The Top Hat. Somehow, he didn't think Buzz went for smooth jazz and a Rat-Pack-cool atmosphere.

Honey, you ever met a beau at that place? Scarlett arched a phantom brow at him. *Let your young man decide. Let him take charge. Use your feminine wiles.*

"Whoa, wait just a fucking minute." Adam pointed a stern finger at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. "You, missy, are overstepping your bounds. I don't have any stupid wiles. I am not a girl."

Except for the girl who seems to be stuck in your brain, he reminded himself sourly as he turned away and went to get dressed for his date.

Part of him still couldn't believe he was actually going out with Buzz. It galled him that he'd gone loopy for a guy who painted his toenails black and knew the words to every Joy Division song by heart. How, he wondered, could he take someone like that seriously?

His long-neglected sex drive pointed out that he didn't need to take Buzz seriously in order to fuck him blind. Adam nodded to himself and decided that made perfect sense.

He ignored the part of him which insisted he wanted more than sex. *I can't think about that right now. I'll think about that tomorrow.*

The phone rang just as he was about to leave. Grumbling, he snatched the receiver from the cradle. "What?" he barked.

"Adam, mind your manners."

He groaned. "Mom, I was just getting ready to go out."

Her long-suffering sigh set his teeth on edge. "I won't keep you long. I know you don't have time for an old woman like me."

"You know that's not true," Adam answered through clenched teeth. "It's just that I have a date. I need to leave or I'm going to be late."

"Do your father and I get to meet this one?"

Jesus, I hope not. "Mom, did you need something?"

She sighed again, and Adam barely stifled the urge to bang his head on the wall. "We're having a little get-together with the Taylors tomorrow night. Sharon's going to be there, I thought you might want to come and keep her company."

Adam grimaced. George and Eileen Taylor were his parents' oldest friends. They were decent enough people, in their own clueless way. But their daughter Sharon was, in Adam's opinion, a complete skank and he couldn't imagine any man wanting her unless he had a herpes fetish.

"I sort of promised Megan I'd go to church with her tomorrow night," he lied. His mother adored his friend Megan, and what kind of mother would complain about her son going to church?

"Oh, I see. Well, tell Megan hello for me. Such a nice girl."

Adam bit back a laugh. He could practically see the gleam in his mother's eyes. "I will. Talk to you later, Mom. Love you."

"Love you too, baby. Have fun on your date."

"Oh, I will. Bye." Smiling, Adam hung up the phone.

Chapter Three

Fifteen minutes later, he pulled his Viper up in front of a house that looked like it ought to be condemned. Frowning, he flicked on the overhead light and checked the paper in his hand, then stared at the lopsided number nailed to one of the front porch pillars. 147 Poinciana Street. This was the place, all right. At least there were signs of life. Light poured from every window of the two-story structure, and he thought he could hear the pounding bass of someone's stereo turned up too loud.

"Good grief," Adam muttered. Shaking his head, he killed the engine and climbed out of the car.

The porch steps squealed alarmingly under his weight. He breathed a sigh of relief when he got to the front door. Glancing behind him to make sure no one had stolen his car while he wasn't looking, he knocked on the door.

Just when he was starting to think Buzz hadn't heard him and he should knock again, the door flew open. The bass grew abruptly louder and defined itself into a song Adam vaguely recognized, but he forgot all about the music when he saw Buzz.

Adam's mouth fell open. It was the same gorgeous face and sexy body which had starred in his masturbatory fantasies for the last month, but everything else had changed. The black hair was now dark auburn and cut close to the scalp. The eyeliner was gone, making him look both older and younger. He wore khaki shorts and a dark blue T-shirt.

It was such a shocking change, Adam had no idea how to deal with it. He felt strangely disappointed.

“Wow,” Adam managed. “You look... I mean, I didn’t expect... Um...” He winced. *You’re blowing it, dumb-ass, say something not stupid now before he tells you to go away.*

The man at the door laughed. “You must be Adam. Come on in, Buzz’ll be right down.”

Adam blinked. “What? But, but you’re Buzz. Right?”

“Wrong.” Flashing a very familiar dimpled grin, the man held out a hand. “I’m Jordan. We’re twins.”

The light bulb went on in Adam’s brain, and he sagged with relief. Smiling, he took Jordan’s hand and shook it. “Nice to meet you, Jordan. Yes, I’m Adam.”

Jordan walked over to the foot of the stairs. “Buzz!” he shouted. “Adam’s here, get your ass down here.” His eyes twinkled as he ushered Adam in and shut the door. “Buzz hasn’t shut up about you ever since he started at Wild Waters. I can see why.”

“Are you gay too?” Adam blurted before he thought about what he was saying. Mentally smacking himself, he gave Jordan a sheepish smile. “Sorry. I’ve never known twins before.”

“That’s okay. We’ve gotten weirder questions before. No, I’m not gay. Me and my girlfriend, Tanya, are getting married in a couple of months. But hey, I’m secure enough to admit when a guy’s hot. Buzz always did have good taste.”

Blushing, Adam stuck his hands in the back pockets of his jeans and ducked his head. “Thanks.” He glanced around, casting about for something to say. “This place is pretty nice inside.”

“Thanks. Buzz has been living here rent-free since I bought it last year. He’s been helping me fix it up. The outside’s still shit, but at least it’s livable where it counts.”

“Yeah.” A sudden thought struck Adam, and he went with it. Leaning closer to Jordan, he dropped his voice to a whisper. “How did he get the nickname Buzz? I asked earlier, but he...um, distracted me, and I never found out.”

Jordan shot him an amused look. "I just bet he 'distracted' you. Hey, you seem like a great guy, but I can't tell you that. I like my balls right where they are, thanks."

"Dude, don't be telling my date about your balls. I don't want him thinking about any balls but mine."

Startled, Adam turned toward Buzz's voice. Buzz bounded down the stairs, looking like a wet dream in low-slung black jeans and a tight red Dirty On Purpose T-shirt that bared a strip of flat, creamy belly. His eyes glittered with something undefinable that made Adam's heart race, and his pale cheeks were flushed.

Adam wanted to lick him all over.

"Hey, Happy Boy." Buzz strode over to Adam, threw both arms around his neck and planted a wet, open-mouthed kiss on his lips. Taken by surprise, Adam went with his gut and let himself respond, pulling Buzz close and opening his mouth for Buzz's tongue. A sharp thrill shot through him when he realized Buzz was semi-erect in those snug jeans.

That's for you, honey, Scarlett purred.

I know. Adam thrust his pelvis against Buzz's, just to hear his faint, lusty moan.

Beside them, Jordan cleared his throat. "Maybe you guys should just skip the going-out part and head on up to Buzz's room."

Buzz laughed, bit Adam's chin and pulled out of his arms. "What's wrong, *Melvin*? Are we turning you gay with our hot manlove?"

"Never gonna happen, *Myron*," Jordan shot back with the practiced ease of someone who'd been doing it for years. "I'm happy with my girl." He grinned at Adam. "Jordan's my middle name," he said, answering the question Adam had thought but hadn't asked. "It's what everybody but my brother calls me."

Buzz shook his head in mock sadness. "One day, bro, I'm gonna turn you." Cupping his twin's face in both hands, Buzz planted a light kiss right on his lips. "We're out of here. Don't wait up, dude. Tell Tanya I said hi."

Adam managed a vague wave in Jordan's direction as Buzz grabbed his wrist and dragged him outside. *Twincest!* the not-Scarlett part of his brain screamed. *Oh my God, that's hot!*

Buzz gave him a knowing look. "You're thinking about me and my brother fucking, aren't you?"

Adam almost dropped his car keys. "Wh-what makes you think I was thinking that?" he quavered, managing to unlock the doors and slide behind the wheel. "I wasn't—"

"Oh yes you were." Buzz plopped into the passenger seat, his face fixed in a trouble-making grin. "Everybody seems to think that. Used to freak us out, but we got used to it. It's kind of fun to fuck with people's heads, you know? Make 'em think we're doing each other. I *totally* don't get it, but whatever. Gotta go with the flow, right?"

"Uh. Right." Adam started the car and backed out of the driveway. "So, where did you want to go? I'm easy."

Buzz slid a hand onto Adam's thigh. "I sure hope so."

"Oh, shit," Adam groaned, barely avoiding someone's barn-shaped mailbox. "Buzz, come on, give me a break. I'll wreck if you keep doing that."

Buzz pouted. His hand didn't move. "But I'm really horny tonight. I'm dying to touch you."

"Is there actually a time when you *aren't* really horny?" Adam squealed like a little girl when Buzz's fingers wandered higher. "Dammit, stop. Please."

Laughing, Buzz pulled his hand away. "I guess that means you don't want me to go down on you while you're driving, huh?"

The mental picture was nearly enough to make Adam soil his jeans. In his head, Scarlett shook her ringlets sadly. *Sugar, it's been way too long since you've bedded a man.*

Thanks for the newsflash, Scarlett.

"Buzz, after we go out and get to know each other better, you can do whatever you want to my body," Adam promised, and meant it. "But

right now, I really want to live to experience it, so no, I don't want you to go down on me while I'm driving. Not that I don't appreciate the offer."

Buzz let out an exaggerated sigh. "Oh well, I tried." He turned sideways in the seat and grinned. "Hey, wanna drive over to the beach? We could hit the Purple Palomino."

"That's the gayest place on the planet," Adam said. He'd been before and hadn't hated it, but it surprised him Buzz wanted to go there. The man didn't seem like the type to enjoy the unabashedly flamboyant atmosphere of a place like the Purple Palomino.

"Yeah, I know." Buzz picked a thread from a hole in the knee of his jeans. "We can drink pink beverages with paper umbrellas in them, dance ironically to bad disco music and generally camp it up until we can't stand ourselves. What about it?"

Adam had to admit it sounded fun. "Okay, sure." He shot a quick grin at Buzz. "Too bad neither of us has a leather daddy outfit."

"How do you know I don't? Maybe I have a secret life as a Dom."

The idea was disturbingly exciting, but Adam knew better. No real leather daddy would beg to be fucked over the hood of a car. "Nice try. But hey, there's a shop just down the beach from the Palomino that sells leather gear. We could stock up before we go to the club."

"Happy Boy, I like the way you think." Buzz leaned back in the seat, stuck his hands behind his head and grinned. "Onward, Jeeves. The night's a-wasting."

Laughing, Adam turned the Viper off the narrow little street and onto the main road, heading across Mobile Bay to the beach.

* * *

The drive went by quickly. To his surprise, Adam found Buzz's musical tastes to be much more varied than he'd thought. As it turned out, they were both huge fans of Norah Jones and Patrick Wolf. They rolled down the windows and sang along with *Lycanthropy* as the Viper sped along the highway.

As usual, the public beach and adjacent stretch of clubs, restaurants and shops was crawling with people when they arrived. Adam parked in the public beach lot and they walked the block and a half to Daddy-O's hand in hand. Having never been in the place before, it was all Adam could do not to gawk like a tourist as they showed their IDs to the girl at the door and walked inside. He'd always secretly wanted to check the place out, though he'd never dared to go in alone, and had never felt comfortable enough with anyone else to suggest going. The fact that he was entering the store for the first time with Buzz felt a little surreal.

The shop was decorated in blues and purples, managing to give the impression of dangerous darkness in spite of the brightly lit shelves. Throbbing, percussion-heavy music played in the background, loud enough to set the mood without making conversation difficult. Groups, couples and a few lone shoppers mingled among the shelves. They all seemed just like anyone else Adam saw on the street every day.

"Wow," he said, gazing around. "This isn't exactly what I expected."

"Why, what'd you expect?" Buzz turned down a row of shelves containing various anal toys and lube. He ran his fingers over a package containing a realistic-looking rubber fist and forearm. "Dude, check it out. Bet that feels amazing."

Adam winced. "Ouch." Resting an arm across Buzz's shoulders, Adam led him around the corner to the next row. To Adam's relief, it contained nothing to make his anus clench in self-defense. "I don't know what I expected. Big guys in leather clothes leading around slave boys on leashes, I guess. Everybody in here looks like regular people."

"That's 'cause they *are* regular people." Buzz's eyes lit up. He snatched something off the shelf. "Dude, I am so getting this."

Adam looked. Buzz held a thick black leather collar with six silver D-rings set in it. *Oh my, now won't that look nice*, Scarlett lilted, reflecting Adam's thoughts almost exactly, if more coherently.

"Yeah, that's good," Adam said, wishing his voice wouldn't shake.

Buzz flashed an evil smile. "I'm getting this too," he added, picking up a long black leather leash. "I can be your slave boy for the night."

What a magnificent idea, Adam attempted to say. What actually came out was an embarrassing squeak.

Buzz pressed his body against Adam's and kissed his throat. "Oh yeah. You like that."

"Definitely," Adam answered, finding his voice at last. "Buzz, unless you want to get fucked right here in the store, you'd better stop it."

Laughing, Buzz flicked his tongue over Adam's pulse point, then pulled away. He swayed over to the other end of the row to peruse the available goods. Adam stared shamelessly at his ass. It was a damn fine ass, and Adam's hands itched to touch it. Seeing no reason why he shouldn't do just that, Adam walked over and planted his palms on Buzz's tempting posterior.

There was something small, flat and rectangular in Buzz's back pocket. Adam traced the outline of it with his thumb, wondering what it was.

Buzz smiled over his shoulder. "Fresh," he teased, wiggling his rear in Adam's grip.

"Yep." Leaning forward, Adam bit Buzz's neck. "What's in your pocket?"

Buzz turned and planted a quick kiss on Adam's lips. "I'll show you later."

Adam frowned. "But why—"

"Oh hey, here you go." Standing on tiptoe, Buzz plucked a black leather biker hat off the top shelf and tossed it to Adam. "You can't be a daddy without the hat."

Adam considered being annoyed at Buzz for not telling him what was in his pocket, but decided it wasn't worth it. He stared at the hat and cracked up. "Shit, I'm gonna look like such a fucking idiot."

"No way, dude, you'll look hot." Buzz draped his arms around Adam's neck and straddled his thigh. "I bet you couldn't look anything but smokin' hot if you tried."

To his supreme mortification, Adam blushed. He'd never understand why anyone thought he was hot. Buzz was hot; Adam, to his own mind, was cute at best. Not knowing what to say, Adam avoided the whole issue by kissing Buzz's seductive smile.

"Let's check out," Adam suggested. "I want to get to the club before the bar gets too crowded."

"Yeah, me too. Let's roll."

Buzz slid a hand down to Adam's butt, ignoring the threesome that wandered down the aisle at that moment. One of the men gave them a wolfish smile. Adam blushed harder and crowded closer to Buzz.

As he and Buzz left the aisle and headed for the register, Adam stole a glance at the threesome. "Buzz, those guys were checking you out."

Buzz gave him the sort of look you'd give a sweet but rather dim child. "Dude, those guys were checking *us* out."

Shaking his head, Adam got in line behind an expensively dressed silver-haired man carrying three huge dildos and what looked like a tub of Crisco. "Why would they even be looking at me? You're the sexy one."

"Why, sugar, you're both perfectly lovely young men. Why on God's green earth would you think gentlemen wouldn't be lookin' at you?"

Adam's mouth fell open. The world tilted on its axis. *Oh my God. No way. No fucking way.*

He forced himself to turn toward the honey-thick female voice coming from behind Buzz. A tiny woman in an ankle-length, high-necked black dress stood there, holding a copy of *Hog-Tied Lesbians* and a wicked-looking whip. She patted her lavender poodle perm and smiled at him.

"Pardon me," she said. "Didn't mean to pry. When you get to be my age, you tend to speak your mind and not fret about what folks think."

"Um. No problem." Adam clutched at the counter, relearning how to breathe. He was relieved to know he wasn't going crazy and even more relieved Scarlett hadn't somehow come to life.

Buzz grinned at the woman. "Lady, thank you for telling him he's hot. Because he is." He gave her a deep bow, causing her to titter behind her

hand, then turned back to Adam. His brows drew together in a frown. "You okay? You look kind of green."

"I'm fine," Adam insisted, handing his biker hat to the clerk and digging a wad of twenties out of his wallet. "I just...I thought she was someone else."

Buzz gave him a curious look but kept quiet, for which Adam was grateful. He really didn't want to explain Scarlett just yet. Or, preferably, ever.

After paying for their purchases, they left Daddy-O's and started walking the short distance up the street to the Purple Palomino. A neon sign featuring a prancing purple horse graced the top of the large, sprawling building, which was also purple. Adam privately thought the half-naked cowboys and "ponies" painted on the outside walls were a bit much. But no one had ever accused the Palomino of being subtle, so he supposed it fit the general theme.

Since it was still early, the line to get in was relatively short. As soon as they took their place in line, Buzz tore the tag off his new slave collar and handed it to Adam with a grin. "Put it on me."

"Gladly." Adam buckled the collar around Buzz's neck, standing closer than was strictly necessary and brushing his fingertips against Buzz's silky skin as he worked. "There. Wow, that's hot."

Buzz didn't say anything, just pulled the price tag off the leash and gave it to Adam. His eyes burned. Adam gulped and clipped the leash to the collar. Buzz heaved a soft little sigh that went straight to Adam's groin. Unable to resist, Adam wrapped his arms around Buzz, bent and ran his tongue underneath the edge of the collar. The taste of leather and skin burst on his tongue, and he growled.

Buzz let out a breathless laugh. "Wanna find a private spot someplace?" His fingers toyed with Adam's hair, his neck arching to give Adam's tongue room to play.

"Yes," Adam said, nuzzling behind Buzz's ear. "But we bought this leather stuff, so we're damn well going in the Palomino to show it off."

“Yessir, Daddy.” Wriggling out of Adam’s embrace, Buzz snatched the leather hat from the bag, yanked the tag off and plopped it onto Adam’s head. “There. All set.”

Adam puffed his chest out and did his best to look menacing. “I need a mustache. Leather daddies have mustaches.”

“You can use my pubes for a mustache, honey,” offered one of the men in the group behind Adam and Buzz. He grinned and waggled his eyebrows. “Hey, hot stuff. I’m Larry. Want to lick my balls later?”

Adam rolled his eyes while Larry’s companions roared with laughter. Lifting his chin, Buzz faced Larry with a stern expression. “Larry, nobody’s balls but mine are going anywhere near my Daddy’s face. Got that?”

Larry waved a dismissive hand at Buzz, nearly falling over in the process. “Whatever. Don’t get your panties in a bunch, sweetie.”

Larry’s friends burst into fresh peals of hilarity. “Ignore Larry, he’s already drunk,” gasped another member of the group, wiping mirthful tears from his eyes.

“No, you think?” Adam shot Larry and the rest a dark look. “Come on, Buzz. The line’s moving.”

He tugged on Buzz’s leash and Buzz followed. Adam decided he liked having Buzz as a slave boy, even if it was only pretend. He wondered if Buzz would mind too much keeping the collar and leash on later, when Adam was fucking him senseless.

When they reached the head of the line, Adam paid for Buzz’s admission as well as his own, silencing Buzz’s protest with a look. Keeping a firm hold on the leash, Adam pushed open the padded purple double doors and led Buzz inside. A weirdly compelling mixture of sounds, sights and scents engulfed him. Sweat, smoke, liquor. Pounding music, laughter and shouted conversation. A crowd of men in various stages of undress danced under flashing multicolored lights.

For some reason he couldn’t begin to fathom, Adam liked it. Maybe, he mused as he and Buzz made their way to the bar, it was the

uninhibited atmosphere of the place. It was seductive in its own flaming way.

"Two tequila shots," Buzz shouted to the bartender. "With lime, not lemon." He turned a questioning look to Adam. "That okay?"

"Yeah, fine. Thanks." He reached into his pocket for his wallet, but Buzz stopped him with a hand around his wrist.

"I'm buying," Buzz told him.

"You don't have to."

"I know that, doofus. I want to."

Buzz gave Adam a smile that melted him into his Converse, then turned back to the bartender and slapped a handful of bills on the bar. Figuring he might as well let Buzz buy him a drink, Adam leaned an elbow on the bar beside his date—*your date!*—and took the shot glass in front of him. He licked the side of his hand and sprinkled salt on it, watching with undisguised lust as Buzz did the same.

"To daddies, slave boys and gay disco joints," Adam said, holding up his glass.

"Amen, brother."

They clinked their glasses together, licked the salt off their hands and tossed back their drinks. Eyes watering, Adam snatched up a piece of lime from the little plate the bartender had provided and bit into it, sucking out the tart juice. The corner of his brain not being mauled by tequila decided lime was indeed superior to lemon.

Before Adam had recovered enough to do more than stand there with his eyes crossed, Buzz let out a whoop and threw himself into Adam's arms. Adam caught him more by instinct than design, staggered for a second, recovered his balance and hung on. Buzz's mouth latched onto his in a deep, aggressive kiss, and Adam didn't even consider resisting. He closed his eyes and went with it, drinking in the tastes of tequila, lime and salt on Buzz's tongue. Buzz's scent sank into his brain, shampoo and skin and spicy cologne, more intoxicating than the liquor coursing through his veins.

Not for the first time, Adam marveled at the fact that this was truly happening. He was really here, making out with a sexy Goth boy in a gay disco. In a million years, he'd never have predicted it.

"We should move," Buzz breathed, running his tongue over Adam's lips. "Other people probably want to get to the bar."

Adam nodded. "Yeah. Want to dance?"

"Sure." Drawing back, Buzz gave him a brilliant smile. "Dude, you have no fucking idea how horny I am for you."

"Oh good. I hate being the only horny one."

Buzz laughed, and Adam laughed with him. Winding the leash around his wrist, Adam led Buzz into the writhing crowd on the dance floor.

Adam had been dancing before. He'd even been dancing at the Purple Palomino before. But this was different. His usual feeling of being awkward and out of place was gone, replaced by an effortless sensuality like he'd never experienced in his life. He and Buzz moved together with an almost frightening synchronicity. Adam didn't want to examine this new sensation too hard, for fear it would vanish like the dream he half feared it was. Maybe Buzz was always this graceful and intuitive when he danced, but it was a new experience for Adam and he intended to savor it as long as he could.

He had no idea how long they were out there, bodies moving to the music. Time seemed to have stopped altogether, holding them in an everlasting moment of heat and sweat and music that vibrated bone deep. Adam didn't care. He never wanted it to end. If the world stopped turning at that moment, he'd die a happy man.

When his favorite guilty-pleasure song came on, Adam thought he might explode with sheer sensual joy. To his delight, Buzz seemed to feel the same way. His hips rolled against Adam's thigh, undulating to the languid, sexual rhythm of the music. *I want to touch you*, Buzz mouthed along with the sultry voice of the singer, *you're just made for love*. Adam felt the outline of Buzz's erection through his jeans, and that was all he

could stand. Crushing Buzz's body to his, Adam kissed him hard and dragged him off the dance floor.

Somehow, they made their way to a shadowy corner at the edge of the club without unwinding themselves from each other. Adam slammed Buzz against the wall, one hand still gripping the leash and the other snaking down to rub Buzz's crotch.

"Oh fuck," Buzz gasped, thighs parting for Adam's hand. "God. Can't. Here. Not. Fuck, let's go."

"Where?" Adam glanced around, trying and failing to keep from humping against Buzz. "Oh, man. 'M gonna shoot."

Buzz's gaze locked onto Adam's, frantic and intense. "Don't you fucking dare. Save it for—" He stopped and bit his lip. "Just save it."

Utterly unable to speak, Adam nodded, thanking his lucky stars Buzz hadn't said "save it for my ass" like Adam knew damn well he'd been about to. Buzz flashed a dazed smile, grabbed Adam's hand in a death grip and headed for the exit with Adam in tow.

Outside, they made their way through the usual Saturday night throng without receiving more than a couple of knowing smirks. Most of the people frequenting this part of the beach on August nights were too caught up in their own hedonistic pleasures to pay any attention to two more gay boys with hard-ons hunting a private spot to fuck.

"Where are we going?" Adam whined when they reached his car. "I can't make it far."

"I know a place close by." Sliding into the seat, Buzz pulled the door shut and turned a weirdly serious expression to Adam. "Turn left out of the parking lot, take the first right and go three blocks. There's an empty lot where the trees are really thick."

"That's a residential area," Adam said when his brain reached the end of Buzz's oral map. "Won't somebody see us?"

"I doubt it. There's new houses going up on both sides. No one living in either yet." Buzz yipped and grabbed the door handle as Adam peeled out of the parking lot on two wheels. "Whoa, don't do that."

"Oh, come on. I wasn't going that fast."

"You were, but that's not it." Buzz adjusted his position, teeth sinking into his lower lip. "It just shifted...something."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Adam glared at the bumper-to-bumper traffic. *Hurry the fuck up! Don't you idiots know I'm about to get laid?*

"You'll find out," Buzz proclaimed with a smirk.

Shaking his head, Adam took the right turn Buzz indicated and stepped on the gas. "How do you know about the houses beside the empty lot, anyhow? I don't think you come out here to get fucked every night." A thought struck Adam. "Speaking of which, do you have some rubbers? I've got some lotion in the glove compartment, we can use that for lube I guess."

"Never fear, dude, I totally came prepared." Lifting his hips off the seat in a way that nearly made Adam run off the road, Buzz dug into his front jeans pocket and emerged clutching a handful of Trojans and three individual packets of K-Y. He held them up, grinning. "See?"

Adam laughed. "Optimistic much?"

"Always." Buzz set the condoms and lube carefully on the console between them. "I've been to this spot before for fucking, but it's been a while. Me and Jordan were down here just the other day though."

"Oh really?" Adam leered, and was rewarded with a punch in the arm.

"Shut up, you perv. I was helping him find a house for Tanya's folks. They're coming down from Michigan for the wedding and wanted to stay at the beach. Tanya had to work so she couldn't come." Buzz's hand shot out to point at a tangle of gnarled pines between two partially built houses on the left side of the road. "There it is. Pull in between those two really fat trees in the front."

Adam slowed to a crawl, his need to get his cock inside Buzz warring with a horrific vision of scratched paint. "You sure it'll fit in that opening?"

Darlin', you really shouldn't be surprised, Scarlett chided while Adam waited for Buzz's howls of laughter to die down. *You made a funny, of course your young man is gonna laugh.*

Scowling, Adam crossed his arms and glared at the summer night outside. *Shut up and go away, Scarlett.*

Well! I never! Scarlett flounced deep into the dark recesses of Adam's subconscious. He hoped she stayed there and sulked the rest of the night.

"Yeah, yeah, it'll fit," Buzz gasped, wiping his eyes. "The space is bigger than it looks."

Biting back a smart-ass quip, Adam focused on easing his beloved Viper safely through the gauntlet of pines. To his relief, he found Buzz was right. He could've gotten his mother's Blazer in with room to spare.

When Buzz gave the word, Adam parked the car and killed the engine. He turned to Buzz, feeling suddenly nervous.

"So," Adam said. "Where do you... I mean, how... Um..."

Chuckling, Buzz leaned toward Adam and wrapped a hand around the back of his neck. "Dude. Shut up and kiss me."

That, Adam could do. He pulled Buzz closer by the leash he still wore and covered Buzz's mouth with his.

The kiss went from lazy to frantic in seconds, and the fierce lust Adam had felt in the club came roaring back. Winding his arms around Buzz, Adam dragged the man right over the console. Buzz yelped when his knee banged into the gearshift.

"Sorry," Adam mumbled, settling Buzz astride his lap.

"S okay, I wasn't using that knee anyhow."

Buzz planted a hard kiss on Adam's mouth. Adam opened for him, and the kiss turned into a whole series of kisses, each deeper and more desperate than the last. It was damn good. Adam was tempted to stay right there, playing tonsil hockey and humping until he and Buzz both got off. But they could've done that in the club. Adam wanted more, and they were going to have to get out of the car for that. There was no way

Adam was letting even a molecule of jizz touch his leather seats, even if it were physically possible to fuck in such a small car, which it wasn't.

Mustering every ounce of willpower he had, Adam grabbed Buzz's shoulders and pushed him back enough to look into his eyes. "Still wanna get nailed on the hood of my Viper?"

"Fuck yeah." Buzz licked the end of Adam's nose. "Outside. Now. Before I come in my fucking pants."

Adam fumbled for the handle and swung the door open. Snatching a condom and a packet of K-Y, Buzz wriggled off Adam's lap and stepped outside, setting the supplies on the car's hood. Adam followed him. The second the door was shut, they lunged at each other and fell into another devouring kiss.

Part of Adam wanted very much to take it slow, peel off Buzz's clothes bit by bit and explore every inch of lean, pale, gorgeous body as it was exposed. But his prick was screaming at him to get on with it already, and if his whimpering and shaking was any indication, Buzz was having the same problem. Promising himself they'd have a long, slow, delicious fuck later, Adam spun Buzz around and shoved him face down across the Viper's hood.

"Be careful," Buzz panted, turning his head to stare at Adam as they both fumbled to undo Buzz's jeans.

"Huh?" Adam tugged Buzz's zipper down and hooked his thumbs into the waistband of the jeans. "I'll get you ready, don't worry."

"No, I mean be careful with—Ah! Shit."

Good gracious! Scarlett shrieked, popping out of hiding long enough to render her opinion on what Adam saw when he pulled Buzz's jeans down. *What in the Sam Hill is that?*

Adam stared at the slim black wire snaking from the back pocket of Buzz's jeans to disappear between the cheeks of his naked ass. He had no answer, either for Scarlett or the more normal parts of his brain. Whatever it was, though, one end was most definitely lodged in the place Adam was dying to stick his cock. Which could be a problem.

“What the fuck’s that up your ass?” Adam demanded, too weirded out to worry about being delicate.

Pushing up on one elbow, Buzz gave him a wicked grin. “That, Happy Boy, is why they call me Buzz.”

Adam frowned, feeling like he was missing something. “I don’t get it.”

Buzz tore open the lube and handed it to Adam. “Put your finger in me. You’ll see.”

Since fingering Buzz was the second best thing Adam could think of to do at that moment, he didn’t argue. He squeezed out a dollop of K-Y onto his middle finger, set the packet back on the hood and parted Buzz’s ass cheeks with his free hand. Staring at the black cord emerging from Buzz’s anus and hoping the whatever-it-was in there wouldn’t react badly to lube, Adam swirled the slippery gel onto Buzz’s opening.

“Oh, yeah,” Buzz breathed, settling his chest against the hood of the car and spreading his thighs as far as he could with his jeans still tangled around them. “Do it.”

Drawing a deep breath, Adam pressed his finger against the dusky little hole. There was a moment of resistance, then Buzz sighed, the muscles relaxed and Adam’s finger sank in to the hilt.

At first he thought the odd pulsing against his joint was Buzz’s heartbeat. He’d never felt a guy’s pulse in his ass, but that didn’t mean it couldn’t happen. Maybe Buzz just had a stronger heart than most people. Adam twisted his finger, grinning at the way it made Buzz whimper. Small rubbery bumps brushed against his knuckles as he moved. Underneath the bumps, something hard and oblong throbbed to a rhythm he now realized was far too irregular for a healthy heartbeat. In a burst of insight, Adam’s mind connected the throbbing bumps to the black wire, and his mouth fell open.

“Jesus *fuck*, Buzz.” Adam drew his finger out just enough to get another one in beside it, and began pumping Buzz’s ass in earnest. The toy inside Buzz caressed his fingers with every stroke, making his skin tingle. “What is it?”

"It's an iBuzz." A sharp cry echoed from Buzz's mouth when Adam added a third finger. "I'll explain later. Just fuck me now."

Eyeing the black cord like it might bite him, Adam pulled his fingers out of Buzz's ass and snatched up the condom packet. "But what about the...the thing? How do I get it out?"

"Don't. Leave it." Twisting around, Buzz contorted himself enough to reach into the back pocket of his jeans and pull out something Adam's blood-deprived brain vaguely recognized as an iPod Nano. The black cord connected the Nano to the toy in Buzz's rectum. Buzz clutched the iPod in his hand and splayed himself across the hood again. "Fuck me with it in."

"But—"

"Dude! Trust me, will you? You can't even believe how amazing it feels on your dick."

He had a point. If the rhythmic pulse of it felt that good against Adam's finger, how mind-blowing would it be against his cock? He bit his lip. "It won't hurt you? Having both me and a toy in you?"

Buzz let out an impatient whine. "Adam, please."

The shock of hearing his name from Buzz's lips shattered Adam's indecision. Seized by a sudden frantic hurry, Adam ripped the condom packet open, rolled the rubber over his prick, slathered on the rest of the lube and shoved himself balls deep into Buzz's ass.

Well, it's about time, Scarlett sighed. Adam ignored her. He was gone, lost in a haze of delirious pleasure. Buzz's body squeezed him tight, the toy sending syncopated vibrations straight from his cock to his brain with every thrust. A tiny corner of Adam's mind wished he could feel it without the rubber. Another part of him was glad he had the latex sheath keeping him from the experiencing the full effect. Something told him the pulsing of the toy plus the heat of Buzz's ass on his bare cock would make him shoot embarrassingly fast.

Buzz moaned and clenched his muscles around Adam's prick, sending a violent shudder through Adam's body, and Adam decided he'd just let it happen the way it wanted to and get over the embarrassment

later. Hopefully with a long, slow, ego-repairing fuck in his bed. Clamping his fingers onto Buzz's hips in a bruising grip, Adam pounded into him as hard as he could.

"Oh, fuck yeah," Buzz growled, fingers flexing against the Viper's hood. "God, that's good."

"You like it?" Leaning forward, Adam grabbed the neglected leash between his teeth and tugged, forcing Buzz's head back. "Like me fucking you?"

His words were garbled by the mouthful of leather, but Buzz didn't seem to have any trouble understanding him. "Yes. God, Adam, yes."

The strangled lust in Buzz's voice made Adam burn. Rivers of fire crawled from his groin up his back and stomach and down his thighs, making him shake. The leash fell from his mouth and landed against Buzz's lower back. "Oh fuck, almost there."

"Yeah. Come on."

Adam let his gaze follow the line of Buzz's body, from that Goth-sexy hair down the lean spine under the tight T-shirt to that smooth, perfect ass. Buzz's hips hit the car every time Adam thrust into him. Adam saw Buzz's buttocks contract with each movement, and he gasped when the meaning of it hit him.

Holy fucking hell, he's humping my Viper. The realization sent a white-hot spike through him, and he came with a shout. Beneath him, Buzz shuddered, hands spasming as his hole contracted around Adam's cock.

The mental picture of Buzz's spunk splattering the side of the car wrung an extra pulse of pleasure from Adam's prick. All his strength ran out of him, and he collapsed onto Buzz's back.

"Oh. My. God." Burying his face in Buzz's neck, Adam drew a deep breath scented with sweat, sex and the nearby ocean. "I think I just got religion."

Buzz laughed, sounding breathless. "Told you. Feels amazing on your cock, right?"

"Mm-hm." Adam slipped a hand down to cup Buzz's balls. The man's cock was still semi-rigid, though it was deflating fast. Adam rubbed his

thumb along the shaft, enjoying the satin softness of the skin there and the way his touch made Buzz squirm. “Damn, I went off so fast I didn’t even get to touch you.”

“Hey, I don’t need a *hand* to get off.”

Adam snickered. “I noticed.”

Reaching back with the hand not clutching his iPod, Buzz stroked Adam’s hair. “Dude, let me up. You’re squishing me.”

Reluctantly, Adam pushed away from Buzz’s back and stood up. His cock slipped from Buzz’s body, and he grabbed the edge of the condom just in time to keep it from getting lost on the way out. He tied it off and, not knowing what else to do with it, tossed it on the ground, promising himself he’d pick it up when they left.

“So tell me about that thing,” Adam said, zipping up his jeans and watching Buzz peel himself off the hood. “That iBuzz thing. Where’d you get it?”

Buzz straightened up and turned around, shoving the Nano back into his pocket. His eyeliner was smeared, his eyes heavy-lidded and sated. Adam wanted to pounce on him and eat him up.

“A friend of mine at MIT sent it to me last year,” Buzz explained, tucking his prick back into his jeans and pulling the zipper up. “It’s actually a prototype of the product out on the market right now. Basically just a bullet that’s tweaked to plug into an iPod and vibrate to the rhythm of the music. I have no idea how Toby got hold of it. I’m pretty good with electronics, so I fiddled with it some, fixed it up how I wanted it. I used it all the damn time, so my boyfriend started calling me Buzz. The nickname stuck.”

Something cold and ugly curled in Adam’s gut. “Boyfriend? What boyfriend?”

Buzz’s eyes widened. “Dude, no. We broke up, like, eight months ago. I’m totally single.”

“Oh. Good.” Adam stared at the sandy ground under his feet. He had no idea where the sudden streak of possessiveness came from, but it scared him. Even if he was normally the jealous type—which he wasn’t—

he had no right to feel that way toward Buzz. One date and a fuck in a vacant lot did not a relationship make. Confused by his feelings and not wanting Buzz to see, Adam covered by yanking the car door open and grabbing a towel from behind the driver's seat. He swabbed the globs of semen off the side the car, keeping his gaze fixed on the ground, then picked up the used condom.

Buzz's red and purple sneakers came into view. Adam caught a whiff of the musky, spicy cologne Buzz wore. He looked up, and Buzz smiled at him. "One man guy, are you?"

Adam blushed. "I'm not usually like that. So jealous, I mean. Sorry."

"I think I like it." Pressing his body against Adam's, Buzz hooked an arm around his neck and kissed the corner of his mouth. "I like you, Adam. A lot."

The Scarlett part of Adam's mind swooned at the spark in Buzz's eyes. Thankfully, the rest of him was just manly enough to keep his cool. He wound his arms around Buzz's waist. "Want to come back to my place? I'll make some popcorn and we can watch movies."

Buzz snuggled into Adam's embrace. "Do you have *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*?"

"Of course. I have *A Nightmare on Elm Street* too."

"Cool."

"And *Night of the Living Dead*."

"Dude, we can totally have a horror marathon."

"Hell yeah."

Laughing, Buzz laid a hand on Adam's cheek. "Kiss me again before we go."

Adam happily obeyed. He held Buzz close and let their tongues wind together. As they kissed, an unfamiliar feeling stirred inside Adam. A feeling that fluttered like a flock of butterflies in his belly. He wasn't sure what it meant, exactly, but he liked it. It felt like the beginning of something, and that was wonderful and terrifying and...good. It was good.

You'll have to tell your mama and daddy your big nasty secret, sugar, Scarlett pointed out. *If you start somethin' with this sweet thing, you'll have to tell them.*

I will. Later. Thus resolved, Adam pushed the issue to the back of his mind. It could wait.

Chapter Four

Adam tried to watch the DVD. He really did. *Return of the Living Dead* was one of his all-time favorites, and he and Buzz had agreed it was the perfect movie to follow the classic *Night of the Living Dead* in their personal mini-marathon of horror flicks. But the way Buzz moaned “cooooooock” and grabbed Adam’s crotch every time an on-screen zombie screamed for “braaaaaains” eventually became too much for Adam to resist. Which was why they’d abandoned watching the film about halfway through and were now making out on Adam’s sofa to a soundtrack of screams, zombie groans and eighties punk music.

“Ooooh, my God.” Sitting astride Adam’s lap, Buzz arched his neck for Adam’s kisses. “Let’s fuck. This is making me horny.”

Adam ran his hands up Buzz’s back underneath the snug T-shirt. “What, the movie?”

“Oh yeah, brain-munching totally turns me on.”

“I knew you were a pervert.”

“Shut up. You know you’re what’s making me hard, not the damn movie.” Grinning, Buzz ground his crotch against Adam’s belly. “Hey, you wanna get kinky this time?”

Adam snorted. “You mean me fucking you with that toy up your ass while you’re collared and leashed wasn’t kinky enough for you?”

Buzz shook his head sadly. “Dude, you don’t get out much, do you?”

Oh, honey, Scarlett chortled. *That boy has no idea what all you’ve done to him in your filthy little mind, has he?*

A blush burned its way up Adam's neck and into his cheeks at the reminder of some of his more creative fantasies involving Buzz. "I'm up for anything you want to try. What'd you have in mind?"

Buzz's eyes glinted with an evil light. "You're my leather daddy, and I'm your slave boy. You tell me."

Adam gaped. "What?"

Cupping Adam's face in his hands, Buzz stared straight into his eyes. "I. Am. Your. Slave," Buzz said, with—in Adam's opinion—an entirely unnecessary degree of enunciation. "Order me to do what you want."

Oh fuck. Adam licked his suddenly dry lips. "What if I want you to do something you don't want to do?"

Buzz shrugged. "Then I won't do it."

"I...I don't know anything about the leather scene." Adam squeaked when Buzz found his nipple and pinched it through his shirt. "I don't know what to do."

"Neither do I. But so what?" Dipping his head, Buzz bit Adam's neck hard enough to leave tooth marks. "Dude, relax. We're just playing, right? Enjoy it."

Adam's cock was already enjoying it. He canted his hips upward, rubbing himself against Buzz's denim-clad ass. "Uh. Yeah. Okay."

Buzz lifted his head and smiled, a lustful, dirty smile that stirred a hot glow in Adam's belly. "So tell me what you want, Daddy Adam." He leaned in and snagged Adam's lower lip between his teeth, tugging gently for a moment before letting go. "I don't have many limits, you know."

The raw lust in Buzz's voice gave Adam the courage to follow his desires. Winding the leash around his hand, he gave it a yank, forcing Buzz's head back.

"Get up and take all your clothes off," Adam ordered. The note of command in his voice startled him more than a little. He dropped the leash and held his breath, waiting for Buzz's reaction.

Buzz scrambled off Adam's lap, narrowly avoiding stumbling over the coffee table, and started stripping. In the background, a teenage girl

screamed and ran from a dripping zombie clamoring after the contents of her skull. Unzipping his jeans, Adam took out his stiffening cock and stroked it while he watched Buzz get naked.

The sight was certainly worth staring at. Adam had, of course, become quite familiar with Buzz's bare upper body over the last month. But this was his first look at the rest of Buzz without clothes. Long, lean legs, firm little ass—which of course he'd already seen—sparsely fuzzed balls drawn up tight beneath a hard, flushed cock thick enough to make Adam's mouth water. Even the chipped black toenail polish looked sexy on Buzz. Adam bit his lip and groaned.

"What do you want to do to me?" Buzz's voice was low and rough, his eyes blazing.

Adam knew some of the things he wanted to do, but they seemed so...kinky. So dirty. *But that's what the boy wants, sugar*, Scarlett reminded him. *Speak your mind. He won't let you do anything he doesn't want.*

God, I hope you're right. Drawing a deep breath, Adam gestured at the coffee table where their drinks sat. "Drink the rest of your beer first."

Buzz turned and grabbed his Corona, one eyebrow raised. "Watersports? Dude, I had no idea you were into that."

It took a minute for Buzz's meaning to seep into Adam's lust-fuzzed brain. When it did, his jaw dropped. "Oh my God, no! Gross."

Buzz snickered. "Then how come you wanted me to drink all of this?" Holding Adam's gaze, he downed the rest of the golden liquid in a few gulps and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "You wanna watch me piss, is that it? 'Cause that's totally cool."

The mental image was strangely compelling. Maybe... Adam shook his head. He was *not* going there. "Just set the bottle down, get the rest of that lube out of your pocket and lie down on the floor."

With an amused look at Adam, Buzz did as he was told. Keeping his Nano clutched in one hand, he stretched out on his back on Adam's poorly vacuumed carpet and spread his legs. "You gonna get naked too?"

“Nope.” Slipping off the couch, Adam knelt between Buzz’s splayed thighs. “How do I get that thing out of your butt?”

“Just pull on the wire. I made sure it’s strong enough.” Buzz hooked his hands behind his knees and drew his legs up to his chest. His rosy little opening glistened in the low light. “Or you could stick your fingers in and fish it out.”

Adam’s prick decided the latter idea held the most appeal. “Hold your ass open.”

Buzz obeyed, long fingers digging into his cheeks and pulling them apart. Fighting the urge to shove his cock into that inviting hole, Adam stroked the puckered skin with one fingertip. Buzz groaned as his muscles relaxed and Adam’s thumb and forefinger slipped inside.

“Oh, fuck,” Buzz breathed, hips lifting as Adam probed deeper. “Say something dirty.”

Startled, Adam stared at him. *Dirty? I don’t know how to talk dirty.*

Why, of course you do, Scarlett soothed. Just say what you’re thinkin’. That’s dirty enough for anyone.

Adam tried not to think about the fact that the girl living in his brain was giving him advice on kinky gay sex. The idea was too disturbing for words.

“Uh, you like my fingers in your hole?” Adam blurted out, hoping that sounded dirty enough.

Evidently it did, judging by the way Buzz moaned and spread himself wider. “Fuck, yeah.”

“You like toys up your ass, right?” Adam said, getting into the spirit of the game. He stuck a third finger in and twisted, grinning when Buzz yelped and trembled.

“God, yeah. Why, you got some?”

“Kind of.” Forcing another finger into Buzz’s rectum, Adam managed to grab the iBuzz and pull it free. He tossed the rubber-sheathed bullet beside the Nano now lying on the carpet, his gaze glued to Buzz’s wide-

open ass. “You were wondering why I wanted you to finish your beer. Well, that’s why.”

Buzz’s head popped up off the floor, wide eyes glittering. “Dude, you are a kink-master. Do it. Oh, and hey, use the wide end, okay?”

Oh, wow. I was only thinking of the neck, not the bottom. Just the idea of Buzz’s ass taking something that size was nearly enough to make Adam shoot without even being touched. Hanging onto his control with a monumental effort, he squeezed the entire contents of the open lube packet into his hand and began greasing Buzz’s anus, using his fingers in a gentle massage until he thought Buzz was loose enough. He picked up the bottle and poised the wide, round base at Buzz’s opening.

“Here we go,” he whispered. “You ready?”

“Yeah.” Grasping the backs of his thighs, Buzz pulled his legs up and apart. “Ready.”

Biting his lip, Adam pressed the beer bottle steadily inward, slowly twisting it. He let out a surprised yip when it slipped easily inside. “Oh, my God. Wow.”

The fact that Buzz whimpered instead of laughing or teasing told Adam just how much he was enjoying himself. “Adam, ooohh...”

Adam pumped the bottle in and out a few times, staring in awe at Buzz’s asshole stretched tight around the clear glass. “Fuck, I’m gonna shoot. This is too hot.”

“No, not yet,” Buzz begged, panting. “More toys.”

“But I don’t—”

Buzz’s hand shot out, snagging the swizzle stick out of Adam’s drink and sending the empty glass tumbling to the floor. “Stick this in my cock.”

Oh my. In the back of Adam’s brain, Scarlett dropped into a dead faint. Adam was glad of it. Shocked to the core, he stared at Buzz. “That’s hardly sanitary.”

Buzz let out a dazed laugh. “Don’t be such a prude. Just do it.”

Adam thought about reminding Buzz who the daddy was in this scenario, but decided against it. After all, hadn't he fantasized about that very thing, alone in his bed with nothing but his hand and his imagination for company? He'd come to the mental image of himself sticking various toys into all of Buzz's orifices—his cock included—more than once in the past month.

Hoping he wasn't about to cause any damage, Adam opened the last packet of lube, took the swizzle stick from Buzz and dipped it in the K-Y. He watched Buzz's face as he took his cock in his hand and pushed the slim glass rod carefully into the slit.

Buzz's cheeks flushed pink, his eyes fluttering closed. "Oh, fuck. Yes."

Encouraged, Adam slid the rod in further, entranced by the way the flesh at the edge of Buzz's slit clung to the glass. "Jesus, that's hot."

Buzz moaned. "Wanna suck you off now."

Adam gulped. "But the toys—"

"Leave them." Lowering his legs, Buzz rolled onto his side, rose to his knees and shoved Adam onto his back. "Pull my leash."

Not knowing quite what to think about the whole thing, but finding it unbearably hot anyway, Adam obediently picked up Buzz's leash and gave it a sharp tug. Groaning, Buzz bent forward and swallowed Adam's cock whole.

Adam's last coherent thought was that someone somewhere had taught Buzz extremely well in the art of sucking cock. His tongue worked Adam's prick in ways he wouldn't have thought possible, and the grip of his throat was mind-blowing. The way Buzz moaned around his mouthful said he was enjoying it as much as Adam.

Lost in a haze of pleasure, Adam couldn't be bothered to feel embarrassed at how quickly his orgasm overtook him. He yanked Buzz's head up by the leash just in time to shoot all over Buzz's flushed cheeks and open mouth.

"Get me off," Buzz gasped, semen dripping from his chin. "Gotta come."

Clearheaded again after his orgasm, Adam lowered Buzz gently onto his back and pushed his thighs apart. "How? You want me to suck you?"

Buzz shook his head. "Just jack me. God, I'm so fucking close."

Sitting back on his heels, Adam took a second to drink in the vision of Buzz lying there with his legs spread, naked except for a collar and leash, with a beer bottle up his ass, a swizzle stick in his cock and spunk all over his face. It was, Adam mused, a disturbingly erotic sight.

"Dude, come on," Buzz whined. "Get me off."

Grinning, Adam tugged the glass rod carefully out of Buzz's cock and tossed it aside, then grasped Buzz's rigid shaft. "Come for me, slave boy."

Somewhat to his surprise, Buzz did, wailing and clawing the carpet as his cock spewed ropes of pearly white all over his belly.

The unguarded ecstasy on Buzz's face was irresistible. Straddling Buzz's body, Adam bent and kissed him. Strong arms came up to wind around Adam's neck, pulling him down into Buzz's embrace. He went willingly, letting his full weight rest on Buzz's body. He closed his eyes and breathed in the scent of sweaty, well-fucked male. On the TV, a zombie begged his terrified girlfriend to let him eat her brain, and Adam and Buzz both laughed.

"That was amazing," Buzz murmured, stroking Adam's back.

"Mm, it sure was." Lifting his head, Adam gave Buzz a loopy smile. "You hungry?"

"Starved." Buzz's mouth curved into a filthy grin. "You could've let me drink your protein shake instead of shooting it all over my face."

Adam groaned, his cock twitching. "Don't go there, Buzz. No swallowing or barebacking until after tests. That's the rules."

"Hey, I was just kidding." Buzz's expression turned solemn. He laid a damp palm on Adam's cheek. "I hope we can go there someday, though."

Not knowing what to say to that, Adam captured Buzz's mouth in a deep kiss. Bad enough, he thought, that he'd let his little head talk him into going out with Buzz in the first place. Even worse that the man had coaxed him into doing things he'd always thought to be shockingly—

though deliciously—perverted. Now Buzz was making him think about long-term relationships. Maybe even the “L” word.

It scared him how right that felt.

I don't want to think about that right now. I'll think about that tomorrow.

Yeah. Tomorrow.

Closing his eyes and opening his mouth, Adam let Buzz's kiss carry him away. Tomorrow could take care of itself.

* * *

As it often does, tomorrow arrived before Adam was ready for it.

He woke with his face buried in Buzz's neck and Buzz's warm naked body in his arms. Cracking an eye open, Adam peered around his bedroom. Buzz's iPod and its associated sex toy sat atop Adam's dresser, where he'd put it before bending Buzz over said article of furnishing and fucking him again. Morning light leaked in through a gap in the dark red curtains, throwing a beam of gold across Buzz's sleeping face. His lashes cast lacy shadows on his cheek, and he was drooling on Adam's pillow. He looked adorable, curled on his side with one hand tucked under his chin and the other resting against his belly, the fingers laced through Adam's.

Adam smiled and snuggled closer, remembering the night before. They'd gone through three more condoms before finally falling into an exhausted sleep, sticky with sweat and spunk and not caring. The smell of sex still permeated the apartment.

A light tap on the front door answered Adam's half-formed question about what had woken him. He glanced at the clock just visible over the curve of Buzz's shoulder. Part of the display was blocked by the collar and leash draped over the bedside table and the leather hat which had fallen off the lamp at some point, but Adam could see it well enough. Eight a.m.

He scowled. His visitor was probably his friend Jimmy, who lived a few doors down. Jimmy had always been an early riser, and took sadistic pleasure in making sure everyone else was too, whether they wanted to be or not.

Moving carefully, Adam unwound himself from Buzz and slid out of bed. He kicked through the pile of inside-out clothes on the floor, found his boxer-briefs and pulled them on. Buzz mumbled something in his sleep and rolled onto his stomach with most of the sheet wadded underneath him. Taking a moment to admire the curve of Buzz's ass, Adam tiptoed out of the room and shut the door behind him.

The knock sounded again, tinged with impatience. "Coming," Adam called as loudly as he dared. Yawning, he shuffled to the door and flipped the deadbolt. "Jimmy, honest to God, I wish you wouldn't—"

Adam's complaints dried up in his throat at the sight of the Gucci-clad China doll on his doorstep. *Oh honey*, Scarlett chuckled. *You'd best think fast. No way to hide it from her.*

Adam gulped. "Hi, Mom. Wh-what are you doing here?"

Renata Holderman flashed a mouthful of expensive caps and patted Adam's cheek. "Do I need a reason to visit my baby?"

"Um..." Glancing over his shoulder at the bedroom door—which was thankfully still closed—Adam blocked the doorway in what he hoped was a subtle move. "No, but—"

"But nothing." Pushing Adam aside with one French-manicured hand, she sashayed inside. She wrinkled her nose. "Sweetheart, it smells terrible in here. Don't you ever clean?"

"Yeah, but Mom—"

"Just look at this mess." She plucked one of Buzz's socks off the back of Adam's sofa, holding it at arm's length between two fingers as if it were contagious. "Honestly, Adam. I brought you up better than this."

"I've just been busy, Mom." The lube-smeared beer bottle and swizzle stick still lay on the floor. Adam kicked them under the sofa before his mother could see and ran a hand through his hair. *God, I hope there's no come on me.* "Look, I'll scrub the whole place later today, okay?"

His mother smiled, the blue eyes Adam had inherited crinkling at the corners. "That's a good idea, honey. Now, since I'm here, why don't I make you some breakfast?"

Oh Christ no. No. "You don't have to do that, Mom," Adam said, trying not to sound as panicked as he felt. "I was gonna meet some of the guys at The Breakfast Barn later."

Renata waved a dismissive hand. "Nonsense. You need a good breakfast, not that greasy slop they serve at that place. I'll fix you something, it won't take a minute."

Before Adam could get a word out, his mother turned and bustled into the kitchen. Cabinets opened and closed, pans were pulled out and set on the counter. Adam heard her grumble a complaint about leaving yesterday's coffee grounds in the Mr. Coffee basket.

Groaning, Adam flopped onto the sofa and covered his face with his hands. Once his mother got into the kitchen, there was no getting rid of her.

Tell her now, Scarlett prodded. Your young man's still asleep. Now's the time, before he wakes up and your mama causes a scene.

Cold sweat broke out on Adam's brow at the thought. His hands shook. Could he really tell her? Just sit her down and say it? *Mom, I'm gay, and I just spent the night fucking the hottest guy I've ever seen upside down and sideways. As a matter of fact, he's still naked in my bed.*

"Nope," Adam muttered, glaring at his cock, which was twitching at the thought of Buzz. "Can't do it."

"What was that, dear?" Renata's highlighted blonde coif appeared in the kitchen doorway. "I couldn't hear you."

"Just talking to myself." Adam mustered a smile. To his relief, his mother smiled back and disappeared into the kitchen again.

At that moment, the bedroom door swung open. Buzz wandered into the living area, yawning and scratching his stomach. "Mm," he purred. "Do I smell breakfast?"

Adam stared at him, utterly unable to speak. The smell of bacon drifted from the kitchen. Adam could hear it popping in the pan.

“Uh...” Adam rose to his feet, torn between shoving Buzz back into the bedroom and ravaging him right there on the living-room floor. In spite of Adam’s near-panic, the sight of Buzz standing there in nothing but jeans and love bites was nearly enough to destroy his good sense.

Buzz frowned. “Adam? Something wrong?”

“No, it’s just...” Adam trailed off. Then inspiration hit. Lunging at Buzz, he grabbed him by the shoulders, spun him around and steered him toward the bedroom door. “Hey, why don’t I bring you breakfast in bed, huh?”

Laughing, Buzz turned around again and wound his arms around Adam’s neck. “Oooh, aren’t you romantic?”

Adam squeaked when Buzz captured his earlobe between his teeth and sucked on it. “Um, yeah. Go back to bed, I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

Buzz smiled, eyes sparkling. “Dude. You’re, like, the most awesome guy I’ve ever met.”

Adam’s insides melted into a gooey puddle. He couldn’t have refused Buzz’s kiss at that moment even if he’d wanted to. And he didn’t want to. Pulling Buzz close, he closed his eyes and let Buzz fuse their mouths together.

A piercing shriek made them jump apart. Adam whirled around. “Mom! Oh, fuck.”

Renata sank into Adam’s battered old recliner, one hand pressed to her forehead. “Jesus help me!”

Buzz shrank closer to Adam. “Dude, what’s going on? Why’s she freaking out?”

Adam sighed. “She doesn’t know I’m gay.”

Much to Adam’s irritation, Buzz chuckled. “She does now.”

“Yeah, thanks for the newsflash.”

In the chair, Adam's mother was busy wringing her hands and wailing. Adam gritted his teeth. "Mom, calm down, okay?"

Her mascara-streaked face snapped around, shocked blue gaze locking onto Adam. "Baby, why didn't you tell me this before?"

Adam's mouth fell open. "Huh?"

"Your sister tried to tell me you were...you know. Homosexual." She whispered the word, as if saying it too loudly would be scandalous. "But I wouldn't listen. I feel like such a fool."

"Whoa, wait just a minute." Adam stared at his mother, trying to read her face. "You mean you knew I was gay all this time? And you're not mad?" He thought for a second, and scowled. "And Cathy told you? Dammit, I'm going to kill her."

"Well, I didn't *know* until just now, and of course your father has no idea. But no, I'm not mad. And don't you be mad at your sister either, she was trying to get me to stop setting you up with my friends' daughters." She blinked, her expression radiating hurt. "What sort of person do you think I am?"

Adam blushed. "Well..."

Pressing a hand to her heart, she heaved a deep sigh. "I shouldn't be surprised, I suppose. No child ever thinks their mama can understand them."

Staggering over to the sofa, Adam dropped down beside his mother. "I don't believe this."

Shooting a withering glance at her son, Renata stood, visibly gathered herself, and marched over to Buzz. "Hello there. I'm Mrs. Holderman. And you are?"

Buzz grinned. "Myron Stiles, ma'am. I'm...uh..." He shot a pleading look at Adam.

Without giving too much thought to what he was doing, Adam stood, went to Buzz and put an arm around his shoulders. "He's my boyfriend, Mom."

The sudden tension in Buzz's body gave away his surprise, but he didn't say anything. Adam hoped that meant more than Buzz just trying not to embarrass him.

Adam's mother paled, but nodded. "Very nice to meet you. Adam, I have to go. Call me later, all right?"

"Sure, Mom." Moved by a sudden surge of affection, Adam wrapped his free arm around his mother's neck and kissed her cheek. "I love you."

"Love you too, sweetheart." With a halfhearted smile, she patted his cheek, turned and hurried out the door.

Adam stared after her. "Wow. I always thought she'd be upset."

"Looks like you were wrong, lucky for you. My mom had hysterics for a couple of years before she settled down." Buzz slipped an arm around Adam's waist. "Hey, Adam?"

"Hm?"

"Did you mean what you said before? About me being your boyfriend?"

"Yeah, I did," Adam answered, his voice only shaking a little. "Is that okay?"

"It's fucking awesome." Turning in Adam's embrace, Buzz kissed his chin.

A bubble of pure happiness expanded in Adam's chest. Laying a hand on Buzz's cheek, Adam kissed him. Buzz moaned, the sound soft and needy, and Adam's body responded. Cupping Buzz's head in one hand, he took the kiss deep.

Buzz hummed and licked his lips when they pulled apart. "Mmm. You make me so hot I can smell myself burning."

Adam started to say something, then stopped and frowned. The smell of something burning wafted through the air.

"Oh shit!" Adam broke out of Buzz's embrace and ran for the kitchen. Smoke curled from the pan where the bacon had charred black and fused to the Teflon.

Buzz slid his arms around Adam from behind. "Dude, I'm not eating that."

Switching the burner off and setting the pan aside, Adam leered at Buzz over his shoulder. "I've got something for you to eat right here."

"I bet you do." Laying a hand on Adam's crotch, Buzz curled his fingers around Adam's swelling prick. "Mmm, sausage. My favorite."

Laughing, Adam twisted around and swooped Buzz into his arms. "You know what?"

"What?" Buzz kissed him, tongue flicking out. "Tell me."

Adam rested his forehead against Buzz's. "I could see myself falling for you," he whispered.

Buzz let out a soft little sound. "You mean, like, forever?"

"Yeah. Like forever." It was a damn scary thing to say, but Adam felt its truth right down to his core.

A happy gleam lit Buzz's eyes. "Me too." Leaning forward, he nipped Adam's bottom lip. "Let's go back to bed. All this sweet romance is making me hard."

Adam snickered, but took Buzz's hand and led him toward the bedroom. "Can we play with your toy some more?"

"Sure." Buzz grinned. "You wanna catch a buzz this time?"

Letting go of Buzz's hand, Adam wrapped his arms around his lover and kissed him. "Looks like I already did."

About the Author

Ally Blue used to be a good girl. Really. Married for twenty years, two lovely children, house, dogs, picket fence, the whole deal. Then one day she discovered slash fan fiction. She wrote her first fan fiction story a couple of months later and has since slid merrily into the abyss. She has had several short stories published in the erotic e-zine Ruthie's Club, and is a regular contributor to the original slash e-zine Forbidden Fruit.

To learn more about Ally Blue, please visit www.allyblue.com. Send an email to Ally at ally@allyblue.com or join her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers as well as Ally! <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/loveisblue/>

Look for these titles by Ally Blue

Now Available:

Willow Bend

Love's Evolution

*Oleander House: Book One in the Bay City Paranormal
Investigation Series*

Eros Rising

*Hearts from the Ashes (Print anthology that includes Eros
Rising)*

*What Hides Inside: Book Two in the Bay City Paranormal
Investigation Series*

Catching a Buzz

Coming Soon:

Fireflies

*Twilight: Book Three in the Bay City Paranormal Investigation
series*

Untamed Hearts

When Sam Raintree goes to work for Bay City Paranormal Investigations, he expects his quiet life to change—he doesn't expect to put his life and sanity on the line, or to fall for a man he can never have.

Oleander House

© 2006 Ally Blue

Available in digital and paperback from Samhain Publishing

Book One in the Bay City Paranormal Investigation series.

Sam Raintree has never been normal. All his life, he's experienced things he can't explain. Things that have colored his view of the world and of himself. So taking a job as a paranormal investigator seems like a perfect fit. His new co-workers, he figures, don't have to know he's gay.

When Sam arrives at Oleander House, the site of his first assignment with Bay City Paranormal Investigations, nothing is what he expected. The repetitive yet exciting work, the unusual and violent history of the house, the intensely erotic and terrifying dreams which plague his sleep. But the most unexpected thing is Dr. Bo Broussard, the group's leader.

From the moment they meet, Sam is strongly attracted to his intelligent, alluring boss. It doesn't take Sam long to figure out that although Bo has led a heterosexual life, he is very much in the closet, and wants Sam as badly as Sam wants him.

As the investigation of Oleander House progresses and paranormal events in the house escalate, Sam and Bo circle warily around their mutual attraction, until a single night of bloodshed and revelation changes their lives forever.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Oleander House*:

Sam stacked the plates as they were handed to him and piled the silverware on top. Normal conversation had already resumed as the group began to scatter. Sam felt Bo watching him as he carried the dirty dishes into the kitchen.

He was running water into the sink when Bo entered the room. "Sam?"

"Yeah?" Sam squirted dish detergent into the hot water and started piling dishes in.

Bo walked over until he stood close enough to touch. "What did Amy say to you earlier? When you were in the storm cellar?"

"What makes you think she said anything?"

Bo glanced nervously behind him. "I've known her a long time. She had that look in her eye, like she was digging for information."

Sam shut off the water, turned and studied Bo's face. Bo seemed agitated, shifting from foot to foot, but he held Sam's gaze steadily.

"She told me that she sees how we look at each other," Sam said, opting for the truth. "She also warned me not to play with you. That you're more vulnerable than you seem, and she doesn't want to see you get hurt."

Bo's cheeks colored, but he didn't look away. "And what did you say to that?"

"I told her the truth." Sam kept his eyes locked onto Bo's, gauging his reaction. "That I like you, and I'm attracted to you. And that I won't hurt you."

Bo's hand crept up to wind through the trailing end of his braid. "What else does she know?"

"I didn't tell her that I kissed you," Sam said, guessing that was what Bo was really asking. "I figured it was none of her business." He leaned closer. "It's no one's business that you liked it either," he whispered. "Or that we both want it again."

Bo let out a soft gasp when Sam's lips brushed the shell of his ear, but he didn't pull away. A sharp thrill shot through Sam's body. Cautiously, he laid a hand on Bo's hip and pulled him closer. He pressed a feather-light kiss to Bo's neck and felt Bo's body tighten.

"Oh God," Bo breathed. He planted a palm flat against Sam's chest. "Sam, stop, please."

"Do you really want me to?" Sam flicked Bo's earlobe with his tongue.

"No," Bo moaned. "Wait, yes, I do!" He pushed Sam away. "Please stop, you're... Christ, I can't think when you do that."

Sam dropped his hand and took a step back. Bo leaned against the counter, shaking all over.

"You have to face how you feel, or you'll never be happy," Sam said bluntly. "You can reject me, but it won't make this go away. If it's not me, it'll be some other guy. You can't hide from it."

Bo's eyes narrowed. "Don't try to psychoanalyze me, Sam. You don't know me."

"That's true, I don't. But I know how tough it is to feel things you don't want to feel, and I know from experience that you don't stop feeling them just because you wish you could." Sam sighed. "I just want to help."

"Why?" Bo shot back. "What do you care?"

Sam knew Bo was simply lashing out, a reaction born of fear. Behind his angry facade, Bo's eyes brimmed with the longing for someone to truly understand him. Sam moved closer to Bo, so close he could hear Bo's ragged breathing.

"Because," Sam said in a near whisper, "I care about you. Even though we barely know each other." He reached up and caressed Bo's cheek. "Even though you're probably going to push me away again and tell me how straight you are and remind me that you're married." He trailed his touch down Bo's throat, feeling the pulse racing beneath his fingertips. "I can't help it, Bo. I want you, and more than that, I *like* you. I can't watch you fight yourself like this and not try to help you."

Bo stared at Sam with wide, frightened eyes. "I made a promise to my wife, Sam. That's not something I can just throw away."

"I know." Sam lifted Bo's braid, letting it slide against his palm. "I'm not asking you to."

Bo's hand slid up Sam's arm, fingers kneading his shoulder, and it was all Sam could do to remain upright. "This is wrong," Bo said softly, almost to himself. "I can't. I shouldn't..."

He trailed off, shaking his head. Sam, sensing that Bo was teetering on the brink, snaked an arm around his waist and pressed their bodies together, ignoring the surprised sound Bo made. "Shouldn't what?" he whispered. "Shouldn't want me like I want you? Shouldn't kiss me like I know you want to?" He nuzzled Bo's hair, breathing in the clean scent of shampoo tinged with a hint of sweat. "What shouldn't you do, Bo?"

Bo sagged in Sam's embrace, heart pounding so hard Sam could feel it against his chest. "All of those. I can't do this, I can't, Sam, let me go."

*For the BCPI team, facing a horror from another reality could be deadly.
For Sam and Bo, facing their own secrets and lies could be far worse.*

What Hides Inside

© 2007 *Ally Blue*

Available now from Samhain Publishing

Book Two in the Bay City Paranormal Investigation series.

Sam Raintree's life changed forever when he started his dream job with Bay City Paranormal Investigations. In one fateful week, he learned he was psychic, discovered he possessed the power to open interdimensional portals, and accidentally let loose a horror like he'd never imagined. He also began a relationship with his boss, Dr. Bo Broussard, a man who'd been in the closet all his life.

Now, three months later, the burden of secrets has become too heavy for a fragile relationship to bear. Bo isn't ready to come out, and Sam is tired of hiding. When Bo hires a new investigator, Dean Delapore, Sam is intrigued in spite of himself. Dean is bisexual, attractive, and very interested in Sam.

During the intense investigation of South Bay High School, from which three students have mysteriously disappeared, Sam and Dean draw closer together, while Bo pushes Sam away despite their feelings for one another. When the investigation erupts and Sam comes face-to-face with his worst nightmare, he has to decide whether to fight for Bo's love, or let him go.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *What Hides Inside*:

Armed with hard hats, two-way radios and powerful flashlights, the team filed carefully down the steep, narrow steps into the main tunnel. It was even hotter than before, the air ripe and humid. It was like trying to breathe warm honey. Sam pulled at the collar of his sweatshirt.

“Goddamn,” David gasped, dots of perspiration already popping up on his face. “I hope it’s a little cooler in the side tunnels.”

“Me too.” Securing his hard hat on his head, Andre pulled a notepad and pen out of his jeans pocket. “I’ve got the notes covered, Bo.”

“Good, thanks.” With a quick smile at Andre, Bo surveyed the rest of the team. His gaze met Sam’s for a heartbeat, then skittered away. “Remember, one hour, or call.”

Bo turned and strode down the south leg of the tunnel, with Cecile and Andre scurrying in his wake. Resisting the urge to watch Bo’s graceful figure as he moved away, Sam followed David and Dean down the north leg.

The tunnel grew warmer as they went. As they stepped through the ragged hole in the brick wall and entered the side tunnel, the temperature increased noticeably. The heat felt thick and viscous. The smell of mold and damp earth left a bitter tang on the back of Sam’s tongue. He pulled the notebook and pen from his back pocket.

“Jesus,” David swore, mopping his brow with the tail of the sweatshirt he’d taken off and tied around his waist. “What the hell’s down here, a volcano?”

“Okay, I can’t take this, y’all excuse me, but...” Shoving his flashlight into his back pocket, Dean tossed his hard hat on the ground and stripped off his thin sweater. An expression of blissful relief spread over his face as he tied the arms of the sweater around his hips and put the hard hat back on. “That’s better.”

Sam feigned interest in a gouge on the earthen wall. *I won’t look, I won’t look*, he promised himself, then immediately broke his silent vow by darting a glance at Dean from under his eyelashes.

The man was hot, no doubt about it. Hot, intelligent, open and giving, and an all-round good person. A perfect partner. The thought gave Sam a sharp pang for what he and Bo would never have together.

An elbow in his ribs brought Sam abruptly out of his thoughts. He blinked at Dean. “What?”

Dean smiled. “You’re doing it again.”

Sam licked his lips, trying not to notice Dean's clean, masculine scent, or the way his skin gleamed in the glow of the flashlights. "Doing what?"

"Thinking about him." Leaning closer, Dean dropped his voice down low. "I'm sorry, Sam. I'd make it better if I could."

"I know." Sam managed a halfhearted smile. "Thanks."

"Any time." Laying a hand on Sam's arm, Dean squeezed briefly before wandering over to where David crouched against the wall.

Sam drew a few deep breaths, composing himself before he joined them. He didn't want David to read the heartache on his face, and he didn't want either of them to notice his annoyingly persistent attraction to Dean.

"We could set up cameras at any point along here," David said, rising and brushing dirt off his hands. "Thank God for tripods. This damp air's gonna be bad enough, I hate to think what sitting on the ground would do to the cameras."

"Do we have enough extension cord?" Sam played his flashlight beam over the walls. Patches of fungus sprouted from the dirt, giving off a strong, musty odor. Sam wrinkled his nose.

David shrugged. "I hope so. I picked up some more on my way home yesterday, who the hell knows if it's enough. If not I guess we don't get any video."

Pointing his flashlight beam down the tunnel, Dean peered into the dense darkness. "I can't see the end of this thing, y'all. We should hustle if we want to get done with this in an hour."

"Yeah, the sooner we get out of here the better," David said.

"We still have to come back with the EMF detectors and thermometers and stuff," Sam reminded him. The thought was not pleasant.

"Don't remind me," David grumbled. "Come on."

The three of them plodded methodically down the tunnel, sweeping every inch of it with their lights to be sure they didn't miss anything.

About ten yards in, a section of high, irregular ceiling and a significant narrowing of the passageway marked where the partial collapse of the tunnel had occurred decades before. The tunnel opened up again after one hundred feet or so.

Sam let his mind expand just a little, feeling cautiously for the sense of wrongness he'd felt before. It was there, a ribbon of cold menace winding through the heat of the tunnel. He backed off as fast as he could, slamming shut the strange door in his mind that let him connect with whatever inhabited the other side.

David glanced at him with a knowing look in his eyes. "You feeling it again?"

"Yeah." Sam's mouth felt dry and dusty, his head pounding from the brief contact with the thing. "It's strong here. I barely even tried, and I still felt it."

"You didn't have to try in Oleander House," David pointed out. "You, Andre and Cecile all felt it without trying at all."

"Yeah, but it's different here. More focused, or something. I have to reach out to it to pick it up, but when I do it's..." Sam tapped his pen against the notepad, trying to find the words to describe what he'd sensed. "It's sharper, and more localized. It's like there's a single point where it's coming from, rather than all over the place like it was at Oleander House. I'm definitely getting a stronger sense of it here than I did in the main tunnel."

Tilting his head to one side, Dean gazed thoughtfully at Sam. "That's interesting. I had no idea that psychic phenomena strengthened or dissipated proportionate to distance."

Sam shrugged. "I don't know if they do or not, normally. Maybe this is different because what Cecile, Andre and I are picking up here has an actual, physical source."

"The dimensional doorway, if that's what it is." Dean nodded, scratching his belly with one hand. "Makes sense."

“Guys, this is interesting, but can we move a little faster? I’m dying here.” David mopped his flushed face again and gave Sam and Dean a pleading look.

Sam couldn’t help laughing. Working with David and Dean, he decided, was the perfect way to forget his hurt, at least for a little while.

They hadn’t gone much further when the tunnel began to curve to the right. David frowned. “I hope this thing doesn’t start branching off. If it does, I—”

“Shhhh.” Dean held up a hand, stopping David’s protest. When he spoke, his voice was barely audible. “Y’all hear that?”

“What?” Sam whispered. “I didn’t hear anything.”

Listen, Dean mouthed silently, his gaze fixed on the place where the tunnel arced. Sam held his breath and listened. And heard it.

A movement. Scuffling noises, and something that sounded like muffled speech. Adrenaline rushed through Sam’s veins, making the blood pound in his ears. He shot a wide-eyed glance at Dean and David.

“Someone’s there,” Sam murmured as softly as he could. “What should we do?”

David’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed. “Go see who—or what—it is.”

“Crap,” Dean breathed. To Sam’s shock, Dean’s hand clamped onto his left wrist, holding tight. “Didn’t bargain on this, guys. I’m scared shitless.”

“Me too.” David drew a deep breath and blew it out. Flashlight held out in front of him like a weapon, he crept forward, hugging the wall. Sam followed, with Dean still clinging to his wrist.

Those were the longest seconds of Sam’s life. His pulse raced as he wondered what waited for them around the bend. *Please don’t be one of those things*, he silently pleaded.

“Ready?” David whispered.

“Fuck no.” Dean pressed closer to Sam. His heart thudded against Sam’s arm. “Let’s do it.”

This summer, it's going to be Steamy...

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Duty wars with affection when Racor's greatest spy must decide who to trust, the evidence against her sexy suspects, or her heart?

A Scorching Seduction

© 2007 Marie Harte

Lt. Col. Trace N'Tre and Assassin Vaan C'Vail are hiding out in the only place the military can't touch them—on a pleasure planet in an island resort owned by Vaan's cousin. Gathering evidence on the outside, they know it's only a matter of time before they'll have to face their accuser, a high official in the Racor government.

Unbeknownst to them, Myst, Racor's greatest spy, has had her eyes on them for some time. The puzzle of these two alleged traitors doesn't fit, and Myst has made it her mission to find out why. But when the tables are turned and she's caught spying under the planet's hot summer suns, pleasure and affection confuse the issue, making her wonder who to trust—her heart, or the evidence against her lovers.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, frank language, ménage, m/m action, and hot sweaty adventure.

A young minister's celibacy is challenged by an earthy, Appalachian woman.

Blackberry Pie

© 2007 Bonnie Dee

On a blistering summer afternoon, Reverend Nathan Andrews climbs a mountain to meet backwoods members of his congregation. Fresh from seminary, the young man isn't prepared for the onslaught of lust that hits him when he encounters a sensuous girl picking blackberries.

Determined to implement his outreach plan, he helps her harvest the fruit. But their potent sexual chemistry is too intense to deny and they engage in passionate sex surrounded by the beauty of nature.

Grace is earthy and primal, the opposite of the proper young lady he expects to take as a wife some day. Can there possibly be a future for a college-educated minister and a primitive mountain girl?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Her boyfriend is back...and that's a major problem. Antonia isn't ready to face the one man who shakes up her world...

Full Disclosure

© 2007 Mary Wine

Antonia doesn't need to look at forbidden fruit. The taste still clings to her lips, haunting her with just how good she and Danton had been together...

...Right up until he informed her that he had to get married because he was going to be a father. That just made it worse. Inside him was a man worth dreaming about, even if she knew it was in vain.

Danton always double-checked his facts. It was a habit that kept him alive during missions that should have killed him. His impromptu wedding was no exception. There wasn't going to be any consummation of the vows until he had a paternity test. But doing the right thing had cost him the one woman he loved.

Until the test came back negative. Now there is nothing that will stop him from coming back with the prize he'd been forced to abandon three months ago. Toni was going to be his, right after she got the full disclosure on his hasty wedding and the blunt fact that he loved her.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language and bondage bedroom games with toys.

Does a full moon really cause naughty behavior?

Bad Moon Rising

© 2007 Leeanne Kenedy

Hailey Burke has heard that full moons cause people to behave in strange ways, but she never thought it would apply to her until the night she winds up in bed with a man she doesn't even like. So she'd had a temporary loss of sanity when she slept with Zack Creighton, the womanizing photographer. Big deal. Doesn't mean she's going to do it again, right?

Wrong.

Unfortunately, Zack has something else in store for Hailey. He's liked the sassy redhead from the moment he met her, but he can't get the stubborn woman to let go of the misconceptions she's formed about him. Sure, he's played the field, but Zack is no womanizer, and he has no intention of leaving things at one night. Once he's had a taste of Hailey, he wants another. And he's determined to convince her that he's not the bad boy she's always thought.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

How can masturbating in a hotel Jacuzzi lead to love? Cassidy Yates is about to find out.

Beyond the Tears

© 2007 Michelle Cary

A year after her husband died while serving in Iraq, Cassidy Yates still nurses a broken heart. Thinking a vacation will help, she agrees to a week in Key West with her best friend, April. Upon arrival, April suggests a way for Cassidy to ease her pain—sleep with the sexiest stud she can find.

Not the type to bed hop, Cassidy refuses April's idea and ends up alone. Abandoned by her friend, Cassidy decides to take a nighttime swim. In the Jacuzzi, she masturbates to the memories of making love to her husband. Mortified by her own behavior, Cassidy retreats to her hotel room, hoping no one witnessed her exhibition.

Chase Dempsey is a man with rugged good looks and a killer smile. He isn't looking to fall in love and only wants few days of relaxation before returning to his Texas ranch. Still, he's curious after watching Cassidy's erotic display and wonders what makes the gorgeous redhead tick. When he finds her dropped sarong, he realizes she's just given him the opportunity to find out...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Is their passion real, or only a mirage?

La Mirage

© 2007 Jennifer Colgan

On a lonely stretch of I-95 in the middle of the Nevada desert, journalist Savanna Blaine and photographer Ben Lantano find themselves stranded by engine trouble on their way back from an

assignment. Their quest for a gas station leads them to La Mirage, a beautiful resort nestled in a secluded canyon where they are the only guests.

Invited to spend the night in lush accommodations, passion flares between Savanna and Ben who have suppressed their hidden desires long enough. A single touch ignites an unforgettable night in each other's arms, but the next day, when La Mirage mysteriously disappears, they're left to wonder, is their newfound intimacy real or nothing more than a trick of the summer heat?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, oral sex.

One tempting heiress. Two sexy cowboys. Three means fun beyond her wildest dreams—until her Cord starts to unravel.

Take Me

© 2007 Mackenzie McKade

Thoroughbred rancher's daughter Caitlyn Culver has always wanted playboy Cord Daily, even after her daddy threatened to bankrupt him. But winning a racehorse in a poker game means Cord is no longer just a cattle rancher. He's come back wealthier and more wicked than ever.

Snaring this cowboy won't be easy for Cait, and keeping him will be even harder. Still, his sexual antics and taste for ménages won't scare her off. She knows the best way to snag a man like Cord is to pretend indifference. So when he comes onto her in the barn, she plays along—only to leave him tied to a ladder, aroused and unfulfilled.

It's payback time.

Cord seeks out Cait and brings along his playboy cousin, Dolan Crane. The two cowboys are enough to set her body afire. She's bound and determined to resist their sexual allure, but ends up experiencing a

night beyond her wildest fantasies. Now Dolan wants Cait for himself. Cait's father wants Cord's racehorse. And Cord wants Caitlyn to choose—her father's money or her cowboy's love.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and BDSM.

Can a jaded lawyer and a reformed criminal really find true love in the tropics?

Fijian Fling

© 2007 Sami Lee

Dumped by her boyfriend and on thin ice in her law career, Sophie Edison badly needs to re-evaluate her life. She escapes to her favorite hideaway on the tropical island of Fiji, where the attentions of the resort owner – the enigmatic and lethally sexy Dominick 'Nick' Dufour – prove a temptation too great to resist. Nick's obvious desire to take her to bed is just the salve her battered confidence needs, and she embarks on an affair that leads her to uncharted waters. Before long she starts to wonder if she can ever go back to her old life.

Nick has lusted after Sophie for years. When she turns up at his secluded resort alone for the first time he wastes no time in making her his lover. Sophie is his perfect match in bed, and in the ocean and the shower...but although he might long for something more, Nick knows theirs is just a holiday fling. For he is keeping the secret of his checkered past from Sophie and it could prove the ultimate deal breaker...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Newlywed Catalina Robinson thinks it's not possible to be more satisfied...but then she learns what it's like to love two men.

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

Cat has just married Dave Robinson, the man of her dreams. Their Best Man, Andreas Bailey, is flying them to their honeymoon resort in Barbados. But over the middle of the ocean, something goes horribly wrong...

Cat, Dave and Andreas find themselves stranded on an uninhabited Caribbean island. Though she's never thought of him as more than a friend, Cat finds herself connecting to Andreas in a way she never expected and is shocked and aroused to learn that her husband feels the same way. Together, the three of them discover a heat and passion uninhibited by the conventions of society. But will they ever be rescued? And what will happen to their unusual relationship once they return home?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, voyeurism and skinny dipping.

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

1. A dry fruit consisting of an edible kernel or meat enclosed in a woody or leathery shell.

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

1. A soft solid or thick liquid containing medicaments or other specific ingredients, applied externally for a therapeutic, or cosmetic purpose.

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

Toby Madison is coming into his mating phase, and is leaking pheromones all over the place. He is about to find out what happens to bad little wolves, in the best possible way. Cliff Bullen is more than ready to place his mark on the man he has always wanted as his mate – with a little help from a bottle of nut cream.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex and graphic language.

Welcome to Fantasm Island! Leave your inhibitions at the door and let your fantasies soar.

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

That's what the brochure said anyway. A week long fling with a stranger. Where's the harm in that? Take a compatibility quiz and a slew of other health tests, sign a strict privacy agreement and give license to any sexual fantasy you've ever had. Evan Knight couldn't wait.

Gabe and Lance have been searching for their perfect third for what seems like forever. One look at the woman he and his best friend and lover Lance have chosen to claim during her time on the island, and Gabe thinks they may have finally found her.

But what if Evan isn't interested in more than the fling she signed up for? Or worse, what if she can't handle two men who are into each other

too? Gabe and Lance have one week to convince Evan that the three of them belong together...and they'll use every bit of seduction in their arsenal to make sure when the fantasy ends, their reality together will only just be beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit fantasmagorical sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and hot nekkid man-love.

Falling in lust with a sexy Elvis impersonator gets complicated when Vanessa discovers the real Elvis Presley may have hoaxed his death.

Hunk of Burnin' Love

© 2007 Veronica Wilde

Summer should mean hot men and toe-curling sex—at least that's what Vanessa believes, but a bad break-up has left her spending her summer nights alone. Then her sex life erupts into flames when she meets two very different Elvis impersonators on the same night. One is a sexy young musician who gets her all shook up in a steamy midnight swim. The other is a graying older man who looks just a little too much like Elvis Presley for comfort.

Vanessa can't help falling in love with her new summer hottie. But their burning love gets complicated when the mysterious older impersonator begins dropping disturbing hints about his true identity—hints that suggest Elvis Presley never died at all.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Chastity Cuthbert is determined to bring love and romance to the Last Frontier.

Ladies! Meet Red Hot Alaskan Men

© 2007 Nancy Lindquist

Chastity Cuthbert is in love with love. Its too bad that she's so busy working on everyone else's happily ever after that there's no time left to work on hers. Her company, The Alaskan Connection, matches single women with sexy Alaskan hunks. Business is booming. Until Dave Wellington drags his personal vendetta against outsiders right to her doorstep.

Dave Wellington, Mayor of Smithfield, Alaska won't allow Chastity's cadre of red-lipped floozies to take over his town. A she-bitch from the lower forty-eight broke his brother's heart and no one else is gonna go through that. Not if he can help it. Besides, Smithfield is welcoming tourists for the first time. The male residents need to keep their minds on business. Not sex.

Determined to change Chastity's mind, he travels to Chicago to talk her out of her plan. Chas is so pissed off at the sexy mayor that she forgets her "no one-night stands" motto. Right into Dave's bed.

Now she has to travel to Smithfield and face him. She's strong. She can face Dave again. Just because she snuck out of his hotel room in the middle of the night doesn't mean she's a big ole chicken. Right?

Warning: This book contains hot naked Alaskan guys, all looking for love. Read it at your own risk. I am not responsible for any sudden urges to go to the Last Frontier, nor travel costs incurred. Oh, and there's explicit sex too.

One hot summer night and a scorching balcony interlude light the fuse of hidden attraction between neighbors Jill Reed and Cole Adams.

One Night on a Balcony

© 2007 Samantha Lucas

Jill Reed has spent her entire life denying her sexuality, but living next door to Cole Adams the past few months has made it near impossible.

Cole is fresh off his third divorce and considers himself a one-man relationship train wreck. He purposefully keeps his lust for Jill in check because, after all, she's the kind of woman a man keeps.

Jill and Cole have been denying their bone-deep attraction for months, but one night on a balcony, passions ignite, an adventure starts and everything is about to change—forever.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, sex in a public place, graphic language.

Sometimes the truth is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Liaisons in Jubilee

© 2007 Jamie Craig

Katie Mayes is the Executive Manager for a large, east coast beach resort. Unfortunately, her boss has discovered her one secret – her seasonal flings with Caleb Beckett, the Entertainment Director for the resort. Company policy dictates no internal fraternization, especially between managers and their subordinates, so her boss gives Katie a choice. Caleb or her job.

She avoids personal encounters with Caleb, until one fateful night a week before the resort's big summer launch. Then, she runs into him at

a local nightclub. When Caleb approaches her, she tries to give him the cold shoulder, but he follows her onto the dance floor where the music, her desire, and his persistence break her will. She claims it's only one more night before they break it off completely, but Caleb insists on more. Far from an ending, he views the summer as their true beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, spanking, light bondage.

*A bad marriage is like a fierce thunderstorm on a fragile field of wheat.
Will a proud Texas cowboy and a stubborn Boston-bred lawyer find
shelter from a real summer storm long enough to rebuild their love?*

Second Wind

© 2007 Dee S. Knight

Cocky cowboy Rafe Walker doesn't plan to meet a beautiful woman in designer jeans and ostrich boots at the rodeo, but the beauty catches his gaze just before the gate opens for his bull ride. Talk about losing focus! With one glance, his thoughts are of sex-scented sheets, not hard, sawdust-covered dirt.

A city girl like her would never fit in on his ranch, but a weekend in Dallas? Yes, Ma'am, she'll do just fine. Little does he expect a ride wilder than with any bull. She grabs hold of his heart and his hottest fantasies and holds on tight.

Cathy Fitzgerald, raised in a wealthy eastern family, half falls in love with the rakish cowboy after one impulsive weekend of wild sex. She returns to Boston, breaks off her near engagement and waits to hear from Rafe. After months of silence, he surprises Cathy with a proposal. It's a shock to both of them when she accepts, and moves to his ranch in nowhere, Texas.

They soon find that passion alone can't sustain a marriage. Rafe's pride and Cathy's long hours at work breed distrust and broken hearts. Giving their marriage its second wind will take an act of nature.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Life's not always about the journey, but who takes you on the ride.

Custom Ride

© 2007 K.A. Mitchell

A stint in the Air Force left Ryan MacRae with a bitter memory of life in the closet. Jeff Allstein is a mechanic who has too much to lose if his private life becomes public. The heat of their attraction boils over on a stormy summer night, but satisfying that need only makes them both crave more.

Their searing connection makes it hard for Ryan to understand the road blocks Jeff continually puts down. Ryan will have to buckle up if he's going to find love at the end of his custom ride.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex, graphic language.

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets...and she always gets her man.

Skin to Skin

© 2007 Dionne Galace

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets. That is, until she meets the enigmatic Oliver Clayton, her new neighbor. For some reason, Oliver seems to be intent on avoiding her even though he's obviously interested. Leilani has tried to everything to get his attention, from wearing skimpy little outfits to walking a neighbor's dog six times in front of his yard. Leilani wants Oliver...and she always gets her man.

In the heat of the summer, the temperature's not only thing rising. Luckily, Oliver has that pool in his backyard and Leilani knows just how to cool off...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, light bondage.

Hot summer nights make people do crazy things.

Spontaneous

© 2007 Karen Erickson

Sophie Kincaid doesn't want to be attracted to her boss but she is. Sick and tired of being used by men, she's sworn them off. But her hot and now slightly drunk boss just became too hard to resist.

His girlfriend dumped him and now Ian Grey is drowning his sorrows in alcohol, something he never does. Flirting with Sophie the sexy bartender inspires him to do even more things he'd never consider. Like have hot sex with her in the storage room.

They can't deny their attraction for each other but Sophie's afraid she doesn't measure up. And what does Ian want from her anyway? She'll have a naked good time figuring it out...

Warning this title contains the following: Hot, steamy, explicit sex and graphic language.

Roping the naughty girl is all fun and games until someone falls in love.

Knotty Girl

© 2007 Maggie Casper

Shelby Langley was not sub, slave or Mistress, she was merely kinky. Point her to a BDSM club where she could watch and experience pretty much anything the mind could conjure, without the tangled web of an actual relationship, and she was in orgasmic bliss.

Long into the lifestyle, Craig Jensen was able to spot a submissive in denial from a mile away. Usually he left them be to find their own way, only keeping an eye out for their safety while on his turf, but there was something about the sweet, young blonde who had a love for rope bondage that called for him to claim her as his own.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, anal play and an overall spanking good time.

When a school teacher with a backbone of steel meets a hard-nosed lawman, more than the desert will heat up.

Marielle's Marshal

© 2007 Beth Williamson

Marielle Bloom never expected to be the victim of a stagecoach robbery stranded in the desert in the middle of summer with a sexy marshal who sets her body on fire with one look from his steely eyes.

Marshal Ramsey Whitfield doesn't know what to make of the outspoken teacher, but he does know she feels perfect in his arms. As

they trek together across the barren landscape, searching for civilization, they discover that their desire for each other is hotter than the desert sand.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, violence.

When a man who isn't human is accidentally enslaved by a woman who has no idea what he is, the result is magical.

Sealed With a Kiss

© 2007 Lila Dubois

Signing up for a one-week adventure vacation, Helena expects to be kayaking in the Pacific, not having every sexual fantasy fulfilled in her guide's bed.

Ocean is more than he seems, his kayaking business a cover for his deepest secret.

When Helena accidentally enacts old magic, enslaving Ocean, he doesn't know if she is the luckiest girl on earth, or an enemy of his kind, bent on imprisoning him forever. Ocean's strange behavior worries Helena but she's distracted by the mind-blowing sex.

After the truth is revealed, will their budding love be Sealed with a Kiss?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, voyeurism, and fantasy fulfillment.

When his girlfriend demands he settle down and start a family, Cole Winchester has some hard decisions to make. Marry his girlfriend, or finally own up to his taboo attraction to other men.

Taboo Desires

© 2007 Amanda Young

Cole Winchester feels like a rat, boxed into a corner. Faced with the prospect of being trapped in a passionless marriage, he makes the hard choice to end his relationship.

A run in with an old friend on the beach, propels Cole's fantasies out into the open and forces him to confront his taboo desires. Before him, lies the choice of a lifetime—embrace his desire for another man and all the pitfalls that come along with it, or return to his girlfriend and live out the safe half-life he carved for himself.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, and hot nekkid man-love.

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