

# TECH SUPPORT

LoSe Id

JET MYKLES



# TECH SUPPORT

Jet Mykles

LooseId®

## Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language and may be considered offensive to some readers. Loose Id® e-books are for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

\* \* \* \* \*

This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable (homoerotic sexual situations).

# Tech Support

Jet Mykles

This e-book is a work of fiction. While reference might be made to actual historical events or existing locations, the names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published by  
Loose Id LLC  
1802 N Carson Street, Suite 212-2924  
Carson City NV 89701-1215  
[www.loose-id.com](http://www.loose-id.com)

Copyright © January 2007 by Jet Mykles

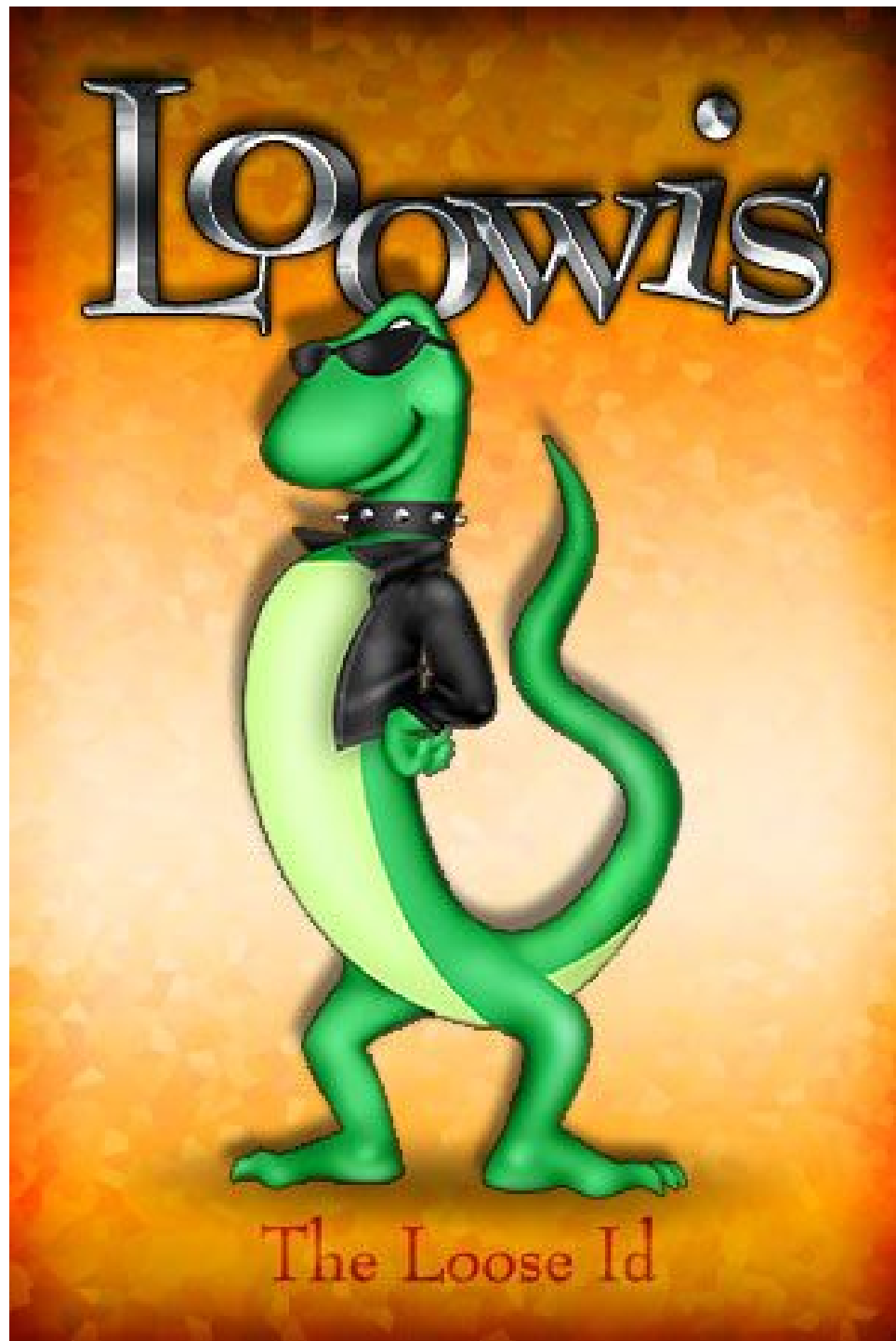
All rights reserved. This copy is intended for the purchaser of this e-book ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Loose Id LLC.

ISBN 978-1-59632-381-0

Available in Adobe PDF, HTML, MobiPocket, and MS Reader

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Raven McKnight  
Cover Artist: P. L. Nunn



[www.loose-id.com](http://www.loose-id.com)

## Chapter One

A hand landed on Aaron's shoulder from behind. "As the new kid on the block, you get to see what Mr. Fukui's done to his laptop now."

Aaron pulled away from his monitor, turning his chin up to look at Tom over the rim of the glasses that had fallen down to the tip of his nose. "I'm sorry. What?"

Tom grinned at Vivian, who stood just behind him in the doorway to the tiny little cubicle. "That's what I like about this kid. He gets *into* his work."

Vivian rolled her eyes, tossing a lock of curly blonde hair out of her round little face. "If you like him, then why are you going to torture him by sending him to Mr. Fukui?"

Tom crossed beefy arms over his chest, resting them on his distended beer belly. "Because. It's a rite of passage."

Aaron glanced down, mild alarm making his heart pound. What sort of rite of passage? With one finger, he pushed his wire-rim glasses further up on his long, straight nose, then made himself look back up at Tom. "Where is Mr. Fukui?"

The grin split Tom's bushy brown beard. "Top floor, corner office. Receptionist will tell you where to go."

Aaron's eyes blinked wide. "He sounds important."

Vivian snorted. “He is. He’s the VP of remote operations.”

Aaron frowned at Tom, heart beating a bit more rapidly. “Are you sure you want me to do this?”

Tom nodded, waving Aaron’s concerns aside. “Don’t worry, kid. He doesn’t bite --”

“Hard,” Vivian added with a smirk.

“-- he’s just really fucking annoying with his laptop. The man can break a machine just by looking at it.”

“He’s had four already this year.”

Aaron’s mouth fell open. “It’s only August!”

“Exactly.”

Aaron shook his head. The only reason he personally had ever needed a new laptop was to upgrade. Of course, he tended to upgrade at least one of his main machines about once a year, so they rarely had time to go belly-up on him. But some of his older machines were still around and in working order, even if he didn’t use them much. “Did he say what was wrong?”

“Nope. Rarely does. Just that it’s broken and he needs someone to fix it ASAP.”

Aaron hesitated.

Vivian chuckled and stepped up to his side. She took hold of his arm and urged him to his feet. “It’s okay, Aaron. Take this.” She handed him a laptop case. “If you can’t get it fixed, give this to him, transfer his files if you can, and bring his back down. He won’t care. He never bothers to put personal stuff on his laptops. But usually it’s just something wacky he’s done.”

“Or stupid,” Tom chimed in, grinning wide. “Like not connecting to the network and complaining he can’t find his files.”

Aaron carefully stepped back from Vivian’s touch, hoping it wasn’t noticeable. “You’re kidding?”

“Wish I was, kid. Wish I was. Off you go.”

Aaron left the fluorescent-lit confines of the IT area with the laptop case slung over his shoulder. He smiled and nodded politely to those sitting at the support staff desks he passed on his way to the elevator, but he generally kept his head tipped down. The habit kept eye contact at a minimum, and the way the bangs of his crimson hair fell forward helped even more. From experience, he knew he was ages away from feeling friendly with any but a few people at his new job. He did amazingly well with computers and online, but had quite a bit of trouble up close and in person.

He made it to the elevator without a hitch and rode up the three floors to where the company’s executives had their offices. The deep blue carpet and expensive dark wood paneling caught him off guard. It was so very different from the odd gray-pink carpet and dusky gray walls on the second floor. He fingered the plastic badge that hung on a chain around his neck and headed for the glass doors directly ahead of the elevators.

He pushed open the door. The receptionist behind the long black desk looked up. Her polite smile faltered momentarily, then grew wide and welcoming.

Aaron blushed, ducking to hide his face as much as he could.

“May I help you?” she practically purred, leaning closer.

He pointed to his badge, staring at the top of her monitor. “I’m from IT.” He spoke slowly and tried not to mumble, knowing these were common problems for him. “Mr. Fukui called about his laptop?”

“Why, yes, he did.” The warmth in her voice made him flush. He bit the inside of his lip and fiddled with one cuff of his white shirt. “Mr. Fukui’s office is just down that hall. The last door on your right.”

Aaron nodded and headed away from her. He could feel her eyes on him. People were always watching him. He was told it was the amazingly vivid red of his hair and the clear green of his big eyes, together with sharp, angular features and pale skin that never tanned.



He didn't see what fascinated everyone so. He thought he looked way too much like a girl at the best of times and like a dork all the time. He'd often thought of dyeing his hair and getting contacts, to see if people would leave him alone, but he never went through with it. He couldn't imagine trying to keep up with a disguise just because he was too painfully bashful to deal with the attention. Even now, at twenty-five, he was only slightly better at handling it than he had been when he was a teen.

Before he reached Mr. Fukui's open door, he heard the man's voice. Low and lyrical, speaking what must be Japanese. Aaron knew enough of the language from watching tons of anime to recognize the sounds, although he didn't understand any but a few of the words. He stopped in the open doorway and looked up through the heavy fall of his bangs.

His heart stopped. He couldn't for the life of him understand why, but the man instantly captivated him. Tall and slim, Fukui stood in profile to the large window behind him, the late afternoon sun making his short, dark blond hair a golden halo. He wore expensive black slacks and a blue dress shirt. The shirt was crisp and neat, even though he had the sleeves rolled up to expose slim forearms. The knot of his silk tie had been pulled a third of the way down his chest, and the top three buttons of the shirt were undone. He was the image of casual corporate GQ.

Fukui must have seen Aaron out of the corner of his eye, because he turned. For a moment, he simply stared, full lips slightly parted. Then he said something into his cell phone, waved Aaron in, and pointed at the laptop sitting on the massive mahogany desk.

Aaron mentally shook himself and stepped into the office, stopping when he stood on the near side of the desk. Fukui continued to talk. Aaron flipped open the laptop and instantly saw what was wrong. Three of the keys were missing.

Mr. Fukui made noises of closing his conversation and then flipped his phone closed. He stepped up to the desk and set the phone down beside the laptop. Aaron, staring at the laptop, only saw those elegant hands and bare forearms. The long line of pure, lean muscle

curved underneath tanned skin and a dusting of dark gold hair. A Rolex gleamed in the waning sunlight.

“Well,” said that voice, smooth and rich as dark honey and without a trace of a Japanese accent, “can you fix it?”

Aaron glanced up and nearly gasped to see the man’s black eyes staring down at him. No, they were brown, a brown so dark that they were easily mistaken for black. They were rimmed with dark brown lashes, the same shade of the slim brows that tapered from the bridge of his long nose up toward his temples.

The vaguely slanted eyes lidded a touch, one brow arching further toward his hairline. “Well?”

“Uh,” Aaron stammered, dropping his gaze back to the broken machinery. “Do you have the keys?”

“No. They popped off in the airport. I didn’t have time to look for them.”

“They ‘popped off?’”

“Yes.”

Aaron didn’t flinch, but it was a near thing. Okay, the man didn’t like to be questioned. “I can’t fix it right here, sir. I’m not sure we can fix it at all.”

Fukui heaved a sigh. There was a whoosh of leather, and Aaron glanced up to see that the man had collapsed in an artful fall into his high-backed leather chair. “Damn it.” Fukui sighed again. “Well, fine, whatever. Can you transfer my files onto another laptop, then?” He gestured at the bag still on Aaron’s shoulder.

Aaron fingered the stubs in the keyboard that used to hold keys. It was patently obvious that the man had abused the laptop and probably popped the keys in a fit of pique, given that one of the stubs was bent slightly toward the top. The keys, however, should still be functional. “I’m sure we can do that, sir.”

“Can you do it now? Here? I’ve got to get out of here in an hour, and I need those bloody files before I leave.”

What nationality was he? His name indicated Japanese, and he spoke the language with apparent ease, yet his English was flawless, with a trace of a British accent. His eyes had a slant that hinted at some Asian background, but his hair was blond. Who was this guy?

“Well?”

“Uh,” Aaron stuttered again, reeling in his errant thoughts and tearing his gaze away from that captivating face. “Yes, I can probably do that.” He pointed at the docking station that sat to one side of the desktop. “May I?”

Fukui stood with the grace of a hawk lifting in flight. He waved a long-fingered hand toward his chair. “Be my guest. Mind if I use the phone?”

“Oh, no. Please don’t let me disturb you.”

Fukui muttered something that sounded like “You already have.” He crossed the room to the leather couch.

Aaron ducked his head further and tried to be as unobtrusive as possible. He set the spare laptop bag on the floor by his feet, then snapped the broken laptop into the docking station and turned it on.

Fukui made another call, again speaking Japanese. He made three calls while Aaron worked on the laptop, and only one was in English. That one was to a car dealer. It seemed Fukui had a special car. Aaron wondered what it was.

Aaron found himself wondering a lot about the man. He watched him surreptitiously out of the corner of his eye and through his bangs as he worked. Transferring the files wasn’t enough to keep Aaron’s attention, even if his typing was hampered by the lack of the F, G, and B keys. The man’s golden hair was cut short on the sides and back, but was a soft nest of longer curls atop his head. The bangs were cut just below the arch of his brow, just a tad too

long for corporate, perhaps in need of a trim. Fukui's legs seemed to extend for miles in those expensive slacks.

Aaron finished copying Fukui's files from the broken laptop to the network, then powered down the machine. He bent down to swap laptops with the loaner. When he straightened, he jumped to find Fukui seated on the edge of the desk, looking at him.

"You're new, aren't you?"

Aaron swallowed, dropping his attention to what he was doing. "Yes, sir."

"I didn't think I'd seen you around. What's your name?"

"Aaron."

One of those elegant hands extended toward him. Gold rings shone on the pinky and middle fingers. "Hi, Aaron. I'm Ki."

"Key?" Aaron asked before he could stop himself. His hand took Ki's automatically.

That produced a smile that made Aaron's heart stutter. "Ki. K-I. Short for Yoshiki."

*Yoshiki.* The name echoed in Aaron's head. What a beautiful name. Japanese, obviously, but Fukui didn't look it. Aaron succeeded in not blurting a silly question this time, but his confusion must have shown on his face. Ki laughed. "You're wondering if I'm Japanese, right?"

Aaron realized he was staring and ducked his head, blushing. Carefully, he pulled his hand from the man's warm grasp.

"It's all right. Everyone wonders. I'm only a quarter Japanese, but that quarter came from my grandmother, who mainly raised me, and she was determined that if I didn't look it, I'd at least act it." He laced his fingers over his knee, grinning wickedly. "She partially succeeded. I can act it, but I can let go of the act at any time."

Aaron smiled. The man's grin was infectious. He looked at the laptop screen. "Could you enter your username and password for me, sir?"

"Only if you call me Ki and not sir."

“I ... uh ...” Aaron glanced at the door.

Ki sighed. “At least when no one else is around? I hate being called sir.”

He slid off the desk and rounded it to Aaron’s side. He leaned over, well into Aaron’s personal space, so he could type in his information. Aaron pulled in a surprised breath and froze. What was that wonderful smell? Was it aftershave? Soap? It smelled like some of the incense that his mother would burn sometimes. The back of Ki’s hand brushed Aaron’s chest when he sat back. Unconsciously, Aaron covered the spot with his own palm. Realizing it, he dropped his hand quickly to the keyboard and turned to face the laptop.

Ki rose from the desk as Aaron worked. Minutes later, music drifted from the corners of the room. Aaron glanced up to see Ki standing before a hi-fi system that was normally hidden behind one of the wooden panels in the wall. Ki flipped through jazz, blues, and rock stations. Aaron did his best not to stare at the broad shoulders that tapered to a slim waist and long, long legs. And he was *not* checking out the man’s ass!

Ki settled on jazz, then came back to the desk. “You mind the music?”

“No, sir.”

“Aaron.” The tone held a warning.

Aaron smiled, eyes focused on the screen. “Ki.”

“Thank you. It’s not like I’m your boss or anything.”

Aaron left that one alone. He might not be Aaron’s boss, but if he had a corner office on this particular floor, he could definitely *influence* Aaron’s boss.

“Damn. You’re good.”

Aaron jumped. Ki stood just beside him, his hip almost brushing Aaron’s arm. Aaron hadn’t even heard him coming.

Ki briefly gripped his shoulder, his palm hot through the crisp cotton/polyester blend of Aaron’s dress shirt. “Sorry, didn’t mean to startle you. But you’re fast on that thing.” He nodded toward the laptop.

“Uh. Thanks.”

“No problem.” Ki’s grin made Aaron’s belly flip. “You a programmer?”

“Yes. No. Not here.”

“Ah, freelance on the side?”

“No.”

“It’s okay. I won’t tell anyone.”

Aaron shook his head. “I do some coding for websites. PHP, mostly. Forums and galleries. But that’s outside of this job.”

“You’re one of those people who’s on the computer all the time, aren’t you?” Aaron heard the smile.

“Yes.”

Ki sighed. “I could never do that. The things hate me.”

Aaron opened his mouth, then closed it.

“What?”

“Huh?”

“What were you going to say?”

Aaron needlessly pushed his glasses up higher on his nose. “Nothing.”

“Right. Out with it.”

Aaron hesitated, watching the graphics cycle as files were copied from network folder to local folder. “How did the keys pop off the keyboard?”

Ki was quiet for a long time. Too curious, Aaron peeked over his shoulder. Ki’s face was averted, eyes downcast. He actually looked embarrassed.

He glanced at Aaron, then away. “I got pissed off because the file wouldn’t open. I guess I hit the keys a bit too hard. The plastic shattered.”

“Shattered?” Aaron was impressed.

“Well, cracked. Just one of the keys. I, uh, kind of popped the others myself.” He laughed at himself. “Childish, huh?”

Aaron only chuckled softly. The windows on the laptop screen closed. “Okay. You’re done.”

Aaron moved to get up, but stalled when Ki leaned forward. With one hand on the desk and the other on the back of the chair, he effectively had Aaron boxed in. “It’s all there?”

“It should be.”

“Show me?”

Aaron’s hand shook a bit as he clicked and opened folders to show Ki the list of files. “They’re also on the network drive, so there’s a backup in case something happens.”

“Yeah. I’m supposed to let it back up once or twice a week, but I always forget.” He reached forward, and Aaron held his breath when Ki’s forearm brushed his shoulder. He watched Ki look around at the filenames within his personal folders. Finally, the man seemed satisfied, and he straightened. “Looks like it’s all there.”

Aaron stood. Ki didn’t step back any further. It put the two of them almost nose to nose. Well, nose to neck, since Ki was a full three or four inches taller than Aaron.

“I have to ask,” Ki said, staring at Aaron’s hair. “Is it natural?”

Aaron felt the flush color his face and neck. He stared at the hairless triangle of lightly tanned skin visible through the open V of Ki’s silk shirt collar. “Yes.”

“Wow. That’s an amazing color.”

Aaron shrugged. He sat back down, seemingly to gather up the laptop case. Really, he had to put a little distance between himself and the man.

“You must get comments on it all the time.”

Aaron shrugged again. He had to get away from Yoshiki Fukui. His skin was all tingly, and his breathing wasn't normal. People usually made him uncomfortable, but this was very different.

"Well, okay. Sorry to keep you." Ki stepped back out of range. "Thanks for fixing me up."

Aaron stood, shouldering the laptop case. "I'll have to check with Tom." He tapped a finger on the laptop in the docking station. "This might just be a loaner. I-I'm not sure on the procedures yet. But you should keep it for your trip."

"Okay. No problem. No big deal." Ki beamed at him.

Aaron didn't question. He needed out. He ducked past Ki and headed for the door.

"See you later, Aaron."

Because the man was an executive. Because he couldn't be rude. Because he just had to see him one last time, Aaron paused and turned in the doorway. Ki leaned on the side of the desk, one hand steepled on the glossy surface, the other hand dug into the pocket of his slacks. The sunset behind him turned his hair a few shades of red lighter than Aaron's own. He was stunning!

Aaron tried a smile and knew it was pathetic. "See you later, Ki," he muttered and escaped.



## Chapter Two

Vivian perched on the edge of Aaron's desk and waited for him to notice her. It took a few minutes for him to raise his head from the open computer tower that lay on its side with wires pouring out of it like entrails.

She grinned at him. "You've been called."

He paused, screwdriver held above the PCI card he was about to secure to the motherboard. "What?"

"Mr. Fukui called. Something's wrong with his laptop. Again. This time, though, he asked for *you* personally." She arched a curious brow. "He's never bothered to learn any of our names before. Did you guys get friendly?"

Aaron frowned. During the last week, Vivian had tried on more than one occasion to get closer to him. He'd only barely managed to avoid a real date with her. He didn't know how to tell her that he wasn't interested. He had never been at all good with girls. Well, with anyone. However, because of her attention, there had been lots of questions thrown his way about his dating practices. Or lack thereof. Because he just couldn't lie, Vivian was now intrigued to hear that he *didn't* date and hadn't dated since high school. She'd yet to find out

that he'd really only dated then because his best friend had begged him to take out his sister. And that had been a pathetically boring night.

He ducked his head. "He's not as bad as you guys said he was."

"We never said he was bad. Just bad on computers." She watched him carefully.

He closed the computer and tucked the screwdriver into the case with others to avoid looking at her. "Do we have a replacement machine?"

"No. He took the last one. We're still waiting for the new ones to arrive."

Aaron nodded, already on his way to the door. "I'll see what I can do."

Ki was back and asking for him? Aaron's entire body shook as he stood in the elevator. The man had been in his thoughts almost constantly from that one day. So much so that Aaron had looked him up on the net. On the company website, he found out that Ki was thirty-two years old, born and raised in England, college-educated in both the States and Japan, and the company's most promising rising star. In the two years he'd been with the company, he'd managed to form tight relations not only with various Japanese corporations but also with a few Filipino organizations, two companies in India, and a dozen or so in Australia. The higher-ups were incredibly pleased. Aaron also found out that the man was something of a minor celebrity. Being young, rich, successful, and good-looking, he'd been featured in magazines and press releases all over the world. Just Googling the man's name brought up tons of hits, both with and without images. He'd even been featured in *Cosmopolitan's* top 100 bachelors the year before. From that, Aaron learned that he was a Sagittarius with a Cancer moon -- whatever that meant -- and he had six cars, including a custom Aston Martin he'd imported from England.

None of this knowledge put Aaron at ease in going to see the man.

Ki was playing blues this time, the sultry tones of a female voice twining with a saxophone. The man himself sat in his chair, feet up on the desk, blond bangs hanging close to his closed eyes as he hummed along.

*Yoshiki.* The name sighed in Aaron's head like a caress. He mentally shook himself and knocked.

Those marvelous black eyes opened. "Hey, Aaron!"

"Hi."

Ki dropped his booted feet to the floor and stood. He wore jeans and a green golf shirt, outfitted for casual Friday. He still looked far more stylish than Aaron, who also wore jeans and a polo, but with far less panache. Ki waved to the seat. "Come forth, wizard, and fix yon beastie." Aaron blinked at him. Ki burst out laughing. "Never mind me. Come and fix the damn thing."

Aaron shook his head slightly.

"How've you been?" Ki asked as Aaron passed him while rounding the desk.

Aaron flinched when Ki's shoulder brushed his. "All right."

"Haven't gotten out in the sun, I see."

"Huh?"

"You're pale as a sheet, man. You need to get out. Go to the beach. This is southern California, after all."

Aaron sat and pulled forward to reach the keyboard. "I don't go to the beach. I sunburn too easily."

"SPF 50?"

"Huh?"

Ki rolled his eyes. "Sunblock?"

“Oh. No. Doesn’t usually work. Besides, I don’t like the beach.” He looked at Ki’s computer screen. “What’s wrong with it?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Everything’s gone.”

“What?”

“All my files. They’re gone.”

Frowning, Aaron opened up Ki’s personal file folders. Indeed, as Ki had said, they were empty. “What happened?”

Ki fell back on the couch, some brightly colored catalog in his hands. “I dunno. Some *thing* wanted to run last night, and I ran it. Next thing I know, it’s all gone.”

Aaron scowled. He opened up the antivirus software to find that it had, indeed, run the previous night. Then, for no particular reason, he checked the Recycle Bin. There, in a nice, neat line, were all of Ki’s files.

“Ki?”

“Hmmm?”

“I found your files.”

Ki stayed where he was, nose still buried in the catalog. “You did? That’s great.”

“They were deleted an hour ago.

That did make the man look up. “You can tell that?”

Aaron frowned at him. “You deleted all your files?”

Ki laughed. “I didn’t expect you to figure it out so soon.”

“What?”

Ki sat up, waving his hand. “Go ahead, put them all back. When you’re done, I need to talk to you.”

Aaron’s hands froze over the keyboard. “You need to talk to me?”

“Mmmm. I’ve a favor to ask.”

“Of me?”

“Of you, yes. Go ahead, finish.”

Confused, Aaron highlighted all the files and clicked for them to restore. He looked up to see Ki grinning at him.

“Don’t scowl! It’s not that bad. I hope you’ll think it’s fun.”

“What?”

“Are you always this suspicious?”

“Yes.”

That made Ki laugh again. Aaron tried not to squirm when that laugh tickled his skin.

“Here it is.” Ki rose and came to lay the catalog in front of Aaron. It was an electronics catalog. Aaron glanced at it, then back up at Ki. “I just bought a new house, and I need help setting up the tech stuff.”

““Tech stuff?”

“You know. TV, hi-fi, stereo surround sound. All that stuff. I’m horrible with it, but I want it. You, I bet, are good with it.”

Cautiously, Aaron reached out to draw the catalog closer. The hi-def televisions did call to him. He couldn’t afford one himself, but he desperately wanted to get his hands on one. He glanced at Ki. Here was the chance, all wrapped up in a tall, slim, gorgeous package.

*Stop thinking like that!* “I’ve never set one up before,” Aaron hedged.

Ki scoffed. “Yeah, but for a guy like you, it’s a piece of cake.”

“Usually the places where you buy this stuff will come and set it up for you.”

“Yeah, but I want more than that. I’ll bet if you and I work together, we can come up with an amazing system. We could wire the whole house. Remote control. The works!”

From what Aaron had read, Ki could afford to hire a whole crew. “How big’s the house?”

“Three bedrooms, two and a half baths. Oh, yeah, I want sound by the pool and Jacuzzi out back, too.”

Aaron eyed the catalog. Despite his reservations, it *did* sound like fun. When else would he get a chance to play with that type of equipment? And spend time with Yoshiki? Aaron suppressed a shiver.

Ki leaned on the opposite side of the desk. “C’mon, Aaron, what do you say? What can I do to make it worth your while?”

Aaron tried really hard not to come up with an answer for that. That part of him that was scared to death of other people was curiously quiet. This wasn’t fear of Ki. Not really. This was something else that he didn’t want to think about. He shook his head. “I don’t know.”

“I’ll buy you something. What do you want? New computer? Monitor? Printer? A new car?”

“A car?”

Ki laughed. “Okay, maybe not a car. Although you might be able to talk me into it.” What was that warm grin? “I’ll certainly buy you dinner when we go out shopping.”

“Out shopping?”

“Don’t look so horrified. Don’t you want to see it up-close and personal?”

Aaron fingered the catalog’s glossy pictures.

“C’mon, Aaron. You need to get out. I’m not that bad of company. I’ll keep you entertained.”

That got a smile out of Aaron. He had no doubts Ki could entertain him. In more ways than one. “When do you want to do this?”

“Ha! You’ll do it?”

Aaron’s smile grew, despite himself. “Sure. If you’re sure you want me to.”

“I’m sure. Let’s go tonight.”

“Tonight?”

“You have plans?”

“Well, no ...”

“Excellent. You go clock out, and we’ll go. Then I’ll take you out to a late dinner.”

Except for the shopping, this sounded suspiciously like a date. Aaron did his best to erase that thought from his mind.

## Chapter Three

Aaron had never had so much fun shopping in his life.

The two men did go to the store that night and proceeded to spend the hours until closing looking at all sorts of equipment. But Aaron wasn't satisfied with the store's selection, and Ki insisted that he be satisfied. So they went to a late dinner and talked about nothing more than plans and equipment. Technical stuff. Things that Aaron was comfortable with. So comfortable and -- to be honest -- excited that he didn't feel his usual panic at being alone with another person.

It was a month and a half before Aaron let Ki buy a single thing. He visited every store in the area, both with and without Ki. He visited countless online forums and consumer websites. He even developed an IM relationship with a dealer in New York. For, although he was painfully bashful in person, he was completely comfortable talking through the keyboard.

Ki was quite amiable about the whole thing. He looked at all the links Aaron sent him and made comments that clued Aaron in that he wasn't *quite* as techno-stupid as he pretended to be. Each time they visited a store, he insisted on a meal afterward where they could discuss what they'd seen. Even if the meal occurred very late at night.



Aaron grinned as he and Ki left the brightly lit electronics megastore. They walked toward Ki's silver Mercedes in the square of light the store provided in the parking lot. In his hand he clutched a bill of sale and a paper pamphlet of information for an amazing sound system, and it was all he could do to keep from bouncing. At times like this, he very nearly forgot that he wasn't shopping for himself.

"So, are we done?" Ki asked, amusement lacing his voice. He walked through the odd lighting with his thumbs hooked in the front pockets of his jeans. "Is that the final piece?"

Aaron brandished the papers he held in front of him, grinning. "Yeah. This'll finish up the living room and the backyard. But you still need to decide what kind of computer system you want to go with all this."

"And we've yet to decide on the bedroom."

Aaron nearly tripped over his own feet, but covered it by trotting forward the last few steps to the car. "Bedroom. Right."

The Mercedes blipped a welcome, signaling Ki had unlocked it, and Aaron slid inside. He did so love the buttery-soft feel of the seats in Ki's car.

Ki sat beside him and brought the engine to life. He turned, hand on Aaron's seat as he backed up. "So you want to come over Saturday to start?"

Aaron blinked up at him. "Huh?"

Ki smiled, then turned around to face front. "The installation. You're coming over to help me, right?"

"Oh. That." Aaron stared blankly at the pamphlet, but he didn't see it. Rather, he was thinking about being alone with Ki in his house.

He'd been there twice now, but both trips were brief and filled with specific purpose. The first time had been to get the layout of the house so he could imagine where to place the purchases he was recommending. The second had been to take measurements. To say that he

loved the place was an understatement. It was a gorgeous house in the hills, surrounded by trees so that you couldn't see or hear the neighbors. The backyard opened onto a hill that displayed an amazing panoramic view of the valley below. Aaron loved it because, even though he didn't particularly like going outside, he did love to watch nature.

"Yeah. That."

Aaron glanced up at Ki, who was still smiling. He felt his mouth curving up on its own, an ever increasingly normal reaction to Ki. The blond just made him feel good, made him feel comfortable while still making his skin tingle with that delicious awareness. Yoshiaki. The man's full name filled Aaron's private thoughts, provoking erotic images that he probably shouldn't think but that he couldn't help. It was that which made Aaron hesitate. So far, Ki had been nothing but friendly. Aaron knew it was his own overactive imagination that made every touch, every smile, mean something that it didn't.

"Saturday?"

Ki's near hand rested on his thigh; the other was propped casually on the door so that he drove with only his fingertips. "Saturday or Sunday. Or both. It'll have to be this weekend, or it'll have to wait until November."

It was now mid-October. "Why?"

"They're sending me to Kyoto next week."

Aaron hoped Ki didn't see his hands grip the papers in his lap or the way he gaped in surprise. He tried to cover both by leaning back in his seat and looking out the window. "Isn't that sudden?"

"It happens."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Two weeks."

"Oh. We can wait, if you'd rather."

“No. I’d rather get it started. We can work this weekend, and I’ll give you a key so you can keep going while I’m gone.”

Aaron spun back to face him, gaping. “Oh, no. You can’t do that.”

Ki chuckled. “Why not?”

“You’d trust me with your house key?”

“Shouldn’t I? Are you a thief? A serial killer? A con man?”

“No.”

“I didn’t think so. Actually ...” Without taking his eyes off the road, Ki reached for the keys hanging from the ignition. Deftly, he pushed something and twisted something else and came away with a ring. Aaron watched, wide-eyed, when he held out a smaller ring with one key. “Here. This is the spare.”

“Ki, I can’t ...”

Ki sighed, rolling his eyes toward the moon roof. “Just take it. You can use it to let yourself in on Saturday.” Ki looked at him. “You *are* coming on Saturday.” It was a statement, not a question.

Aaron gingerly took the key from Ki, careful not to touch the man’s fingers. He was happy that his hand didn’t shake. “Yeah. Sure. What time?”

Ki shrugged, dropping his hand to shift gears. “Any time. You’ve got a key now.”

Aaron watched his hand, entranced by those long, amazing fingers. Two gold rings flashed on pinky and middle finger, somehow emphasizing the elegance of those digits.

“I can’t just walk in on you.”

“I don’t mind. If I’m asleep, I doubt you could wake me.”

Aaron swallowed, trying to banish the sudden, vivid image of Ki sleeping. He recalled the wide, tall bed in the bedroom. Did he sleep in the nude?

*Where did that come from?!*

“What time do you get up? I could come in the afternoon.”

“Come whenever you like.”

Aaron turned toward the window. Did he really hear the sultry innuendo in Ki’s voice?

No. Not possible. How did Ki *do* this to him? What would he think if he knew?

“I’ll come over around noon, then,” Aaron said.

“Sounds good.”

## Chapter Four

Aaron fell gratefully onto the plush sofa. He took a moment to breathe and enjoy relaxing the muscles of his back. He'd been crouched over equipment for the last few hours. Before that, he and Ki had manhandled tons of new furniture into place. Ki, Aaron found out when he arrived, had decided to kill two birds with one stone and had arranged for new living room furniture to arrive just before Aaron. The result was fabulous. The living room had a cathedral ceiling, so the dark, plush green of the sectional couch didn't make the room look too small. Two beautifully intricate Oriental rugs now covered the glossy hardwood floor. A coffee table and four matching chairs made up the rest of the furniture. The electronics had all been destined for the wall of shelves Ki had commissioned a few weeks ago.

Aaron lay back and admired his handiwork. The television was suspended in the largest space. The cabinet beneath it was open to display the DVD player, VCR -- Ki insisted -- stereo receiver, amplifier, and hi-fi. Around the room, at least twelve speakers were carefully arranged to make the place in which Aaron lay the sweet spot for sound. He inspected the remote he had propped on his chest and used his thumb to punch a sequence of numbers. The haunting strains of Ella Fitzgerald oozed into the room. He smiled and closed his eyes. It worked.

After a few moments, he heard Ki pad into the room. He opened his eyes to see the man behind the couch, leaning on the back of it. Smiling. He wore long cargo shorts and no shirt. In the golden light streaming from the bay window, his lean, muscled torso fairly gleamed. He must have cleaned up some because the last Aaron had seen him, he'd been sweaty. His gold hair was damp. "Sounds great."

Aaron hummed happily, closing his eyes again. He didn't hear Ki move, but next thing he knew, his feet were lifted. He opened his eyes to watch Ki sit on the couch beside him. Ki placed Aaron's feet on his thighs.

Before Aaron could protest, Ki reached over and plucked the remote out of his hands. "Does the TV work, too?"

"Yeah. Just --"

Ki held his legs when he would have moved them, darting a quick glare his way. "Stay where you are." He squeezed Aaron's shin for good measure. Since Aaron was wearing shorts, he had to concentrate on not moaning at the feel of Ki's hands on him. "How do you work this thing?"

"If you let me sit up, I'll show you."

Instead, Ki leaned over. The end result tucked his sleekly muscled body between Aaron and the back of the couch. Again Aaron tried to move, but this time Ki grabbed his waist to keep him securely close. Aaron didn't know if he was just hypersensitive to the man's touch, but his hand felt incredibly hot even through Aaron's thin t-shirt. Aaron now recognized the scent of Ki's sandalwood soap, and it mixed with the musky smell of the man and made Aaron's head reel.

As if they weren't in a nearly intimate position, Ki held the remote over Aaron's chest. "Show me."

Swallowing, Aaron took the remote. Surprisingly, his hands were steady as he pointed the device at the hi-fi and showed Ki how to turn on and off the various components of the

system. He could put the heat of the man beside him to the back of his mind in favor of explaining how the device worked. His excitement blinded him to the fact that Ki was watching him and not what he was doing. That is, until he turned back and stopped, mid-sentence, to find Ki's face hovering over his, eyes half-lidded and a warm grin on his lips.

"What?" Aaron swallowed over his squeaky voice.

"You're so excited."

"Well, uh ... it *is* exciting." Aaron realized now that he was without his glasses. They sat on a shelf across the room. It was amazing how the removal of that slim, useless barrier brought his defenses down. He felt laid bare before Ki's glance and didn't quite know what to do with the attention.

Ki's grin kicked up a notch. Aaron's eyes went wide when he felt Ki's hand lightly rubbing his belly through his t-shirt. When had *that* happened?

"It is," Ki admitted, his black gaze roaming fondly over Aaron's face. "You're so beautiful when you're excited."

Aaron's jaw fell open.

Ki chuckled. "And when you're embarrassed and caught off guard." The hand on Aaron's belly trailed up his chest, then lifted so Ki could use those beautiful fingers to brush red bangs from Aaron's face. "Do you know how beautiful you are?"

Aaron's mouth worked, but no sound emerged. He could only stare into that gorgeous face and vainly attempt to process the words that spilled from those softly rounded lips.

Ki cupped Aaron's chin with his fingers, gently stopping its motion. His gaze focused on Aaron's parted lips. Aaron had all the time in the world to watch Ki's head descend. To see damp, dark blond hair fall forward over closing black eyes. To feel Ki's warm breath when it gently caressed his lips. *He's going to kiss me*, he had time to think. *Stop him!* The order sounded in his head, but it never reached his lips. Either that, or his lips had a mind of

their own. So did his neck, since it tilted slightly to tip his jaw at a better angle to meet Ki's kiss.

It was a simple meeting of lips, both pairs slightly open so their breath mingled. Ki's lips brushed Aaron's once, twice, again and again, each soft touch a lure until Aaron was unconsciously matching Ki's rhythm and bobbing his chin slightly to keep up. Once he had him, Ki slid his fingers deep into Aaron's hair, cradling and holding his skull as he deepened the kiss. Aaron started, his hand moving up to grip Ki's wrist. But any thought of ripping away from Ki melted at the onslaught of the tongue that slipped into his mouth. Aaron's protest turned into a moan.

The spell broke when Ki threw his leg over Aaron's thighs and twisted so that he was full frontal on top of Aaron. The feel of that hot, bare chest pressed to his through the thin layer of t-shirt, the unmistakable feel of a hard cock against his, even through the fabric of both of their shorts, was too much. Aaron finally dropped the remote with a thump on the floor and scrabbled until both his palms were flat against Ki's chest. Unintentionally, he brushed a nipple, which caused Ki to groan and increase the pressure of the kiss.

Aaron whimpered, pushing, until Ki finally relented and raised his head. Just his head. "What?"

Aaron gasped, trying to hear over his pounding heart. "Stop!"

"Why?"

"We can't ... I mean, I'm not ..."

"Stop wiggling. You're not what? Gay?"

That was yet to be determined, but it sounded good. "Yeah."

"No sweat. Neither am I."

"Stop!" Aaron slapped a hand over the lips Ki started to descend on his again. He stared into Ki's intense black eyes, breathing hard. "I don't want this."



Ki backed off a little more, a skeptical curl to his moistened, slightly kiss-swollen lips. “Liar.” Ki rocked his hips against Aaron’s, causing the redhead to bite his lips over a moan. “Your dick tells me you want this plenty bad.”

“But ... What do you mean, you’re not gay?”

Ki smiled, adjusting to a firmer hold on Aaron’s squirming body. “Man. Woman. Doesn’t matter to me, as long as the heat’s there. And, Red, we’ve got heat.”

Aaron pushed again. The man was strong! “No, we don’t!”

Ki rolled his eyes. “You learn to read people in the boardroom, and believe me, you’re an easy read. Don’t think I’ve missed all the signs. You go nuts when I touch you.”

Aaron scowled. “I do not.”

Ki touched the tip of his nose to the tip of Aaron’s, rubbing them together. “And don’t try to tell me that you don’t like kissing me.”

“I don’t.” The denial came through panic, not through rational thought.

Ki tugged at his hair, a small punishment. “Don’t lie to me. Or lie to yourself. You want me bad. And, beautiful, I’m more than happy to give.”

Aaron sagged, his hands now clutching at Ki’s shoulders rather than shoving. “But ...”

Ki tenderly kissed the arch of Aaron’s right brow. “But what?”

“You want me?”

Lips brushed the corner of Aaron’s mouth. “Oh, yeah.”

“But all this time ...”

“All this time, I’ve backed off because I got the clear impression that this was new to you. Am I wrong?”

“No.”

“Right. I wanted to give you the chance to get to know me.”

“From the beginning?”

“Pretty much.”

Ki nibbled softly at the curve of Aaron’s jaw, his breath caressing the redhead’s neck just below his ear. “But I can’t take it anymore. I need to have you.”

Aaron shuddered when Ki’s teeth closed gently but firmly on his neck. *Yoshiki*, his brain murmured as Ki’s lips closed the seal. The suction as he drew in made Aaron moan and clench at the other man’s shoulders. The words “need to have you” followed that terribly erotic name in Aaron’s bewildered mind, releasing his reluctance in a rush of desire. He wanted the man, but was he prepared for what that meant?

One of Ki’s hands slid from underneath Aaron to tug up his t-shirt. Ki’s lips reclaimed Aaron’s again as that hand slid over bare skin. Aaron gave up the fight entirely and wrapped his arms around Ki’s neck, sucking in the tongue that pushed into his mouth. It was Ki’s turn to moan. When Ki rocked his hips against Aaron’s again, Aaron met the move, bending his knees to make his groin more of a cradle for Ki.

Ki broke from the kiss with a sharp inhalation. Aaron panted, eyes closed and bearings shot. Ki shifted lower, pushing Aaron’s t-shirt up to his armpits. Aaron gasped when Ki’s tongue teased his taut nipple. Ki scraped his nails lightly down Aaron’s torso, making the redhead quiver; then he followed the movement at a more leisurely pace with his lips and tongue. Aaron’s legs moved at Ki’s command, adjusting so that when the blond finally backed away far enough, he ended up kneeling between Aaron’s thighs.

Green eyes met black over the length of Aaron’s bare torso. Ki grinned, hooking his fingers in the waistband of both Aaron’s shorts and the underwear beneath. Aaron bit his lip but didn’t protest, which only made Ki’s grin grow. Ki pulled the clothing out and carefully down, encouraging Aaron’s dick to nudge free of its confines and lay red and hard against his naturally hairless belly. Ki hummed his appreciation, but took the time to fully remove Aaron’s shorts and underwear before settling down on knees and elbows between Aaron’s thighs.

“Ki?”

Ki dragged his tongue up the crease between thigh and groin before he looked up at Aaron’s face. “Aaron.”

“I ...”

One dark eyebrow arched a question, but when Aaron couldn’t form words, Ki’s smile warmed. “Don’t worry about a thing, beautiful. Just enjoy.” He glanced down at the twitching dick lying before him. “I will.”

Aaron clutched the couch beneath him. Ki lowered his head. This time he dragged the flat of his tongue up Aaron’s cock from base to tip. Aaron cried out, instinctively arching off the couch. Ki chuckled, grabbing hold of his hips to press them back down before he repeated the lick. Aaron had never felt anything more heavenly. Long before Ki suckled the tip into his mouth, Aaron’s eyes closed and his brain scattered into a million pieces.

“Yoshiki,” he moaned, hardly aware that he used Ki’s full name. But the effect on Ki was immediately apparent. The blond growled softly, fingers clutching Aaron’s hips. Because Aaron’s dick was shoved deep in Ki’s mouth at the time, the rumbling made him cry the man’s full name again. Suction. Pure, raw, head-bobbing suction in a relentless, unending rhythm. Wonderful. Horrible. “Ki, I’m ... I can’t hold ...”

His dick popped briefly out of Ki’s wet mouth to allow him to snap, “Do it.” Then it was back. The sucking. The pure heaven. The maddening push until Aaron could no longer control it. His balls drew up, his hips fought Ki’s hold, and with one agonized scream, he came in Ki’s suckling, swallowing mouth.

Aaron stared at the ceiling, panting, unable to believe what had just happened. He felt Ki kissing his way up Aaron’s belly, his chest, his neck, until finally that golden head appeared above him, grinning.

“I *love* when you say my full name like that.”

Aaron laughed breathlessly. “I got that impression.”

Ki kissed him briefly. "Will you do it when I'm inside you?"

Aaron's eyes went wide. He swallowed. Ki watched him, waiting. He knew this was as close as Ki would get to asking permission. He could say no now, but he wasn't sure either that Ki would stop the pursuit or that he *wanted* Ki to stop the pursuit.

He bit his lip. And nodded.

Ki slid his arms around Aaron and pulled him up so they were kneeling on the couch. He held Aaron close, kissing him soundly. When Aaron was pliant in his arms -- not long at all -- he pulled away and stepped from the couch. His hands slid down Aaron's arms, and he stepped backward, drawing Aaron off the couch. Aaron's t-shirt fell down from his armpits, which reminded him to glance down at himself. He blushed at the sight of his cock bobbing semi-hard underneath the hem of the shirt. Ki laughed and drew him further into the house, firmly keeping him from reaching for his shorts.

They reached the bedroom without a word exchanged. Aaron didn't know what to say, and Ki didn't seem to feel the need for small talk. Ki drew Aaron up to him when they stood at the side of the bed and kissed him, this time adding the distraction of hands squeezing his buttocks, fingers delving partially into the crack.

Ki drew up, smiling down at Aaron's flushed face. "I'll do everything I can not to hurt you, but you've got to trust me and relax." One hand lifted to brush the bangs clear of Aaron's eyes. "Can you do that for me, Red?"

"I'll try."

Quick kiss. "Good. Lie on the bed, facedown."

Aaron hitched a breath and started to turn. Ki stopped him and kissed him again. "Don't worry. I promise I'll stop if you tell me it hurts."

Aaron nodded. He turned and stretched out on the bed, painfully aware of his naked ass exposed to Ki. Cheek resting on his crossed arms, he looked over his shoulder to watch Ki rummage in the nightstand drawer and draw out a bottle of lube. He swallowed again when

Ki knelt on the bed behind him. The blond softly patted the inside of his thighs, and he obediently spread them. Embarrassed, he turned his head and hid his face in the bend of his elbow.

Ki's hands slid up his sides, pushing his t-shirt up again. "You really are beautiful, you know," he murmured, breath hot in the small of Aaron's back just before his lips pressed to the same place. "All pale and toned. Although how you get that way sitting behind a computer all day, I'll never know."

"I've got an exercise bike in my room."

Teeth gently bit at a dip of skin just above Aaron's ass. "If you tell me you surf the internet while you ride it, I'll lose all hope for you."

Aaron chuckled, deathly afraid it sounded more like a giggle. "Okay. I won't tell you."

Teeth bit hard this time into the meat of one side of his butt. Aaron squeaked, his whole body jerking.

"You're hopeless."

"Then why am I here?"

"Mmmm." Fingers drifted down the crack of his ass, all the way to the sensitive skin just behind his balls. Aaron groaned. "Because I've got a better way for you to exercise."

The fingers left briefly. When they returned, they were wet. They thoroughly saturated that place behind Aaron's balls, making him groan and shift. The fingers left again, returned wet again with more lube, and trailed purposely up the crack of his ass to his opening. Aaron couldn't help but flinch.

"Relax," Ki murmured, kissing the top of Aaron's butt cheek again while a finger toyed with the opening. The finger circled and tickled while Ki tasted the skin of Aaron's back and buttocks. When the finger first pushed in, Ki bit at the undercurve of Aaron's left cheek. The sharp pleasure jolt distracted Aaron into relaxing enough for the finger to slide all the way

in. “So tight,” Ki crooned, pulling the finger almost all the way out, then pushing slowly back in.

Aaron didn’t know what to think. He knew that tons of men all over the world did this. He knew that more than enough of them liked it. He couldn’t quite decide if he liked it, too busy deciding if what he felt was “hurt,” exactly. No. Not that. It didn’t hurt. But did it feel *good*?

Ki adjusted, but the finger inside Aaron remained. “Kneel up.”

Aaron obeyed, and Ki arranged him until Aaron’s shoulders and chest were still prone, his cheek again pillowed on his arm, but his ass was up in the air and spread because of the knees that ended up bent and wide, somewhere in the vicinity of Aaron’s chest. The position helped to open him up, and Ki slid another wet finger inside.

Aaron groaned. Okay, that was starting to feel good. Ki wiggled and twisted his fingers, gently pushing and pulling. Aaron gasped when Ki hit a spot that made his dick twitch.

“You okay?”

“Yeah.”

Ki adjusted again, and the fingers left. Aaron could no longer see over his shoulder, so he didn’t know what was happening until he felt something blunt at his asshole.

“Relax,” Ki soothed, sliding his dry hand up Aaron’s back in a slow, soothing gesture. “God, Red, tell me you’re okay.”

“I’m okay.”

The blunt head of Ki’s dick pushed forward. Aaron cried out, clutching the bedspread and pushing his face into the mattress. *Relax!* he told himself and did his best. Ki had stopped, staying where he was until Aaron adjusted. Then he pushed forward. Aaron groaned. It hurt, but it didn’t. It burned, but was the fire bad? It felt marvelous and horrible all at the same confusing time. Ki murmured words Aaron couldn’t make out as he worked his dick slowly and endlessly into Aaron’s body.

Ki's thighs pressed against the back of Aaron's. Aaron felt Ki's belly against his ass. Dear God! He was in!

"God, Aaron, you feel so good, so good, oh, fuck, damn," Ki was saying, his words sounding more like a litany than any real attempt at communication.

He pulled back with his hips, and Aaron bit the comforter around a moan. The retreat felt much better than the advance. But when Ki pushed back, it wasn't so bad. After a few backs and burning forths, Aaron released another long groan.

"Oh, yeah." Ki leaned forward, arms sliding around to embrace Aaron. His lips reached Aaron's neck, and he nuzzled the warm, sensitive spot.

Aaron pushed onto his elbows, the better to press into Ki's chest. Ki's hands wadded in the t-shirt that banded Aaron's shoulders, using it as a handle while he briefly picked up the pace with his hips. Then he slowed again, sliding back, letting his hands trail through the sweat that painted Aaron's back and sides, to his hips, to his thighs, grabbing hold and pumping slowly with his hips.

"Yoshiki," Aaron groaned, head down between his shoulders. He could see his own cock, hard again, bouncing in time to Ki's thrusts.

"Ah, yes!" Ki thrust hard. "Say it again."

"Yoshiki!"

One of Ki's damp hands slid around and pumped Aaron's cock, wet fingers twiddling with the head. Aaron cried out, back arching, toes curling, pushing forward into the hand and back onto the cock. He was lost in hot, fiery sensation, a thousand fingers prodding him inside and out. He cried out, perhaps Ki's name again, perhaps something entirely different. He couldn't tell any longer. He didn't care. He wanted this done, and he never wanted it to end.

"Yoshiki, God!"

"Yeah. Oh, yeah."

Aaron clutched his arms around his head, drawing the comforter into a suffocating pile, and screamed, spurring an agonizing release into Ki's hand. He nearly blacked out from sensation and lack of air before he reared his head back and sucked in a breath. Ki groaned, now frantically pumping his huge dick in Aaron's ass. That barely registered before Ki shoved in, shouting, convulsing as wetness surrounded the hot rod inside Aaron's body.

Ki collapsed, easing forward until Aaron lost his balance on his knees and fell full forward onto the bed. He ended with his head and one arm hanging off the far edge of the bed, with Ki draped heavily over his back. They lay like that for a few panting moments before Ki rolled off. "Don't move," he groaned before lifting himself from the bed.

Aaron only disobeyed a little, squirming back onto the bed so that his head wasn't hanging off. Water sounded from the bathroom. Aaron winced and tried not to think of what Ki might be washing off himself. But Ki didn't seem at all bothered when he padded back into the room moments later with a wet cloth and a dry towel. He used both to gently wipe Aaron of all manner of fluids. "Turn over." With a groan, Aaron did, only to moan again softly when Ki used the cloth on his still-sensitive cock.

Ki grinned. "You're up for more?"

Aaron grunted. "I don't think so."

Ki laughed softly and chucked the cloths toward the bathroom. The wet one landed with a splat; the dry one fluttered to the ground halfway to the door. Not bothered by either, Ki gathered Aaron to his side, away from the wet spots. "Let's take a nap first," he suggested, snuggling down with Aaron bent in the curve of his body, back to chest.

Aaron thought that was a grand idea.



## Chapter Five

Aaron sat on the bed beside Ki's suitcase, sullenly watching the man pack.

The last five days had been heaven. Aaron had barely seen his own place, going there only to collect his laptop and some clothes. At Ki's behest, he'd stayed every night at the house in the hills. He'd almost gotten used to the pleasant ache in his rear end. By mutual agreement, they said nothing about their affair at work, so they drove in separately and left separately. But they met at home, one or the other stopping to pick up dinner on the way. They ate together, slept together, fucked repeatedly, and only left a small mess for the cleaning crew Ki had come in every Tuesday afternoon.

Now, however, the day had come for Ki to leave on his trip to Japan.

"So just have James charge it all to my account," Ki was saying, talking about the purchases he'd decided Aaron should make while he was gone. "He can call me if there's any trouble."

Aaron scraped his nail over the side of the suitcase, picking at a scratch in the leather surface. "Do you want me to send you the specs first?"

"Nah. You understand them more than me anyway. I wouldn't know what you were sending."

Aaron nodded, staring at the toiletry bag Ki dropped into the case. The garment bag with Ki's suits already hung over the closet door.

Ki stepped up and stood at his knees. Aaron kept his eyes down until Ki reached out to cup his chin, tilting his face up. Aaron dragged his gaze up the warm cream of Ki's slacks, skipped over the bulge between his legs, ate up the distance of his long, bare, muscled torso, and finally latched onto those wonderful, wicked black eyes. Ki smiled reassurance. "It's only two weeks."

Aaron tried to scoff, but knew it was feeble. "I know."

Ki's smile slanted into a smirk. "Will you miss me?"

Aaron matched the smirk, averting his gaze. "No."

He yelped when Ki grabbed his hand and hauled him to his feet. He slammed into Ki's chest and clutched at the man's shoulders for support.

Ki's arms surrounded him. "No?" His hands cupped Aaron's ass, pulling their groins together.

Aaron smiled, feeling the growing hard evidence of Ki's desire pressing against him. His own cock roused. He slid his arms up around Ki's neck. "No. Why should I?"

"You want me to give you a reason?"

Aaron licked his lips. "Oh, yeah."

Ki smashed his lips down on Aaron's, causing the redhead to groan and clutch at his neck. The kiss was overbearing. Possessive. Punctuated with a sharp bite and pull on Aaron's lower lip. Aaron moaned. Growling, Ki spun him around to face the bed and shoved him forward. Aaron's hands landed on either side of the suitcase.

"Drop your pants."

Eagerly, Aaron pushed up to comply. He heard Ki opening the nightstand drawer and shivered. He shoved his jeans over his hips, letting them pool at his feet. Before he could step

out of them, Ki shoved him forward again. Oddly thrilled by Ki's almost rough behavior, Aaron assumed the position and waited.

Ki's hand, soaked with lube, dragged through the crack of Aaron's ass. Without his usual tickle, Ki sank two fingers deep into Aaron. Aaron gasped at the biting burn and spread of pleasure.

"Sure you're not gonna miss me?" Ki growled, twisting his wrist to screw his fingers within Aaron.

Aaron moaned. "No. Not a bit."

*Crack!* Aaron cried out at the feel of Ki's palm slapping his butt. Hard. He glanced over his shoulder to see Ki watching him, eyebrow raised. He might have almost been smiling, but Aaron couldn't tell. This was just playing, wasn't it?

The hand on his butt smoothed over the sting, and the fingers in his ass were joined by a third. Ki's smile was dark. "Are you sure?"

Aaron nodded, biting his lip.

Ki backed off, pulling his fingers out of Aaron. Taking his time, he poured more lube onto his palm and took hold of his cock. Aaron wasn't sure when, but Ki had let his own pants drop to the floor as well.

"Does that mean you're gonna go out and find someone to take care of you while I'm gone?"

Aaron opened his eyes wide. Was *that* what this was about? Anxiously, he shook his head. "Ki, I couldn't --"

"Because," Ki continued, not looking at his face, "I don't think I could handle that. I've grown rather fond of this ass." He ran his free hand over said ass.

*It's yours*, Aaron wanted to say, but the words wouldn't come.

Ki pulled his engorged cock down and placed the head at Aaron's opening. In a move they'd practiced countless times over the past few days, Ki pushed forward, and Aaron

relaxed and pushed back. Aaron's body opened and accepted Ki almost as though he were a part of it. Aaron groaned, unable to help making a noise at the exquisite feeling of being filled by Ki.

Ki pulled slowly out and, before he pushed in again, slapped the other side of Aaron's butt. In a weird way, that actually felt *really* good. Aaron dropped his head forward, his hair dangling just above Ki's neatly folded shirts in the suitcase. Another slap confirmed that it *did* feel good, and he wiggled. Ki slid forward.

"Take off your shirt."

Aaron eagerly complied, knowing that Ki loved the sight of his naked back, because the man told him so. Ki fucked him slowly, one damp hand and one dry one shaping the contours of his lower back, fingers tracing the ridges of his bones. Palms cupped his butt cheeks before one, then the other, cracked down in stinging slaps.

"Spread your legs."

Aaron kicked his feet free of his jeans and obeyed.

"Oh, yeah, I love your ass," Ki growled.

When Aaron reached down, intending to fondle himself, Ki barked at him. "No, keep your hands on the bed."

"Yoshiki, please."

"Oh, yeah, say my name."

"Yoshiki." Aaron didn't understand what had gotten into Ki, but he felt the razor edge of control in the man behind him. Inexplicably, he wanted to push. He wanted Ki to tumble over the edge. And he knew how to do it. "Yoshiki, please. Please, Yoshiki. Fuck me. Fuck me hard!"

The surprised grunt behind him told him it was working. So did the increased pounding from behind. The name was the key, and the begging tone. He repeated it like a litany, losing sense of his words as he pleaded with his lover.

When Ki shoved him forward, he barely had the wherewithal to push the suitcase farther down the bed and out of harm's way. Ki landed hard on Aaron's back, grinding his hips into Aaron's. The effect pressed Aaron's cock against the bed. Almost satisfying, but not quite.

Ki tangled his fingers in Aaron's hair, yanking back. "You gonna miss me, Red?" His hot breath caressed Aaron's ear.

"Oh, yeah."

"You gonna dream of my dick in your ass?"

"Yes!"

"You gonna let anyone else inside you?"

"No!"

"Damn right."

Ki crushed his mouth on Aaron's, his grip on Aaron's hair keeping the redhead's neck at a cruel angle. Aaron did his best to kiss back, but most of his attention was on the swelling cock punishing his ass.

It wasn't long. Ki released Aaron's head on a strangled groan. Aaron collapsed. Ki, braced over him, howled as he came.

Aaron lay still beneath him, body alight with tingling sensation, but unsure what to do. Ki had told him not to touch himself, and he didn't want to ignite the mood more than he already had. But he needed release. His cock pulsed angrily, and the sheets beneath him tormented him.

He needn't have worried. Once he'd caught his breath, Ki pulled back and out. With one hand, he gripped Aaron's shoulder and hauled the younger man onto his back. He gave Aaron a wild look before dropping to his knees between Aaron's thighs. He gripped the base of Aaron's cock and swallowed every inch that he could. Aaron cried out when the head of his dick hit the back of Ki's throat. Ki did that wonderful swallowing thing that he was so

good at and sucked hard. Aaron was a goner. Ki had him gasping and crying, and not long after that, he came, washing the back of Ki's throat with his cum.

Tenderly, Ki licked him clean, then crawled up his body. They lay, chest on chest, and all the loving care Ki usually showed him surfaced in the drawn-out, exploratory kiss they shared. When Ki pulled back, Aaron was dazzled.

"I'll miss you," Ki assured him.

Aaron hugged him. "I was only kidding. I will miss you."

Ki nodded, but his grin didn't return. "Did I hurt you?"

Aaron grinned for him. "Not in a bad way."

That did it. Ki's habitual humor surfaced in a small laugh. "Good."

With a sigh, Ki pulled back and stood. His gaze trailed over Aaron's naked body for a warm, wonderful minute, before he sighed again. "I should take a shower. I'd invite you to join me, but then I really would be late for my plane."

"And that would be bad, right?"

Ki chuckled and waved a warning finger at him. "And here I thought you were the bashful one."

Aaron snorted. "You cured me of *that*. At least, around you."

With a self-satisfied smile, Ki headed for the bathroom. "I feel so special."

Aaron lay staring at the ceiling. He listened to the water start and imagined Ki underneath it. He knew from experience that the amazing curves and ridges of Ki's body provided interesting paths for water to follow. For fingers to follow. For his tongue to follow. He heaved his own sigh, shutting his eyes over threatening tears. He really would miss Ki. The past few days were a wholly new experience for him, one he had immensely enjoyed. He felt like Cinderella ten minutes before midnight.

That thought sobered him, and he sat up. Oh, *that* was nice! Picture himself as some simpering fairytale heroine! God, he really was a girl sometimes! Although, he got a grin out of thinking of Ki in tight hose trying to put a glass slipper on his foot.

Laughing at himself, he gathered up his clothes and headed for the other bathroom to towel down. He'd be just fine. Ki's trip didn't mean that the affair was over. In fact, if he were to judge by that last quickie, Ki was far from tired of him. And it was only two weeks. Then Ki would be back.

Aaron refused to think of what would happen after that.

## Chapter Six

A sound like a gong warned Aaron to get up from the tangle of equipment on the cold hardwood floor. He crossed to the bed and pushed up the lid of his laptop. A chat box blinked at him with the name “kifukui” on it. He grinned.

*Where r u?*

*Right here.*

*Where’s here?*

*Your place.*

*Good.*

Aaron snorted. *What time is it there?* Even after a week of this, he still couldn’t get the times right.

*4 pm.*

Aaron glanced at the clock to see it was 11 p.m. for him. Wow, had he been working that long? *Why aren’t you working?*

*Slavedriver.*

*Slacker.*



*:P I just got out of a hellacious meeting. Be nice 2 me.*

*Did it go bad?*

*No, not in the end. But it was a lot of work to convince them. I don't want to talk about it.*

*Ok. You back at the hotel?*

*Yeah, I'm done for the day, thank god! Pause. New line. What are you doing?*

*I'm almost done with setting up the bedroom.*

*Excellent.*

They exchanged a few lines about what Aaron was doing. Ki had to make sure that Aaron had followed instructions and gotten the right sized -- i.e., fucking huge -- television. Aaron still thought the sixty-five-inch was too big, but he'd relented. It was Ki's bedroom, after all. They then exchanged a few more lines about Kyoto and Ki's trip in general. This was a nightly occurrence that Aaron hadn't expected when he'd blithely mentioned instant messaging to Ki when he'd dropped him off at the airport. Ki had never tried IM, but he'd not only signed himself up, he'd also discovered a few extra tricks that he was rather proud of. He'd even hooked up with his sister, who'd sent thanks -- through Ki -- to Aaron for bringing him into the modern age.

Aaron, unbeknownst to Ki, was determined to get him to be computer-savvy.

*What are you wearing?*

Aaron blinked at the little chat window. *What?*

*C'mon, humor me.*

*Jeans. Your sweatshirt.*

*My sweatshirt?*

*Yeah.*

*Which one?*

*The Hard Rock.*

*That must be huge on you. It's big on me.*

*Yeah.*

*Bet you look cute.*

Aaron paused, frowning.

*Haha. You hate it when I call you cute, don't you?*

*Fucker.*

*But you are. Know when you're really gorgeous tho? When you're cumming.*

Aaron licked his lips. Was Ki really doing this?

*You get all flushed and you cry out. Oh man, I'm getting hard just thinking about it.*

All sorts of paranoid thoughts went through Aaron's mind. As a computer tech, he knew that this conversation was now stored on Ki's hard drive. He made a mental note to erase the IM logs. *Ki, we shouldn't do this.*

*You taste good too. Sweet. It's all that fruit juice that you drink. You're delicious.*

Aaron groaned. His jeans were now uncomfortable. *Ki stop.*

*Why?*

*We shouldn't do this.*

*Why not?*

*All of this stuff logs on your laptop.*

*Really? You'll have to show me where so I can print it out and put it in my keepsake box.*

*What?!*

*LOL you're so easy. C'mon, who's gonna look? Except maybe you. Maybe you'll keep it in your keepsake box.*

*Oh shut up.*

*LMAO*

Aaron glared at the screen, focusing on the fox icon Ki had chosen to represent himself. It was appropriate, he thought.

*Jack off for me.*

*What?!*

*C'mon.*

*No.*

*Hold your dick. Squeeze it like I would.*

*Stop now.*

*Bet you're hard.*

*Ki.*

*Tease that spot just under the head with your nail like I know you like it.*

Aaron groaned. The man knew his hot spots better than he did. By necessity alone -- and *not* because Ki told him to -- Aaron unfastened the button fly of his jeans. For comfort, he pulled his cock out. The damn thing sprang out eagerly. "He's not here," Aaron grumbled at it.

*Are you doing it? Red?*

*No.*

*I think you are. I think you've got that red, hard dick in your hand and you're pulling it, thinking of me. You dripping yet?*

*You wish.* Luckily, Aaron happened to excel at typing one-handed. Even his left hand.

*No. I wish I was there to suck it for you.*

Aaron groaned. How could he *not* jack off with the man making such suggestions? Especially when he knew just how it felt to have Ki suck his dick.

*I wanna be there. I wanna suck you off then bury my dick in that sweet, tight ass of yours. I wanna hear you scream and say my name. I love it when you say my name.*

Aaron's wrist worked frantically.

*You're doing it. I know you're doing it. Shit!*

The IM window blinked, but Aaron lost his focus on it. All he could see were the images flashing on the inside of his eyelids. Images of Ki lying on his side, elbow propped on the mattress between Aaron's thighs, one of Aaron's knees bent over his chest, as he worked both lubed hands on Aaron's body. One fisted his cock; the other fingered his ass. That low, melodic voice encouraged the same things he'd just been typing and more. Aaron moaned, fixated on the memory. He jerked frantically, wishing with all his might that Ki was here doing it to him instead of halfway across the world. With a blasting surge and a pained cry, he came, spattering ropes of white cum on his hand and Ki's sweatshirt.

Breathing heavily, he was finally able to focus on the IM window again. Nothing new had appeared. Trying to calm himself, he took off the sweatshirt and used it to wipe himself. Momentarily unconcerned with the cool air, he put his fingers to the keyboard.

*Ki?*

No answer. Was Ki doing the same thing he'd just done? Was this how you had virtual sex? The thought of Ki sitting in a hotel room, jerking off in front of his laptop, almost had Aaron going again. To distract himself, he went to get another shirt, this time choosing one of Ki's sweaters.

When he got back, the IM was blinking again.

*Oh man that was intense.*

*Yeah.*

*You did it, didn't you?*

*Yeah.*

*Wow fuck. I miss you.*

Tears clouded Aaron's eyes. Tears he could never shed in front of Ki spilled down his cheeks. If only Ki knew. *I miss you too.*

*Hey, I got a present for you.*

*What?*

*Look in the bottom left drawer of the dresser under the window.*

*I thought you meant you got me something in Japan?*

*I'll do that. But go get this one.*

Curious, Aaron went to the dresser, wiping the tears from his eyes. He dropped to his knees to open the drawer and pulled out a long black box. He took it back to the bed and glanced at the IM. Nothing new. Ki was waiting for him.

*Am I supposed to open it now?*

*Yeah.*

He did so. He stared. He was pretty sure he knew what it was, but ... *Is this what I think it is?*

*If you think it's a dildo, then yes.*

Aaron's heart started to race again. It wasn't as long or thick as Ki, but it had alarming bumps along the shaft.

The IM blinked at him. *Are you mad?*

*No.*

*I thought about getting you a plug, but I don't think you really need it.*

Aaron was having trouble processing this turn of events. *It's purple.*

*LOL yeah. It was either purple or pink. I thought you'd rather have purple.*

He couldn't fathom a pink one. He gingerly lifted the thing from its contoured plastic bed. It was slick and made of something like firm rubber. *It's got bumps.*

*That's the point. They'll hit that sweet spot that drives you nuts. I wanted to give it to you before I left but there wasn't a good time. Now you can use it and think of me.*

*I wouldn't even know how to begin.*

*You know plenty of websites. Look it up. I expect you to be good at it by the time I get back. I wanna watch.*

*Bossy fucker.*

*LOL*

*Pervert.*

*Oh you sweet talker you. You know you wanna try it.*

Aaron stared at the dildo. His body still tingled from jerking off, and Ki's lingering scent on the sweater was driving him crazy. But could he really ...?

*I'm signing off now.*

*Red, don't be mad.*

*I'm not mad.*

*You gonna go use it?!*

*:S*

*LOL*

*Fuck off Ki.*

*Night Red. Sleep tight and dream of me.*

Aaron decidedly closed the window and signed off of IM. He stared at the purple dildo in the box and shivered. As though he had a hope of dreaming of anything or anyone else.

## Chapter Seven

“Are you insulting my cooking?!” Ki demanded in mock outrage.

Aaron laughed. Ki hitched him up onto the kitchen counter, stepping between his legs.

“You call that cooking? No!” Aaron shrieked when Ki started to tickle him.

“I’m a better cook than you anyway,” Ki laughed, torturing Aaron. “Admit it.”

“No.”

“Who was it who cooked Thanksgiving dinner?”

“Who was it who *reheated* Thanksgiving dinner?”

“Bah! You still loved it.” Ki abandoned the tickling in favor of grabbing handfuls of Aaron’s hair and yanking the younger man into an involved kiss.

It was Aaron who broke away. “That supposed sauce is going to boil over.”

“Shit!” Ki released him and rushed to check his sauce.

Grinning, Aaron stayed perched on the counter, readjusting the glasses that Ki’s kiss had knocked askew. Ki had only been back two days, and they had yet to leave the house. After he’d picked Ki up at the airport, they’d barely made it back to the house before they were out of their clothes and fucking on the sectional couch. After the couch, they made it to

the bedroom, then managed a long, beautiful soak in Ki's bathtub. Since the following day was Thanksgiving, they'd spent the day in a food-themed marathon of sex, interrupted only by naps and the arrival of the takeout Ki had ordered, delivered at an exorbitant price. Friday had been only slightly more subdued, taken up mostly with eating leftovers and watching the poor selection of movies available on satellite. The more boring movies were only endured through further bouts of lovemaking. Aaron was constantly sore and couldn't have been happier to be so.

Now, on Saturday night, they were actually clean, having both showered -- separately -- for dinner, but it was proving incredibly difficult to keep their hands off each other. To keep from tempting Ki -- because he really was hungry and wanted some of the divine-smelling spaghetti -- Aaron hopped from the counter and padded to the living room to change the CD.

He was roaming Ki's collection when the doorbell sounded. He froze. In the entire time he'd been with Ki, no one else had ever been in the house with them.

He heard Ki in the kitchen. "What the hell?" Utensils clattered, and Aaron heard him leave the room. Turning, he saw Ki cross the hallway to open the door.

"Happy birthday!" a chorus of voices chimed.

Aaron stood there, horrified. Ki's birthday wasn't until the middle of the week, but that fact didn't seem to matter. Ki cried out in apparent joy. Aaron crept to the arched entry of the living room to see. Ki was hugging and greeting at least a dozen visible people, most of them female.

One of the women who was already in the house saw him. She was a tall, slim brunette with sultry brown eyes and pouty red lips. She was dressed in a sleeveless flaming-red top and tight white stretch pants that left nothing about her curvy body to the imagination. She crossed to him, beaming. Deftly, she juggled two bottles of wine into one hand and extended the other toward him. "Hi, there! I'm Rachel. I don't think we've met."



Caught, Aaron extended his hand. “Aaron,” he mumbled. His accustomed bashfulness, banished in Ki’s presence, resurfaced with a vengeance, strangling his mastery of the English language.

“You must be the friend Ki’s been having help him with the house.”

Aaron nodded. Ki had told others about him? When had he talked to this dark-haired, beautiful woman?

She passed him into the living room. “Well, it looks fabulous!”

Aaron glanced toward the door to see Ki extricate himself from the flood of people entering the room. They exchanged a glance that assured Aaron that Ki had known nothing about this influx. That only made him feel marginally better. Ki stopped by his side, not touching, but his presence was comforting. Aaron managed not to cower and plaster himself to Ki, but it was a near thing.

Ki eyed the woman who roamed the living room like she owned the place. “Rachel, why do I get the feeling you’re behind all this?”

She giggled, turning and posing. More people filed into the house. There were more than the dozen Aaron had initially seen. His heart began to pound.

“C’mon, Ki. You didn’t expect us to miss throwing you a little birthday party, did you? You know you’d never forgive us.”

“A little warning would have been nice.”

“But then you might have said no. Like you said no before you left and like you said no to Thanksgiving.” She made a cute little pout. “It’s been too long since you had a party. I knew you wouldn’t mind.”

Aaron looked up to see Ki smile. His heart sank. Irrationally, he wanted Ki to get angry and throw all of these people out. Realistically, he reasoned that such surprises were likely a normal occurrence for a man like Ki.

Ki glanced down at Aaron, that smile blinding. He slung an arm around Aaron's shoulder, an action far more like a friend's than a lover's. "C'mon, I'll introduce you around."

Aaron stood in the bathroom connected to Ki's bedroom, shaking. He *hated* parties. He always had. He was worse at parties than he was in everyday situations. He never knew what to say and always had the feeling that people wanted to be anywhere but with him. Even the ones who were clearly interested in getting him into bed. Those, actually, were worse. Ki, however, was in his element. Aaron had watched him flowing easily through the crowd of at least thirty people, chatting and laughing and completely at ease. At first, Aaron had tried to stick to his side, but it was like trying to leash a tiger or get a good grip on water. He'd finally given up and drifted to the edges of the crowd. Some of Ki's friends might have tried to talk to him, but he was too far out of his element to even make an attempt at being friendly. He was sure he looked like a fool even trying. There was no hope for it. He had to leave. Best to do so without telling Ki.

He opened the door to find the bedroom occupied. The brunette, Rachel, was laid out on the bed, giggling. Another woman, a cute little blonde, stood to the side of the bed, holding two drinks.

"This will feel good tonight!" Rachel said.

Both women started at the sound of the door. Rachel sat up, adjusting the strap of her top back onto her shoulder. Seeing it was him, both women relaxed.

"Aaron!" Rachel cried, bouncing off the bed. "Where have you been all night?"

"I ... uh ..."

"Hey, listen." She planted her hands on either of his shoulders. He was surprised to feel himself bump up against the wall beside the door to the hallway. She stepped into his space, almost rubbing up against him. Her perfume surrounded him in a cloying cloud. He was only

an inch or so taller than she, so she could very well meet and catch his gaze. “My friend Sandy there thinks you’re hot.”

“Rachel!”

Rachel grinned drunkenly, ignoring her friend’s protest. “Why don’t you and she stay the night in the other room? Then the four of us can have breakfast in the morning?”

“Four?”

“You, me, Sandy, and Ki. It’ll be fun.”

“You’re staying?”

Her grin took on a sly slant. “That’s usually what happens when I come to see Ki.”

Aaron swallowed. Did she know? Was she warning him off? No. She didn’t know. She couldn’t. She was merely going on past experience. He didn’t at all doubt that Ki had slept with her. In fact, he thought he might recognize her from one of the many press releases he’d seen when he’d researched Ki. Their way together in the crowd of people was far too familiar not to be practiced.

Bright pink panic hazed his sight. He muttered something and yanked her hands from his shoulders. No longer caring what it looked like, he spun and fled the room. People milled around in the hallway and more in the living room, covering his escape. He scooped his keys from the bowl near the front door and made a beeline for his blue Saturn. Luckily, he was parked behind Ki’s Mercedes in the driveway, so no one was blocking him. By the time the panic subsided, he was on the freeway, halfway to his apartment. His laptop and some of his clothes were lost behind him, but he’d worry about that later.

He was home before his cell phone rang. A glance at caller ID showed him it was Ki. His heart surged, but he didn’t answer. He waited until the phone chirped at him, warning that he had a voicemail. He dialed to receive the message.

“Red, where are you? I looked around, and you’re gone. Someone said they saw you drive off. Then I saw your car was gone.” He sounded slightly drunk. He’d seen Ki drink

quite a bit and not sound drunk, so he must have had a lot. “Look, I’m sorry about this. I didn’t know Rachel was going to do this. Come back. There are people here you’d love to talk to. Really. I know you hate parties, but ... Shit. Call me back. I’ve got my phone on me.”

Aaron squeezed his eyes shut and hung up. Ki wasn’t going to stop the party, and he sounded like he was having fun. Of course he was. Why wouldn’t he? Normal people had fun at parties. Only dorky geeks who’d never learned to socialize couldn’t function properly at parties.

Aaron sank down onto his own bed. His one-room apartment seemed vacant and cold compared to the house he’d shared with Ki. For the first time, his wall of desk and computer equipment underneath his pristine, framed *Matrix* poster seemed alien. The bed was hard and uncomfortable. The noise of the street outside was unnaturally loud.

A half-hour later, he was still in the same position when the phone in his hand rang. Again it was Ki. Again he waited for the voicemail.

“Aaron, where are you?” Now he sounded mad. “Are you all right? What’s going on in that thinking little brain of yours? Call me!”

He couldn’t. Doing so would only ruin Ki’s fun. Ki was in his element. Ki was doing what he should be doing. Aaron’s time with him had been blissful, but he now saw that it must have been an unnatural interlude for Ki. By all accounts, nights like tonight, surrounded with people, music, and alcohol, were far more natural for him.

When the phone rang the third time, Aaron decided he should probably answer. He swallowed down his tears and flipped the phone open. “Hey, Ki.”

“What the fuck, man! Where are you?”

“I left.”

“I noticed. Why?”

Would it do any good to explain? To tell Ki what Rachel had implied? No. “I dunno. Not my thing.”

“Look, I’m sorry, okay? I didn’t know Rachel was going to do this.”

“I know.”

“Why don’t you come back?”

“No.”

“No? Why not?”

“I’m not comfortable at parties.”

Ki heaved a sigh. “I know. I know. But there aren’t that many people here. They’re all good people.”

Not that many? Aaron swallowed a laugh. He and Ki had a vastly different definition of the word “many.” “No, thanks.”

Another sigh. “Okay. Okay. You’ll come back tomorrow?”

“Maybe.”

“Maybe? What’s that mean?”

Going by his tone and the lack of background noise, Aaron judged that Ki had shut himself away from the party or walked into the backyard. In any case, he was alone. He wondered where Rachel was. Shouldn’t she be making her move by now?

“You might not be alone tomorrow.”

“Huh?”

Aaron heaved a breath. “Look, Ki. I know how it goes. It’s okay, really. I know Rachel will probably stay the night.”

“What? Fuck! What’d she say to you?”

“Nothing. But I’ve got eyes. She your girlfriend?”

“Girlfriend? Jesus. You’re jealous?”

*Yes!* “No.”

“I’m not going to sleep with Rachel tonight.”

“Why not?”

“Why *not*?!”

“You probably miss sleeping with her by now.” The words were fiery shards in his throat, but he spoke them calmly enough.

“Is that what you think?”

“Shouldn’t I? You told me from the start that you weren’t gay.”

“Well, yeah. But --”

“Listen, it’s okay. I gotta go.”

“Aaron, don’t --”

Decidedly, Aaron flipped the phone closed and turned it off.

## Chapter Eight

If Ki called the next day, Aaron didn't know it. He kept his cell phone -- his only phone -- off and didn't sign in to IM. There were no emails, but then, that wasn't Ki's style. Aaron wasn't worried that Ki would come find him. In all their time together, Ki had never been to his apartment. Their entire relationship was centered in and around Ki's house.

Aaron had spent the night torturing himself with thoughts of Ki having sex with Rachel. Although he'd never performed the act with a woman himself, he knew plenty about it from the internet. Picturing Ki's dick sunk deep into Rachel's body had driven Aaron crazy with jealousy and made sleep impossible.

In desperation, he'd logged on and worked on some of his freelance projects that had not quite been forgotten in the past few weeks. During his time with Ki, he'd been borderline neglectful, getting just enough done to satisfy his customers' needs, but not going the extra distance that made him a sought-after designer. His customers got far more work out of him that Sunday than they'd gotten in the past few weeks, even if it did have a manic quality. When he finally did fall asleep in the middle of Sunday, it was from sheer exhaustion.

He woke, starving, later that night. The only thing he had was instant ramen noodles and Coke. He considered walking to the corner to get some Chinese food or finding a 7-Eleven, but he couldn't bear the thought of going out. So ramen it was. Staring blindly at the water that was sitting on the stove to boil, Aaron was caught off guard by the tears that suddenly streamed down his face.

Already he missed Ki. It was like a piece of his chest had been torn away and a fat, gaping hole was draining his life's blood. This was worse than the hurt when Ki had gone out of town. Then there had been some hope. Ki had decidedly reassured him that he was coming back and that their affair would continue. Now Aaron wasn't so sure. Even if Ki didn't sleep with Rachel, he was likely pissed off to no end by Aaron's refusal to talk to him.

Aaron could see now that he hadn't been quite rational. There had been no reason for him to jump to the conclusion that if Rachel intended to stay the night, Ki would be in agreement. Very likely, Ki really *had* wanted Aaron to stay. Rachel's words and some things he'd overheard at the party indicated that Ki had been avoiding all of his friends during his time with Aaron.

Things were better this way, though, Aaron tried to tell himself as he dumped noodles in the water and watched the combination hiss. Ki was a social creature. He wouldn't have lasted much longer in a secret, secluded affair with Aaron. Aaron's hang-ups would have gotten to Ki sooner or later, and he would have left. This way, at least, Aaron had some dignity intact. He'd done the leaving. Hell, it might actually be a relief to Ki.

By the time he'd finished eating and had dumped the bowl into the sink, Aaron had convinced himself that Ki *should* have slept with Rachel. She was much more like what he deserved. She looked good on his arm. She was good in social situations, and she was probably pretty good in the sack. Well, if you liked that sort of thing.

Miserably, Aaron curled alone in his cold, uncomfortable bed and refused to wish for Ki's warm body even as he cried himself to sleep.



## Chapter Nine

“Earth to Aaron.”

Aaron blinked at the hand Vivian waved in front of his face. He looked up at her frown. “What?”

“You okay?”

He reached up to pull off his glasses and drag a hand down his face. “Yeah.”

“Where were you just now?”

He didn’t answer that. She didn’t need to know that he’d just been imagining Ki’s lips sinking down on his cock. “Did you need something?”

“Yeah. Mr. Fukui just called for you.”

Aaron’s heart leaped. He fought to contain it. “Can you go?”

“He asked for you.”

“Can Tom go?”

“I think you need to go.”

“Why?”

“He said, and I quote, ‘Tell him to get his skinny ass up here, or I’m coming down to get him.’ End quote.”

Aaron winced.

Vivian’s big blue eyes were intrigued. She reached out a hand to stroke his shoulder. “What did you do?”

Aaron put his glasses back on and rose from the table, shaking off her touch. “I didn’t do anything.”

He felt her curious gaze on him as he left the room.

He’d known it couldn’t last. He’d seriously considered calling in sick today, but that would have only postponed the inevitable. He had to see Ki again, if only to end things properly. And he did want to end things. Even if the mere thought felt like it was tearing his heart in two.

The receptionist smiled at him and waved him past. He wondered at that, since he hadn’t come here often during his time with Ki, but he didn’t wonder long.

He stopped in the office doorway.

“Shut the door.”

His heart clenched at Ki’s tone. The man leaned back against the front of his desk, facing the door, arms and ankles crossed, head down so that his loose blond hair hid his features. Softly, Aaron shut the door and leaned back against it, mimicking Ki’s posture, except that his hands were at the small of his back, pressed against the door.

“Why didn’t you return any of my calls?” Aaron had checked his voicemail. Ki had called on Sunday. Five times.

Aaron shrugged. “There didn’t seem to be a point.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

Aaron flinched, staring at his tie.

“Damn it, Aaron. I know you don’t like parties. How many times can I apologize for that?”

“It’s not the party.”

“Then what the hell is it? Talk to me.”

When he didn’t -- couldn’t over the lump in his throat -- answer, Ki growled. In an instant, Ki’s hands slammed against the heavy door to either side of Aaron’s shoulders. Alarmed, Aaron lifted his gaze.

Ki was beyond angry. Those black eyes boiled, and he was even flushed red beneath his tan. “What? What is it? *Tell me.*”

“Did you sleep with her?”

Aaron fancied he heard Ki’s teeth grinding. “No. I did not sleep with Rachel.”

“She wanted to, though.”

“Yeah. *She* wanted to. I had an entirely different partner in mind.”

Aaron felt the tears start in his eyes, but there was nothing he could do to hide them. So he let them well up and dribble down his cheeks. “You should have slept with her.”

His words deflated some of Ki’s anger into confusion. “I should have?”

“Yes. She’d be good for you.”

“You know this how?”

“She wants you. You must want her, or you have in the past. She said that she normally spent the night.”

Ki cursed under his breath. “*That* was in the past. How did you get it into your fool brain that I wanted her Saturday night?”

“Why wouldn’t you? She’s beautiful. She’s sophisticated. She’s social.” He gulped. “She’s a woman.”

Ki breathed, his face a mask of confusion as he stared at Aaron.

“You can be with her in the open.” Losing his momentary bravado, Aaron let his head fall forward, shaking his shield bangs down between him and Ki’s sharp gaze. “None of which you can get with me.”

“Jesus, Aaron.”

Aaron shrugged, struggling to stifle his tears. “It’s my fault, really. I should have known the score. I finally figured out that what we had was temporary. It’s okay.”

“Aaron.”

That sweet, lovely voice. Those elegant, beautiful hands reached out to gently cup his face and tilt it up. Aaron’s eyes were closed, so he didn’t see the kiss coming. It was warm and gentle, a spring breeze in a biting cold winter. He wanted nothing more than to sink into it and let Ki make it all better.

With a pained whimper, he brought his hands up and shoved Ki away. Caught off guard, the older man stumbled back as Aaron shot sideways.

“No,” he cried softly, bracing one arm against the wall, half facing away from the man who unknowingly held his heart. “No, Ki, I can’t.”

“Red --”

He held out his other hand, palm facing Ki, fingers spread, a universal sign for *Stop*. “I should thank you,” he said, hating the warble in his voice. “I’ve been ... I’ve had a lot of fun these past few weeks. And I know I was supposed to leave it at that.”

“Red --”

“I was stupid. I let my heart get in the way. I went ahead and fell in love with you even though I knew what we had couldn’t last.”

“Red, listen --”

“I wish I could just let it be fun, but I can’t, Ki. You’re going to need a woman soon. If not Rachel, then someone like her. Men like you need that in their lives. And I. Just. Can’t. Share.”

“Men like me?”

Aaron was on a roll. As long as he didn’t look at Ki, he could say the words. Ki deserved them, after all.

“You need a woman and, someday, kids. Not a pathetically unsocial, mixed-up geek like me.”

He pushed away from the wall and turned back to the room. Thankfully, Ki stood nearer to the desk, an unreadable roil of emotion clouding his beloved features. Aaron crossed to the door, then paused. Resolutely, he reached into his pocket and took out his keys. Slowly, he took Ki’s house key off the ring and very deliberately placed it on the low bookcase beside the door.

“I’d appreciate it if you could bring my stuff to the office. We can arrange for me to get it without being seen.”

“So that’s it?” Ki’s voice sounded as hollow as Aaron’s own.

“It has to be.”

Ki said nothing else.

Aaron opened the door and left.

## Chapter Ten

Aaron was surfing the net, shopping for a new laptop. Ki had yet to contact him about when he could pick his up, and even four weeks later, Aaron didn't have the courage to face him again.

He'd quit his job in IT. He'd finally decided that he made plenty of money on his freelance jobs and didn't need the desk job. It was feeble anyway. He got jobs like that in a pathetic attempt to keep himself around people. It rarely worked out well. He usually ended up a bundle of nerves, and that almost always led to poor performance.

True, he'd done better at this last job. Tom and Vivian had seemed genuinely unhappy to see him leave. During his last two weeks, both of them had tried, repeatedly, to get him to reconsider. Vivian had even come to him one lunch hour, tears streaming down her face, to assure him that she wouldn't try to get him to go out with her anymore, if that was the reason he felt he had to leave. Touched, he had actually been able to speak with her. He hadn't told her the exact reasons, but toward the middle of their conversation, it came out that he'd recently discovered he was gay. She was surprisingly supportive and actually had some advice. It turned out that her much-loved brother was also gay. She gave him all sorts of suggestions and made him promise that he'd keep her number and call her if he needed to

talk. To his great shock, he actually did store her number in his phone. If she guessed it was Ki who'd helped him come to that particular revelation about his sexuality, she said nothing.

During those last two weeks, a part of him had hoped that Ki would come to him. It was irrational. He wanted Ki to protest his absence, but obviously Ki had seen the reason in Aaron's last words to him. Aaron had heard that he went out of town the weekend after his birthday. Aaron had filed away the comic books he'd bought to give to Ki for the occasion. He told himself he'd sell them. He'd get on with his life as, obviously, Ki had gotten on with his.

Aaron sighed, clicking past another ad with a beaming, waving Santa Claus. Since it was Christmas Eve, those ads would soon be a thing of the past, but until they went away, they would depress Aaron. Tomorrow morning he'd call his parents. He already had the online gift certificate they'd sent him, and he needed to check to make sure that his dad's books and his mother's cookbooks had arrived safely. He would assure them that he was doing well despite leaving his job and listen to his mother's scolding that he should have come home to Indiana for Christmas. Perhaps he should have. It would have been better than moping around in his little apartment. But he wasn't quite ready to face his parents. He wasn't ready to come out to them. He was pretty sure they'd be okay with it -- they were always supportive of him -- but over the past few weeks, he'd done a lot of research over the internet. The coming-out stories he hated the most were those that happened on the holidays. To him, they seemed to only make the holiday weird for everyone on whom the news was sprung. That is, if the families involved didn't toss the newly announced gay out in the cold for the holiday.

He'd made tentative plans to go to Indiana at the end of January. He'd tell them, even though there was no significant other who made the confession necessary. It's not like he had boyfriends lined up.

He'd just about narrowed things down to the laptop he was going to buy, when the door buzzer rang. Frowning, he crossed the room, kicking aside dirty laundry, and pushed the buzzer button. "Yes?"

"Hey, Red, it's me. Open up."

All the blood drained from his face. Ki was at his apartment building?

"I've got your stuff."

Aaron's heart clenched. Of course. Without a word, he pushed the door button. He left the front door of his apartment open a crack and stepped back toward the computer to close down the programs he had open.

Ki opened the door, Aaron's duffle bag slung over one shoulder and his laptop bag dangling from his hand. He wore a long, black leather overcoat atop a cream sweater and thick woolen trousers. His hair was tousled and his cheeks rosy from the windy cold outside.

He looked wonderful.

Aaron ached.

"Hey," Ki greeted, stepping inside and letting the door close behind him. Three steps took him to the bed, where he dumped the duffle. He set the laptop bag on the floor. "Here's your stuff."

Aaron braced his butt up against the lip of the computer desk, nervously crossing his arms over his chest. "Thanks. How'd you find me?"

Ki straightened and ran a hand through that glorious dark blond hair. "You're not the only one who can use the internet."

Despite their situation, Aaron was proud. Before meeting Aaron, Ki had never used the internet to successfully find anything. But he'd used it to find Aaron. That was a big accomplishment.

*How pathetic am I?* Aaron berated himself.



Ki cast his gaze around the apartment. Nothing of his feelings showed in his face. “You quit.”

“Yeah.”

Those black eyes finally focused on him, and the intensity made Aaron’s heart skip. “That seems to be a habit with you.”

“What?”

Anger slowly seeped through the icy mask Ki wore. “You gave up on the party before you bothered to get to know anyone. You gave up on your job. You gave up on *me*.” He crossed his arms over his chest, the buttery leather of his jacket whispering softly. “It’s the last one, understandably, that pisses me off.”

“Ki, I --”

“Shut up. You had your say that day in my office. It’s my turn.”

Judging by Ki’s tone, silence seemed to be the wisest course of action. Aaron nodded.

Ki’s arms came down, and his hands fisted at his side. Those black eyes stared at the handlebars of Aaron’s exercise bike, but didn’t seem to really see it. “For your information, I hadn’t thought as far as giving you up. It was, in fact, the furthest thing from my mind. Stupid me, I was having too much of a good time with you to even *think* of giving you up.” He cast a heated glance at Aaron. “See, *I* thought we had something pretty good. *I* was doing just fine like we were.”

Aaron opened his mouth, only to shut it when Ki raised a warning finger.

“But you made some good points that day in my office.” Clearly, Ki was struggling to be reasonable. His carefully modulated tone, however, cracked enough to show the boiling lava beneath. “Men in my position and my type of lifestyle do probably need to be careful. Men in my position really *should* find a nice woman, settle down, raise some rugrats. That’s the normal thing. That’s the accepted thing.” He nodded, staring out the sliding glass door that led onto the miniscule balcony overlooking a main street. “So I gave it some thought. I really

did. I mean, if I wanted to come after you or if I wanted to let you go, I had to really decide, right? It wouldn't be fair to play with your feelings, or, for that matter, with mine."

*With his?* Aaron clenched the edge of the desk beside his hips.

Ki kept staring outside rather than look at Aaron. "I won't lie to you. I was pissed at you. I was pissed and hurt enough that I *did* call Rachel. She helped me celebrate my birthday. We got out of town and spent that weekend together." He began to shrug out of his overcoat. "We fucked. We fucked a lot. I enjoyed it."

Aaron shut his eyes, heartbroken at the mere thought.

"But, funny thing. You know, I ended up wanting her ass more than her pussy? Not that Rachel's against that, but she pointed out that I'd never wanted it quite *that* much." He tossed the coat onto the duffle that sat on the bed. "I think the deciding moment was when I called out your name when I came. And I can't say that it was an entirely unconscious move on my part." Black eyes came back to rest on Aaron's face. The room suddenly seemed smaller. "Because I wanted her to have this gorgeous red hair. I wanted to see these huge green eyes looking up at me all dazed. And, strangely enough, I kept wanting her to have a dick, of all things."

He took a menacing step toward Aaron, who stumbled aside in alarm. The studio apartment, however, was tiny, and two steps backed him up against the wall beside the bathroom.

Aaron held out his hand, palm toward Ki. "Wait."

Ki did, but only when his chest pressed against Aaron's palm. The wool of his sweater scratched softly at Aaron's skin. His eyes never wavered from Aaron's. "Why?"

"What about your job?"

"What about it?"

"The wife? The parties? None of that goes away."

Ki's fingers closed around Aaron's wrist and tenderly lifted the hand toward his lips. He took another step closer. "Neither is really necessary. Hell, a third of the men I deal with are halfway out of the closet anyway. If anything, they'll be jealous I've got a beautiful redhead to show off."

Aaron swallowed. Ki closed in, pressing his groin to Aaron's belly. "The parties."

Ki shrugged, pulling Aaron's wrist up to drape the shorter man's arm around his neck. "They're not an essential part of my job. Not anymore. And if I do have to go to them, I can go stag." He took hold of Aaron's other wrist and did the same.

Aaron was unable to resist settling his palms on the back of Ki's head and neck, stroking the silky softness of his hair. "That's not fair to you."

Ki's arms slid around Aaron's waist, holding him firmly. The scent of sandalwood and skin-warmed wool surrounded Aaron, seeping under his skin to start a low simmer.

"What's not fair to me is to take you from me," Ki murmured. "What's not fair to me is not giving us the chance to work this out *together*." Some of the anger returned, displayed by the brows that furrowed down over his eyes. "You gave up on us way too easy. It makes me wonder if you really do love me."

Aaron gasped.

Ki bent his head until their noses were almost touching. "Did you mean it when you said it? Did you fall in love with me?"

Aaron swallowed, lost in Ki's bewitching black gaze.

"Because I finally realized that I fell hard for you. I was fooling myself in not admitting it when I had you with me." A tiny grin hiked up the corners of his mouth. "I've *never* devoted a full month to anyone. I've never gone on a business trip and not picked up someone to fill up the time and take the edge off. Never." He shook his head, blond strands of his bangs mingling with the red of Aaron's. "And I had the chance. Don't think that I didn't. My associates in Kyoto offered me all sorts of goodies, male and female, to keep me

company.” Ki tilted his head to brush his lips over Aaron’s cheek. “I said no, without regret, and went back to my hotel to have chat sex with you.” He chuckled at Aaron’s blush. Then he sighed, pressing his lips to Aaron’s forehead. “I should have admitted it to myself -- to you -- then. I meant to talk to you when I got back, but my head was so full of fucking your brains out, I forgot.”

Aaron trembled, clutching Ki for support. His knees started to give out. Could Ki really mean what he was saying?

“I thought I’d lost you, and I went nuts. Fucking nuts. I’ve spent the last few weeks trying to forget you. I wanted to convince myself that you were right. That *we* weren’t right. I fucked Rachel, trying to forget you. It didn’t work. I can’t.” His arms nearly squeezed the breath out of Aaron. “The thought of being without you anymore is too depressing for words.” He brushed his lips over Aaron’s. “Say you’ll come home with me, Aaron.”

“Yoshiki,” Aaron breathed, unaware he’d spoken until the name drifted across Ki’s lips.

Ki groaned and sealed their lips together. He opened his mouth and assaulted Aaron’s in a brutal kiss, sucking Aaron’s tongue into his mouth. One hand slid up to tangle in Aaron’s hair, and the other shifted down his back and shoved into his sweats. Demanding fingers dug into Aaron’s butt, pushing his crotch forward so his erection pressed Ki’s thigh. The redhead groaned, wiggling, too long deprived of this feeling to be still.

Ki tugged his hair, yanking him from the kiss. “Do it now, Red. If you’re gonna send me away, say the words. If not, I’m gonna fuck you raw now, then take you home and fuck you some more.”

“Oh, fuck, yeah.”

“You want me, Red?”

“I want you, Yoshiki.”

“You love me?”

No hesitation. “I love you, Yoshiki.”

With a strangled groan, Ki spun him around and tossed him back, onto the bed. “Take off whatever clothes you don’t want me to tear off you.”

Aaron shuddered at the thought, then eagerly stripped off his sweatshirt and sweatpants. He accomplished his task by the time Ki got out of his sweater, shirt, shoes, and socks. Aaron scooted forward on the bed, eager fingers at Ki’s belt, ready to help.

He paused. “Ki, I don’t have any lube.”

Ki growled, pausing in momentary panic. Then he grinned. He pounced on the duffle, ripping open the zipper, then rummaging inside. He brought out a long, thin box that Aaron instantly recognized.

“You brought me that?”

“Sure I did. It was a gift. ’Sides, I was hoping seeing it would torture you.” He opened it up and dumped out both the purple dildo that had yet to be used and the small bottle of lube that had come with it.

“Torture me?” Aaron asked, undoing Ki’s belt.

“Torture, baby. If you were going to be without me, you were going to hurt.”

Aaron tugged down Ki’s boxers with his pants. Ki’s beautiful, pulsing erection sprang free, and Aaron licked his lips, eyeing it. “Looks like I’m gonna hurt anyway.”

“Hurt so good, Red.”

Aaron groaned, wrapping a hand around the base of Ki’s cock. “Do *not* quote John Cougar Mellencamp to me at any time during fucking.” He sucked quick and hard on the head of Ki’s cock, then looked up to catch the pained look on his lover’s face. “Got it?”

Ki nodded, shifting in order to free his feet of the pants pooled around them. “No Mellencamp. Gotcha.”

Aaron nodded, then slid that hot, pulsing dick back into his mouth. Lovingly, he ran his tongue down the underside, aware of each vein that popped out under the velvety skin. He left a wet trail of saliva as he pulled his head back up and used it to slick his hand so he

could pump Ki properly. Above him, Ki groaned, evidence of Aaron's talent at sucking dick. Proud of himself, he commenced a pumping and sucking intended to drive Ki out of his mind.

"Enough," Ki pronounced after much tortured moaning. He ripped Aaron's mouth free and pushed him back on the small bed, following him. The bedsprings groaned.

Aaron welcomed his weight. Welcomed his kiss. Welcomed the murmured "I love you" before Ki sat back on his knees.

Ki reached for the bottle of lube and poured a cool line of it on the underside of Aaron's cock. He gestured with his chin. "Play with that."

Obedient, Aaron reached for his own throbbing erection and smoothed the clear liquid all over it. Ki, meantime, was busy pouring lube on his own cock. He lowered his wet hand behind Aaron's scrotum and unerringly found Aaron's opening. His fingers slipped inside.

Aaron nearly arched off the bed at the feel of any part of Ki inside him again. "Yoshiki," he moaned.

Ki's fingers scissored in the tight enclosure. "Oh, yeah, you missed me being in here, didn't you?"

"Yes!"

"You want me here, don't you?"

"God, yes!"

Lube-wet hands pulled at Aaron's hips until he lay tilted up on Ki's thighs, one leg draped over Ki's shoulder and the other held out to the side. Aaron was painfully aware of his vulnerable position, but the intense need in Ki's scowl reassured him. Ki wanted him.

Ki loved him.

Ki used one wet hand to aim his cock and then pushed forward. Both men groaned as Aaron's body parted to accept him. Ki wrapped Aaron's leg around his waist, then used both

hands to pull Aaron up until Ki's cock was seated fully. He threw back his head, all the muscles in his gorgeous torso standing out in awesome relief. "God, Red!"

Aaron could only groan, too overcome by the sight and sound of his lover to utter coherent words.

Ki flexed and pumped, wonderfully abrading the inside of Aaron's ass with his cock. Aaron urgently yanked at his own cock, reaching down to nudge and pull at his balls. Ki sank deep and hit that glory spot within that made Aaron see stars. The old, uncomfortable bed creaked and groaned with them, jouncing under the weight of two grown men struggling for completion. Aaron wiggled in his vulnerable position, trying to help Ki sink deeper, but Ki didn't need any help. With one arm wrapped around the thigh pressed against his chest and the other again holding Aaron's other knee out to the side, he was in the perfect position to rock in and out of Aaron at his leisure. Only, he wasn't feeling leisurely. He fucked with a purpose, driving home to both him and Aaron that the ass that squeezed his cock was his, that the body that belonged to it was his.

Aaron couldn't agree more. "Yoshiki!" he cried, starting up that heated ramp to orgasm. "God, Yoshiki, yes! Please!"

Ki groaned, giving Aaron all he asked for and more.

Aaron found his stride and pumped his cock, too far gone to stop himself. Ki muttered words of encouragement, clearly chasing his own fulfillment. Aaron screamed, releasing come all over his belly seconds before Ki tensed with a strangled groan and came inside Aaron's welcoming body.

Ki released Aaron's leg, and Aaron watched it fall boneless from Ki's shoulder to the bed. Ki leaned forward, his cock slipping from Aaron as he covered his lover's body and sought his lips in a soul-searching kiss.

"I love you," he murmured, holding Aaron close.

"I love you, too."

## Epilogue

Aaron stared at the phone as he clicked it shut. He'd told them. He hadn't intended to come out over the phone, but his mother had called and browbeaten him, insisting he tell her what was wrong or she was going to get on an airplane, Christmas or not. Without really meaning to, he'd told her he'd fallen in love and that he and his "other" had just made up from an awful fight. She was delighted to hear they'd made up and told him that he just *had* to bring the young woman home. Staring at Ki, who sat on the other end of the sectional with Aaron's feet on his lap, Aaron had said it. He'd told his mother that the person he'd fallen in love with was actually a man. She had gone quiet. Then she had carefully asked him if he was happy. When he said yes, she'd burst into tears. His moment of panic had only been a brief moment before she staunchly declared that as long as her baby was happy, she didn't care if he loved a man or a woman. Shockingly, Aaron's father had taken the phone and uttered similar, if less effusive, comments. They finally let him off the phone, promising to come to Indiana and bring his man with him. He'd agreed only after getting Ki's bemused nod of approval.

"You okay?" Ki asked carefully.



Aaron twisted slightly so he could reach the end table behind him and set the phone on it. "Yeah. I think so."

"You believe them?"

"Huh?"

"You think they're really happy for us?"

"Oh. Yeah." He grinned. "They're great. I shouldn't have worried."

"Hmm. Hope my parents are as understanding."

"You think they'll be a problem?"

Ki shrugged. "Doesn't matter."

Aaron had his doubts, but decided to leave the discussion for another time.

They sat in the living room of Ki's house -- *their* house. Ki had badgered him until he'd agreed that, yes, he'd move. Illumination was provided by the muted television and the tiny store-bought Christmas tree Ki had insisted they buy on the way back to the house. Thankfully, the thing had come already decorated. *A Year Without a Santa Claus* played muted on the screen. He'd missed both Heat Meister and Snow Meister while on the phone with his parents. They'd have to rewind it; those were his favorite Christmas characters.

"What?"

Aaron turned his face back to Ki. "What?"

"What's that smile?"

Aaron felt the bemused tilt to his mouth. It matched the warm glow in his heart. "I'm happy."

Ki smiled. He shifted, stretching out to lie behind Aaron on the couch. Aaron adjusted willingly, holding up the snuggly warm blanket that shielded their naked skin from the air that was chilly despite the fact that the heat was on. They hugged loosely. Kissed softly.

Ki grinned. "I've decided on what I want for Christmas."

Aaron blinked up at him. “Huh?”

“I know what I want you to give me for Christmas.”

Aaron snorted. “Giving you my heart’s not enough?”

Smiling warmly, Ki kissed the tip of his nose. “Almost. I want one more thing.”

“What’s that?”

Ki grinned wickedly. “I still haven’t gotten to watch you use that dildo.”

 THE END 

## Jet Mykles

As far back as junior high, Jet used to write sex stories for friends involving their favorite pop icons of the time. To this day, she hasn't stopped writing sex, although her knowledge on the subject has vastly improved.

An ardent fan of fantasy and science fiction sagas, Jet prefers to live in a world of imagination where dragons are real, elves are commonplace, vampires are just people with special diets and lycanthropes live next door. In her own mind, she's the spunky heroine who gets the best of everyone and always attracts the lean, muscular lads. She aids this fantasy with visuals created through her other obsession: 3D graphic art.

Only recently, through the wonders of the digital age, has Jet, a self-proclaimed hermit, been able to really share this work with others. It was through a series of images posted to the erotic art website Renderotika and encouragement from the fabulous Angela Knight that she finished and submitted a story to Loose Id.

In real life, Jet lives in southern California with her boyfriend of nine years, his daughter and father and nine cats. She has a bachelor's degree in acting, but her loathing of auditions has kept her out of the limelight. So she turned to computers and currently works in product management for a software company, because even in real life, she can't help but want to create something out of nothing.

Visit Jet on the Web at [www.computerotika.com](http://www.computerotika.com) or email her at [JetM@computerotika.com](mailto:JetM@computerotika.com).