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*There's Nothing Like
A
Cowboy
D.J. Manly*



Fantasy

GREEN
WAVE



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Fantasy Games – There's Nothing Like a Cowboy
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THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A
COWBOY

BY

D. J. MANLY

It was a hot day, and the air conditioning in Wade's car was not working well. The humidity just wouldn't quit, and no matter how fast he drove with the window wide open, he couldn't get a reprieve.

Wade spotted the cowboy from a distance. He was standing at the side of the road, a black Stetson dipped over his face. With the sun shining in his eyes, it was difficult to get a clear view. He slowed down a bit, but not enough to cause the cowboy to think he had any intention of picking him up. He cast a glance at him as he went by, may even have given him a cursory nod with his head. He was wearing worn out blue jeans, ripped at the knees with an open jean shirt. There might have been embroidery on the pockets and collar but the only thing he noticed was his well muscled torso which was glistening with the sheen of his sweat.

As Wade drove out, he checked his rear view mirror which afforded him a good look at the cowboy's nice little bubble butt. He kept looking until he could no longer make out the outline of that ass anymore, and turned his attention to the garage which had suddenly appeared on his right. He needed gas.

He didn't notice the cowboy making his way up the road as he got out and walked over to the pump. He walked up to the door of the station as Wade was filling

up. Wade watched him walk in, take a soda out of the cooler and place it on the counter. He had a kind of a backpack slung over his shoulder, a worn out canvas sort of thing.

Wade twirled the cap back on his gas tank. Just as he started over to the station, the cowboy came out. He looked directly at Wade with beautiful blue eyes which suddenly appeared from under his hat as he tipped it back. “Howdy,” he said.

Wade wanted to laugh. Who in the hell talked like that, but he was a cowboy, so Wade guessed it was allowed. “Hi there.” Wade took a step forward and the cowboy opened the door for him with a grin.

Wade tried not to let his eyes wander over the sweaty muscular chest. “Thanks.”

After paying and getting a soda himself, he came back out. The cowboy hovered around his truck. As he approached, the cowboy smiled at him. He took off his hat, revealing a mess of golden hair. “My name is Buck.”

Wade’s eyes widened. “Buck?”

“Yeah,” he said with a grin. “You don’t like it?”

“It’s an odd name.”

“It’s a nick name. If you’re real nice to me, I might tell you how I got it.”

Wade shifted some weight. He was definitely flirting with him.

“What’s yours?”

“Wade.”

“Nice name, sexy,” he said.

Wade laughed. “Thanks, now if you don’t mind...”

“Where you going?” he inquired, glancing at the

truck.

“Lancaster.”

“That’s where I’m headin’. I sure could use a lift.” Again, he smiled at him. He rubbed his hip. “I got thrown in the rodeo back there in Histonville. Don’t believe I can walk much further.”

“I don’t...ah...usually give rides to strangers. Sorry.”

He ran a hand through his hair. “I’ll be good. Actually, I’d be willing to do just about anything you want...in exchange.” His eyes ran down the length of Wade’s chest and settled on his crotch.

The heat suddenly felt more intense. *Anything?* Wade licked his dry lips. “Well, it is unusually hot. Guess I could drive you as far as the city. No payment necessary,” he murmured.

“Great,” he said, settling his hat back down on his head.

“Get in,” Wade invited, taking the cowboy’s bag and throwing it into the back seat.

Buck was quiet as Wade started the truck and pulled out of the gas station, then he said, “That old geezer back there saw you driving off with me. He probably thinks you’re a pervert.”

Wade glanced at him in surprise, then, saw that he was teasing. He laughed a little. “He must have a dirty mind.”

“A lot of people have that,” he said.

“So why do they call you Buck?” He glanced at him.

“Well, it has something to do with the way I ride them Bulls,” he replied. “You see, I tend to push my hips up and out like this,” he said, sinking down in the

seat and lifting his groin off the seat several times.

Wade's eyes were suddenly glued to the bulge in his jeans. *Jesus*. He just about forgot about the road.

"Hey...ah," he said with a grin, "watch it there stranger, you almost lost the road."

Wade quickly turned the wheel so that he was back on track. He had been inches from the ditch.

"So anyway, that's the story. Good for riding...Bulls or otherwise if you know what I mean." He winked.

Wade reached over for his empty bottle of soda, then realized that he had drained it before he got into the truck.

"Want some of mine?" Buck inquired. "I usually swallow every drop," he said, "but I got some left."

Wade cleared his throat. What with the hips bucking and the swallowing statement, he had a clear picture. *Concentrate on the damn road.*

"So, what's in Lancaster?" The cowboy asked, taking his hat off again and placing it in his lap, over that distinctive bulge.

"Ah, my boyfriend."

"Oh. So what's he like?"

"He's ah...great."

Buck smiled. "As cute as me?"

Wade gripped the wheel. "Ah, he's cute."

"How about sexy? He turn you on?"

"That's a bit personal."

"Sorry," Buck said softly.

"So, your beau going to be there when you get in?"

"No, he's out of town."

"I see. For how long?"

"The night. He'll be back tomorrow morning

probably.”

“You miss him?”

“Yeah. I love him very much.”

“He’s lucky. I think you’re hot.”

Wade glanced at him. “Yeah?”

Their eyes met. Wade tore his away after a few seconds. “I can’t cheat on him.”

“I got one too.”

“Got what too?”

“A boyfriend. We fell in love back in high school, grade eight.”

“Really.”

“Yep. It wasn’t something we spread around if you know what I mean.”

“Understood.”

“Does he do rodeo too?”

“He rides in bed.”

Wade grinned. “I see. Is he good?”

“Ah, prefer not to discuss it if you know what I mean. Like you said, personal stuff.”

“Okay.”

“Wade?”

“Yeah,” Wade felt himself grow breathless.

“I’m one of those big tough cowboys who wouldn’t mind a little man handling if you know what I mean. Think you’re up for it?”

Wade’s cock twitched. “I don’t know. I mean,” he glanced over at him, “my boyfriend would be crushed.”

“Does he need to know?” Buck raised an eyebrow.

“No, I...I guess not.”

“I mean, how do you know he’s never cheated on you?”

"I don't." He gave him a sharp look. "Do I have reason to...?"

A hand snaked over to Wade's thigh. "I'm going to unzip your pants and play with your cock. You mind?"

"Well...actually," Wade sucked in some breath, but it was a little late. The cowboy had already unzipped his jeans and pushed his underwear band over his cock.

"Hey, you're hard," he said softly. "Was it something I said?"

Wade licked his lips.

Buck lifted Wade's cock in his palm. "Look at that man meat. That's thick and big. I bet you'd give one hell of a ride to a cowboy like me, that's if I'd let you."

Wade met his eyes as he felt the hand squeeze his cock. "It you tease, you please cowboy."

He laughed slightly. "Are you threatening to manhandle me, Stud?"

"Maybe."

He leaned over suddenly and ran his tongue over the length of his cock, then, he gave it a little nibble. "Given you have a boyfriend," he said, sitting up in his seat again, "doesn't seem like this here will go anywhere."

"You can't just kiss a guys cock, then..." Wade protested.

"You want more?" He teased, lifting those hips again.

"I didn't...say that, I said..." Wade tucked himself back in with one hand.

"You said what Darlin'?" He blinked, giving him a look of innocence.

This guy could drive him out of his mind.

“Forget it.”

“Let’s stop,” he suggested. “I got to piss, and I’m starved. Got any money?”

Wade shot him a dirty look. “You expect me to pay your meal too?”

He shrugged. “Unless you plan to tie me up and starve me. I don’t mind the tying up so much, if you’re able to overpower me that is, but I definitely got to eat.” He patted his stomach, then, winked at him. “Look,” he said, knocking Wade out of the trance he was putting him in, “there’s a nice little diner. Let’s do it.”

Wade pulled into the parking lot. The broken down sign said, “Last Stop.” It looked like the last stop. The cowboy jumped out of the vehicle as soon as Wade came to a halt.

“You sure we can actually find edible food here?” Wade glanced around. The place looked as if it was just about to fall down.

“They can make fries and burgers anywhere,” he said, motioning to him to follow.

The place was deserted. Buck took a booth way at the back and began fiddling with the metal leaves of a small jukebox player attached to the wall.

The waitress walked over. She looked as run down as the restaurant. “What’ll get you boys? Want a menu?”

“No,” Buck said. “I want a burger with everything, and a big mess of fries...got cherry coke?”

“Coke, Seven-up, that’s it.”

“Coke then. What about you, Stud?” He looked at Wade.

Wade gave him a dirty look. “I’ll have a chicken

sandwich if you got one.”

“No chicken.”

“Roast beef?”

“Hot hamburger.”

Wade nodded. “Okay and a...” he paused. He felt the toe of that cowboys boot come up and brush over his groin. He shifted a bit. “Coffee.”

“On a day like today?” She squawked. “Crazy kid.”

Wade blinked as she walked off. The Cowboy burst out laughing.

Wade shoved his foot down. “Don’t do that, and don’t call me Stud.”

“Getting angry? That’s okay, it will fuel your lust.” He winked at him, and leaned forward. “What is it you plan to do to me?”

“Get over it. You’re... ah... ah... obsessed with... that.”

“Obsessed with what?”

“You want me to rape you?” He widened his eyes.

The cowboy ran a tongue around his lips. “I just want to pay for my ride.”

“Behave!”

“Okay,” he said, sinking down in the seat.

“It’s hot in here. Air conditioning must be down.”

“Probably never had any,” Wade said, wiping his brow.

The cowboy chuckled. Then he snapped his fingers. “Shit, forgot my hat. Door open?”

“Yep.”

“Be right back.” He slid out of the booth. When he had disappeared outside, Wade sat back in the booth with a sigh. It was clear that that cowboy had some

fantasy about being roped and tied. He just wouldn't stop throwing hints. The images that flashed in his mind every once in awhile involved some of the things he would love to do to him while he was tied. God he felt dirty. He also felt horny as hell.

The waitress brought the coffee and the soda. He glanced up at her absently. Umm, he could see that cowboy all trussed up, his legs spread, gorgeous ass on display, sweat rolling down his spine and into his crack. Helpless, horny, pleading...yeah...he'd had many fantasies about overpowering a gorgeous hunk. He'd be reluctant at first, hesitant...pleading for mercy and he'd...

"Found it," a voice piped into his fantasy, destroying the flow.

Wade sighed. "Good, why was it necessary to get your hat now?"

"I never go anywhere without my hat."

"And that bag?"

"That neither. All I own is in that bag."

"A change of underwear and stuff."

"That, and my rodeo rope." He met his eyes.

Wade looked away. *A rope.*

"Ever roped a steer?"

"Can't say I have."

"I'll show you if you want."

Wade was about to decline the invitation when the old waitress rambled down the isle and brought the food. It turned out to be pretty good. The Cowboy put a quarter in the jukebox and played some terrible western song which sounded to Wade as if a cow had just died, and then he ordered pie.

“Why don’t you have two pieces?” Wade suggested sarcastically.

“Good idea. A boy needs his strength,” he replied with a grin.

“Are you a prostitute?”

“Why would you think that? I told you I’m a cowboy.”

Wade shrugged. “Don’t you make any money riding bulls?”

“Didn’t win. Was the coffee good?”

“So so.”

“Think I might have some to go along with this delicious pie. Sure you don’t want some?”

“No, thanks. I’ll pay the bill. We’ll take the coffee to go. I’d like to get home before dark.”

Wade was sure something was wrong with the truck after they got a few miles down the road. “Damn.”

“What is it?” Buck asked, draining the last of his coffee out of the Styrofoam cup.

“I don’t know but she’s not going to make it to Lancaster tonight.”

“I guess we better bed down in the next town then,” Buck suggested.

“Did you do something to the truck when you went outside to get...?”

“Now why would I do that?” He glanced at him. Already the sun was descending over the horizon.

“I...don’t....know....I...”

“Wade,” he said. “If you think I’m guilty, you’ll just have to punish me...I guess.”

The tone of his voice was seductive. Wade’s heart hammered in his chest. He shifted his butt in the seat.

His cock was straining against his zipper.

“Hard?”

“Fuck,” he whispered through his teeth.

“Then find a hotel, will yeah?”

Wade put his foot down on the gas pedal. A few miles up the road, they came across a motel called The Roundup. “Perfect,” Wade muttered.

The cowboy laughed out loud. He reached over and pulled his bag out of the back seat as Wade got out. He went to the office and requested the room. The guy at the desk gave Wade a key. “You fellows be sleeping in the same bed?”

“We’re brothers,” Wade said.

“Yeah,” Buck replied, taking the key, “makes it even better that way.”

The owner narrowed his eyes, while Wade distracted him by flashing some money.

“I’ll be waiting, brother,” Buck called as he high tailed it across the parking lot to the cabin on the end.

“You’re the only folks come by here tonight,” the owner said. “It’s pretty quiet.”

“Good,” Wade replied, nodding at him. “Goodnight.”

“Night yourself,” he replied.

When Wade opened the door to the room, Buck was lying on the bed with his shirt off. He had undone the top button of his jeans and slid the zipper down half way on his jeans.

“You’re not wearing any underwear,” Wade breathed, shutting and locking the door behind him.

“No, I’m not. What cha plan to do about that?”

Wade smiled softly. “I’ll have to think about it.”

“Don’t think too long,” he ran his hand over his naked chest, then back up to one of his nipples. He played with it casually. “You might want to look in that bag of mine over there.”

“Why?” Wade’s balls tightened.

“I got some very interesting toys in there, not to mention a rope.”

“I don’t know if tying you up is...”

“Don’t tease me,” he said, working both nipples now, raising those hips.

Wade licked his lips. He picked up the bag and began to ruffle through it. He took out a huge oiled dildo, a cock ring, some lube, a fistful of condoms. “You come prepared,” he smirked. Then he lifted out the rope. “Doesn’t much look like a rope for calves, and what are these?” He lifted an eyebrow.

“Padded cuffs, for when I’m a really, really bad boy. I’ve cost you a lot of money. I played with the truck.”

“You ass! I was considering fucking you at my place. It would have been cheaper than at a hotel and...”

“You don’t want to fuck me in the same bed you fuck your boyfriend, do you?”

Wade swallowed. “You owe me...”

“Oh God yes, I do. Take off your clothes and...”

“Oh no,” Wade growled, “you’re going to be the one buck naked, baby.” He threw the toys and the cuffs on the bed. He showed Buck the length of the rope. “You are going to pay. I’m definitely taking it out in trade.” He pulled the rope taut, and came after him.

“Okay, I was funning,” the cowboy pleaded, trying to scramble off the bed.

“Funning eh?” Wade said, pulling the zip down on those jeans. He grabbed his legs and yanked his pants off. Buck placed his hands over his genitals as if to hide himself. “Oh no baby, you’re going to put yourself on display for me. I’m going to have access to your cock, your balls, your tits and that tight little hole of yours and you know what...we got all night.”

“Please,” he pleaded.

“Get on your knees,” Wade said, “place your wrists together on top of the bed post.

“What...what are you going to do?”

“Everything. You’re just my whore, my bitch. Say it!”

“Um, I’m your whore but...”

“No butts...just your butt...God are you going to get that sweet little ass of yours used tonight.”

Wade cuffed his hands together, wrapping one cuff around the bed post.

“Tight,” he whined.

“Shut up. Okay, spread your legs wide slut.” As the cowboy wiggled his thighs apart, Wade paused to undo the zip on his pants. God, he was so hard. He pulled Buck’s thighs wider still. Leaving the rope loose in the middle, he wound one part around one ankle, tied it to the bed frame under the bed, then went over and secured the other ankle to the bed frame. “Now,” he said, “that cock ring, where did I put it?”

“No, not that. You plan to torture me?”

“Torture did occur to me, especially with all the money you’ve cost me.”

Wade planned to take his time putting the cock ring on. He slapped the cowboy’s cock back and forth a few

times, playing with it, causing him to throw his head back and moan. He squirted some lube into his hand and began to massage it over his cock. Then he lifted the cowboy's balls and scrotum while he wrapped the cock ring around and tightened it into place.

Buck gasped. "Oh God, it's so tight." His chest heaved. There was a faint smile on his lips.

"Now we don't want you screaming, do we? You know," he began to pull his jeans and underwear off, "wearing underwear comes in handy sometimes."

The cowboy watched him carefully.

Wade picked his underwear off the floor and then shoved them into the cowboy's mouth. He mumbled a protest but Wade knew that the taste and smell would drive him nuts. They were damp with his pre-cum. Wade reached over and wiggled the cock ring, moving it around the base of his cock a few times. "You're a sight." He stood admiring his handy work. "Oh, one more thing, the huge cock toy. It's nicely oiled. I'm going to play with it in your ass awhile...unless you'd like me to massage your titties...what about suck on them a bit? You have nice big brown nipples, cowboy. How many men have licked them for you?"

His head went back again, cock thrusting straight out. Wade walked down to the end of the bed and picked up the huge toy. "You cowboys come prepared," he murmured. "God, I can't wait to play in your ass with this thing."

Buck moaned. Wade knew that he felt every word, getting off on straining against his constraints. Hell, he himself felt every word. His cock jutted straight up in the air now. Soon he'd have that cowboy on his knees

and he'd be fucking that beautiful face...but not yet, not until he gave him what he'd come here for.

Wade walked around to the side of the bed. He stroked the toy he held in his hand, his eyes moving over the young cowboys face, his chest and down to his erection, which was held in an enticing manner by the cock ring. "You know with some men, putting a cock ring on them makes them blow their load almost immediately, but with others, they can be tormented and played with, in real agony and they won't come for a long time. But when they do, the orgasm is so intense, it makes them scream. When the time comes," he said softly, reaching down and running his fingers over Buck's cock, "I'm going to take my underwear out of your mouth because I'll want to hear you scream baby."

The cowboy watched the motion of Wade's fingers as he stroked the oily toy. His entire body was trembling.

Wade crawled up on the bed behind him. He ran his tongue over the small of his back, then reached around and brutally pinched both his nipples. Another groan which ended in a whimper sounded deep in the young mans chest. Wade teased his opening with the toy, moving it lightly back and forth over his anus. The cowboy's hips bucked forward. "Riding the rodeo now, are we boy? You're going to be riding me tonight baby."

Wade applied a little pressure with the dildo. He ran the other hand over Buck's hair, tipping his head back so that he could look in his eyes for a minute. He smiled at him. "I want to make you scream," he whispered. He released his head and jammed the toy in

just a little while his other hand moved down over his chest and settled on his cock. He squeezed his cock slightly, then gave another thrust with the toy. “God, you’re so sexy,” he told the cowboy. “I love this power I have over you. I can make you do anything I want. I love that you are completely dependent on me for your pleasure...you can’t come unless I let you, Cowboy.”

A muffled whimper, his body straining for his touch each time he removed his hand from his cock. Wade reached around and pulled the underwear out of his mouth, sinking the dildo further into his ass at the same time.

“Oh God,” the cowboy cried out, his chest, now wet with perspiration heaving with desire. “Wade, please...God...”

“Beg me. Beg me to fuck you with this thing.”

“Please...please, do it, fuck me...fuck me with anything. I’m so hot...so horny.”

Wade left the toy half way in his ass. He crawled around to the front of him and began to run one finger over the head of his oozing cock. “Looks like you’re almost ready baby,” he whispered, glancing up at him. He put out his tongue and licked at the moisture. “You taste good.”

“God,” the cowboy threw back his head and moaned. His chest heaved again. Wade knew he wouldn’t take much more. He licked his cock head again. His hips slammed forward. Wade smoothed his hands over the rippling waves of his stomach and up to his nipples. “Too bad you didn’t have any nipple clamps in that bag. That would have been fun.” He took the two nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and

pinched, then released them so that he could admire his handy work. They were standing erect, so sexy. "Do you like it, me playing with them?"

"Yes," he breathed.

"Then ask me."

"Play with...ah...them...but...please..."

"Play with what? Say it."

"Play with my nipples."

"Oh yeah," he said softly, reaching down to stroke his own cock which was throbbing, ready for release itself, "the prick in your ass." He reached around and grabbed it, wiggling it a few times.

"Damn," the cowboy groaned.

One hand continued to move the toy back and forth, while the other hand very lightly flicked his left nipple.

Buck ran a tongue over his lip. He let his head go back again. Wade kissed his stomach, then moved his mouth up to those erect nipples where he tormented them both with his tongue for a few seconds. He almost forgot about the toy as he kissed his luscious mouth, their tongues doing a sensuous dance of furious lust together. He tore his mouth away. They'd have plenty of time for that later.

He moved back around behind him and without warning, he thrust the toy up inside of him with one hard push. The cowboy let out a loud groan and Wade began to move the object in and out of his ass, slow at first, then faster and faster. He loved watching it disappear, then reappear again. He loved the sounds coming out of that cowboy.

"Don't come," he told him, then yanking the toy out of his ass and throwing it aside, he rolled on a condom

and replaced the toy with his own cock. Forget about making him suck it, he wanted to be inside of him.

“Oh baby, you are so open to me,” Wade murmured against the side of Buck’s neck. “I’m going fuck you so hard.” He reached around and grabbed his cock as he slammed himself up inside of the cowboy’s eager ass. It didn’t take him very long to come. Wade came with a huge shout and the cowboy’s body convulsed, then he shot. Wade watched over his shoulder with wonder as he erupted with a huge stream, hitting the wall in front of them. He groaned deeply, his body growing limp.

“Baby,” Buck whispered. “Oh baby.”

Wade crawled around in front of him. He undid the handcuffs and sitting on his knees in front of him like that, he smiled at him. “I’ve never seen anything as sexy as you. My only regret is I didn’t get to see your face when you came like that.”

“You’re pretty sexy yourself there stranger,” he drawled. “Now you want to un-hog tie me here,” he reached down and undid the cock ring.

“It wasn’t on too long, was it?” Wade said. “You’re not supposed to...”

“It’s fine. I may never father children but...” He grinned.

Wade made a face at him. He wound his arms around him and they kissed deeply, Wade let his hands move over his shoulders and then down to his waist. He released his mouth. Sitting back a bit, he studied him. “Maybe I’ll just keep you in this room, tied up like this and every time...”

“I don’t think so,” he grinned. “I have rodeos to ride, remember?”

“Right, right. The rodeo. You don’t want to miss that.”

“Nope.”

“Alright then,” Wade moved around him and untied both his ankles. The cowboy moved off the bed with a sigh of relief.

“I may have to walk with my legs apart like this for awhile,” he said dryly, making his way to the bathroom.

Wade lay down on the bed, placing his arm under his head and smiled. “Well, you have to spread your legs to ride those Bulls don’t you, Buck?”

He heard laughter. “Yep,” Buck replied, emerging from the bathroom. “I sure do.” He came and lay down beside Wade and pulled him roughly into his arms. “I hope the next stranger I pick up on the road is better at roping because...”

Wade tightened his hold on him. “The next stranger, eh? I don’t think so.”

“But in between rodeos, what’s a poor boy to do. I...”

Wade kissed him on the nose. “You’ve ridden your last rodeo.”

“Damn,” he said, running his hand over his chest. “What about doing this again next weekend?”

Wade met his eyes. Placing a hand to his chest, he said, “We can’t. My boyfriend.”

“To hell with him,” he growled. “I love you.”

“Already? We’ve only just met. It’s not love. Pure lust.”

He smirked. “I fall fast.”

“I guess so. So...ah...what about your boyfriend?”

“Actually, we’ve been together twelve years now.

It's our anniversary. He's the best. He's sexy, beautiful, fun, and he's my best friend. He even indulges my fantasies."

"Wow," he said, caressing his hair. "Sounds great. What are doing here with me?"

"You remind me of him."

"Do I now?"

"He's got your cock, your smile, your lips," he traced his mouth with his finger. "I adore him."

"Um, guess you better get back to him, Buck." Wade reached over and started tickling him.

"Stop," he said. "You know I can't handle tickling...stop it. Wade...Wade."

Wade rolled on top of him and looked down into his eyes. "You little asshole, we were supposed to do this at home, not in a hotel."

"It was fun here though, wasn't it?"

"And how come you brought no money? You're the hot shot professor."

He laughed. "I'm just a poor cowboy."

"Yeah, and Bull was a good name for you, cause you're full of it."

He laughed and pushed him off. "You loved it. You were coming in your pants."

He grinned. "So...what is your name anyway? I forget."

Lucus punched him in the arm. "You will pay for that, Wade."

They both laughed. They slept wrapped up in each others arms, then woke a few hours later. In the shower Wade asked Lucus if he knew where the nearest garage was. "Since I know you fiddled with the car."

Lucus laughed. "Don't worry Stud, I'll fix it."

"So, what did you do to it?" Wade soaped Lucas' back.

"Never mind," he grinned. "I'm not telling, but it's nothing that can't be remedied in a few minutes."

When they were dressed and ready to leave, Wade placed a hand on Lucas' arm before he opened the door. "Happy Anniversary, lover," he whispered, leaning forward and giving him a gentle kiss on the lips.

"Happy Anniversary," Lucas said, looking into his eyes for a few seconds.

"Are you ready for the party tonight? You know there is going to be one. They tried to keep it quiet but they are so transparent. I know you hate parties and...I keep telling them not to..."

Lucus shook his head. He took his hand. "It doesn't matter as long as you're there with me. It will fun. Sweetie, I want to tell you before we leave this room that this has been the best anniversary. It's been so much fun just to play, to get away from everyday. Thank you. I'm glad you talked me into it."

"Wait until next year," Wade replied, lifting his eyebrows comically.

Lucus glanced at him in surprise, before he began to laugh. Wade wrapped an arm around Lucas and they both walked out into the early morning sunshine.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

PUBLISHED BOOKS

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