

Carol Lynne

**SIDE-LINED**



Side-Lined  
*by Carol Lynne*

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Warning:

**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

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Dedication

To Drew Hunt. Thank you for everything you do for me.  
Whenever my mind starts to wander, you're there to keep me  
focused. My books wouldn't be the same without your help.

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Campus Cravings

SIDE-LINED

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## Chapter One

"That's it. Yes. Go deeper." Justin knew the color was rising in his face as he yelled. He could feel the hot flush travel from his neck up. There was nothing like the feel of Luc's cock penetrating him from behind.

They'd been together for four years and they still couldn't keep their hands off each other. Justin prayed it would always be that way. They had been through a lot in the short time they'd been together. He'd lost his job as a high school football coach but had been hired as a university head offensive line coach. The move from Evergreen had gone smoothly enough as well as finding a cute little bungalow-style house just blocks from the football stadium.

As Luc continued, to thrust into him, Justin slammed back against him. "That's it, yeah."

"God you feel good," Luc said as he wrapped his hand around Justin's dripping cock.

"All yours," Justin cried as his orgasm crested.

"Yeah, that's it, come on my cock." Luc continued to milk his cock until the well ran dry. Releasing him, Luc positioned his hands on Justin's hips and slammed in two more times, before burying himself as deep as possible.

Justin felt Luc stiffen as he ground his groin against Justin's ass. "Give it to me," Justin moaned as Luc continued to vibrate in the throws of his orgasm. He felt the weight of Luc's body fall against him and he collapsed onto the bed.

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Luc kissed and licked up his sweaty spine to nuzzle his ear. "I love you," he said as he rolled to Justin's side.

Pulling Luc into his arms, Justin licked at Luc's lips until he opened for him. Invading the depths of Luc's mouth, Justin pressed his spent cock against Luc's.

Luc broke the kiss and smiled. "If we're going to have dinner ready when Max gets here we'd better stop now."

Justin put on his pouty face. "But it's Sunday. It's the only day of the week I get to spend in bed with you."

With a smack to Justin's ass, Luc narrowed his eyes. "You're just trying to get out of the talk."

Sighing, Justin ran his hand over his face. "Nick's only been dead for two years, baby. Maybe Max just isn't ready to move on."

Shaking his head, Luc sat up. "When that drunk driver slammed into Max's car, it not only killed Nick but a large part of Max as well. It was bad enough, he had to give up football. I won't let him give up on love, too."

Justin pulled Luc back down into his embrace. Kissing his forehead, Justin thought about Max and Nick. They'd been best friends since elementary school, secret lovers in high school and an openly gay couple their first two years of college. Justin felt his eyes begin to burn, a lifetime of love, gone in one horrific accident, taking with it Max's ability to play football.

"I know it's hard to see him so sad all the time, but I think it's something he needs to work out alone." Justin cupped Luc's strong jaw. "Go ahead and mention the idea of dating again, but don't push him."



"He just seems so lost. The only thing he seems to have time for anymore is his studies."

"Isn't that a good thing? At least we know he's being well-educated."

"College is supposed to be about more than classes. It's a time to figure out who you are." Luc shrugged. "He should be out with friends getting drunk and getting laid."

"Wow, listen to you, Mr. New-Age Dad." Justin gave Luc one last kiss before swinging his legs over the side of the bed. Standing, he turned back toward the bed and ran his hand over Luc's half-hard cock. "You up for a quick shower before we start the grill?"

Grinning, Luc stroked his cock a few times. "It's Sunday, you know I'm up for anything on Sundays."

"Up being the operative word," Justin said as he pulled Luc out of bed and into his arms. "Come on Dirty Man. Let's go scrub each other's backs."

\* \* \* \*

Stretched out in the lounge chair with his hands behind his head, Justin heard the sliding glass door open. He opened one eye and smiled as he spotted Max carrying him a beer. "Hey," he said as he took the bottle from Max. "You're a good boy." He took a long pull and waited for Max to take the seat beside him.

"So what's up?"

Taking a sip of his beer, Max shrugged. "Not much. Finals end for me on Wednesday, so I've just been studying."

Justin looked at Max for a couple of seconds. "You need a haircut."

Running his hand through his almost shoulder length dark brown hair, Max shrugged again. "Maybe. Haven't given my hair any thought."

Nodding, Justin got up and went to check the barbecue coals. "What's going on for you this summer? Planning to work or take summer classes?"

"Both, I think. Might as well get started on the Master's."

Justin nodded and picked the covered plate of steaks up off the table. Placing the steaks on the grill, he thought about what Luc had talked about earlier. "Just don't take too many classes. You might think about going out once in a while, having some fun."

Justin heard Max slam down his beer bottle. In a split second, Max was standing beside him. "You've been talking to Dad?"

Justin looked at Max. "He's just worried. You've grown so sullen lately. Luc just wants you to enjoy this time in your life. Speaking of which, have you decided what you're going to do about graduation ceremonies next weekend?"

"Not going, I've told you both that before. I'll go when I finally get my Doctorate but not before." Max turned to walk toward the house but Justin heard him mumble. "It wouldn't be the same without Nick anyway."

Closing his eyes at the pain in Max's voice, Justin heard the door open and close again. Maybe Luc was right. They needed to do something to get Max out of his self-inflicted torment.

Turning the steaks, Justin wondered if he should fix Max up with Julian, the team's quarterback that had graduated the previous year. Although he wasn't sure if Julian was out of the closet, he was a good kid and damn good looking. Justin decided to talk it over with Luc before he said anything to Julian or Max.

Putting the meat on a clean platter, Justin carried them inside. Max had always refused to eat outdoors, something about exposing his food to too many icks in the air. Justin smiled. It was just one of Max's little quirks he'd had to get used to over the past four years.

The table was already set with corn on the cob and Luc's yummy homemade potato salad. Justin put the platter of meat in the centre of the food. "Hey baby? Would you bring me another beer when you come in?"

"You got it, love."

Sitting in his usual chair, Justin looked through the doorway to see Max and Luc in what looked like a heavy conversation. He quickly wondered if he'd gone too far earlier with Max. He watched as Max slowly shook his head, just before Luc pulled him into a hug. The way Max gripped Luc's back and buried his face in his chest caused Justin to look away, giving them both some privacy.

He wished he had the answers for Max, but he didn't. Luc was the first man he'd ever loved and Justin had no idea how watching him die would affect him. The thought of something happening to Luc suddenly brought a sting of tears to his eyes. Justin blinked rapidly and shook his head. "Enough."

He was so lost in thought Luc startled him when he placed a kiss to the top of his head. "You okay?" Luc said as he set the beer bottle on the table.

"Yeah." Justin reached out and patted Luc's butt.

\* \* \* \*

After dinner, the three of them pitched in to clean the kitchen, before settling in front of the big screen TV to watch a movie.

Max watched the movie with one eye and his dad and Justin with the other. They were so at peace with each other, his dad curled up in Justin's lap, Justin softly petting his dad's stomach. Max felt a fist clamp around his heart. Had he and Nick ever been like that?

He didn't think so. With Nick, it seemed they were either laughing, fighting or fucking. As a matter of fact, he couldn't remember them ever just watching a movie together like his dad's were doing.

The thought depressed him so much, he had to get out. He stood abruptly, and stretched. "I'm gonna take off."

Luc sat up and swung his legs to the floor. "You want me to drive you?"

"No, that's okay. It's a nice night for a walk." Max picked up his empty beer bottle and headed for the kitchen. He rinsed out the bottle and threw it into the recycle bin.

When he walked back into the living room, he saw the look on his dad's face. "What?"

Clearing his throat, Luc looked up at him. "Don't you think it's about time we bought you another car?"

"No, I don't. I'm fine walking for now. My apartment is only six blocks from here and four from the campus." He bent and kissed his dad on the cheek. "Don't worry about me so much."

Luc let out a bark of laughter. "Yeah, right." Luc took his hand, suddenly looking very serious. "You need to start living again. Nick wouldn't have wanted you to close yourself off from life like you've been doing."

"Yeah well, I guess we'll never know what Nick wanted, will we?" Max placed a quick kiss on Justin's forehead before walking out of the house.

Stepping onto the sidewalk, Max headed for his apartment. He felt angry and sad at the same time. He couldn't get mad at his dad, he knew he was just worried about him, but he still had a price to pay for taking Nick's life. Thinking back to the night of the accident, Max reached his apartment building and kept on going.

They'd been at a restaurant, celebrating their win earlier that day. Max remembered Nick openly flirting with their waiter. He'd suspected for weeks that Nick was interested in playing the field, although Max couldn't really blame him. Nick was a gorgeous guy and the two of them had only been with each other. Maybe he just wanted to see what it would be like with another man, but watching Nick openly flirt in front of him set Max off.

He dug out his wallet and threw some bills onto the table as he stood. "I'm going home. If you're more interested in the waiter, go home with him." He turned and walked out of the restaurant.

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It didn't take Nick long to catch up with him in the parking lot. "Hey, what the hell's your problem?"

Max stopped and turned to Nick. "I don't know, maybe the fact that you were practically fucking that waiter with your eyes. Look man, if you don't want this anymore just fucking tell me, but if I ever find out your stepping out on me, I'll kill you."

Unlocking his car, Max got in, fastened his seat belt and started the car. A few seconds later, Nick slid into the passenger seat. He pulled out of the parking lot and was just getting onto the main drag when Nick finally spoke.

"You know I love you. It's just that I'm curious. I'm sorry if that pisses you off, but it's the truth."

That was the last thing Max remembered before the drunk driver ran the red light and slammed into the passenger side of his small compact car.

Max stopped walking and rubbed his face. Looking around, he was surprised to find himself on the other side of the campus. Sighing, he turned around and walked home.

## Chapter Two

The alarm buzzing in his ear woke Max the next morning. He'd stayed up late studying for his Greek Mythology class and he was feeling the effects that morning. As he hit the snooze button, Max felt his cock jerk and his face heat remembering his erotic dream. It was beginning to be a usual occurrence these days. What bothered him most about the dreams, weren't the dreams themselves, but who starred in them.

Swinging his legs over the side of the bed, Max headed for the shower. Turning on the hot water, he looked down at his morning wood. "Well hello there big fella."

As he stepped under the hot spray of the shower, Max poured a bit of shampoo into his hand and wrapped it around his cock. Stroking himself, Max remembered the dream of the night before.

He'd been bent over Professor Demakis' desk, while the tall, well muscled Greek God, pounded into him. Getting a firmer grip on his cock, Max milked himself to completion. He almost fell to his knees as he watched his seed wash down the drain.

He screwed his eyes shut as a picture of Nick clouded his mind. "Sorry, Nick."

\* \* \* \*

Getting to class on time was a bit harder that morning. He was beyond ready for his final, but wasn't so sure about

seeing the Professor. Taking his usual seat, halfway up the classroom stadium and in the centre, Max set his backpack on the floor.

Fiddling with his pencil, he felt his breath hitch in his chest when Professor Demakis walked into the room. Max looked around, he obviously wasn't the only student having dreams about the studly Professor, although, he appeared to be the only man.

After being handed the final exam, Professor Demakis perched on a high stool and watched over the room. Max found it difficult at first, knowing he was being watched, but soon dug into the test.

He was surprised how easy the test was for him and thirty-five minutes later he was finished. He looked around to see the rest of the room still hard at work. Quietly retrieving his backpack off the floor, he made his way down the aisle. When he looked at the Professor, he motioned toward the high table, indicating Max should leave it there.

Nodding, Max dropped his test on the table and turned to leave. The Professor waved his hand until he got Max's attention and motioned him over. Swallowing the overabundance of spit in his mouth, Max made his way to Demakis.

Crooking his finger at Max, Demakis motioned him closer. *Oh fuck, he was in trouble.* He leaned closer and almost came in his jeans when Demakis cupped his hand over Max's ear to whisper, "I've something to discuss with you. Can you meet me in my office after class?"



Max was so lost in the warm breath against his ear and the incredible citrus smell coming from his professor that it took him several seconds to answer. "Yes, sir." He nodded his head and backed away. A warm smile from Demakis filled his belly as he walked out of the lecture hall.

Deciding to wait under a tree in the quad, Max was surprised to find the entire area almost empty. Usually this time of day the quad was filled with students doing everything from laughing with friends to studying quietly.

Finding his favourite tree, Max stretched out on his back in the soft green grass. He couldn't imagine what Professor Demakis could want with him. *Shit*, his cock began to stir behind the fly of his jeans just thinking about what Demakis could want.

With his erection, also came the guilt. He shouldn't be thinking about other men. He'd sworn to Nick that he felt a lifetime love for him. How in the hell could he be thinking about Demakis, with Nick only in the ground for two years?

Shaking the depressing thoughts away, Max let his mind wonder no further than the canopy of leaves above him.

A car horn startled him awake. Trying to get his bearings, Max looked around to see that the quad was completely empty. Holding up his wrist, he saw it had been almost two hours since his test. "Oh fuck."

Max pushed himself off the ground and ran as fast as his mangled leg would allow, to Professor Demakis' office. After making it up three flights of stairs, Max rounded the corner just in time to see Demakis locking his office door. "Sir," he

called out between pants. He rested his hands on his knees. *Damn, when had he gotten so out of shape?*

"Are you okay?" Demakis said as he strode down the hall toward him.

Max nodded and held up his hand. "Yeah. Sorry, just ran up the steps. Not an easy task with a leg like mine." He slowly got his breath and stood to greet his professor. "I fell asleep out in the quad. I'm sorry I missed our meeting."

"That's fine." Demakis looked at his watch. "I was just heading out to grab some lunch, interested in joining me? We can talk while we eat."

Before giving it too much thought, Max nodded his head. "Sounds good to me."

Demakis pointed to Max's right. "Let's take the elevator down, shall we?"

Nodding again, Max followed Demakis. After the doors opened to emit them, his professor turned to him. "So, what do you want for lunch?"

"Oh, I like anything as long as it's big and meaty." As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Max felt like he would throw-up. *What the hell? Had he suddenly turned into a complete fuck up?*

Nudging Max with his elbow, Demakis laughed at Max's apparent embarrassment. "Got just what you're looking for," Demakis paused to slap a choking Max on the back, "there's a great place we can grab a steak sandwich just down the road."

"Sounds good, sir." Max tried to recover as they stepped off the elevator.

As Demakis walked into the afternoon sunshine, he turned back to Max. "When we aren't in class, why don't you call me Alec."

"Alec?" Max was confused.

Demakis laughed again and started walking toward the faculty parking lot. "Alec is my first name, Alec Evander Demakis." He smiled at Max. "Yeah, Greek parent's big into tradition."

With a big grin on his face, Max waited for Alec to unlock his big, black SUV. Getting in, he quickly buckled his seat belt as he waited. He couldn't believe he'd been having wet dreams about the man and he hadn't even known his first name. *Alec*, Max turned the name around in his mind. It fit him.

As they drove to the restaurant they talked about the classes he was planning to take over the summer. Max was glad they were having a conversation because it gave him an excuse to study Alec. He looked so much bigger in the enclosed space of the SUV. His thick black hair was just long enough to hang in tight corkscrew curls, framing his big, dark brown eyes and unbelievably long black lashes. Max studied the cleft in Alec's strong, heavily shadowed chin. His tongue swirled around in his mouth, dying to lean over and run itself up that cleft. Max bet Alec had to shave at least twice a day. He must have missed a question because Alec snapped his fingers.

"Max?"

"Oh, sorry. I uh ... was thinking about something else. What did you ask?"

Flashing Max the whitest teeth he'd ever seen, Alec smiled. "I didn't ask anything. We're here." He motioned toward the restaurant.

"Oh, okay, yeah." Max opened his door and followed a still chuckling Alec into the dark bar and grill. They found a booth and slid in. Max nervously picked up the menu on the table and hid his face.

Pushing the menu down with one of his long, bronzed fingers, Alec narrowed his eyes just a fraction. "You sure you're okay?"

The waitress chose that moment to approach their table. Max couldn't help notice the way the woman leaned over the table, showing her abundant bosom to its best advantage.

"What can I get you two good-looking men today?"

Putting the menu back in its holder, Alec didn't even look at her. "Just bring me the large steak sandwich with steamed vegetables and a glass of water."

"And you?" She turned toward Max.

"I'll have the same except I'll have fries instead of the vegetables." Max looked up at Alec. He could swear he'd heard him grunt.

When the waitress walked off, he smiled. "You have a problem with me ordering fries?"

"Sorry. It's just that you have a great body and I don't understand how you can feed it junk and expect it to last."

Shrugging, Max put his menu back in the holder. "Yeah, well, I kind of stopped caring about it when my football days were over."

Alec seemed shocked. "You mean just because you can no longer play football, you don't consider yourself an athlete?"

"I work out enough to get by, but I'll never have the body I did two years ago, so why try."

Blowing out a long breath, Alec sat back in the booth and crossed his arms over his chest. "Regular exercise and a balanced diet not only make a person healthier, but happier."

Changing the subject, Max unrolled his silverware and put his napkin in his lap. "So, what did you want to talk to me about?"

Alec didn't say anything right away. He seemed to be studying him for some reason. Finally, after the waitress brought their sandwiches, Alec began. "I wanted to know if you needed a job this summer. There was a large crate of old books and files donated by a professor that worked at the college about sixty years ago. I need someone who knows a good amount about mythology to go through the books and files and determine what should be catalogued into the school's archives and what I could possibly use in my lectures. Since you're one of the best students I've ever had the privilege of teaching, I thought you might be interested."

He took a drink of his water and gave Max a grin. "Besides, I talked to your advisor and I know you'll be taking summer classes. So I don't have to worry about you wanting to take off on long weekends or anything. This won't really be a full-time job, but you'll be paid hourly and all the work needs to be completed by the end of summer. It'll be up to you to determine how many hours you'll actually need to complete the job on time. Interested?"

Setting his sandwich down, Max wiped his hands and swallowed his food. "Where exactly would I be working?"

"Dr. Phillips is going to Egypt for the summer, so he's offered the use of his office," Alec said as he ate some of his steamed broccoli.

Max took a fry and slathered it in ketchup. He knew Alec shared an office suite with Dr. Phillips. The big question for him, was would he be able to handle working that close to Alec? "When would you like me to start?"

"How about Monday? I wouldn't expect you to start over the weekend with graduation being Saturday."

Swallowing his fry, Max shook his head. "I'm not participating in the graduation ceremony, so if you can get me a key to the office, I'll be happy to start this weekend."

Max watched as Alec's jaw tightened. He could tell Alec wanted to say something about him not attending the ceremony but he didn't. "Very well. I'll get you the key as soon as I can."

\* \* \* \*

On the way back to his apartment, Max nervously ran his fingers over the soft leather of the seat beside him. His body felt so tense after just an hour with Alec, he wasn't sure how he'd last the entire summer. His only hope would be if Alec planned an extended vacation during the long break. As they pulled in front of his building, he turned to Alec. "Will you be taking time before the fall semester to do some travelling?"

Putting the SUV into park, Alec turned those big dark eyes on him. "I'm teaching a class until the end of July. I'll take a week off then to go back to New York to see my family."

Max swallowed and nodded. Shit, so much for not seeing much of him. "Thank you for lunch. I guess I'll see you sometime later this week." He started to get out, but a hand on his leg stopped him. He felt his cock immediately spring to life behind his zipper. Looking over at Alec, he prayed the ridge behind his fly wasn't noticed. "Yeah?"

Flicking his eyes downward, a small grin tugged at the corner of Alec's mouth. Damn, he'd definitely spotted his inappropriate erection. "I'll find you when I get the key. I need to check with Professor Phillips about it and any instructions he has regarding the use of his office." He gave Max's thigh a slight squeeze before letting go. "Thanks for the company. I hate eating alone."

Max smiled and walked up to his apartment in a daze. He could still feel the pressure of Alec's hand as he squeezed his leg. Unlocking his door, he went to set his keys on the table when he spotted the picture of Nick. It had been taken the summer after their freshman year in college and it was Max's favourite. They'd been swimming at the lake with his dad and Justin all afternoon and they both had a nice tan. Arms around each other, Max was laughing in the picture, while Nick seemed more sullen. "Why haven't I ever noticed that before?"

He looked at the picture a few moments before setting it back on the table. Sprawling onto the couch, Max opened his backpack and withdrew his economics book. He had one more

final on Wednesday and then he was finished with classes for ten days. He'd only signed up for two classes during the summer, knowing he'd be working.

He was just getting into his studying when the phone beside him rang. Setting his book down, Max reached for it. "Hello?"

"Hey, son."

"Hey." Max got comfortable, knowing his dad would keep him on the line for a bit.

"How'd your final go?"

"Good. I guess I must have over studied because it didn't take me long at all. I ... uh ... had lunch with Professor Demakis afterward. He wants to hire me for the summer to go through a crate of files and books some old professor left to the department."

"That's good. I know you've been thinking about a part-time job. It won't conflict with your studies will it?"

Rolling his eyes, Max grinned. "No. I can pretty much make my own hours, as long as I get the work done by the end of the summer. Alec is getting me a key. I'll be using Doctor Phillips' office."

"Alec?"

"Sorry, Professor Demakis."

"He's letting you call him by his first name?"

Max heard the disapproval in his dad's voice. "Just when we aren't in class, there he'll still be Professor Demakis."

"What's he like, this Alec guy?"

"Big and Greek."



Reading between the lines a bit, his dad questioned him further. "How old? Is he married?"

"Geez dad, cut the guy some slack. I'd say he's in his thirties or early forties. I didn't see a wedding ring and he didn't talk about a wife or kids while we had lunch. He's my teacher and boss."

"And that's it?"

Blowing out an audible breath, Max sat up on the couch. "I don't have designs on him so it doesn't really matter anyway. Was there something else you wanted?"

"Yeah. I just thought I'd make sure you weren't going to graduation. Justin and I thought about going back home to Evergreen for the weekend right after the ceremony. We wanted to know if you wanted to ride with us."

"No and no thanks. I'm planning on starting my job this weekend."

"Okay. Will you be by for dinner Thursday?"

"Just like I am every week."

"Don't get smart with me."

Grinning, Max could hear the smile in his dad's voice. "I thought that's what you were spending thousands of dollars for? Am I wrong?"

"Smart ass. I'll see you on Thursday and good luck with your final. Love you."

"Love you."

\* \* \* \*

Luc hung up the phone and looked at the clock. Two more hours before Justin was due home. He knew he was on the

road by now, after a trip down south to talk to an incoming freshman player, but Luc couldn't wait to talk to him.

After getting himself a beer, he settled in his big leather chair and dialled his cell number.

"Hey, baby."

"Hey, love. What time will you be home?" The sound of Justin's deep voice made Luc's cock twitch, just like it always had.

"Um ... another ninety minutes if the traffic remains light. Why? What's up?"

"Just missing you. It's hard working from home on the days you aren't around. I guess I should have just gone into the office. Gets lonely."

"Poor baby, I'll be home from work shortly to take care of you," Justin teased.

"Will you continue to tease if I tell you I'm unzipping my dress slacks? Ooh, now I'm reaching inside my briefs and low and behold, there's a big hard cock in my hand."

"Damn, are you trying to make me wreck?"

Those words sobered Luc's lust immediately. "No. I'm sorry. That's the last thing I want. I need you, yeah? I need you to come home to me in one piece."

"Oh, baby. Don't think that way. I was only teasing. I'll be home, you just be ready for me when I get there."

"I'm always ready for you. I think I'll skip making dinner tonight. We can order in or something."

"Be there soon. Love you."

"Yeah, love you, too." Luc hung up the phone and tossed it to the couch. That moment of shock when Justin had

mentioned dying had rocked him to the core. What would he be like if he were in the car with Justin and his love had died in his arms?

A wave of sadness overcame him and he curled into a ball in the chair. How could he possibly help Max overcome something like that? If it happened to him, he knew he'd just want to die with Justin. "My boy's stronger than I am," he realised aloud.

\* \* \* \*

When Justin walked into the house, he found Luc asleep, tucked in their favourite big chair. Deciding to grab a quick shower before waking him, Justin tiptoed past the chair to the master bathroom.

Freshly shaven and smelling of soap, Justin slipped on a pair of boxer-briefs and went back out to the living room. Still asleep, Luc looked much younger than his forty-four years.

Walking into the kitchen, Justin picked up the phone and called for some takeout. Grabbing a couple of bottles of water out of the fridge, he went back into the living room. Setting the bottles on the table, Justin crawled beside Luc in the wide leather chair.

Without waking, Luc burrowed into his arms and tucked his head under Justin's chin. Needing some skin, Justin slowly started unbuttoning Luc's wrinkled, white dress-shirt.

As soon as the cool air reached his exposed skin, Luc roused. "Oh, love. I'm so glad you're home." Luc kissed his way to Justin's exposed nipple and latched on.

"Mmm ... oh yeah ... feels good, baby." Justin had to spread his thighs to accommodate his growing erection. "What's got you so upset? It's not like you to take a nap during the day."

Breaking his hold on Justin's nipple, Luc tipped his head up to look into Justin's eyes. "I talked to Max, and then when I talked to you..." Luc shook his head slightly and buried his face against Justin's chest. "Don't you ever die on me. I've been so upset with Max about not moving on with his life. I realised this afternoon that he's doing a hell of a lot better than I would if anything ever happened to you."

Wrapping his arms tighter around Luc, Justin kissed the top of his head. "It's the same for me but all we can do is cherish each day that we have together." He pulled Luc further into his lap. "So, tell me what Max had to say."

Shrugging his shoulders like a little boy, Luc continued to play with Justin's pebbled nubs. "He had lunch with one of his professors and was offered a job. He'll be cataloguing some kind of research material or something that was donated to the college."

"Which professor? I wonder if I know him."

"Max said his name was Alec Demakis." Justin groaned and Luc pulled away far enough to look at him. "You know him? Is that what the groaning is about?"

"I don't know him well, but I've been to a couple of faculty luncheons where he was in attendance."

"So ... what's the problem?"

"Nothing." Trying to change the subject, Justin picked up a bottle of water and handed it to Luc. "Here. I figured you'd be

thirsty what with your mouth hanging wide open as you slept." He grinned and winked as Luc took the bottle.

Narrowing his eyes at Justin, Luc took off the cap and took a long drink. "You wouldn't have groaned if the name of Max's new employer hadn't bothered you. Now out with it."

Justin took the opportunity to open his own water and take a sip. "Fuck, I don't know why I did it. The man's gorgeous and gay."

Luc stiffened in Justin's arms. "Are you trying to tell me you're attracted to someone else?"

Shaking his head, Justin set his water down and pulled Luc back into his embrace. "Are you attracted to Antonio Banderas?"

"Who the fuck wouldn't be?"

"Exactly, but being attracted to someone doesn't mean cheating on the one person you love most in the world. I groaned because there's no way Max will be able to resist Alec if he's interested in Max."

"Well that's a good thing, right?"

"I'm not sure it is. First of all, he's a college professor and Max is still considered a student. Secondly, there's something about Alec ... I don't know ... a kind of presence about him. He's definitely an Alpha male. He commands any room he's in. I'm just worried if the two of them get together, Alec will walk all over our Max."

Luc's reply was cut off by the doorbell. He looked at Justin. "Dinner?"

Side-Lined  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Yeah, I ordered a pizza while you were snoring. Do me a favour and answer the door. I'm not sure the guy would appreciate me doing it in briefs."

Luc untangled himself from Justin's body and stood. "I don't snore," he said as he went to answer the door.

## Chapter Three

Max spent the next day and a half in the library studying for his Economics final. Walking out of the building after taking the test, he took a deep breath. "Aced another one," he said, smiling to himself.

He decided to go by the History Department and check in with Alec about his summer job. He hadn't heard anything about the key yet and was anxious to start working.

Using the elevator, Max walked down the third floor corridor. He stopped when he noticed the little spring in his step. Suddenly feeling guilty, Max turned to leave. He'd realised it wasn't the job he was anxious to start, but rather the thought of working next door to Alec. Shaking his head he pushed the elevator button and was relieved when the doors opened immediately. Stepping in, Max waited for the doors to close.

"Can you hold that?" A loud, commanding voice said.

Max's head sprung up as he fumbled for the button on the control panel. Swallowing, Max stepped to the side as Alec walked into the car. "Thanks."

"You're welcome."

"So what are you doing up here? Did you have a meeting with one of your professors?"

"No. Just wandering, I guess," he said as he tried to study Alec from the corner of his eye. A suit, oh shit, Alec was wearing a suit today. Max felt a twitch in his jeans and cleared his throat. "You're all dressed up."

"I have a dinner appointment with a department benefactor. That's where I'm headed now. I hate this part of my job, but we can always use the extra money." Alec turned his body just enough to look fully at him. "By the way, Doctor Phillips said he'd be out of the office by Friday. The crate is sitting in my office right now, but I'll move it in there when he's out. I took the liberty of looking into the crate. Until now, I've only heard about it. It's quite a bit bigger than I'd anticipated. You'll have your work cut out for you. From what I gather, it's all loose papers. No order to the stuff at all, I'm not sure if that was the Professor's doing or his children."

"That's fine. I like to keep busy, sir."

Alec unexpectedly grunted as the doors opened. Max looked up sharply. "Sir?"

"I'll see you later, Max." Alec stepped off the elevator without another word. Max also stepped off and stood there. The way Alec had said his name felt more like a caress than a goodbye. Max screwed his eyes shut as the overwhelming feeling of loneliness bombarded him.

Pushing open the door, Max stood on the steps of the building. *Was it time? Is that what he was feeling?* Deciding he needed to talk to Justin, Max headed for the athletic department.

\* \* \* \*

Justin was on the phone when Max knocked lightly and walked in. He received a welcoming smile as Justin held up a finger, indicating he'd be off the phone in a second. Max took a seat in front of Justin's desk as he finished up.



"Okay, baby. Yeah, I'll be home in about an hour. Love you." Justin hung up the phone. "Hey. To what do I owe the pleasure of this surprise visit? I don't think you've been to this building since..." Justin snapped his mouth shut.

Max could tell he suddenly felt uncomfortable. "I needed to talk to someone and Dad's not the sounding board I need."

Taking his feet off the desk, Justin leaned forward, bracing his forearms on the playbook in front of him. "What's up?"

With a loud sigh, Max slumped back in his chair. "I don't know exactly. I've been feeling weird lately, lonely, but as soon as I recognise the feeling, I feel guilty." Max ran his fingers through his hair. "Shit, I don't know. I mean I keep telling myself it's time but then I go home and see Nick's picture and..."

Justin interrupted him. "Maybe it's time some of the pictures came down." Before he could protest, Justin held up a hand. "I'm not suggesting you take all of them down but you have to admit, your apartment looks more like a shrine than a home."

"I don't want to forget him." Max picked at the worn rubber of his shoe.

"I never said you should, but if his face is the only thing you see when you're at home, you'll never move past this. Make Nick a special box or album or something. Put everything in it that you want to keep and get rid of everything else. Maybe you should call his mom and see if she wants any of his things."

Max shook his head. He felt his eyes begin to burn at the thought of going through Nick's things. "She doesn't want

anything. After ... after the accident, I told her she could have whatever she wanted. She told me that everything at our house was mine, her memories of him were all kept safely in his room at home." He looked up at Justin. "I've never touched anything that was his. Hell, his clothes still hang in our closet. I guess, I thought if I left everything the way it was it would feel like he was still alive."

"And that's perfectly natural. But it's been almost two and a half years. I think it's time to join the land of the living." Justin stood and walked around the desk and held out his arms. "Give me a hug."

Smiling, Max stood and hugged him. "Thanks."

Gripping his arms, Justin pulled back. "If you need help, you know I'm always here."

"Yeah, I know. Thanks."

\* \* \* \*

After a trip to the liquor store and organisation shop, Max settled in to start de-shrining his apartment. He shrugged out of his clothes, leaving on his boxer-briefs and sat on the couch. With an open bottle of tequila in hand, Max looked around the living room. Justin was right. There were a lot more pictures of Nick up than there had been when he was alive.

After a couple of shots, he stood and picked up the first batch of pictures off the entertainment centre. As he wrapped each one in tissue paper, he studied Nick's face. The pictures of the two of them in high school were so different from their college snapshots.

Max traced Nick's face with his finger. He held the photo taken only a month before Nick's death. The more he studied the picture, the less he recognised about his best friend and lover. "When did you get so sad?" He whispered to the picture. "Was it me, or you?"

Setting the picture back on the coffee table, Max picked up the bottle, deciding to forego the glass this time. He tipped the bottle up and gulped several long drinks. Still clutching the bottle, he turned his attention back to the picture. God, he wished Nick were here right now to answer his questions. The more he drank, the more he wondered if they would still even be together if Nick hadn't died. The last several months they were together, Nick changed. He began pulling away and disappearing for hours at a time. Whenever he'd question him about it, Nick would get defensive and tell him to stop trying to mother him.

At the time, Max hadn't really seen what he was seeing now. In the picture, Nick wasn't happy, that much was now obvious. He took another couple of drinks, knowing all he needed was to pass out for the night. He desperately needed one night without the erotic dreams he'd been having involving Alec, or the guilt that followed.

Reaching out, Max grabbed the picture off the table and took it into the kitchen. He tossed it into the trashcan. That was one picture he didn't care if he ever saw again. Staggering his way back to the sofa, Max was surprised by a knock at the door. Figuring it was Justin or his dad, Max made his way over to answer it, still clutching the bottle.

Throwing the door open, he was surprised to find Alec. Max swallowed as the object of his fantasies stood in front of him wearing that same damn suit he'd worn earlier. Momentarily spellbound, he couldn't get his mouth to work.

"Are you okay?" Alec said in his deep, commanding voice.

Without saying a word, Max staggered back to the couch and plopped down. He spread his arms wide, gesturing with the bottle still in his hand. "Just exorcising some demons. What can I do for you?"

Alec stepped into the room and shut the door behind him. Looking around, he made his way to the couch and sat beside Max. Digging in his pocket, he produced a single key. "I stopped back by my office. Dr. Phillips was just leaving, seems he finished early. He gave me the key and I thought I'd drop it by so you could start whenever you wanted." Alec set the key down on the coffee table. "So you want to tell me what's going on?"

Max noticed the way Alec was looking at his leg. No one outside his dad, Justin and the hospital had seen the mangled flesh. Grabbing the throw blanket he kept over the back of the couch, Max quickly covered his leg. He looked up and met Alec's eyes.

Shaking his head slowly, Alec removed the blanket from Max's leg. "There's no need to hide it, besides, it's too damn hot for a blanket."

"It's hideous," he said as he tried to pull the blanket out of Alec's hands.

"Hideous? No." Alec ran his long, bronzed fingers over the intersecting highway of scars. The more he touched him, the

harder Max became. He couldn't do this, not now, not surrounded by Nick's pictures. It was too much.

Max stood abruptly, looking down at Alec. "Thanks for bringing the key by." Before getting up, Max saw Alec's eyes wander to his half-hard cock trapped in the tight briefs. He prayed he wouldn't say anything.

Walking toward the door, Alec stopped and put a hand on Max's shoulder. "Are you sure you're going to be all right?"

Max gave him a tight nod before looking down at his feet. His body was responding to Alec's touch and he hated it, but at the same time he couldn't make himself pull away. "I'm fine, sir."

Alec gripped Max's arm a fraction tighter. "Please. You don't know what you're doing to me when you call me that, call me Alec."

"Yes, s ... Alec." He was shocked when he felt Alec's lips on top of his head just before releasing his hold.

Max heard the door open and waited several seconds to hear it close. When it didn't, he looked up. Alec was standing in the doorway watching him, his arousal evident in the heavy lidded gaze and prominent bulge in his dress slacks. "Call me if you need anything."

"Okay," he mumbled, seconds before the door closed and Alec was gone. In a daze, Max walked to the couch and looked around the room. No longer feeling his alcohol buzz, he looked at the pictures still needing to be packed.

He had to get out of there. Suddenly the memories were too much. Jumping up from the couch, Max headed to the bathroom.

After a quick shower, Max walked into the bedroom. Digging in his keepsake box, he withdrew the pack of matches he'd found in Nick's coat pocket after he'd died. Fingering the matches, Max looked at the name on the cover, "Secrets", it said. Max wondered what Nick had done at Secrets that he hadn't told him about. He wasn't even familiar with the place and he'd lived in this town for four years. Flipping the book over, he read the address. "It's time to find out what your demons were, Nick."

\* \* \* \*

After changing into an obscenely tight pair of low slung jeans and white T-shirt, Max called for a cab. The twenty-minute cab ride almost caused him to chicken out. He wasn't sure if he wanted to know what was at the end of this journey.

The cab pulled up in front of, what appeared to be, some kind of leather bar. With new resolve, Max paid the driver and got out. Opening the door, he was immediately hit with the smell of sweat and men. The bouncer sitting on a stool just inside the door looked him up and down.

"Haven't seen you in here before, sweet thing."

"I'm new," he mumbled as he walked away. The tables in the large, dark room appeared to be full, so Max headed toward the bar. Finding an open stool, Max gave the bartender a slight wave to get his attention. "Tequila, please."

The man nodded and poured him a shot. "Here ya go, pretty man."

Max closed his eyes on the endearment. Nick had called him that all the time. Everyone had always remarked about how pretty he was. It was one of the reasons he'd worked so hard at weight training. He didn't want to be thought of as pretty, men weren't pretty.

Turning around on his stool, Max looked toward the dance floor. The song was fast yet seductive and the dancing reflected that. Watching the sweaty bodies pressed together in various gyrations, Max felt his cock begin to take notice. As he watched the dancers move, a strong back caught his eye. He lowered his gaze to include the perfectly muscled leather-clad ass. "Oh fuck me," he whispered to himself.

Evidently, getting out was long overdue. Max finished his drink and slowly walked toward the dance floor. He waited until the song was over before tapping the large man on the shoulder. "Would you care to dance?" Max asked timidly over the sound of the crowd.

When the hunk turned around, Max's legs began to buckle. He felt himself sinking to the floor, but was unable to do anything about it. A strong arm quickly reached around his torso and held him up. "Alec?"

Turning completely away from his previous dance partner, Alec wrapped his other arm around Max. "What are you doing here?"

He looked up into the midnight black of Alec's eyes. "I-I found a matchbook that belonged to Nick. I needed to know." Max looked around at the leather-clad crowd. Grown men were kneeling at the feet of other men, some with dog collars on. It was obvious this was some sort of D/s bar, but it didn't

make sense to him. He looked back up to Alec. "Did ... you know Nick?"

Taking a deep breath, Alec shook his head. "If you're asking if I ever fucked him the answer is no. If you're asking whether he came here often, the answer is yes."

Max tried to step back, out of Alec's arms. "Why?" He shook his head as Alec continued to hold him. "Why would he come here without telling me?"

"I have my own thoughts on that, but it's not something I'm willing to discuss with you right now. Later, when you've calmed down, we'll talk." As the music continued around them, people started bumping into them.

Alec held Max a little closer and began to move his hips. "Dance with me."

Max was too numb to refuse at that point. He let Alec pull him even closer as he slipped a long leathered thigh between his legs. The first brush of his cock against Alec's leg sent jolts of pleasure racing through Max's body. He couldn't help but to moan.

Pulling Max down even harder on his leg, Alec bent to whisper in his ear. "I've dreamt of having you in this position. I want you."

When Max moaned and looked up at him, Alec seized his lips in an all out assault, sliding his tongue deeply into Max's mouth. Still kissing, Max let his body take control of his mind as he ground himself against Alec.

When a strong hand covered his erection, Max thought he'd lose it. He broke the kiss, "Stop, I'm gonna shoot in my jeans."



"Come home with me," Alec whispered against his lips as he continued to massage Max's cock.

"Yes," he hissed as he felt Alec release the top button of his jeans. It seemed the big Greek was as turned on as he was, within seconds, Max's cock was free of its constraint and being squeezed in Alec's hand. "Oh fuck," he cried as his head tipped back.

Suddenly, he didn't care who was around. All that mattered was his cock being stroked to completion by the object of his dreams. "Gonna come."

"Come for me, little man," Alec grunted as he pushed his thumb against the sensitive underside of Max's cock. Vibrating with his release, Max pumped his seed into Alec's large bronzed hand. Without missing a beat, Alec raised his hand and licked Max's essence.

Suddenly, something occurred to him. He wrapped his fingers around Alec's hand and shook his head. "Don't. I don't know if I'm safe anymore." He pulled up his T-shirt and wiped Alec's hand. Closing his eyes, he couldn't help the tears that trickled down his cheeks. He buried his face in Alec's massive chest as he clung to him. "Oh God. I don't know anything anymore."

Max felt Alec button his jeans as he whispered soothing words against the top of his head. Max couldn't hear the words because the music was so loud, but he felt the verbal vibrations against Alec's chest as he spoke. Once he was refastened, Alec bent slightly and scooped Max into his arms. He heard Alec say something to a group of men before carrying him out of the bar.

\* \* \* \*

Opening the passenger door, Alec set Max gently into the seat. He pulled the seat belt around him and buckled it. He knew it would probably be better to just take Max back to his own apartment, but he'd waited too long for this night. Even if he did nothing but hold him, this night was his.

Going around the SUV, he climbed in and buckled his own safety belt. He put the SUV into gear and pulled out of the parking lot. Reaching over, he ran his fingers through Max's soft hair. "It's okay. We'll be there in a minute." He continued to croon to Max as he drove the three miles to his house. Pulling into the driveway of the brick ranch, Alec turned off the ignition.

Opening Max's door, he unfastened his seat belt and picked him up. Max was still fairly despondent as he laid him on his large king-size bed. Alec took the time to undress him down to his tiny bikini briefs before pulling the blanket over him. Walking around to the other side of the bed, he quickly undressed and slipped under the covers. Pulling Max into his arms, he held him.

"Sorry," Max croaked. "I guess tequila, grief and coming like a freight train don't mix very well."

"Shh, baby. No need to be sorry. You have a lot of stuff you're trying to work through right now. I can wait." He ran his hands down Max's leanly muscled back to rest on his ass.

"I've never ... you're the first person besides Nick that I've ever been in bed with." He finished the sentence with an open

mouthed kiss to Alec's chest. "I guess I need to get tested, huh?"

"Yeah, because now that I have you here, I'm going to want to keep you." He knew he needed to discuss his lifestyle with Max but didn't think now was the time. "I'm clean but if you'd like, I'd be more than happy to go with you and get tested again. I'll need your complete trust and word that you won't be with anyone else while we're together though." *Shit*, he knew he was moving too fast. It went against everything he'd ever done, but he'd wanted Max for years, since the first day he saw him wander into his Ancient Greek History class when Max was just a freshman.

Alec remembered trying to get through lectures with Max's green eyes watching him. He'd spent most of the class standing behind his podium to hide his less-than-professional erection.

The first time he'd seen Nick at Secrets, he'd looked around him hoping to see Max. He remembered watching as Nick hooked up with guy after guy over the next few months and every time he witnessed it, it made him sick. He didn't exactly know what kind of arrangement Nick and Max had, but looking at the fun, athletic boy in his class, he knew it wasn't a two-sided arrangement.

After Nick's death, Alec watched the same fun, athletic boy, turn into a sombre loner. He'd been patient, waiting until Max had finished his bachelors degree. He was so relieved when the donation came into the college. As soon as Alec had seen the paper cross his desk, he knew it would be the perfect way to get Max close.

Dropping the key off at his house earlier had been a major weakness on his part. The sight of Max in his tight briefs almost sent him over the edge, but the last thing he wanted was to take advantage of Max's obviously grief-stricken state of mind. He felt so weak by the time he left Max's apartment, he decided to run home and change and go to the club. It had been almost two years since he'd been there. Two years since he'd had the desire to wield his dominant personality over anyone but Max and he knew Max wasn't ready. Now, with Max in his arms, he wondered how long he could hold that side of himself in check.

The mouth latching on to his nipple surprised him into a loud, low groan. "Feels good, little man." He curled his fingers into Max's hair holding his head against his chest.

Max's hand wandered across his chest, tracing the tattoo over his heart. "What does Babas mean?"

"Father," Alec said as he nudged Max's hand lower.

Max continued down Alec's chest to rest on his hardening, naked cock. "Touch me," he moaned as he spread his legs to give Max room to explore. Max rolled on top of him and licked his way down Alec's body, stopping to drag his tongue along the ridges of his abdomen to his cleanly waxed cock. Max suddenly stopped his ministrations. Alec opened his eyes and looked down his body. Max was staring at his other tattoo. *Oh, shit.*

Looking from the tattoo up to Alec's face, Max raised his eyebrows. "What's this mean?" He ran his fingers over the symbols tattooed just above Alec's cock.

Alec knew his time had run out. He needed to explain himself to Max and let the chips fall where they may. He pulled on Max's arms, "Come up here."

Crawling back up his body, Max settled once again into his arms, only this time he rested his head beside Alec's. "Am I right in thinking its Ancient Greek?"

Alec swallowed a few times, before he could speak. "Yes, it means protector." Alec ran his finger over the word on his chest. "Babas means father. I'd hoped we'd get to know each other a little better before I explained a few things to you, but I didn't exactly plan on us getting to know each other this well, this fast." Alec ran a hand through his black curls making them stand out at odd angles. "You know what kind of bar you were in tonight, don't you?"

"I think so. It appeared to be a D/s bar. Is that what it is? Are you a Dom?"

"Yes and no. I'm not turned on by a lot of the D/s practices, but I enjoy being the dominant partner in a relationship." He looked closely at Max. "Totally dominant, do you understand what I mean by that?" At the shake of Max's head, he continued, "I get sexual satisfaction from being the Babas, the father, in a relationship. I need my lover to defer to me in all things that pertain to the relationship, whether sexual or day to day decisions. Without it, I'll never be completely fulfilled, either sexually or emotionally."

"What does that mean for me?"

"That depends on where your heads at, baby. Is it something you think you could learn to live with on a day to day basis?"

"I don't know. I guess that depends on what exactly is entailed in it. I mean, do you expect me to follow behind you, to stay at home on a leash or what?"

"No, I'd never put you on a leash. Nor would I expect you to walk behind me or stay home. It just won't be an equal partnership as far as decisions go. What I say goes. You have the right to argue if you feel passionately about something, but I'll be top dog when we're together. I may ask you to do things from time to time that you feel uncomfortable with. If you want to make your Babas happy, you'll do them. In return, you'll never want for anything. I will cherish you always and show you each and every day how much I love you. Never again will you feel lonely or afraid. I'll always be your protector, your Babas."

Alec leaned forward and kissed him. He didn't know how to explain it to someone, which had always been his problem. For years he'd felt dirty for the things that excited him. Once he'd finally come to grips with who he really was and what he needed out of a relationship, he'd been unable to articulate his needs clearly enough to ever be satisfied. A true submissive didn't really interest him. He needed challenges in his every day life.

"I'm sorry, I can't explain it properly, but I want you. Even if my dominant side has to take a back seat, I want you more. We can play the other by ear, if you're agreeable. Work into it slowly, as our relationship develops."

Max blew out a breath and leaned back on the bed. He covered his eyes with his arm. "Evidently I must not be the

right kind of guy. Nick loved me and I wasn't submissive enough to keep him home. Why would you be any different?"

Pulling Max back into his embrace, Alec kissed him again. "You didn't fail him. Nick was a true sub, it wouldn't have mattered how much he loved you, he wouldn't have been sexually satisfied with anyone less than a true Dom."

"No," Max said shaking his head. "Nick was big and strong, a hell of a lot stronger than I was back then." Max stopped abruptly. Alec watched as he seemed to work things through in his head for several moments. "I wonder if that's why he seemed so sad those last couple of months." Even though, Max had said it aloud, Alec knew he was only talking to himself.

Deciding to help put his mind at ease, Alec cupped his cheek. "I think he really loved you and because of that, I imagine he felt guilty as hell."

"It must be hard pretending to be something that you're not, huh?"

"Yeah, but not impossible." He smiled as Max ran his hands down Alec's chest to trace the tattoo again.

"So ... do you want me to be your baby?"

"In my mind you already are. I've wanted you since the first day of class your freshman year." He smoothed his hand down the side of Max's face to land on his shoulder. "First lesson, if you're interested, that is?"

"Yeah, I think I am."

"Suck Babas' cock, baby."

Max smiled at him as he scooted down Alec's body. When he was eye level with Alec's aching cock, Max ran the tip of

his tongue up the heavily veined shaft. "Mmm," Alec moaned at the glide of Max's tongue against his heated flesh.

Swirling his tongue around the head, Max delved his tongue into the leaking slit. Alec groaned again and wrapped his fingers around his cock, smacking Max in the face with it. "Suck it. Take it deep in your mouth. Show your Babas how much you want him."

With a grunt, Max opened his mouth and Alec's cock was surrounded by velvety softness. "Oh yeah, that's it. Let me fuck your mouth." Alec held on to Max's head as he thrust up into the warm depths. He knew his restraint wouldn't last much longer and he was dying to get inside his baby's ass.

A few more thrusts and Alec pulled out of Max's mouth. "That's enough, I want inside of you."

At Max's eager nod, Alec reached over and removed a condom and bottle of lube from the bedside table. "Get me ready and then let me watch you stretch yourself. I know it's been a long time for you, so make sure you do a good job. It would kill me if I hurt you."

Opening the condom with his teeth, Max sheathed Alec's cock. After smoothing the condom down his length, Max bent and sucked the tip into his mouth. "Enough," Alec hissed, as he struggled to maintain control.

Max immediately complied and grabbed for the bottle of lube. "How do you want me, Babas?"

"How ever you feel most comfortable." Alec's eyes lit up when Max turned around and displayed his ass. *Oh, such a pretty little man.* He watched as Max's knees went up under him as his shoulders rested on the bed, waving that pretty



hole in the air. He couldn't help himself and sat up. "Stay right there, I'm going to taste you."

He swiped his tongue through the displayed channel of Max's ass, ending with the tight rosette. Swirling his tongue around the tightly wrinkled skin, Alec could taste man and earth. He felt his cock jump and had to pull back before he lost control and ploughed into Max's ass.

Alec heard Max moan as he reached behind himself and ran his lube slicked fingers over and around his hole.

"Feels so good," Max mumbled as he inserted a finger. "Ahhh." Max licked his lips as the second finger disappeared into Max's tight body. Reaching out, he couldn't help but touch the beautiful man in front of him. He smoothed a hand down Max's spine to his butt, before continuing on to the heavy sac dangling between his spread legs.

After several long minutes of moaning and humping the air, Max pulled his fingers out. "I think I'm ready for you, sir."

Leaning back against the headboard, Alec spread his legs. "Come here, baby. This time, I'll give you the control of how fast I take you."

Climbing into his lap, Max leaned in for a kiss, as Alec held the base of his cock. With his feet on the bed beside Alec's hips, Max rose up and waited for Alec to position himself at Max's entrance. "Go slow," he whispered as Max sank down on his shaft. Inch by inch Max's body enveloped him. "Oh fuck, you feel good."

He watched as Max's eyes went heavy lidded, eating up his length. "Yes, sir. Feels fucking fantastic," Max managed to mumble.

Alec immediately smacked Max's ass. "There will be no more curses come out of your mouth in my presence." Max rubbed a hand across the red handprint now decorating his ass and nodded.

The waiting was driving him crazy but he maintained his control until Max's ass hit his lap. Buried to the hilt, Alec pulled Max in for a kiss. When he broke the kiss, he bathed Max's face with his tongue, before wrapping his hands around his waist. "Are you ready to move?"

Max nodded and rose up again and then back down. The slow speed was pure torture but Alec wanted Max to get accustomed to his bigger cock. He'd seen Nick's cock back in the days when he'd been whoring around the bar. His own, was much longer and thicker, but Max seemed to be handling it well. He helped guide Max up and down on his cock, he watched his cock disappear inside his baby.

Reaching down, Max took hold of his dripping cock. "Gonna come."

"Can I take over now?" He prayed that Max was ready for some hard, fast, fucking.

"Please, sir."

He smiled, Max was such a natural sub, Alec was sure he wasn't even aware he was calling him sir. Holding Max around the waist, he lifted Max just enough to give himself room to thrust in and out. At lightning speed, he buried his cock inside Max's pretty ass, while Max continued to moan and work his own cock. It still wasn't enough for him. Making a decision, Alec picked Max up and moved them to the centre of the bed.

Now with Max under him, Alec could better control his speed and depth.

"Put your legs over my shoulders," he ordered as his hips snapped back and forth. Max complied, and Alec felt himself go even deeper inside Max. "Yessss, that's it."

"Can I come, sir?"

Looking up from where they were joined, Alec nodded. "Yes. Come for me, baby." He licked his lips as Max milked his cock, his body tightening around Alec's. When he arched his back, Alec watched the thick, white globs of cum splash onto Max's chest. The sight and smell pushed Alec over the edge into bliss. He roared as he buried himself as deep as possible and pumped his seed into the condom. He thankfully had enough control to fall to Max's side.

He chuckled as he reached for a tissue on the bedside table. "Damn, I haven't come like that since I was a randy teenager." He disposed of the overly full condom and wiped himself with the tissue.

He leaned over and gave Max a kiss. "I'll be right back." Alec went to the bathroom and cleaned himself before getting a washcloth and running it under warm water.

He walked back into the bedroom and cleaned Max with the still warm cloth. Throwing it down on the floor, he gathered Max into his arms. "Thank you," he whispered against Max's forehead. "It was everything I've dreamt about and more."

Snuggling in, Max yawned. "I still have a lot of questions, but if it's okay, I'd like to go to sleep now."

Side-Lined  
*by Carol Lynne*

Pulling the covers up over them, Alec settled Max once again. "Sleep, baby." Within minutes they were both sound asleep.

## Chapter Four

Stretching his arms over his head, Alec opened his eyes. He looked over and was momentarily startled not to see Max at his side. It was the noises coming from the kitchen that returned a smile to his face. He inhaled and sighed. "Ahh, my little man is making me breakfast."

Getting out of bed, Alec went to the bathroom. After relieving himself, he brushed his teeth and looked in the mirror. If anyone ever had the sated, well-and-truly-fucked face, it was him. He ran his hand over his heavily bristled jaw and considered breaking his custom and shaving before breakfast. "No, better to let Max adhere to my usual morning routines."

After slipping on a white terry robe, Alec made his way to the kitchen. Max was singing as he expertly flipped pancakes. Alec leaned against the doorframe, happily observing Max without his knowledge. Clad only in a pair of tiny bikini underwear, Max was breathtaking. His body wasn't nearly as big as it had been two years earlier, and although he liked his men small, the thought that Max hadn't been taking proper care of himself, worried him. He pushed off the doorframe and went to stand behind Max.

Not wanting to startle him while he was so close to the stove, Alec cleared his throat before wrapping his arms around Max's waist. "Morning, baby."

Max leaned against him and tilted his chin up and back for a good morning kiss. "Mmm ... morning." Max gestured to the griddle. "I hope you like pancakes."

Kissing Max's neck, Alec let his hands wander to Max's nipples. They pebbled as soon as he brushed his thumbs across them, just one of the things he liked most about Max, he was so damn responsive to his touch. He pinched each nipple between his forefinger and thumb and Max hissed and arched his back.

He knew if he continued to travel down Max's torso, he'd find a hard, wet cock. He thought he'd try a little more training later so he purposely avoided it. With one last kiss to Max's neck, Alec stepped back. "I'm going to get the paper while you finish up breakfast." He retied his robe, no sense flashing the whole neighbourhood.

"Sir, I brought the paper in before I started breakfast. I left it on the table for you." Max used the spatula to gesture toward the kitchen table.

Alec smiled, his paper was nicely laid out along with an empty coffee cup. He sat down at the table and held up his empty cup. "Be a good baby and get Babas a cup of coffee."

Taking another pancake off the griddle, Max sat down his spatula and reached for the coffee pot. He started to pour the coffee into Alec's cup and stopped. "Babas could you please set the cup on the table. I'm still a little nervous and the last thing I want is to burn you."

Alec looked into his eyes. "I trust you."

He watched as Max took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. "Yes, sir," he said, as he continued to pour. When

he was finished he grinned, happy with himself. It warmed Alec's heart to see the sullen man looking happy for a change.

"Very good. Now finish breakfast," he said as he rubbed his stomach. "You gave me quite an appetite. After breakfast we'll talk about our plans for the day."

Max nodded and carried the pot back to the counter. "How many pancakes would you like?"

"I usually eat four but I'm feeling especially hungry this morning, so give me six." He winked at Max as he took a sip of coffee. "Mmm, good coffee."

"Thank you, sir."

Alec read the front page of the paper as Max finished breakfast. Bringing over a plate loaded with pancakes, Max cleared his throat. Alec folded the paper and set it in the centre of the table. "Looks good. Do me a favour and get the syrup out of the fridge."

"I'm sorry but I've already heated the syrup in the microwave. I guess I should have asked you first."

The look on Max's face gripped Alec's heart in a tight fist. He'd tried so hard to please him this morning. Alec scooted his chair back and patted his lap. "Come here."

Max immediately sat down and curled into Alec's arms. He kissed the top of Max's head. "It just so happens, I like my syrup heated. I just haven't had it that way for some time. My mom always heated it for us, but living alone, I guess I just got out of the habit." He smoothed his big hand down Max's chest to brush across his underwear. At the visible hardening, Alec smiled. "You please me, baby, very much." He gave Max a slow sweet kiss before giving him a light slap

to his butt. "Get my syrup and let's eat this wonderful breakfast you've prepared."

\* \* \* \*

They talked about their day ahead over breakfast. Alec explained that he had finals to grade. "Since you're finished with classes, I think it's best for you to come into work for a while today." Alec reached across the table and took his hand. "I also want you to go see Justin. I think you need to start a regular exercise regime. It will be good for your body as well as your spirit."

"I'm not an athlete any longer." Picking up his plate and reaching for Alec's, he was feeling pretty shitty about himself. He filled the sink with hot soapy water as he tried to get his emotions under control. He knew Alec was big into physical fitness, that much was evident with one look at his perfectly sculpted body.

"Max," Alec spoke his name in a deep, commanding voice.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Max turned around. Alec had parted his white robe to reveal those sculpted muscles in all their bronze-skinned glory. "Take off your underwear and come here, now."

Drying his hands, Max walked over to Alec and hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his underwear. Before he could pull them down, Alec ran fingers over his burgeoning bulge. "These are sexy, but from now on, I want you to cook my breakfast naked."

Max felt his face flush as he pushed his underwear down his legs and stepped out of them. "They work best with my



low-rise jeans, sir." He stood in front of Alec, waiting for a sign of what he wanted.

Reaching out, Alec pumped his hardened cock a few times. "Sit," he said as he pointed toward his own lap.

Straddling his lap, Max moaned as his cock came into direct contact with Alec's hard shaft. He rubbed himself against it harder and gripped Alec's shoulders. A smack to his ass stopped him and he looked wide-eyed at Alec.

"Talk first, play later," Alec said sternly.

"Yes, sir." Max willed his cock to behave as he waited for Alec to talk.

"I want to know why you no longer consider yourself an athlete."

Max looked down at his leg. It was the first time since the previous evening that he'd thought to be self-conscious about his scars. "I think it's pretty obvious, don't you?" He said gesturing toward his right leg.

Alec ran his hand over his scarred leg. "I see a leg that has been through a horrific car accident. But I also see a body that's still intact. I've noticed no limp, so that can't be what it is." He cocked his head to the side and looked at him. "Can you run at all? Wait, yes you can. I remember you running up the steps that day you came to my office. So what exactly is the problem?"

Getting pissed, Max tried to get off Alec's lap. Steel bands wrapped around his torso keeping him in place. He narrowed his eyes and looked at Alec. "What good is staying in shape if I can't do what I love? Football was my life, goddammit! But

I'm so much smaller than the rest of the college players, speed was my only weapon. Without speed I'm nothing!"

"Now you listen here," Alec ground out between clenched jaws. "Football is a game. It should have never *been* your life. That right there tells me you weren't fulfilled with your previous relationship. You can't play college football, well too bad, get over it. You've still got the use of your arms and legs, get up off your ass and do something with them. Start taking care of the body you have and I guarantee you'll be a much happier person. Don't get me wrong. I like my men small, but I also like them fit and happy. Right now you're neither. Find an activity that will challenge your body and your mind will follow."

"Fuck you." Max said as he pushed against Alec. The look on Alec's face was murderous as he released his hold on Max. Standing, Max walked out of the kitchen, scooping up his underwear on the way. He had to get his clothes and get the hell out of there.

He dressed quickly, surprised when Alec didn't try to stop him as he walked out the door. Of course, once on the street, he had no idea where he was, or how to get home. He started walking as he dug into his pocket for his cell phone. Flipping it open he punched in his dad's number.

"Hello?"

"Hey. I was wondering if you could pick me up. I'm on the corner of Sheridan and Bueller."

"Sure I can pick you up, but I'll have to find a map. I'm not familiar with those streets. Can I ask why you need me to come get you?"

"Not right now. Give me a few minutes to calm down. I'll talk to you when you get here."

"Give me a couple minutes to find a map and then I'll be on my way."

"I'm gonna go ahead and start walking south on Sheridan."

"Okay, be there shortly."

Max hung up the phone and shoved it back into his pocket. He was so pissed he didn't know what to do. How dare Alec demand he get involved in some physical activity. Didn't he have any idea of what he'd been through with his leg? The months of therapy just so he could walk again?

Max was so pissed he missed the honking of the horn beside him. It wasn't until he heard his dad yell his name that he stopped and looked up. Getting into the passenger seat, Max dutifully buckled his seat belt. He didn't say a word to his dad other than a mumbled "Thanks."

Pulling away from the curb, his dad said nothing at first. Finally with a loud sigh, the interrogation began. "So do you mind telling me where you've been and why the hell you're walking home?"

Looking out the passenger window, Max knew he had to answer or his dad would have Justin on him in no time. "I was with Alec. He pissed me off so I left. Good enough?"

"Don't you think he's a little old for you?"

"No. He's the first person I've been interested in outside of Nick. His age isn't really the issue."

"Then what is the issue? What did he do to piss you off so bad that you left without a ride back to your apartment?"

Sighing, Max leaned back against the headrest. "He basically told me, boo hoo, so you can't play football, get over it. And then he proceeded to tell me to get off my lazy ass and start taking better care of myself. Fucker!" Max slammed his fist against the dashboard.

When his dad said nothing, Max finally turned to look at him. "What?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Exactly and I know you too well. Nothing means something. What? You *agree* with him?" His hands curled into fists as he fought to regain his composure.

"Would it matter if I did? Are you going to listen to me any more than you've listened to Alec or Justin? They've both told you basically the same thing. Why would my opinion make a difference?" He stopped talking and looked over at Max.

"Unless of course, you think I'll agree with *you*?"

"Just forget it."

\* \* \* \*

After Luc dropped Max off at his apartment, he looked at the clock on the dash. "Justin's probably already at work by now," he mumbled to himself. Turning left instead of right, Luc drove the short distance to Justin's office.

He tapped the door before opening it. Justin and Collin, the head football coach, were in the middle of a meeting. "Oh, sorry." He held up his hand. "I'll come back later," he said as he turned to leave.

"That's okay. I was just leaving," Collin said as he rose out of the chair in front of Justin's desk.

Luc turned back into the office and offered his hand. "Nice to see you again."

"Likewise. I was just telling Justin I'd have to have the two of you out to my place this summer for some fishing."

"Sounds good." Luc smiled as Collin gave a final wave to Justin and left.

"So, how did it go with Max?"

Luc shrugged his shoulders and went to sit on Justin's desk. "He spent the night with Alec. Seems he told Max to get off his ass and start getting some exercise."

Justin looked up at Luc and narrowed his eyes. "I've heard things about Alec. I don't think he's the kind of guy our boy needs to be getting involved with."

"What kind of guy? You didn't say anything before."

"Commanding, demanding, if you know what I'm saying." Justin reached out and put his hand on Luc's thigh. "I agree with him about the physical activity part, though. I was just talking to Collin about hiring Julian on as a conditioning trainer for the Athletic Department. Maybe I'll see if Max would work out with his old team-mate. I'd like to see how well Julian does with a difficult student."

Holding up his hands, Luc stood. "Just leave me out of that conversation." He bent over and gave Justin a short, but passionate kiss. "I'm going home to change and then I need to head into Spokane. I'll be home by dinner."

"Okay. I think I'll head over after lunch and talk to Max about Julian."

"I wouldn't try to be a matchmaker if I were you. I think Max has a full plate right now with Alec."

"Yeah, well maybe if I can get Julian and Max to workout together it will solve our problems on that front, too."

Shaking his head, Luc headed for the door. "It'll never work if Max thinks your trying to set him up. You'd better come up with a damn good plan."

"Oh I intend to."

\* \* \* \*

It was a little after one by the time Justin knocked on Max's door. He wasn't at all surprised by the voice yelling from behind the still-closed door.

"Go away."

"It's Justin, let me in." He stuck his hands in his pockets and waited. He was just about to shout again when he heard the door unlock. He waited for it to open, but when it didn't he slowly turned the knob. "Max?" He said as he stepped into the apartment. The living room was in total disarray, papers and boxes everywhere. He spotted Max curled in a chair with a thick leather journal in his hands. It was obvious he'd been crying and from the look of the place, angry.

Pushing aside pictures and papers, Justin sat on the couch. "What's going on?"

With a tear-streaked face, Max held up the journal. "I'm finally going through Nick's stuff. It's funny how you think you know a person inside out and then you find you know very little."

"Sometimes what people write in journals only represents part of them. Usually the part they can't share with anyone else. I don't know what you've found, but the good things

about Nick you already knew, so there would have been no reason for him to write them down. It's kind of like a confessional to some."

"Yeah, well from reading this, he had a hell of a lot to confess." Max slammed the book shut and threw it across the room. "Nick had a secret life it seems. For almost seven months before the accident he'd been fucking around on me at a bar called Secrets."

Justin gave Max a short nod. "I know of the place."

"Yeah, well I didn't until last night. I found a book of matches in his coat pocket right after he died. I got to thinking about it and decided to check the place out."

Justin interrupted him, "Is that where you ran into Alec?" Justin felt a weight settle in his stomach.

Max blushed and looked at his lap. "Yeah. It went really well between us until this morning. He told me last night that he'd seen Nick at the bar pretty regularly in the months leading up to the accident. Alec told me that Nick's preference for being submissive didn't lessen the love he felt for me, that it was purely a sexual need he had to have fulfilled."

Looking up from his hands, Max looked Justin in the eyes. "It seems two subs can't really be fulfilled with one another." Max gestured to the journal. "That's basically what's in there, only Nick was thoughtful enough to go into great detail about his lovers' and experiences at the bar."

Justin ran his hands through his hair. God, he really didn't want to hear any of this, but he could tell Max needed to talk to someone.

"This changes things for me," Max whispered.

"Because you're angry with Nick?"

"No, because I know even if he'd lived, we wouldn't still be together. The really weird part is that I suddenly feel free." He looked back over to Justin. "Does that make sense?"

"Sure." Justin squirmed a little on the couch. "So back to what you said earlier, you know, about you both being submissive." He rubbed the back of his neck feeling very uncomfortable with the topic. "Is that why you're attracted to Alec? Because, I gotta say, I don't think he's the right one for you."

"I was attracted to him long before I knew he was dominant, or maybe that's why I was attracted to him. Who knows? I doubt after the little tantrum I threw this morning he'll have anything to do with me again anyway."

"Good, because I think he's a little too much for you right now."

"So, did Dad send you by to check up on me?"

"No, he did tell me that Alec told you to get involved in some kind of physical activity and that gave me a great idea. I thought maybe I'd come over and trick you into helping me out with something."

"What's that?"

"Well, Coach Williams came to see me today. He wanted to know what I thought about hiring Julian Malono as a weight and conditioning coach, but I only know him as a player. I thought maybe I could talk you into working out with him for a week or so, tell me if he's up to the job."

"Let me think about it for the rest of the day. I'll let you know tomorrow morning."



Side-Lined  
*by Carol Lynne*

Justin stood to leave. "Fair enough." He looked around the living room. "You want some help going through the rest of this stuff?"

"No, but thanks. I need to do it by myself. I'll probably end up storing a box or two at your house though."

"Just bring over whatever you need to." He opened the door. "Call me as soon as you figure out if you're up to a workout."

"Will do."

## Chapter Five

Julian was already in the weight room by the time Max showed up the next morning. He dropped his duffle next to the door and started stretching. Man, he felt tight. He'd been up most of the night going through Nick's stuff and worrying about Alec. He was surprised Alec hadn't even tried to call him.

As he sat on the floor for some more stretching exercises, Max realised it felt good to be doing something again. He'd brought his clothes with him so he could go straight to Dr. Phillips' office when he was finished, and began to wonder whether he should speak with Alec too.

He liked that big stubborn Greek too much to let one fight get in the way of a potential relationship. After he felt stretched, Max made his way over to watch Julian finish his leg presses.

Max watched the muscles in Julian's leg tighten and bulge. Too bad there wasn't chemistry between them, because Julian was hot, with his rippling muscles and startling blue eyes. His trademark black curls had been shorn almost bald for some reason Max didn't know. It sure made him look older though, which was probably why he did it.

Julian caught him watching and smiled. "Hey," he said as he stopped and picked up a towel to wipe down his face and head. "Thought maybe you'd changed your mind."

"No, just a late night and Justin said you'd probably be here all day so I didn't see the need to rush. I have to go to work in a couple of hours though."

Gesturing to Max's sweat pants, Julian threw down the towel. "You have some shorts you want to change into?"

The last thing he'd do was let Julian see his leg. "No, I'm good with these on."

Julian looked at him for a couple of seconds before nodding. "Well let's get started then."

\* \* \* \*

By the time Max knocked on Alec's office door he was pooped. It had been a year and a half since he'd done any exercise to speak of and Julian said to meet him at the weight room again the next day. Max doubted that he'd even be able to walk to the gym by then.

He waited for Alec to answer the door with a sinking feeling in his stomach. After he'd worked through some of his issues with Nick the previous night, he'd had time to reflect on his time with Alec and he knew he wanted more.

The door swung open and Alec appeared with his cell phone to his ear. He put his finger over his lips to silence him. Alec walked back to his desk and sat down, gesturing first to the chair across the desk and then to his lap. With a shrug of his shoulders, he started talking in Greek to the other person on the phone.

Standing beside the desk, Max knew the choice was up to him. Could Alec really have forgiven him that fast? Instead of over-analyzing the situation, Max decided to do what his gut

told him. Within seconds he was standing between Alec's spread thighs looking at his lap.

Opening his free arm, Alec smiled at him. Feeling a little better, Max sat tentatively on Alec's lap as he continued his conversation. He adjusted Max's position until his ass was on one thigh and his legs draped across the other.

\* \* \* \*

Winding up his phone call, Alec ran his hand down Max's back. Damn he was glad to see him. He'd had a hell of a time the previous day trying to restrain himself from calling Max. Now, with Max in his arms once more, Alec never wanted to let him go.

After ending his call, Alec looked at Max. "Sorry about that. It was my mom and she's not a woman to be rushed." He turned Max's face up with a hand under his chin. "How are you?"

Blushing, Max squirmed in his lap for a moment before answering. "Feeling like a complete asshole. I'm sorry about yesterday. I just needed to work a few things out. I know that's not a very good reason but I wanted to apologise for my behaviour."

"And?"

"And, I went to the weight room this morning to work out. Justin set me up with Julian, who I think will be the new conditioning coach." Max rubbed his thighs. "I'm sore as hell and so tired I could fall asleep right here."

Stroking Max's hair, Alec's kissed him. "It's lunchtime. Why don't you go in and stretch out on Logan's couch and I'll run

out and get us a couple deli sandwiches. You can get to work later."

"That's it? You're not going to yell at me?"

"As a rule, I don't yell. I'm not saying that you won't get your pretty ass spanked later, but you look too tired for it right now. We still need to talk though, what happened yesterday can't happen again."

Max nodded and curled up further in his lap. He wrapped his arms around Max and stood. The adjoining door to Logan's office was already open, so he carried Max in and set him on the red leather couch. "Stretch out."

Max immediately did as he was told and Alec smiled to himself. He knelt down and removed Max's shoes, before placing a kiss to his soft pliant lips. "You try to catch a nap and I'll go hunt us up some lunch."

"Thank you, Babas." He smiled at Alec.

With his heart full to near bursting, he quietly shut the office door.

\* \* \* \*

With the last of his grades logged in, Alec shut down the computer and stretched. Despite that morning, it had been a good day. He'd let Max nap for almost an hour and a half before waking him to eat lunch. After lunch they'd kissed and petted before they both got back to work. Looking at his watch, Alec saw that it was almost six, time to take his little man home. "It's time to quit for the day."

Several moments later, Max stuck his head out the office door. "Let me get my stuff and I'll be right with you."

Alec nodded and waited beside the door. He couldn't help but notice the slow, deliberate way, Max walked toward him after retrieved his duffle bag. Oh, his little man looked stiff and sore. He'd have to do something about that later. "Let's go."

They exited the building and made their way to his SUV. Unlocking the door, Alec practically lifted Max into the passenger seat. Settling himself behind the wheel, he reached over and stroked Max's cheek. "What do you feel like for dinner?"

"Anything I can eat in a hot bathtub." He pressed Alec's hand harder against his face. "I just want to be held."

Alec looked at him for a few seconds. "What about your punishment? Don't think just because you're tired and sore you're going to get away with speaking to me that way. I haven't even talked to you about how much you worried me by walking out of the house like that. How'd you get home anyway?"

"Dad, and I know my punishment's coming, although I think working out this morning was punishment enough. Julian is a regular slave driver."

"I'll give your punishment some thought. How about we drive by the Chinese place and get some dinner to go?"

"Sounds good." Max turned to look out the passenger window as Alec pulled out of the parking lot. Alec barely heard him mumble. "I've never been spanked before. Does it hurt?"

"Well it sure did when I was a kid but I haven't been spanked since leaving home." He grinned over at Max. "I

have a strong feeling you're going to like getting your ass reddened as much as I like administering the punishment. To watch as my hand comes down to slap against your sweet bare ass. Damn, that's going to be pretty."

Glancing over, Alec couldn't help but notice the growing bulge behind the fly of Max's jeans. He reached over and ran his hand across the hard length. "Something tells me you aren't completely against the idea." He gave Max's cock a slight squeeze before putting his hand back on the wheel.

"I would have never admitted it before, but yeah, I guess the idea excites me."

"Good. That's one of my worries put at ease," Alec said as he pulled in front of the local Chinese place.

"What are the others?"

Turning off the engine, Alec looked at Max. "We'll have to talk about them after we get home, and that's the first one for you to figure out while I get our dinner." He smiled as he got out of the SUV.

\* \* \* \*

Max watched as Alec went inside the Chinese restaurant. "What the hell did he mean by that?" He thought about what Alec had said. "We'll talk when we get home?" Max whispered in the empty vehicle. "What will we talk about when we get home?" It suddenly dawned on him. "Oh, home."

Puzzled, Max rubbed at his face. Was he saying that he wanted him to move in, seriously, after only one night together? That was a little out there. Still, he was surprised that he wasn't more upset by the idea. He'd lived alone for

the past two years. He was damn tired of eating by himself every night. He used to love living with Nick, though they never curled together, like his dad and Justin, to watch TV.

What would it be like living with Alec? He had a feeling Justin would be pissed but he didn't want to think about him just then. He could picture Alec either stretched out on the couch behind him, or Alec sitting in the big chair with him on his lap.

Thoughts of Alec brought his cock to life again. "Spanked," he giggled. Who would have ever thought that a college running back would enjoy being spanked by his dominant lover? He gave Alec a huge grin as he opened the door.

Handing the bags of food to him, Alec narrowed his eyes. "What are you up to?"

"Just thinking," he said peering into the bags.

"About?" Alec prompted as he pulled away from the curb.

"Spankings," he whispered, looking down at the food.

Alec reached over and under the bags on his lap. He ran his palm over his erection and sighed. "Hold that thought."

As soon as they stepped into the house, Alec took the bags from him. "You go draw us a bath and get in. I'll be there in a minute."

With lead feet, Max walked to the master bathroom. He sat on the side of the cobalt blue garden tub as he turned on the water. When it was flowing nice and hot, he bent over and took off his shoes and socks. Slowly standing, he walked to the bedroom and finished undressing.

By the time Alec stepped through the bathroom door, Max felt like a warm puddle of goo.



Pressing a kiss to the top of his head, Alec held out a take-out carton of General's chicken. "Here, sit up and eat."

He willed himself the strength to reach out and take the carton. "I'm so damn sleepy," he said, as his hand wrapped around the white box.

Alec slipped behind him in the tub, holding his own little carton. "You've been through a lot in the last couple of days. Just lean against me and I'll take care of you, baby."

Settling against Alec's broad chest, Max admitted to himself that he felt well taken care of. Using chopsticks, Alec held some beef and broccoli against his lips. "Open for me."

After the first bite of food, Max's stomach rumbled. "I guess I was hungrier than I thought."

"Well the water is still hot so it feels like I have plenty of time to feed you." Alec continued to feed them both until both cartons were empty. "Did you get enough? I have a couple more out in the kitchen."

"I'm good for now," he mumbled, getting sleepy again.

Alec set the empty cartons down beside the tub and stood. Climbing out, he reached for a fluffy white towel and quickly dried himself. Next, he held another towel out. "Come on."

Getting up, he managed to make it over the side of the tub before having the towel wrapped around him. "Let's get you dried off and into bed," Alec said as he ran the towel over Max's body.

After he was sufficiently dried, he was picked up in Alec's arms and carried to the bed, which Alec had already turned down. Setting him in the centre, Alec leaned over and gave

him a kiss. "You sleep. I've got a few things to do and then I'll join you."

The next thing he knew, a warm body wrapped itself around him. Max rubbed his face against Alec's chest. "What time is it?" he mumbled sleepily.

Placing a kiss to the top of his head, Alec ran his hand down Max's naked back. "A little after eleven."

"What've you been doing while I slept all alone in this big bed?" Max began to lick at Alec's already pebbled nipples.

"Trying to come up with some rules and a schedule for you. There are a couple of things about your daily life I don't know yet, so there are some holes. For example, I don't know how often you normally see your dad or how often you want to work out with this Julian fellow. Speaking of which, I need you to tell me about him."

"Why do I need a set schedule?" He said, scooting up to eye level with Alec.

"Because I need to know where you are at all times and because I believe you need more structure in your life. It'll help you feel grounded. Most subs like having decisions made for them, it makes them feel safe."

"Oh. Well, I have dinner with my dads on Thursday evening and sometimes I go with them back to Evergreen for the weekend, my family home is still there. I don't know how long I'll be working out with Julian, but it sounds like it will be most every morning for the next couple of weeks at least. I'm doing a favour for Justin. Seems Coach Williams wants to hire Julian as one of the conditioning coaches for the Athletic

Department. Justin asked me to see what kind of job Julian would do," Max shrugged.

"I don't know much about this Julian guy, what's he like?"

"He's nice enough. He was the quarterback when I came in as a freshman. He just finished his master's degree in sports medicine. I don't really know that much about him, other than he was a full-ride scholarship guy who mostly kept to himself."

"Very well then, you can continue working out with him. It'll be good for your body and your mind. After you get back into shape, I'll expect you to continue on your own or with me down in the basement." Alec finished his statement with a deep kiss.

"I can handle that, Babas," he grinned at Alec's wide smile.

"I'll expect you to move in and have my dinner on the table every night at six, unless I tell you we'll be going out." Alec placed his hands on either side of his head and looked into his eyes. "There are no direct bus routes here from the campus, which means we'll have to get you a car."

That's when he finally put up a fight. "No, I don't drive anymore. I'll just have to take the bus as far as it will take me, and then walk."

"You will drive, little man. I won't have you walking just because you're afraid. From what I know of the accident, it wasn't your fault. You need to get over this fear and the only way is to jump right in. I'll allow you to start off slow. You can drive to and from the campus but eventually I'll expect you to drive to do all your errands and shopping." Alec looked at him for a long time, waiting for him to agree.

"I'll think about it. You don't need to get me a car, though. If I decide to drive again, my dad will get me one."

"NO! I'll do it. If you want to be with me then you'll need to get used to depending on me for everything. I'm the head of this house. I'll provide for you, and that includes a car."

"What'll I tell Dad when he wants to know where I got the money for a car?" Max buried his head in Alec's neck and started kissing and licking.

Tilting his head back to give him room to play, Alec grunted. "Tell him the truth. He may be your dad but you have a Babas now that will take care of your needs."

He reached down and encircled Alec's cock in his hand. "All my needs?" he asked breathlessly.

Flipping over on top of him, Alec ground against him. "All your needs," Alec said just before delving his tongue into Max's mouth.

## Chapter Six

Over the next week, Max and Alec settled into a comfortable routine. They made love in the morning before Max made them both breakfast. After cleaning the kitchen, he'd grab a quick shower and they'd head off for the day. Alec usually dropped him off at the weight room before going on to work. After he exercised for an hour, he'd shower again and go to work.

At lunchtime, they usually went out but had stayed in on a couple of occasions to make love in Doctor Phillips' office. Max usually left an hour earlier than Alec in the evening, so he could make it home in time to fix something for dinner. Their evenings were spent watching television or going over rules and making love.

Max reached over Alec to turn off the alarm. This was his favourite part of the day, and he never wasted a second of it. Snuggling against Alec, he let his hands roam his lover's body. Swirling his fingers through the small, unwaxed patch of black chest hair he leaned over and attached himself to one beaded nipple.

"Mmm," Alec moaned and placed his hand on the back of Max's head. "Feels good."

Max continued to suckle as Alec spread his thighs. Max smiled knowing it was Alec's way of telling him to suckle further down. Pulling off the dark brown nipple, Max moved his way down Alec's corrugated muscles to the tiny thatch of hair between his legs. He nuzzled his face against it, smelling

their passion from the night before. He loved the way Alec smelled, all man and sex.

When he felt Alec grip his head, he knew he'd done enough teasing. Swiping his tongue across the head, he moaned at the flavour of Alec's pre-cum. Opening his lips, he took the crown of Alec's erection as deep as he could before backing off enough to swirl his tongue against the sensitive underside.

"Open wide for me, little man. I'm going to fuck your pretty mouth this morning."

Taking a deep breath, he sealed his lips around the large cock as Alec slowly fucked his mouth. He used one hand to squeeze the base of Alec's shaft as his other cradled the heavy sac.

"Yes," Alec cried as he sped up. "Take it." Alec continued to pump in and out of his mouth until a hot stream of seed shot down his throat. He backed off enough to swallow every drop before licking his Babas clean.

Alec pulled him back up to eye level and took his mouth in a blistering kiss. "I need to come," he whispered against Alec's lips.

Running his hand down between them, Alec grasped his cock and began to stroke him as he whispered words of love. "You're mine. No one will ever again know the pleasure of your body. Do you understand me, baby?"

Max nodded as he came, growling Alec's name. "All yours, sir."

"It's time we moved you in here officially." Alec said as he reached beside the bed for a towel to wipe his hand.

He knew from experience that Alec liked the smell of his cum on him, so he threw the towel back onto the floor without cleaning Max. "I'll have to see what I can do about my lease."

"You can at least move your stuff, even if I have to pay for your apartment for a couple more months. I won't have you living away from me again. You belong with me now."

They kissed for several moments before Alec's black eyes were once again staring into his green ones. "We can go tomorrow to look for a car. I was thinking something used, but big enough for you to feel safe."

Max said nothing. He knew he wasn't ready to drive again, but he didn't want to upset his Babas. He chewed on his lip thinking about getting behind the wheel again. "And you just expect me to drive to and from campus, right?"

"That'll be good enough for now, until you're comfortable again." Alec ran a hand down his shoulder and arm. "You can do this. It's time to move on." Alec gave his ass a pretty good swat, smiling at the way his cock reacted to the sweet pain. "Time for you to get breakfast going."

"Yes, sir," he grinned as he climbed off the bed. He looked down at his erection, "So I'm going to be working out with this in my sweats?"

Alec reached out and grabbed his cock. "Just remember who this belongs to." Alec said it in such a way that sent shivers up his spine.

"I know who it belongs to, Babas." He turned and walked toward the kitchen. One of Alec's many rules was that Max

prepared breakfast in the nude, although he did allow him to don an apron to protect his bits and pieces.

Fixing the Spanish omelette Alec loved, he wondered how he was going to talk to his dad and Justin about all this. He'd told Justin he was a submissive lover but their relationship was progressing at lightning speed and he thought it was time to let them know he was in love.

He shook his head, in love? When had that happened? How had he let Alec burrow under his skin so fast? Another slap to his ass, brought him out of his musings.

"You'd better not be burning my breakfast, little man. Where's your head." Alec pressed himself against his back, slipping one hand under the apron to stroke his cock.

Leaning against Alec's strong body, he turned off the burner. "I was thinking about you, about how much I care for you given the short time we've been together. I was also thinking it's time to talk to Dad and Justin." He slid the omelette out of the pan and onto a plate.

Alec reached past him to delve his fingers into the tub of butter on the counter. He felt the slicked fingers running over the pucker of his ass as he braced himself against the stove. He spread his legs and pushed against the invading fingers. "Oh yeah."

He heard the unmistakable rasp of a zipper moments before Alec pressed the head of his erection against his hole. "You love me, baby?" Alec rasped in his ear as he entered him.

"Yes!" He cried as Alec pushed in to the hilt. "I love you, Babas. I'm your little man, always."



Alec guided him away from the stove and over to the kitchen table, pushing him down onto the smooth oak top. Alec continued to hammer in and out of him with one hand to the back of his neck, while the other gripped his hip.

"Need to touch myself, sir."

"Go ahead, little man. Come for Babas."

As soon as Max took hold of his cock, he saw stars as his orgasm ripped through his body. "Oh fuck!"

His knees started to buckle and Alec released the hold he had on his neck. Alec wrapped his strong arm under and around his stomach as he buried himself to the hilt. "Yes ... oh, Christ, you feel good."

Alec lay over the top of him, as his body continued to vibrate with the release of his seed. "I love you." Alec said as he regained his breath.

\* \* \* \*

Alec dropped him off at the athletic building with a possessive kiss. "See you in a little while."

He kissed him back and opened the door. "Love you."

"Love you too."

He walked into the room to find Julian sitting on the weight bench staring into space. Max noticed the way Julian's hands were clenched tightly into fists on his thighs. As he neared, he was a little surprised Julian didn't acknowledge him. When he sat next to him on the bench, Julian still didn't seem aware he was there. He reached out and snapped his fingers in front of Julian's face. "Earth to Julian, come in Julian?"

Blinking his eyes several times, Julian glanced over at him. "Hey," he said as he stood and walked toward the leg press machine. "I thought we'd start you on this today."

"Is everything okay?" he asked as he walked toward the machine.

"Yeah," Julian said as he gave his head a slight shake. "Sorry about that, I was just thinking."

He could tell Julian still wasn't in his right mind. He put a hand on Julian's shoulder. "Want to talk about it? I've been told I'm a pretty good listener."

"Naw, that's okay. Just got a call from my mom is all. My folks are coming up in a couple weeks."

"That's good. Isn't it?" Max took a seat at the leg press as Julian set the weight.

"No, it's not." Julian shook his head again and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Okay, the weight is set a little light, but you should build up slowly."

He started the leg presses, feeling the burn already in his bad leg. He could tell Julian was really bothered, he hated to keep harping at him, but as far as he knew, Julian didn't have any friends to speak of. "You should count yourself lucky you only have one dad to put up with, I've got two, both of which live in the same town, where I'm trying to have a personal life."

Kicking the weight rack with the bottom of his foot, Julian exploded. "Fuck! I don't want the one I've got. As far as I'm concerned he's dead. I wish he'd just stay the fuck away from me. I told him at Easter that I never wanted to lay eyes on him again!"

He didn't know what had happened between Julian and his dad, but at the sight of tears pooling in Julian's eyes, he stood and went to him. Wrapping his arms around Julian, he spoke in a soft voice. "Its okay, come on man, if you don't want them here, we won't let them find you, yeah? You're not a kid anymore, you can tell them to go away and stay away if you want."

He felt Julian's shoulders begin to shake as the tears finally came. Julian held on tight to Max and buried his face in his neck.

He was trying to calm him down, asking Julian to take deep breaths when he heard the squeak of the door. Max looked up to see Alec standing there with his gym bag in his hand. Evidently he'd left it in the SUV.

Before he could say a word, Alec stormed toward them and pulled a limp Julian out of his arms. "What the fuck is going on? Is this what you two do every morning?" He pulled his arm back to punch Julian and stopped. Alec looked over at him. "What's wrong with him?"

By now, he was feeling plenty pissed at the big Greek Neanderthal. "I was trying to comfort him." He shook his head angrily. "Just get out of here and I'll deal with you later."

He guided Julian back over to the weight bench and sat him down. Turning back to Alec he put his hands on his hips. "Don't you have a puppy to go kick?" When Alec fisted his hands at his side and started walking toward him, he held up his hand. "I'll be at the office as soon as I can, just let me deal with this."

Alec stopped and took a couple of deep breaths before nodding and turning on his heels to leave.

He watched the stiff set of Alec's shoulders as he walked toward the door. He knew what it had looked like with him holding Julian. He couldn't really blame Alec for getting the wrong impression, hell, he probably would've come to the same conclusion.

"Babas?"

Alec stopped and turned around.

"I love you," Max said before sitting down next to Julian again.

\* \* \* \*

Alec paced his office waiting for Max. Damn, would he continually screw this up? When he'd walked into that room and saw that good looking kid in Max's arms he'd seen red. The thing that scared him was the thought of what he'd have done to the guy if he hadn't seen the tears. He was ready to kill the sonofabitch.

Now he was left with a sick feeling in his gut, worried Max would wash his hands of him. Walking into Logan's office, he looked over the piles of papers. Max had been busy in here. When he heard his office door open and close, he took a deep breath and went to talk to Max.

Stepping through to his office, he was immediately thrown into the grass green eyes that held his heart. "I'm sorry," he whispered. He wasn't used to apologising but he knew he'd fucked up this time.

"Don't you trust me?" Max said as he sat on the edge of Alec's desk.

"Yes I trust you but it wasn't about that. I walked into the room and all I saw were your arms wrapped around a gorgeous hunk. My brain shorted out and all I could think of was killing him."

"He was really upset when I went into the room. Julian is usually so calm." Max ran his hands through his hair. "I've never seen him like that before, so I tried to get him to talk to me. When he opened up a little and told me some of his problem, I just naturally put my arms around him. I was only comforting him. There's absolutely no spark of attraction between us."

Sitting in his big office chair, he patted his lap. "Come to Babas, little man."

Max pushed off the desk and straddled Alec's lap. "I love you, but you have to trust me."

He pulled Max against his chest. "I've never been in love before, but I have been cheated on in the past, forgive me."

"Hello? Do you think what Nick did to me didn't leave scars? Trust is a huge thing to me, but it works both ways. I never cheated on Nick and I'll never cheat on you. Just do me a favour. If there ever comes a time when I'm not enough for you, tell me."

"You'll always be enough for me, little man." He adjusted Max on his lap. "Does this mean you forgive me?"

Max began kissing his neck. "You owe me."

"What would you like, anything, just name it." He squeezed Max's tight ass.

"Take the day off with me. Let's just go home and watch TV and cuddle on the couch. Later you can take me to dinner and then dancing." Max smiled as he slid his ass back and forth across his cock.

Alec looked around his office. "I think I can do that. I'm ready for my classes to begin next week. I was working mostly so I could be with you anyway." He smacked Max's ass. "I think you need a little discipline before the TV watching starts though. You know you aren't allowed to curse. I think that deserves at least a good paddling to this pretty ass of yours."

Groaning, Max nodded his head. "Yes. Take me home and redden my ass, Babas."

\* \* \* \*

As soon as they stepped through the front door, he couldn't contain himself any longer. "Where do you want to administer my punishment for swearing, sir?"

"Go to the bedroom and strip off your clothes. Bring the salve from the medicine chest and the lube from the drawer and I'll be waiting on the couch." Although Alec gave his commands in a stern voice, he could see the sparkle in his dark brown eyes.

He practically bounced into the bedroom and quickly stripped. The more he thought of the way Alec apologised, the less angry he became. He doubted that Alec ever said he was sorry, it had to have been hard for him. Knowing he might have reacted the same way, he couldn't stay mad at him. Alec loved him and he was jealous.

While he was in the bathroom, he brushed his teeth and found the salve. Walking back into the living room, salve and lube in hand, he was surprised to see that Alec still had his clothes on. He was sitting on the couch with his arms spread over the back.

"Here's everything you asked for, sir," he said as he set the items on the coffee table.

"Come over and lay across my lap," Alec grunted as he took off his watch.

Swallowing a sudden lump in his throat, he did as he was told. Alec ran his hand over his ass a couple of times. "You know I don't like it when you curse, especially at me." *Thwack*, Alec's hand came down on his butt.

The slap stung, Alec was not being at all gentle, but the next one sent a bolt of lightning to his cock. He moaned as yet another blistering blow fell onto his sensitive ass. "Oh, God."

"Don't you dare come. I'll tell you when I want you to shoot." *Thwack*.

"Please, Babas," he begged. He could tell he was dripping pre-cum onto Alec's pants.

"Stay where you are. I've given you five good slaps and I think that's punishment enough for today. Hand me that salve and I'll rub some on this fire-engine red ass."

Alec dipped his finger in and smeared a small dab onto his burning butt. "I'm not going to use as much as I normally would because I want it to continue to sting for a while, maybe it will help you to remember the rules."

"Yes, sir," he said, as Alec continued to rub his butt. When Alec pressed a finger against his rosette, he couldn't help the moan that escaped him.

Chuckling, Alec gave him one more swat. "Up, your punishment is over and I want to hold you, but first I need to undress." Alec waited for him to move off his lap. "Bring me a warm washcloth to clean my hand."

Disappearing into the bathroom, he wasn't surprised to find a naked Alec lounging on the couch upon his return. He knelt beside the couch and cleaned Alec's large, bronzed hands.

"What shall we watch, little man?" Alec said picking up the remote.

"Anything that'll make you happy, sir." Alec turned it to a golf tournament as he got himself comfortable on the couch. He turned his body toward Alec's and snuggled into his chest.

"Aren't you going to at least pretend to watch this?"

"No, sir. I'd much rather fall asleep with your taste in my mouth." He latched onto Alec's nipple.

Alec buried one hand in his hair as he continued to watch the golf game. "This is nice. Thank you for suggesting it."

He felt Alec's cock beginning to fill against his stomach, just before he pressed a leg between Max's thighs. Grinding against Alec's thigh, his erection from earlier came back in full force.

Without breaking his hold on Alec's nipple, he reached down and wrapped his fingers around Alec's stiff cock. When he heard Alec's breathing becoming erratic, he bit down on



the sensitive, blood filled nipple. Howling his pleasure, Alec filled his hand with white pearly streams of cum.

Lifting his hand to his mouth, Max licked himself clean. The overwhelming salty/sweet taste of seed combined with the friction of Alec's thigh against his cock, had him shooting between them.

Afterward, the two of them clung to each other in a dance of tongues and hands. He finally reached behind him on the floor and picked up the washcloth he had cleaned Alec with earlier. Using the clean side he washed the seed off their stomachs. He grinned as he saw the dark hickey he'd put around Alec's nipple. "I've marked you, now others will know you're taken."

Tilting his chin up, Alec kissed him. "I don't need a bruise on my chest to know that I'm taken. You hold my heart in your hands."

Blushing, he threw the cloth on the floor. "I hope you always feel that way, Babas," he whispered as he snuggled against Alec's chest.

\* \* \* \*

Several days later, after his workout, Max stopped by Justin's office. The door was open, so he stuck his head inside. "You got a minute?"

Smiling, Justin put down his pen. "I always have a minute for you, come in."

He took a seat in front of Justin's desk. "I wanted to know if it'd be okay to bring Alec over for our weekly dinner."

"So, you're still seeing him," Justin sighed and ran his hands through his hair.

Feeling protective, he sat up straighter. "More than just seeing him, I've moved in with him and I love him."

"You can't love him already. It's only been a little over a week since you started seeing him."

"How long did it take for you to fall in love with Dad?"

Justin blushed, and looked down at the papers on his desk. "Your dad and I don't have the same type of relationship that I think you and Alec have."

"Really? Because from where I'm sitting, they seem pretty similar."

"I'm no Dom, and your dad is definitely no submissive."

"See, that's what I thought you'd say. Let me ask you something. Who takes control of most situations at home?"

Rubbing his jaw, Justin looked perplexed. "Well, I do, but that's because your dad makes enough heavy decisions with his job during the day. He likes a break from it when he's home."

"Uh huh, and do you think it makes Dad feel good when you take care of him by making these decisions?"

"Of course, that's one of the reasons I do it. Look, if you're trying to trick me into saying that we lead a D/s lifestyle, it's not going to happen."

Standing, he wiped his hands on his jeans. "What I'm trying to make you understand, is that label or not, most relationships have a dominant partner, two strong-willed Alpha's don't usually make a very good pairing. I'm saying that I like the way I feel when Alec makes decisions. I feel

protected and cherished. The bedroom stuff is between us, but the normal everyday living is just that, normal. We aren't freaks. We're just more honest about the dynamics of our relationship."

He turned to leave. "Think about it. Call me and let me know if you decide we're both welcome in your house."

\* \* \* \*

Justin watched Max leave and shook his head. Him dominant? Reaching over, he picked up the phone and dialled Luc's office.

"Luc Henley."

"Hey, baby."

"I was just thinking about you. Did you call because you were thinking about me, too?"

"I always think about you, but that's not the reason for my call. I just had a visit from Max."

"Uh oh, from the tone of your voice, I'd say it wasn't an altogether pleasant visit."

Putting his feet up on his desk, Justin rubbed the back of his neck. "Let me ask you something. Do I tend to take charge at home?"

"Yeah, but I like it. Why are you asking?"

"It's nothing, just something Max said. Listen, he wants to bring Alec over for dinner. What are your thoughts on that?"

"It's fine with me, but I guess you have a different opinion."

"Yeah, I guess I do. Maybe it's just the thought of Max having sex with Alec that makes me uncomfortable."

"He had sex with Nick and that didn't seem to bother you."

"Yeah, but Nick was a kid like Max."

"Love, Max is no longer a kid. He's almost twenty-three. If you aren't ready to have dinner with them, that's fine. I'll just meet them at a restaurant or something."

"You won't be mad?"

"No, not at all, now Max ... that might be another story, but you have to do what you feel is right."

"Thanks."

"I'll see you sometime later."

"Okay, love you."

"Love you."

Justin hung up the phone and sat back in his chair. He'd never thought of himself as dominant, but from the sound of it, maybe he was. Deciding to forget about his troubles for a while he left his office. Maybe lifting some weights would put him in a better mood.

## Chapter Seven

The restaurant was fairly crowded as he and Alec waited for his dad. He still couldn't believe Justin wouldn't come. He made an involuntary sigh just thinking about his dad of more than four years.

Alec's hand landed on the back of his neck. He turned to look at Alec. "It'll be okay, Justin will come around."

"I don't know. He's as stubborn as you are." The affronted look on Alec's face made him smile. "But I love you, stubborn or not." He leaned in and kissed the tip of Alec's nose. He heard a throat clear and looked up. "Hi, Dad."

He held his cheek up for the customary kiss, before motioning toward Alec. "Alec, this is my dad, Luc. Dad this is Alec."

The two men shook hands before his dad took a seat across from them. He could tell he felt a little uncomfortable by the way he was looking at the menu. This had been their favourite restaurant since moving here and his dad got the same thing every time.

Closing the menu, Luc looked at him. "I'm sorry..."

He held his hand up, "There's nothing for you to be sorry for. I just hope that Justin will eventually come around. I'm not giving Alec up just because he doesn't approve."

Shaking his head, Luc took a drink of his water. "It's not that he doesn't approve exactly, he's just worried." His dad looked at Alec. "He thinks you're too old and domineering for Max." When Alec started to object it was his dad's hand that

went up. "Feeling protective for a child is new to him, and we both think Max isn't just any child. He's already been through a lot of heartache. Justin is afraid he'll get hurt again."

"I've no intention of hurting Max." Alec rubbed his back as he spoke. "I love your son. You're right, I am older, but that gives me the wisdom to know what I want, and I want him."

His dad looked at the two of them for several long moments. "Okay then, I won't bring it up again, as long as Max doesn't get hurt. Justin? Now he's a whole different person. I'm not sure when he'll come around, but he will. He loves Max too much to continue to hurt him like this."

After that, they settled into a nice dinner. Luc ordered his usual and it felt like old times to Max. He was glad Alec was with him, silently giving him constant support with a hand on his thigh.

An hour later, they stood on the sidewalk outside the restaurant, while Alec paid the bill. Giving his dad a hug, Max whispered in his ear. "Thank you. I really am in love with him. You of all people should know what that feels like." He broke their embrace and smiled.

Mussing his hair, his dad smiled back. "Yeah, I can see it in your eyes whenever you talk to him. I'm satisfied."

"Thanks," he shuffled his feet a little. "You want to come over to the house next time? Alec grills a fantastic steak and I've learned how to make a pretty decent Greek salad."

"Sounds good," his dad looked over his shoulder and stuck out his hand. "Nice to finally meet you."

"And you, you've raised a fine son, I'll cherish him until the day I die."

Max felt his eyes burn and his throat begin to close at the tender words from Alec. Taking his hand, Alec led them to his SUV.

Putting on his seat belt, he glanced at Alec. "Thank you, for saying that stuff to my dad. It was nice."

Pulling him forward by the back of the neck, Alec kissed him. "It was all true, little man, every word."

\* \* \* \*

The following week, they were both working when the phone rang. Alec picked it up on the third ring. "Professor Demakis."

"Put Max on the phone," Justin growled.

Alec shook his head and took a deep breath. Justin continued to act like he didn't exist in Max's life. "When you can call back with a respectful tone, I'll see if Max would like to speak with you." Alec hung up the phone and sat in his chair.

Max came from Logan's office, wiping the sixty-year old dust from his hands. "Who was on the phone?"

"Justin. I hung up on him. I won't tolerate the rude way he speaks to me. I informed him that he could call back when he adopted a friendly tone." Alec waited for Max to yell. His little man surprised him though by smiling.

"Yeah, I get that." Max walked over and crawled into his lap. "Sorry he's being such a jerk. If it helps any, I did the same thing the other day. He started to tell me that I needed to be my own man and not let you push me around." Max

shrugged his shoulders. "So, I hung up. That's probably why he's calling again today."

"I don't care why he's calling, but he needs to at least be respectful. I don't expect friendship but human decency would be nice."

Sliding his hand down Max's torso, he started unfastening his jeans. "Have you done enough work that you can take a break?"

Max rimmed Alec's lips with his tongue. "Yep," he said just before thrusting his tongue into his mouth.

Moaning, he managed to get Max's cock out and into his fist when the door to his office burst open.

"What the fuck is going on in here?"

They both looked toward the door. Justin stood shaking with apparent rage. Max turned beet red and crawled out of his lap. Alec stood and faced Justin. "I believe that's none of your business as this is my office. And because it's my office, I'm going to ask you to please leave." Max started toward Justin, but he stopped him with a hand to his arm. "Why don't you go get your stuff out of Logan's office."

Max looked from him to Justin. He obviously knew this wasn't his fight. It had been steadily building to this show-down and one way or another, he and Justin would end this, now.

After Max disappeared into Logan's office he turned back to Justin. "Do you have any idea what you're doing to him?"

Justin's jaw dropped. "Wh-what I'm doing? I'm not the one who tells him when to brush his teeth and wipe his ass."



"That's none of your business. Max is a grown man and how he chooses to live his life is none of your concern. We're not hurting anyone, so why can't you just accept that I'm not going away."

"Because he deserves better than living a life being led around on a leash. Because one day, your little games are going to go too far and he's going to end up in the hospital." Justin stalked toward him. "Because I love him and I won't allow you to use him like a piece of shit on the bottom of your shoe!"

That's all Justin got out before Alec landed a blow straight to his nose. Justin's head fell back. When he righted himself, he swung back, clipping Alec on the jaw. After that, it was more of a street fight than anything else. Both men going for blood, crazed with anger.

After wrestling on the floor and knocking over a lamp and bookshelf, the two men were worn out. Alec slumped against the side of his desk and wiped his bloody lip. "I don't know where you get your ideas from, but I would never hurt Max. Not that it's any of your business but the farthest we've ever gone and are likely to go is a spanking. There are no whips or floggers in my home. I love that man more than my next breath. I take care of him every bit as much as he takes care of me. I don't expect you to understand the dynamics between the two of us, but it works, and it works well. If this goes on we'll both end up losing him, and I for one will not just sit back and let that happen."

Standing, he walked through to Logan's office. "Come on, let's go ho...." He looked at the empty office. "Max?" Walking

back into his own, he looked at the open door to the hall. "Did you see him leave?"

Justin wiped his bloody nose and shook his head. "I imagine he needed to get away. He's never had the stomach for fighting."

Grabbing his keys off the desk, he ran out the door. "Lock up for me," he shouted to Justin as he ran down the stairs and out the front door. He didn't see Max in the quad, so he ran to his vehicle.

Starting the SUV, Alec didn't bother with his seat belt as he burned rubber getting out of the parking lot. Oh fuck, what had he done now. He drove like crazy toward his house, hoping he'd find Max waiting for him. He was frantically searching the sidewalks along the main road, when he spotted Max getting off a city bus.

Trying to pull to the side of the road, he didn't even notice the stoplight until it was too late. The last thing he remembered was seeing Max turn at the sound of the crash.

\* \* \* \*

Listening to Justin and Alec yell at each other was too much, but when they started hitting each other, he decided to get the hell out. He sidestepped the pair of overgrown boys rolling around on the floor, as he left. Catching the bus, he decided to head home. He knew he'd probably pay hell for leaving like he did, but he couldn't stand being in the middle any more, he loved them both too much.

Riding the bus, he pulled out his cell phone. When his dad didn't answer, he left a message and stuck the phone back in

his pocket. At his stop, he got off the bus and decided it would be easier on him if he called Alec to let him know where he was. He pulled his phone back out of his pocket and started to dial. That's when he heard it.

Turning around, he watched as Alec's black SUV was smashed into a light pole. More disturbing was the way the drivers side crumpled on impact. He was momentarily frozen in place. He wouldn't believe what his eyes were showing him. His world was silent seconds before the panic set in. "Alec!," he screamed as he made his way toward the wreckage. It felt like he was wading through molasses as he walked toward the wreckage. No, no, this couldn't be happening to him again. Not now, not when he'd finally met the man of his dreams.

Reaching the SUV, he pulled on the passenger door until it finally opened with a loud groan and climbed inside. Alec's head was against the window. A river of blood flowed from a head wound. One of the first things Max noticed was his lack of seat belt. "Damn, you." He scooted over in the seat as far as he could and tried to talk to him. There was absolutely no response from Alec. He crooned words of love as he felt himself slip farther and farther into the past. He remembered sitting with Nick as they waited for help to arrive, the blood slowly leaking out of his strong body. "No, I won't let you die, Alec!" He was vaguely aware of the commotion going on around him. He heard the unmistakable sound of his cell phone ringing, but he didn't know where he'd dropped it and he refused to leave Alec to answer it. The sobs coming from his own body didn't even sound human to his own ears.

He remembered someone tapping him on the shoulder, telling him they'd told the person on the phone where he was. He didn't care, not about anyone but Alec.

When hands gripped his shoulders and attempted to pull him away, he shrugged them off. "Go away, leave us alone."

"Max? Max, the paramedics need to help him. Come on, son. Let them do their job." The hands were back, only this time there was another set of them around his stomach.

He was forcibly pulled out of the SUV as he screamed. He was put onto a stretcher and strapped down while his dad and Justin looked on. He looked at Justin with so much hate, the man actually shied away. He felt something stick his arm, just before his world went black.

\* \* \* \*

"It's my fault," Justin said as he stood outside the emergency room door.

"It's not your fault, just like the accident that killed Nick wasn't Max's fault." Luc pulled Justin into his arms. "Don't do this, love. We're going to have enough to deal with. I need you to be strong for me." He led Justin over to the small loveseat in the corner of the waiting room.

Sitting him down, he rubbed his back. "We know that physically, Max is fine. It's just the shock of seeing Alec like that. He'll be fine, you'll see."

Justin pulled away and looked at him. "Did you see the way he clung to Alec? Like his entire world had fractured?" Justin shook his head. "He really does love him. Why couldn't I have just left it alone?"

"You and I both know why, now you'll just have to explain it to them." Luc leaned back in the loveseat, bringing Justin with him. "Just relax."

"If anything happens, he'll never forgive me. I'll have to leave, because I won't put you in the middle."

"Stop it! You're not going anywhere. Have you forgotten so quick what it did to our son to think he'd lost the man he loved? What do you think it would do to me?" Luc wiped the unexpected tears from his eyes. "I won't let either of you leave me. Got it?"

"Mr. Henley?"

He looked up to see an emergency room nurse looking down at them. Standing, he held onto Justin's hand. "I'm Luc Henley."

"We need your help. We tried to explain to your son what happened to his friend, that he'd been taken to surgery, and your son refuses to stay in bed. I'm afraid we had to strap him down again, and unless you can calm him, we'll be forced to give him another tranquilizer."

He looked back at Justin, and squeezed his hand. "You stay here, okay?"

"Yeah," Justin said, covering his face.

He followed Max's cries to the tiny cubicle. The sight of Max strapped to the bed broke his heart. Walking beside the bed, he embraced Max as much as he could. "It's all right. They're fixing him up so you can take him home. You need to calm down."

"Again, again, Dad, it's happening again." Max was glassy eyed as he looked at him.

"No. Nick didn't make it long enough to go to surgery. Alec is much stronger. They'll fix him up in no time." He squeezed his eyes shut, hoping like hell that what he was saying would come true. From the looks of it, he didn't know if his son would survive otherwise.

The sobs started again, as Max tried to free himself from his restraints. "I need to be with him. He's afraid of the dark. Did you know that?" Max said in a distant voice. "He's never admitted it, but he leaves the bathroom light on at night. I tried to turn it off once before going to bed, and he freaked." Max gave a funny little grin. "Alec said he needed to see if he had to get up at night, but I knew. I've never mentioned it. He's such a big strong man. He'd probably be embarrassed that I told you. Don't tell him I told you when you see him."

"Okay, I won't say a word." He continued to stroke Max's hair and face, until he fell asleep. Pressing the call button, he waited for one of the nurses.

"Yes, sir."

"How long do you suppose Alec Demakis will be in surgery?"

"Probably several hours at the very least, he had several broken ribs and a collapsed lung. I'm not sure what else they might find once they open him up."

Looking back down at Max, he squeezed his eyes shut. God he hated to do this. "I think it would be best if you could give Max another sedative. He'll do better if he's asleep, at least until Alec gets out of surgery and we can tell him something."

The nurse looked at him for a few seconds and then at Max. "I'll speak to one of the doctors."

"Thank you," he said, kissing Max's forehead.

\* \* \* \*

They were sitting in the surgery waiting room, when Alec's surgeon came in to speak to them. "Max Henley?"

He stood up and stuck out his hand. "No, sir. I'm Max's father. He's been admitted and is currently sedated."

"I wasn't aware anyone else was hurt in the wreck." The surgeon flipped through the folder in his hand.

"Max wasn't hurt. He saw it happen." He sighed, "Max lost his best friend and partner in a similar accident two years ago. And as I said he had to be sedated. He's not handling it very well."

"I'm sorry to hear that, but maybe some positive news will help. Max's name was listed in Mr. Demakis' wallet as his emergency contact." He seemed to think for a few seconds. "I guess since you're his father and he's incapacitated at the moment, it will be okay to discuss Mr. Demakis with you."

"Thank you." He grabbed Justin's hand and pulled him to his side. "So Alec is going to be okay?"

"Well, it's a little early to tell, but he pulled through the surgery surprisingly well." The surgeon went on to explain the procedures he'd performed on Alec. Internal injuries seemed to be the extent of his injuries besides a nasty concussion.

"So, barring any unforeseen complications, he should heal remarkably well," the surgeon finished explaining.

"Can Max see him yet?"

"He'll be in ICU tonight but he'll probably be strong enough to move to a private room tomorrow. It would be better if your son could wait until then."

He thanked the surgeon and then turned to Justin. "Come with me to Max's room to tell him Alec's going to be okay."

Justin shook his head. "You go. I'll wait here for you."

He shook his head. "You're still his dad. Don't you want to make sure he's okay?"

Tears pooled in Justin's eyes. "Did you see the way he looked at me? He hates me."

"He was out of his mind with grief. For fuck sake, cut the boy some slack." He put his hands on his hips and stared at Justin until he finally nodded. "Good, let's go."

They took the elevator to the third floor and quietly walked into Max's room. He was still asleep, but the nurse said she'd given him only a mild sedative. His arms were still being restrained, but they'd taken the straps off his ankles.

Pulling up a chair, he sat beside Max's bed and turned to Justin. "Bring that other chair over here and sit beside me, love."

Justin nodded, and carried the teal vinyl chair over. Sitting down, Justin took his hand as he took Max's. "I think we should just let him sleep as long as he can."

They settled into their chairs, still holding hands. He lifted Justin's hand and kissed his battered knuckles. "Worked him over pretty good, huh?"

Justin grinned for the first time and pointed to his nose and bruised jaw. "I think it ended in a tie. He's a strong one, that's for sure."



Petting Justin's hand, he looked into his eyes. "You know you need to tell Alec about Peter."

"Who's Peter?" Max said in a sleepy voice.

He sat up closer to the bed and ran his hand over Max's face. "Hey, you feeling better?"

"How's Alec?"

"His surgeon thinks he'll be fine. He broke three ribs, puncturing his lung, and they had to take out his spleen, but he's all fixed up now. He'll have a hell of a headache when he wakes up though. He got a nasty bump on the head when he was thrown from the vehicle."

"I want to see him," Max pleaded with his eyes. "I'm better now, I promise. I won't cause trouble. I just need to see him."

"Later. Right now he's getting the rest he needs in ICU, but they think he'll be moved in a couple of hours."

Max looked down at his wrists. "Can you take these off now?"

Luc chewed his lip and stood. "Let me go talk to the nurse." He bent down to kiss Max, and whispered in his ear. "Justin has been worried sick that you'll hate him for this."

\* \* \* \*

Max nodded once, and watched his dad leave the room. He looked over at Justin. Damn, he looked like hell, and not just because of the bruises. Justin looked like he'd lost his best friend. "Who's Peter?"

Justin's head snapped up to look at him. "An old friend. He died."

"Will you tell me how?" His nose began to itch, but when he tried to scratch it, the restraints stopped him. "Um ... first could you do me a favour and scratch my nose?"

Standing, Justin leaned over and did as he was asked. "I'm so sorry."

"I know. Things just got out of hand, but I'd expect no less from two Alpha's. I'll tell you I forgive you, if you tell me who Peter is." He flashed Justin a sleepy grin.

Sitting back down in his chair, Justin rubbed his hands together. "Peter was just a friend. He was one of my few gay friends. He started experimenting with different lifestyles. Evidently, he hooked up with a pretty tough Dom. I saw bruises on him a couple of times, but when I'd question him about it, he said it was all part of it. Peter told me he loved the high he got from submitting to the pain."

Justin stood up and walked to the window, with his face in the shadows, he continued. "I got a call one morning. It was a hospital, they'd found my name in Peter's wallet. According to reports, he'd been dropped off in front of the emergency entrance. He was dead by the time they got him loaded on a gurney and brought inside." Justin looked back toward him.

"He bled to death, at the hands of a knife wielding Dom. That's why I didn't want you to get mixed up in that lifestyle. Every time I thought of you submitting to Alec, I saw Peter's face. For the life of me I just couldn't get past it."

"Why didn't you tell me this before? I could have set your mind at ease about my relationship with Alec. Honestly, it's not like that between us."

"I think I realise that now. I'm just sorry it took something like this to make me see it. I've been a complete ass to you and Alec. When he's better, I plan to do a lot of ass kissing."

Chuckling, Max shook his head. "No one kisses Alec's ass but me." He laughed even harder at the face Justin made.

"Well, from the sounds of it, I'd say you two have made up." His dad came into the room and unfastened his wrists, rubbing them as he set them free.

He narrowed his eyes and looked at his dad. "You didn't need to ask the nurses about taking these off, did you?"

At least his dad had the decency to blush. "I just wanted to make sure you and Justin made up before they came off. I love you both too much to see you at odds. It's been a hell of a couple of weeks for me."

He took his dad's hand and reached for Justin. With both his dad's hands in his, he smiled. "I love you both and I never want to fight again." He looked at Justin. "As long as neither of you have any more trouble with me and Alec being together."

Justin squeezed his hand. "After what I witnessed today, you'll never hear a peep out of me again. I understand how much you love him, and I'm happy for you."

"Thanks," he said as he yawned. "I think I'm going to try and get some more sleep. It'll make tomorrow come that much faster." He let his eyes drift shut, thinking of Alec.

## Chapter Eight

The next morning, he was pacing around his room, waiting for his dad to get him released. He heard Justin come up behind him just before he felt a hand on his shoulder. Justin had gone home that morning to shower and change clothes, but his dad refused to leave him. Justin brought clean clothes back with him. He was currently wearing a pair of sweats and a T-shirt of his dad's.

"Just try to relax," Justin said attempting to soothe him. "I checked with the ICU this morning and Alec had a good night. They expect him to be moved to a private room at any time and I gave strict instructions that we were to be notified when that happened."

"Yeah, but why can't I just go up to ICU to see him. You know if it were Dad up there, nothing would keep you away."

Justin just looked at him for a long moment. "Stay here. I'll go see if I can get you in for a couple of minutes."

He sat on the edge of the bed as Justin left the room. Okay, he had to get things into perspective. Alec was fine, but he'd need a lot of TLC once they got him out of the hospital. It was good that he lived in a single-story house. At least he wouldn't have to fight the stairs.

He kept reminding himself that he wouldn't be able to hug Alec. The broken ribs would be sore for a long time probably. He made a mental note to check with the nurses to see if Alec needed to be on a certain diet. He could get his dad or Justin to drive him to the grocery store.

It suddenly occurred to him that he hadn't called Alec's family. "Oh shit."

"What's wrong," Justin said coming back into the room.

"I didn't call Alec's family. I don't even know their number. Oh, Christ, he'll never forgive me." He worried his hair until it was standing on end. Looking up at Justin he shook his head. "I'll have to ask him, I guess. Did the nurse say I could go up?"

"She said, as long as you remained calm you could see him, which means, you need to do some deep breathing. Alec won't be angry with you for not calling them, especially when he finds out you've been sedated. If he's angry at anyone it will be with me and Luc, for not calling." Justin helped him put on his shoes as he tried to straighten his hair with a comb.

"Okay," he said taking a deep breath. "Will you take me up there?"

"Sure," Justin said, as he walked to the door. "I'll stop off at the nurses' station and have them give Luc the message."

\* \* \* \*

He was pointed toward the small cubicle after being given a strong warning to keep his voice down and not get Alec overexcited. The nurse told him Alec still hadn't been awake for more than a couple minutes at a time. He felt his heart warm as the nurse told him about Alec calling for him in his sleep.

Turning to Justin, he motioned for him to stay put. "I'll try to get his parent's number as soon as I can get him awake. You'll call them for me, yeah?"

"Sure."

Nodding his head once, he took a deep breath and walked behind the curtain that hid Alec from passers-by. He stood at the foot of the bed and looked at his Babas. It was hard to tell how much of the bruising was caused by the accident and how much was the fight he'd had. He still looked damn good, though.

Pulling a chair up beside his bed, he sat down and ran his fingers down Alec's cheek. He saw a bandage that he assumed covered stitches, where his forehead had been split open by the impact with the window. He grinned when he ran his finger over the small split in his lip. Yep, that was definitely the tussle with Justin. Suddenly, he became worried. What if Alec blamed him for the accident?

As he was chewing his lip in worry, a hand brushed his. He looked back up at Alec to see two dark eyes smiling at him. "Hey," he sighed. "How are you feeling?"

Alec licked his lips, "Thirsty," he said.

"Right, okay, well then I'll go ask the nurse for some water." He jumped out of the chair and went to the nurses' station.

"Can I have a glass of water? Alec's awake and thirsty."

Putting down the chart she was looking at, the nurse went into a small room and came back with a tiny glass. "You can feed him a few ice chips to soothe his throat, but no water

until the doctor has seen him. The last thing we want is for him to throw-up and re-open his stitches or hurt his ribs."

"Yes, ma'am." He took the small cup to Alec.

"Just ice chips for a little while. They don't want you to have anything that might cause you to get sick." He loaded the white, plastic spoon and held it to Alec's mouth.

Alec groaned as the ice melted in his mouth. "More," he pleaded.

Three spoonfuls later, Alec nodded that he was finished. Max set the cup down on the bedside table and leaned over to give Alec a gentle kiss on the mouth. "I love you, Babas. I was so scared."

"Love you," Alec rasped.

"I'm sorry, but I didn't call your folks. I don't know their number?"

"Pen?"

Holding up a finger, he hurried back to the nurses' station and got a pen and a scrap piece of paper. "Okay, I'm ready."

Alec rattled off the number and he took it to Justin. "Here's the Demakis' number. His mom's name is Althea and his dad's is Stavros."

"Got it," Justin pointed toward the elevator. "I'll go out to the parking lot and make the call."

"Thanks," he said, as he turned back to Alec's room.

"Justin is going to call your parents." He smoothed the blanket at Alec's feet.

"Justin?"

"Yeah, there's a story I need to tell you. Maybe it will shed a little light on Justin's mood the last couple of weeks. He's been just sick worried about both of us."

Alec's brows drew together. "Were you hurt?" He ran his hand up Max's arm.

"Not hurt, no, but I kinda wiggled out. They sedated me and kept me overnight." He looked down at his hands, embarrassed of his own behaviour.

"Hey," Alec said tilting his chin up. "I'm going to be okay. You didn't lose me, little man. You'll never lose me."

Shrugging, he tried to look away, but Alec held his chin where it was. "Just scared me. To tell you the truth, I don't really remember most of it, except the feeling that I'd never see you again."

"Kiss me," Alec whispered.

Bending over, he made sure he didn't apply any pressure to anything but Alec's lips. He slipped his tongue inside and was rewarded with a moan. Alec tried to take the kiss deeper but he pulled back. He smiled at Alec and looked down at the rising blanket at Alec's groin. "I think that's enough for now. You're the only person I know that could get a hard-on with broken ribs, a missing spleen and a concussion."

"You do it to me." Alec ran his hand down over his erection. "Promise you'll take care of this later?"

"Definitely," he grinned.

\* \* \* \*

He was reading a magazine in Alec's private room, when the door opened, emitting a tiny older woman and large man.



The look on their faces, told him they were Alec's parents. Standing, he walked over and held out his hand. "Hi Mr. and Mrs. Demakis. I'm Max Henley, Alec's partner."

Mrs. Demakis pulled him into a tight embrace. "Oh, it's so nice to meet you. Alec has talked about you quite often," she said as she turned to Alec, asleep in the bed. "How is my son?"

"Good," he assured her. "He'll probably be in for a few more days, but then they'll let me take him home. I assume Justin told you what happened?"

"Yes," she bit her lip and walked over to the bed to fuss over her baby boy.

"Sir." He held out his hand to greet Mr. Demakis.

Stavros narrowed his eyes and looked him up and down before shaking his hand. "You're a little young for my boy, aren't you?"

"No, he's not," Alec said, opening his eyes. Alec looked over at him and smiled. "He's just right." He turned back to his mom. "You didn't have to come, I'll be fine."

Althea brushed away his protest with a wave of her hand. "Nonsense, when one Demakis is in trouble, we all come running. Demitri and Theron will be here later. They had to make arrangements before hopping on a plane," she said as she brushed the wayward curls from his face.

"Ma," Alec whined, batting her hand away from his head. "Why are they coming? You know Theron's a mother-hen."

"Oh, you just be quiet. He's the oldest and he worries about his brothers. I think it's commendable." Althea looked

over and smiled. "My oldest, Theron, is a psychologist. He has a private practice in Manhattan."

He had to grin at the apparent pride in her voice. "You must be very proud of all your sons."

"Yes, of course I am." She held up her fingers, "Three Doctors, not many mothers can say that." She untucked Alec's blanket and shook her head.

Alec rolled his eyes, "Ma, Max doesn't want to hear about our families accomplishments."

"Actually, I do," he piped up when he saw the sad look cross Althea's face. "Maybe a little later you'd like to go down with me to the cafeteria and have a cup of coffee? You still haven't told me about Demitri and I also want to know all about Alec when he was a boy."

Althea's face brightened, "Yes that would be nice. I'd like to get a chance to know you." She turned back to Alec and kissed his cheek. "You don't mind if your young man takes me for coffee, do you?"

"Would it really matter if I did?" Alec grinned.

"Nope," she said and gave him another peck on the cheek. She started remaking his bed with Alec still in it. "These nurses aren't taking very good care of you. Just look at the state your bed was in." After she finished with the bed, she picked up her overly-large handbag. Rifling through it, she pulled out a big plastic container and held it up. "I brought you some of my homemade lamb stew."

"Ma, they barely let me drink water. I don't think lamb stew is anywhere in my future for some time."

Althea set the container on the bedside tray. "I'll just leave it here in case you get hungry later." And then she went back to fussing over Alec.

Max could tell Alec was at the end of his rope with her fussing. "Mrs. Demakis? Would you like to get that coffee now?"

"Oh no, I couldn't possibly leave Alec now, I just got here."

She started looking through her purse again. "I know I packed a fork."

"They took it away from you at the airport, don't you remember." Stavros said rolling his eyes. He looked at Alec and shook his head. "You should have seen the fit she threw over the security agents questioning her about the stew. You'd think she had liquid gold in that container the way she held on to it refusing to let them take it."

Althea smiled and winked at Alec. "I finally had to dip my finger into it and taste it to prove it wasn't something toxic. They eventually let me through with it, but yes, they did confiscate the fork." Althea worried her bottom lip.

"Well, I'm sure we could borrow a fork when we go down to the cafeteria for coffee." He prayed it would work this time, Alec's face was getting redder by the minute.

"Okay, I guess you're right." She bent to kiss Alec. "Will you be okay while I go for coffee?"

"Go, please," Alec practically begged.

With a nod, she picked up her purse and walked over.

Max held out his arm and Althea looped hers through it. Looking back at Alec, he winked. "We'll be back in about thirty minutes."

"Hah, you haven't heard her talk. I'll see you in an hour."

\* \* \* \*

He watched Max escort his mother from the room. Lord only knows what that woman would tell him. Looking over at his pops, he could see the rigid set of his shoulders. His pops had never gotten used to the thought of his big Greek son being gay. At least he was thankful they were still on speaking terms. "Hi Pops."

Stavros walked over to the bed. "I heard you weren't wearing a seat belt. Did I teach you nothing?"

"I usually always wear it, but I was just upset and forgot. You don't have to worry though, because I've been read the riot act from Max since I woke up. Believe me; he'll never let me forget again."

"So this boy..."

"Man," he corrected. Max may look young but he's a man and I love him." Alec squared his shoulders, bracing for a fight. He'd never introduced a lover to his parents before. Surely they understood the significance of it.

"This man, Max, what does he do?"

Leave it to his father to worry that Max was some kind of gold-digger. "Pops, he doesn't even know I have money. He just graduated with his bachelor's degree and is taking master's classes. He wants to go on to get his doctorate in history with hopes of becoming a professor."

Alec knew he needed to explain to his dad the dynamics of Max's family. Luc or Justin could show up at any time and it would be better to get the questions out of the way first.

"Max's father is an investment banker and his partner is the head offensive football coach at the university."

"What? A gay football coach?" Stavros seemed shocked. Leave it to his pops to pick up on the sports part of the conversation first.

"Yes, Justin is a football coach," he ground out between clenched teeth. "Just because he's gay doesn't make him any less a man."

Looking affronted, Stavros stepped back. "I never said it did. I've just never heard of that before. Don't get yourself all worked up."

"Sorry," he said closing his eyes. "Maybe the reason you don't hear about more coaches being gay is because of your reaction to the news just now. My guess is there are quite a few, like any other profession. Only coaches are held to a higher standard for some reason, forced to hide who they really are."

Rubbing his heavily shadowed jaw, Stavros nodded. "That's quite possible. I guess I never thought of it that way."

He watched as his pops shuffled his feet and looked around the room. "What's keeping Althea? I bet she has that bo ... man of yours cornered. I'd better go rescue him." His pops quickly left the room.

Running a hand over his face, he scratched at his own whiskers. He'd have to remind Max to bring his electric razor from home. Yawning, he thought about his brothers visiting. He loved them both dearly, but whenever they came to visit, they tended to stay a bit too long for his peace of mind.

Side-Lined  
*by Carol Lynne*

He suddenly thought of Dimitri, "Oh shit," he said out loud. If Dimitri was coming that meant he wasn't on a dig this summer. Hell, he could become a house guest for months if that was the case.

Yawning again, he decided to put thoughts of his family away for now. He pictured Max's face as he escorted his ma out of the room. "Charmer," he whispered to himself as he slipped off to sleep.

## Chapter Nine

The banging of pots in the kitchen woke Alec. He pulled Max closer and grumbled. "Does that jackass brother of mine not know what Sunday mornings are for?"

Max rubbed against him and sighed while taking hold of his morning erection. Max pumped a few times and opened his eyes. "Is this what Sunday's are for?"

Thrusting into Max's hand, he groaned. "Exactly what Sunday's are for." He covered Max's lips with his own, thrusting his tongue inside. The kiss went on as Max continued to stroke him. "Get the lube," he whispered against Max's lips.

Eyes lit up, Max reached for the lube on the table. "Probably won't take much stretching after all the activity a few hours ago."

He took the lube and applied some to his cock and handed it back to Max. "Stretch as much as you think you need, and then climb on." He ran his hand up and down his length as he watched Max prepare himself.

He'd been home from the hospital almost two months and he finally felt one hundred percent better. The weeks immediately following his release were the worst of his life. To have Max in his bed and be unable to do anything but suck each other off had been murder. But his ribs were finally healed and he and Max hadn't wasted any time getting back into their routine. Another sound from the kitchen reminded him of the one glitch still in his daily life. Demitri didn't seem

to be in a hurry to go back to New York. He thought there might be a story there, but his brother had yet to confide in him. Theron had mentioned before he left, that Dimitri had become withdrawn in the last six months since his return from Greece.

He didn't know exactly what Dimitri's problems were, but he couldn't kick him out if he needed a place to hold up for a while. Brothers forever, had always been their motto growing up. He just wished Dimitri would figure his life out a little quicker. He missed fucking Max in the kitchen.

A laugh brought him out of his musings. He looked up at Max. "What?"

"I said earth to Alec, where were you anyway?"

"Doesn't matter right now, all that matters is you riding me." He wrapped his hands around Max's waist and positioned him over his cock.

Max sucked in a breath as Alec's cock breached his ass. "Oh, Babas, you feel good," Max said sliding down his length.

When he felt Max's ass rest against his sac, he groaned. "You too. You always make your Babas feel good." He lifted Max just enough to thrust up into him. "Ohh, Christ!"

Max took over holding himself up, thanks to Julian's continued conditioning. He thrust his hips at break-neck speed as Max threw his head back and howled. He smiled. No way had his brother not heard that. Max was a beautiful thing in the throws of ecstasy, but quiet he wasn't.

He watched as Max wrapped his hand around his own cock and rode him like a champion. "Yes, Oh Babas, gonna cum."



"Wait," he gave Max a swat on the ass. When he felt his balls draw up tight, he pulled Max down and buried himself as deep as he could go. Feeling his hot seed pump into Max, he groaned. "Now," he barely got out before he went speechless with his orgasm.

Once again, Max screamed the name Babas, as he painted his chest with cum. Pulling Max down, he kissed him, again and again. Never would he tire of kissing his little man.

A loud crash from the kitchen had Max giggling. "By the time he leaves, we won't have a single dish left."

"Speaking of which," he growled and sat up, "I'm going to find out what the hell is going on in there."

Max wrapped his arms around his back and kissed his neck. "He's making some kind of dish for Justin and Dad's barbecue today. He told me yesterday when he took me to the grocery store." Max ran hands over his chest. "Be nice to him. I heard him on the phone yesterday, talking to someone about a studio apartment here in town."

"What?" He turned his head to look at Max. "Why the hell would he be looking for an apartment here?"

"I don't know, but he is. I think he's doing some running away and this place makes him feel safe. Does it really matter? I mean, I like having him around, I'd just rather he didn't live with us."

He pulled Max around to sit in his lap. "You and me both." Another crash had him kissing Max before getting off the bed.

\* \* \* \*

Walking into his dad's house, burdened with several dishes, Max looked over his shoulder. "You coming?"

"Yeah, I'm worried about my baklava. I think maybe it shifted in the car," Demitri said looking at the pastry desert he'd spent all morning preparing.

"It'll be fine," he soothed. He looked behind Demitri, "Where's Alec?"

"He carried the cooler around the side of the house to the backyard."

"What? He shouldn't be carrying that." He quickly went to the kitchen to drop off his salad and cherry pie. His dad was talking to Coach Williams, so he stopped and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, before pushing his way out the screen door to the backyard.

"Alec! You put that cooler down this minute," he yelled with his hands on his hips. Alec set the cooler down and looked at him. The look in Alec's eyes, promised a nice spanking when he got home tonight. Good, he thought, it had been too long since Alec had punished him.

"What's going on?" Justin said from behind him.

He turned around and smiled. "Just trying to keep Alec from hurting himself."

"Good luck getting that stubborn mule to follow orders," Justin said coming to stand beside him. He pointed across the yard, "That's Koby McIntire, the teams' newest rising star."

He looked to where Justin pointed and his eyes almost popped out of his head. "Damn," he whispered to himself. The guy was gorgeous, shoulder length blond hair with one of the darkest tan's he'd ever seen.

"Yeah, damn. He came up early for training. He's the quarterback I hope will be able to take over for Vic in two years when he graduates."

He looked at Justin, "I thought you said the new qb was from Jacksonhole, that guy doesn't look like he belongs in Wyoming."

"His mom lives in Wyoming, but he spent the summer with his dad in Malibu. Some big record producer, I guess."

He whistled, "Wow, cool."

"Do me a favour and talk to him today. It's hard getting to know people when you're the new guy in town."

"Yeah well, do *me* a favour and tell Alec you asked me to befriend him. Otherwise the big Greek will be on the warpath again." He watched as Julian strolled through the back gate, looking solemn as usual. "Did he have a nice time at the house in Evergreen?" They'd sent Julian to Evergreen to get him out of town before his parent's showed up. He still hadn't told any of them the reason he refused to see them, but the fact that he needed their help was reason enough.

"I think he had a good time, well as good a time as he's capable of having. He did a lot of fishing from what I hear."

Alec walked up and handed Max a beer. He leaned in for a kiss and then looked over at Koby. "Will we freak the new guy out if he sees us kissing?"

"No. I think that's one of the things that swayed his decision to come here. He heard that I was gay and knew he wouldn't be discriminated."

"Are you saying he's gay?" Max asked looking at Koby anew.

"I don't think he wants to be real open about it."

"Well, you explain to Mr. Possessive here what I'm doing while I go try to get Koby into a conversation." He started to walk off but was pulled back by Alec.

Alec leaned down and gave him a passionate kiss. "Just remember you're mine."

"Always and forever, Babas." He smiled at Alec before turning to walk toward Koby, who was sitting in a lawn chair in the shade. "Hi," he held out his hand, "I'm Max Henley, Luc's son."

Koby stood and offered his hand. "Koby McIntire, pleased to meet you. Justin has talked a lot about you. It's good to finally be able to put a face with the name."

As he took an empty seat and motioned for Koby to sit back down he couldn't help but notice the way, he kept glancing over at Julian. Koby turned back to Max and must have realised he'd been caught. "Sorry," he said as he blushed. "Do you know Julian very well?"

"Yeah, pretty well. He trained me over the summer." He absently rubbed his scarred leg. "I let myself get out of shape after I was no longer able to play."

"I think he's the best quarterback I ever saw play the game. Did you know he was a two-time All-American?"

Chuckling, he took a drink of his beer. "Yeah, I played a couple games with him. He was a great qb. He's the conditioning coach now. Would you like to meet him?"

Koby started to stammer in his apparent excitement. "Oh, I, uh, okay, yeah."

Max raised his hand and whistled, "Hey Julian, grab a couple of beers and come on over." He looked back at Koby who was starting to fidget a little in his chair. "He's a nice guy, not one of those stuck-up qb's like Vic Douglas."

Julian came over, taking the last empty chair beside them and held out a beer to Max. Taking it, he smiled at the sideways glance Julian gave Koby. "Thanks, man."

Julian started to hand the other beer to Koby but stopped. "Are you old enough to drink?"

Blushing immediately, Koby shook his head. "No, but I don't drink anyway."

Max watched as their eyes met briefly, before Julian looked away. "This is Koby McIntire. He's the incoming qb that'll hopefully take Vic's place when he leaves. Koby's a big fan of yours."

Koby reached over and punched him in the arm. "Stop trying to embarrass me," he laughed.

Julian studied Koby for a few minutes without saying a word. Just as Koby began to squirm he spoke. "You've got a nice build. With a little better workout regime you could be as fit as Vic by next season." He looked into Koby's eyes. "Feel like toppling a senior qb?"

"Yeah, that would be fantastic, but what's with the two of you and Vic? Don't you like him?"

Max answered the question. "Vic's an ass, always has been and always will be."

Koby looked back at Julian. "Would you be willing to work with me outside of normal practice?"

Max saw a spark of interest in Julian's eyes. He wasn't sure if it was the thought of toppling Vic, or topping Koby, he grinned to himself. "I'm gonna let the two of you talk. I'm getting the evil glare from the Neanderthal on the patio. Good thing I love him to pieces."

\* \* \* \*

As the day wore on, Max was well pleased with his matchmaking skills. He'd heard Julian laugh earlier. Evidently he wasn't the only one at the barbecue surprised because when Julian let loose while still sitting in the shade with Koby, every head at the picnic turned his way.

Yep, the day was pretty much a success. Even Demitri seemed to be having a good time, and his baklava was a smashing success. He felt a large body step up behind him. The citrus smell told him it was his Babas. When strong arms wrapped around his waist he leaned back. "Hey, where've you been?"

Alec kissed his neck. "On the phone with Theron."

"Is everything okay?" he asked, tilting his head to give Alec more room to work.

"Yeah, he was just checking on Demitri. I told you he was a mother-hen." Alec rubbed his hardened cock against Max's ass. "What do you say we find an excuse to get out of here? Maybe we'll get lucky and Demitri will stay a little longer."

"Mmm ... sounds good, just let me tell Dad and Justin." He reluctantly pulled away from Alec's warmth and went in the house to find his dad. He found him all right, him and Justin were making out like teenagers in the kitchen. He cleared his

throat until they broke apart. "I need to get Alec home. He's getting tired, not used to being out so long." He tried to fumble his way through the excuse.

Justin and his dad started laughing. Luc walked over and gave him a kiss on the forehead. "Sure, I bet Alec really needs to get to bed." He laughed again. "What about Demitri?"

"We thought maybe he'd want to stay. I figured he could catch a ride with someone."

"Yeah, I'm sure he can. Wouldn't want his loud voice to wake Alec once he gets into bed," Justin said holding his side as he continued to laugh.

"All right, cut it out. I'll talk to you clowns tomorrow." He turned and walked back out to the patio. Taking Alec's hand, he pulled him toward the gate. "Come on, take me home."

When they got closer to the gate, Alec bent down and whispered in his ear. "Someone's ass is going to get reddened for disrespecting me in public earlier."

Sighing, Max looked over at Alec. "Not unless you can catch me." With that, he took off running with Alec close on his heels. Damn, love was fun.

## About the Author

An avid reader for years, one day Carol Lynne decided to write her own brand of erotic romance. Carol juggles between being a full-time mother and a full-time writer. These days, you can usually find Carol either cleaning jelly out of the carpet or nestled in her favourite chair writing steamy love scenes.

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