

For DJ Manly's Fans

2
Very
Came
X
Thucking



Also by DJ Manly

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Destiny Came Knocking

Free Title(Not for resale)

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DESTINY CAME
KNOCKING

It was hard to pinpoint the exact moment Adrian was lost to him. Perhaps there wasn't a moment. He had gone over it and over in his mind until he couldn't bear to think about it anymore.

It might have started after Adrian's father died. He had been a New York City firefighter, a strong and handsome man, so alive, always laughing. Then, just like that, he was gone. He died trying to rescue two children, lifting them out of the window of a burning seven-story building. They survived, he didn't. He often tried to remind Adrian that his father was a hero.

Adrian always replied, "Ya, so? What good is a dead hero?" He was only twelve years old at the time. Adrian didn't cry at the funeral. It was one of those military-like funerals, with firefighters and police officers marching down the street playing bagpipes and shooting off guns. It was difficult not to cry himself.

Adrian's mother took it very hard and looking back now, Zak remembers that she fell into a deep depression. Zak's mother often said, "Poor kid, it's like he's lost both parents at the same time."

Zak had met Adrian when he was in the first grade. Adrian was a year ahead, and he came over from his grade two lineup to hold Zak's hand because he was crying. From that time on, they were inseparable. They were together at his place or at Adrian's all the time.

Things changed after Mr. Cruz was killed. Adrian

spent half his time at the Fullers'. He slept there at least three nights a week. There didn't seem to be any rules for him to follow anymore, no curfews. It was as if his mother stopped caring about him. Then she started to drink.

Zak's parents actually went to see her once, offering to help her in any way they could, but she told them to mind their own business.

Adrian began to cut school. He started taking drugs and mouthing off at the teachers. He was constantly being suspended. Zak watched helplessly as he began slipping away from him. Adrian started to hang out with an older gang of boys, eventually making friends with a biker gang called the Diablos. They were a rough bunch, rumored to be foot soldiers for Hades' Angels.

They began to see each other less and less. Then Adrian dropped out of school. By the time he was sixteen, they never saw each other at all anymore.

To people who didn't know how close they were, it sounded like an ordinary story about two boys who chose different paths in life. But it was much more than that. Losing Adrian had just about broken his heart in many ways.

First, he loved him. He was the closest friend he ever had. They had shared many things that bonded them for what Zak thought was a lifetime. Secondly, he was saddened by the way things were for him. He had everything going for him; he was smart, handsome and athletic. He could have been anything or anyone. Zak worried that he would end up in

prison or worse, dead.

His parents convinced him to eventually stop worrying about his friend. They had done all they could, and it was better that he stayed away from him.

He did see him from time to time, but not to talk to. Sometimes it was from a distance. He would be in the park with those bikers, laughing and talking. One time Zak swore Adrian turned around and looked right at him for a minute, following him with his eyes as he crossed the street. But then Adrian turned away and pretended he didn't see him.

How they had gotten to that point, he didn't know. They had shared everything at one time, their hopes and their dreams. Adrian was the first person in the world that he confessed to when he realized he was gay.

He would remember that for the rest of his life. Zak was fourteen years old and after he told him, Adrian had laughed.

At first, Zak was upset, thinking he was making fun of him. "How dare you laugh, after I go and tell you my deepest secret...and...?"

He had tried to run away, but Adrian had chased him across the park that night and grabbed his arm. "Zak," he said, "I'm not laughing because you're gay. I'm laughing because...well...so am I."

They had laughed until they cried that night. Zak was always going to him with his problems back then, telling him his hopes, his dreams, his fears, and Adrian always had a way of making him feel better.

Zak now realized Adrian never did lean on him in

that way. It was rare that Adrian even told him he was scared. He was always brave and tough, and Zak always felt he could tell him anything, anything in the world.

Adrian had become sexually active at fourteen, and he told him how to give a man a blowjob. Zak did try to practice on Adrian, but he laughed so hard every time he went to do it, they gave up. Zak didn't start having sexual feelings for Adrian until right before their friendship came to a standstill. Maybe he'd always had a crush on him, but if he did, it didn't dawn on him until it was too late.

Adrian had just turned sixteen. They hadn't seen each other in over three weeks. Adrian had quit school and was hanging out with that older crowd. It was a hot Sunday afternoon, and Adrian came to the house on an old beat-up motorcycle.

"Where did you get that?" Zak had asked him, wide-eyed, as he got off the bike.

Adrian's hair had grown long, well past his shoulders, and he had really filled out. Zak looked at him in his tight, faded jeans. He was sexy as hell. How come he never noticed before?

"I bought it," Adrian had shrugged.

"With what?" Zak demanded.

"Oh, Zak, not the third degree again!" He rolled his eyes.

Perhaps that's why he stopped coming around. Zak knew he was doing bad things--illegal things--and he couldn't help but question where he was getting all the money from. Adrian got pissed off at

the questions.

"Well, it seems to me that you have a lot of money lately. I just don't want to see you end up in jail or something." Zak sighed.

"You're not my mother, Zak," he had said.

Zak changed the subject. They actually enjoyed that day together. They took off on his bike and went skinny-dipping in the river. They laughed and wrestled, and Zak discovered Adrian was beautiful. He never realized it before that day. But by then, it was too late. That was the last time they ever saw each other, except from at a distance.

As time went by, Zak concentrated on his own future and goals, trying to forget about the big hole in his life after Adrian disappeared into the underworld of New York City. He graduated high school and then got into medical school, which delighted his parents. He guessed he just always knew he'd end up being a doctor. He made friends at school and dated a few guys, but he never completely got over losing the best friend he ever had. He still thought about him, wondered if he was all right.

On his twentieth birthday, his parents took him out to dinner. Before they went inside, Zak ran into Mrs. Cruz. He recognized her right away, although she didn't know him. "Mrs. Cruz?" he said, surprised, placing a hand on her arm.

She gave him a curious look. "Do we know each other?"

"Mrs. Cruz, it's Zak," he said. "Zak Fuller. You remember, Adrian's friend."

"Oh, yes. How are you, Zak?" she asked politely.

"I'm fine. I'm in medical school. I'm going to be a resident at the General here in the spring."

"Good for you." She smiled faintly, and prepared to pass by.

"Ah, Mrs. Cruz, do you ever hear from Adrian?" He held his breath, prepared for the worst.

She met his eyes. "Adrian who?"

"Your son," Zak replied, aghast.

"I don't have a son," she said.

Zak's eyes widened.

"Good luck with your career, Zak. Give my best to your parents." With that, she was down the street.

Zak's parents were waiting in the entrance for him. "Was that Adrian's mother?" His father asked him.

Zak nodded. "Yes."

"How is Adrian?" His mother asked.

He didn't have the heart to repeat what she said, so he mumbled, "He's fine," and that was the end of the discussion.

After that, he put Adrian out of his mind for a while, busy with his new residency at the Hospital. It was for the best, Zak decided, that he didn't know what had happened to him. They had gone in very different directions. He only hoped that Adrian was safe and happy.

He had been working at the hospital for close to a year when it happened. He had no idea when he came off shift that night, that destiny had something in store for him he would never have imagined.

* * * * *

It was a cold night in early March, one of those nights when you truly believed that no matter what the date, spring would never arrive. Pulling his coat around him, he walked to the underground parking lot. He was cold and sleepy, and what he wanted most was a nice, warm bed.

He opened the driver's side of his old blue Toyota and climbed in. Just as he was about to turn the ignition, he felt the blade of a knife against his throat. His first thought was he was going to be robbed...or worse.

He opened his mouth to speak when he heard a male voice say softly, "Don't talk. There's no time. You are a doctor?"

Zak nodded.

"Okay, *drive!*" The voice demanded. "Go straight on 121st until I say to turn right."

Zak cleared his throat as he headed out of the parking lot, shaking. He risked a look in his rearview mirror and saw two men. It was dark in the car, and he could only see their outline. The one behind him holding the knife looked like he had a beard. When he felt a little calmer, he managed, "If you want money, I don't have any."

"We don't want your money, we need a doctor. The leader of our gang has been shot. He's in bad shape. You're going to save him."

Zak stiffened. There were a lot of street gangs in New York City. All were dangerous. "Ah, I'd like to help you, but I have no medical supplies...nothing...I..."

"Shut up and drive. If you need something, we'll get it later. Okay, turn left, *now!*" the voice growled.

The tip of the blade came up against his throat again. "You better know your shit, Doc, 'cause if he dies, you die."

Zak felt like he was going to be sick. "How...how...bad is it?" he asked. "Is he conscious?"

"He was when we left him," the other voice piped up from the back.

"Where is the...where was he shot?" Zak asked, trying to take his mind off the fact that there was a knife at his throat.

"In the chest," said the man with the knife.

"Was there a lot of blood?" Zak asked.

"Yes," the one behind him replied.

"Is he in good condition...I mean, was he healthy before the gunshot?" Zak continued.

"Yes. He's tough."

"Young, or...?"

"Around twenty-one."

"Okay," the voice announced. "Turn down that road there."

Zak turned onto a dark road where he wouldn't send a cat at night. He drove for a while, then saw a big warehouse-like building come into sight. There were electronic gates and floodlights. All around stood bikers with their motorcycles, holding automatic weapons. "Jesus," Zak whispered.

Two Dobermans snarled and barked on their chains near the fence. Two large bikers came over to the car. Seeing the two in the back of Zak's car, they

waved them through.

"Go on," one of the men in the back said. "Park over there near the building."

Zak did as he said. As soon as he stopped, a huge man with tattoos all over his arms came over and pulled him out of the car. The two others got out from the back.

Zak saw them now. One was a slim man in his thirties with a beard, the other looked Spanish with flashy teeth and a clean-shaven face. All of them wore jackets that had the Diablo emblem on back.

"Diablos?" Zak looked at the Spanish one. "Is your leader Adrian Cruz?"

He closed his eyes for a minute. The other one said, "Who wants to know?"

"I was...he was my friend. Where is he?" Zak demanded, not caring about anything anymore except getting to him.

They led him inside and into a bedroom. When he saw him, Zak gasped. There was very little of the sixteen-year-old Zak remembered, except for the hair and the eyes. His hair was still long, but he was no longer a boy. He was well over six feet, muscular and toned. Handsome even in extreme pain, he was the kind of man who turned heads and broke hearts.

Zak went to his side and smoothed back his hair. He was conscious, but barely, and moaning in pain. Zak moved his lips down to his ear, stroking his hair again. "Adrian, Adrian...it's me. It's Zak. Can you hear me?"

He nodded, and then said his name.

Zak closed his eyes and then moved his hands

down to Adrian's shirt. He undid the buttons and moved it aside. It was worse than he feared. He had lost a lot of blood. The sheets were soaked with it.

"Adrian, this might hurt. I've got to lift you to see if the bullet went through or not."

He nodded. Zak pulled him up and forward, and he let out a grunt of pain.

Zak laid him back down. "The bullet is lodged in your chest. It might have hit your shoulder bone, I can't be sure. That bullet has to come out. Adrian, I've got to get you to the hospital. You could go into shock at any moment, and..."

"No hospital," one of the big bikers stepped forward.

Zak's eyes flashed in anger. "You want him to die?"

"You save him. You're the doctor. *No* hospital! You make sure he lives, or...." one of them threatened.

"I need supplies." Zak shook his head. "And I don't have...."

"What do you need?" One of the bikers he had noticed standing in the corner before stepped forward. He was young and handsome, his voice gentle. He looked upset.

Zak met his eyes. "I have to go back to the hospital. I will have to sneak out what I can."

Adrian suddenly reached over and took his hand. He squeezed it for a moment and looked at him.

Zak couldn't believe he was still conscious. He leaned over and pressed his forehead against his. "Adrian," he whispered. "Don't die on me."

"Is it really you?" he whispered.

"Yes," Zak choked, tears clogging his throat. He had no idea that seeing him again would have this effect on him. He loved him, as much as he always had. He pressed his lips against his for just a second, but Adrian had lost consciousness.

"All right." Zak wiped the tears off his cheek. "You," he said to the young guy. "Get me to the hospital, and step on it." He turned to one of the others. "While I'm gone, one of you soak a clean towel in alcohol--any liquor--and hold it to that wound. I will be back as soon as I can. Try and bring him to, and keep him that way," Zak demanded. "Come on!" he said to the other one.

They took off on the young one's bike. On the way, he discovered the man's name was Cole.

Zak was very stressed when he sneaked into the supply room and stole what he needed. He knew time was of the essence and he couldn't get caught. He never even thought about what the consequences would be if he *was* caught.

On the way back to the compound, Cole came out and asked him directly, "Were you lovers?"

Zak had a feeling that he would. He considered his question for a minute and then said, "No. Although, we should have been."

"What does that mean?" Cole asked, perplexed.

"It means I loved him then and I'm still in love with him, so I guess we should have been lovers."

"I've never heard anyone say 'should have been' lovers before. Could have been, but should have been?" Cole echoed.

Zak sighed. "We were everything but. We were as close as two lovers could be, without the sex. By the time I discovered that I wanted him in that way, he had already started to move away from me."

Cole nodded. "Umm...I think I get it. Is he going to live?"

Zak took a deep breath. "He better. Who did this?"
"Rival gang."

"Why didn't the big guy want Adrian to go to a hospital? I can only do so much. I'm not a surgeon. Is he wanted by the law?" Zak persisted.

"They can't hang anything on him. The hospital is too dangerous. There's a war going on, and we can't protect him there. He has a lot of enemies."

"I see." Zak's heart was breaking. Adrian was only twenty-one. How in hell could one make so many enemies in that short amount of time?

When they got off Cole's bike, Cole said, "Zak, please save him."

"You love him too," Zak stated rather than asked, meeting his eyes briefly as he gathered together his stuff.

Cole just lowered his head.

Zak patted his arm. "I'm no magician, Cole. Try to talk that big guy into taking him to the hospital."

"Prince is the boss now that Adrian's down. He's pretty stubborn. I'm nobody in the ranks. Can't do much," Cole sighed as they went back into the room.

Zak went to Adrian's side. The big guy was holding a wet towel on the wound.

Zak sighed. "All right, everyone out. I need room,

and I need to keep this room as sterile as possible. Did he wake up at all?"

The one called Prince shook his head silently. "Look," he leaned over and lowered his voice, "if he's not going to make it, tell me. There will be a leadership challenge, and I want to be prepared."

Zak glared at him. "Get out." He removed the towel and began to disinfect the wound. He checked Adrian's vital signs and frowned. He was weak; he had lost too much blood. He needed a transfusion. In this state, it was doubtful if he was going to last long enough for him to remove the bullet.

Zak stroked his face. "Adrian," he whispered. "I think we're both going to die here. Damn, what happened to you? What happened to us? There was an *us*, Adrian. There would have been, if you had stuck it out."

Suddenly he heard Adrian mumble, "Umm...and as much as I tried to protect you from all this, here you are. Somehow, I knew that at the bitter end, it would just be you and me." He opened his eyes.

Zak shook his head. "My God, you are one tough son of a bitch."

Adrian smiled faintly. "Take the bullet out. I can take it. I'm weak, but I'll be damned if we're going to die here."

Zak nodded and began to prepare the instruments. "What did you mean by as much as you tried to protect me? Is that why you just cut ties with me?"

"Of course," he replied with a soft groan. "I love you, Zak."

A silent tear rolled down Zak's cheek. "If only

you'd told me...I..."

"You knew that," Adrian met his eyes. He reached up and brushed a tear off Zak's cheek. "Come on, Doc, do your thing."

Zak's hand shook. "But I didn't know you loved me like that. That's what you mean, don't you? You love me...like..."

"I love you, Zak," he replied. "Now take out this fucking bullet, will ya?" He tried to smile, but he was in too much pain.

Zak nodded and positioned the knife at the wound. Adrian cried out as Zak made the incision, and then passed out. The bullet came out quite easy. He stitched and bandaged the wound and sat beside him all night, just waiting. Adrian's vital signs were not good at all. He needed blood and without it, his recovery was not going to be complete.

In the morning, Prince came in. "How is he?" He asked.

"He needs blood. I'd give him some of mine, but I have no way to transfuse it."

"What do you need?" he asked.

Zak's eyes widened. "You can get...?"

"I have connections. I'll get the stuff from the blood bank. I'll be back in an hour. Is there anything else?"

"I've set him up an IV and put him on antibiotics. I can't guarantee that..."

"He just better live, and you better not have made a big scar on his chest. He won't like that," he barked.

Zak told him exactly what he needed. After he left, Zak smiled. No, he wouldn't like it if it left a scar, he

supposed.

He gazed at him. They loved each other. Was it enough? Was it enough to get him out of this crazy life? He was meant to find him. Now that he had, he couldn't just walk away and leave him here. "Adrian, Adrian," he whispered, laying his head on his chest, "I want you. I want you to be with me. I love you...oh, baby...I love you."

He felt a hand stroke his hair and raised his head in surprise. Zak surged with happiness, tears springing up in his eyes. "You're awake. How do you feel?"

"Like hell," Adrian said. "You're a good doc, Doc."

Zak laughed. "Prince is going to get equipment so that I can give you some blood."

He nodded and looked away.

Zak checked his IV. He watched him for a few minutes. Suddenly as he turned his face back towards him, Zak gasped. He was the dead image of his father. If his hair was short, he could have been his twin. "You know," he said, "I think it was your dad that made me aware I was gay."

Adrian laughed. "My dad?"

"Ya. He used to jump off that fire truck sometimes when I was over at your place and I'd think, what a man. He was quite a guy, your dad, so handsome and brave. I had the biggest crush on him. You look just like him."

"Don't, Zak," Adrian murmured.

"But it's true. It just struck me. Oh, Adrian," Zak came closer to him and took his hand. "We were lovers in our hearts, weren't we? I wish you'd been the first."

Adrian squeezed his hand. "I was, kind of." He gave him a lopsided grin.

Zak smiled, remembering them lying on the bed with their pants down around their ankles and Adrian instructing him how to give a blowjob. "I might be up for a second lesson sometime," Zak winked.

Adrian laughed then said, "Ow, stop making me laugh. I'm sure you don't need any lessons today, Zak. I wasn't the best teacher."

"You had the basics down pretty good," Zak replied softly.

"You're beautiful, by the way," Adrian said suddenly.

Zak blushed. "No, you're beautiful. You always were. I wish I'd been quicker to notice. The last time I saw you...well..." Zak breathed. "I said to myself, damn...he's something. He's a walking hardon. Why in the hell didn't I notice it before? If I had jumped on you then, maybe you would have stuck around. I wanted to tell you but then...you...well...we lost touch."

Adrian shook his head. "It's not your fault. Me leaving was a good thing. Look at you. A doctor. Your life is good, right?" He raised an eyebrow.

Zak shook his head. "It was never good without you, Adrian. You left a big space, and I still feel it. All this other stuff is great, but I have no one to share it with, no one that really matters. I don't intend to let you go this time."

"You have to," he insisted, turning his head away.

"No, I won't...I...."

Just then Prince came in with the equipment. Zak began to set it up and told Prince to bring him a chair. "We have the same blood type, Adrian, so I'm giving you my blood. I know it's safe. I have no way to test the others."

Adrian nodded. Less than an hour later, Zak had hooked up a unit of blood to Adrian. He knew this would help. He wished he could give him more, or had a way to test the others, but he didn't. This would have to do.

That evening, Adrian told Zak to go get Prince and bring him into the room. Zak did as Adrian asked, happy that his color was returning and he was sitting up.

When Prince arrived in the room, Adrian said, "I want you to take the Doctor home tonight."

"No, I can't leave yet, Adrian." Zak replied. "You need me."

"I'm fine. Prince?" Adrian eyed him.

The big guy nodded. "Yes, boss. Of course. Eight all right there, Doc?"

Zak shook his head. "I'm not going."

"Leave us," Adrian told Prince.

After Prince had left the room, Adrian said, "Zak, I appreciate all you've done, but they shouldn't have taken you from the hospital like that. It was wrong."

"It doesn't matter anymore. It was meant to be, Adrian. It was destiny. I was meant to see you again, meant to take you out of here with...."

"Zak!" Adrian snapped. "Look at me. I'm not like you. I'm a gang leader. I'm a criminal, a hood. We are

as different as the sky and the sea. I can't go with you."

Tears rose in Zak's eyes.

"Listen." Adrian's voice softened. "I couldn't go even if I wanted to. I'd be on the run the rest of my life. You just don't walk away scot-free from what I am. I'm sorry....I..." He lowered his head. "I wish things were different."

Zak came over and laid his head on his shoulder. "We could leave here, leave this city. Go somewhere else, start over."

"No." He lifted a hand and stroked Zak's hair. "I couldn't do that to you, Zak. I couldn't do it to you years ago, and I can't do it now. I...I love you too much," he whispered, then gave him a gentle push. "Go now, and live your life. Find someone who can...make you happy, and forget about me, Zak."

Prince came in at that moment.

Zak moved to touch Adrian again, but Adrian said gruffly, "Prince, take him...and be gentle with him."

Prince grabbed Zak's arm and pulled him from the room. Zak tried to see Adrian's face one last time, but he had turned away.

* * * * *

Outside, Zak jerked his arm away from the big biker. "I don't need you to take me home. I have my car and I'll drive myself."

Prince looked at his tear-stained face and shook his head. "The boss said to get you home. I have my

orders. I'll follow you, then."

Zak got into his car. "My keys, please," he demanded.

"In the glove compartment," Prince replied with a smirk.

As Zak backed out of the yard, he took one last look at the big building and all the bikers standing around with their bikes. It didn't have to be this way, he thought, peeling out onto the road. Adrian had said to forget him, but his heart told him he could never do that. He was going to have to reach some kind of compromise, however. If he didn't, he wouldn't be able to go on.

* * * * *

The days went by, then the months. Zak poured himself into his work. Then one night when he was working in Emergency, several ambulances came in. Zak saw the nurses running to the front of the hospital and followed on their heels. "What is it?" he asked one of the head nurses in admittance as he fell in step beside her.

"Gang shooting!" she told him breathlessly, and Zak increased his pace.

When he saw the colors on the jacket of the first victim on the stretcher, he froze. It was a Diablo. There was blood everywhere. The next stretcher had another man with a different jacket on; it looked like the Hades'. Several police officers came walking in now, and two other ambulances pulled up.

Zak took a look at the first guy, but didn't

recognize him. He was DOA. "This one is flatline," Zak muttered, moving to the next as two other doctors came to join him. He left the Hades' to another doctor and moved to the door to see who else was coming in.

He recognized him immediately. "I'll take this one," he called out, moving him with the medic to a quiet place in the emergency. He began to undo Cole's shirt. There was a lot of blood, but he was still conscious. He checked his pupils and took his vitals, barking orders for this and that to two of the nurses.

"Cole," he said, "Can you hear me?"

Cole moaned.

"Adrian, is he all right? Where is he? Is he all right? Was he hurt?" Zak insisted, speaking close to his ear.

Cole opened his eyes. "Get him out," he moaned. "Get him out before they kill him. He'll do it for you," he breathed.

Zak checked the monitor. He was losing him. "Where is he, Cole? Where is he?" he insisted frantically, leaning close to him.

"At a condo, 453 Franklin Drive, in Brooklyn," he breathed. "I love him, Zak. He's too good for this...I know it..." he breathed.

"Cole," Zak said, shaking him. He tried to revive him, but he was gone.

Out of the six they brought in, four of them died. The other two were in critical condition. Two hours later, Zak went to wash his hands. He didn't say a word to anyone. He just got into his car and drove to Brooklyn.

It was after three in the morning when he sat in his old car looking up at the darkened condo on Franklin. He was trying to work out what he was going to say. Finally, he got out of the car and made his way to the door. He rang the bell and waited.

When he heard a sleepy voice say hello, he leaned into the intercom and closed his eyes with relief. "Adrian, it's Zak. Let me in."

There was a pause, then, the door buzzed open. Adrian met him in the hallway. "What are you doing here? It's much too dangerous. How did you find me?" He was shirtless, wearing only a pair of jeans. His hair was messy, but he looked all right.

Zak followed him into the condo. Adrian locked the door, looking at him as if he had never seen him before. "How did you...?"

"They brought in six gang members tonight, Adrian. Four of them were yours. Cole is dead, and so are two of the other Diablos. Cole told me you were here before he died. What in hell is going on?"

Adrian sighed and walked over to the sofa. "It's getting out of hand. It's a wipe-out between the two gangs and the mob."

"You're in danger, aren't you?" Zak said softly, coming to sit beside him.

He nodded. "They'll find me sooner or later."

"Then walk away, walk away before it's too late. Say the word, and I'll leave here with you tonight," Zak insisted, taking his hand.

Adrian's face softened. "You'd put yourself in danger, give up everything to be with me?"

"Yes," Zak replied. "In a heartbeat, and you'd do the same for me."

They sat holding each other's hand for a moment before Adrian stood up. "I can't do this to you."

"You have to," Zak insisted. "I love you, Adrian. I've always loved you. Don't push me away. We can do this. You can walk away. They won't follow you if you're not the leader anymore. Let someone else take over, and put this behind you. We can go to Canada. Your mother was born there, and I can get citizenship because I'm a doctor. They will welcome me with open arms. Please...Adrian...please..." Zak stood up and threw his arms around him. They kissed deeply.

Adrian nodded. "Are you sure, Zak?"

"Surer of anything I have ever been. Let's go. I have the car. Let's just go and keep on driving."

"I don't know..." Adrian hesitated.

"I don't either," Zak laughed, "all I do know is that I love you. Tell me you love me again, Adrian."

Adrian nodded. "I love you, Zak," he whispered, "and if we get out of here alive, I swear to you I'll show just how much."

Zak rubbed his cheek against his hand and moaned a little. "That's incentive enough. Let's go."

Adrian put a few things into a bag and threw it in the back seat, and they drove. Before they reached the Canadian border, Adrian threw his gun and his switchblade out the window, and never looked back.

* * * * *

Two years later, they were living in Vancouver, B.C. Zak had just received his citizenship and was working in a walk-in clinic. Adrian had his trade papers in welding and worked in a nearby auto body shop. They were just about to put a down payment on a house.

They were in love, they were together, and they had a future. That wrong turn Adrian took was just a detour, a detour which eventually led him back to Zak...the place where he was headed all along.

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We touched down nearby. I said goodbye and got out. I couldn't look back at him. I began to walk, checking the time. It was late. I checked in with the gate watchman and headed for my unit. When I arrived, I locked myself in, looking forward to my bed. In front of the bed, I pressed my finger to the seam on the uniform and both sleeves began to open. The material fell to my waist. I was just about to press the seam that would allow the rest of it to peel away from my body when I heard a voice say, "Fantastic, keep going."

I swirled around to see Storm sitting on my bed.

"How in the hell did you get in here?" I demanded.

"Looks like you have a security problem, Colonel," he said, getting up off my bed.

The way he was looking at me was wiping out any rational thought I might have had. He stood in front of me and sucked in a deep breath as he placed his palms on my chest, moving them down slowly over my nipples. "My God, if you're not one beautiful man. Now, how do we get the rest of that contraption off?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but he lifted one of his hands and put it over my lips. "Don't say

anything. Just kiss me, and we'll worry about it later, okay?" The hand slipped back down to my chest again.

Almost against my own volition, I felt my head lower. He waited, his mouth so close to mine. I lowered further and captured his mouth, hearing a small moan that I wasn't sure came from him or me. I felt his thumbs circle both my nipples, then I reached down, grabbed his ass and yanked his body closer. My tongue moved sensuously around the velvet lining of his mouth, his lips grinding against my own, his jaw widening as if to deepen a kiss that probably couldn't have gotten much deeper. He pushed away from me suddenly, his eyes looking a bit dazed, his chest heaving. He pulled his shirt over his head, leaving his silky hair as messy as if he'd just crawled out of bed. He gave me a lazy smile and came closer again. He placed his hands on either side of my face, raking them through my hair. "You're a rogue, Commander, a disgraceful rogue."

I smiled at him. "You think so?"

He laughed, letting his gaze run down over the lower part of my torso. "Take it off," he said. It was meant to be an order.

I looked down at the top of my pants and pressed the seams together. Just like the top half, the material fell away from my body. I busied myself with the boots because I needed time to think.

He wasn't about to let me think. He went down on his haunches and pulled the boots off, along with my uniform. I was trembling when his eyes worked up my leg to my cock. I was hard as rock and there was no way to hide it.

He wrapped his fist around it and gave it a gentle squeeze. "It's a big one, and quite beautiful." He pressed his lips to the shaft. I took a breath. "You've had this hardon for a while."

I let my fingers touch his hair. Like baby's hair, so soft and fine. I couldn't speak. I wanted him to suck my cock so bad, I didn't even dare breathe in case he changed his mind. He returned his lips to the shaft, closing his lips around it in the center.

"God," I groaned.

He looked up at me with soft green eyes, letting his tongue move around the head of my cock now. "You need it bad. You didn't fuck your boyfriend before you left home?"

"No time," I sighed.

"Um, there's always time. You didn't want him bad enough." Again his tongue moved around the head. "Do you want me bad enough, Colonel?" he whispered, then took my cock inside his mouth, moving the head around his teeth, scraping the skin ever so gently before letting it slide down to the back of his throat.

Again I groaned, putting out my hand on the wall so I wouldn't lose my balance. I felt him begin to fondle my balls as he sucked, increasing the pressure on my cock so that it felt as if it was in a vise. I leaned back against the wall, closing my eyes, letting the feelings of pleasure move up my spine and settle in my teeth. "Baby," I moaned, "I'm going to..."

He immediately released my balls and removed my swollen, hungry cock from his mouth. "Not yet," he breathed, stroking it ever so gently as he stood up and began to undo his pants.

I licked my lips as I watched him, trying my best not to cum as his own erection came into view. I immediately reached out for it and took it in my hand.

"Fuck me," he breathed against my shoulder.
"Fuck me now."

DJ MANLY

D.J. Manly is fast acquiring a reputation for pushing the boundaries of male/male erotic romance. A reviewer once said of Manly's work that it was enough to give the reader "...third degree burns in an air conditioned room..." and that's putting it mildly. If you adore gorgeous men who can't get enough of each other's bodies...if you like rich plots laced with steamy sex, thick and rich with aching need and glorious adoration and love...Manly's books will satisfy the craving and leave you panting for more.

"If I wouldn't enjoy reading it, I wouldn't be writing it," says Manly. "I like to tease...but I always please..."

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D.J.