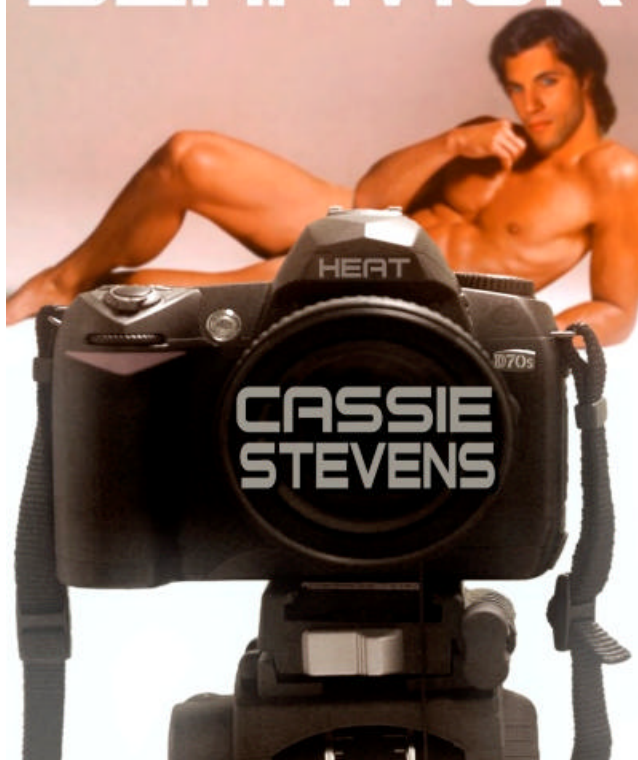


MODEL BEHAVIOR



MODEL BEHAVIOR

...They stood there frozen, gazes locked, chest to chest, and a hair's breadth from being crotch to crotch. He watched Brad's deep blue eyes slowly sweep his face, settling on Derek's lips.

Damn everything! Derek wanted him, wanted to feel those lips on his, their tongues twining while their hands roamed each other's body. Everything about them matched, right down to the aftershave they used—Brut. *Would it be so wrong to indulge...just this once?* If he was on guard, warned his heart this could go nowhere, wouldn't that be okay?

Even as he thought it, Derek dismissed the notion. His heart always got involved. It was part of who he was. He'd never been smart enough, or coarse enough, to stop the emotion that went with sex.

"Excuse me," they said in unison as they side-stepped one another and walked on.

It was all he could do not to spin around and tumble the other man onto the bed beckoning beyond. He'd loved to see Brad naked on the sheets, his bronzed body Derek's to explore and taste.

No! He shook his head hard. *I don't fuck models. I don't fuck models.*

The beast pulsing in his jeans continued to disagree...

MODEL BEHAVIOR

BY

CASSIE STEVENS

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

<http://www.amberquill.com>

MODEL BEHAVIOR
AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

This book is a work of fiction.
All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of
the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously.
Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales,
or events is entirely coincidental.

Amber Quill Press, LLC
<http://www.amberquill.com>
<http://www.amberheat.com>

All rights reserved.
No portion of this book may be transmitted or
reproduced in any form, or by any means, without permission
in writing from the publisher, with the exception of brief
excerpts used for the purposes of review.

Copyright © 2007 by Cassie Stevens
ISBN 978-1-60272-014-5
Cover Art © 2007 Trace Edward Zaber

Layout and Formatting provided by: ElementalAlchemy.com

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

*To M. L. Rhodes, Ally Blue,
Laura Baumbach, Lyndi Lamont, and Adrianna Dane
for encouraging me to take this leap.*

CHAPTER 1

Derek Sloane unfolded himself from his Jeep Cherokee and silently cursed for what had to be the millionth time. He should have refused the job outright instead of playing the game. The last thing he wanted was to be shackled to a prissy model for any period of time. Okay...so he *had* refused the job. But Alpha Designs kept upping their offer each time he'd said no, until it became a game to see just how much they were willing to pay for his services. It turned out the answer was—a lot.

The culmination of all his bargaining was parked before him this very early morning in the vacant lot at Alpha Designs' Los Angeles headquarters. The converted bus

MODEL BEHAVIOR

contained all the comforts of home, complete with separate sleeping quarters at each end for him and his subject. It still wasn't far enough apart. God, he hated models. Spoiled, egotistical, vacant models. Models who tore your heart out and bit off a chunk, before crushing it beneath their feet on their climb up the ladder of success. Male or female, they were all the same. Derek knew that for a fact because he'd had them both...still paid alimony and child support to one big mistake; still had his heart ache over the other.

And yet the lure of one million dollars, in addition to living in comfort for the duration of this job, made him shove all his convictions aside. So here he was, staring at a gleaming white monstrosity emblazoned with the black-and-red Alpha Designs logo along the sides. It might as well have been a bull's-eye. Publicity for this photo shoot was already running rampant. That was Derek's fault—one very major point he'd failed to consider. Now, everywhere he turned, the hype slapped him in the face. Magazines, newspapers, tabloids, and TV shows chattered constantly about Alpha Designs' coup in teaming "famed photographer" Derek Sloane with "top model" Brad Doyle for an exclusive holiday catalog and subsequent calendar. How the hell was he supposed to concentrate and do quality work if they were being dogged constantly? He had no one to blame but himself.

Derek supposed he couldn't fault Alpha. After all, they had to pay for this extravagance. God only knew what Brad Doyle's demands had been. He was the latest buzz topic—a young man who, reportedly, had the charm and intelligence to

MODEL BEHAVIOR

back up his pretty-boy looks.

A star on the rise. A force that could break into film by merely asking. Derek couldn't help wondering how many people the man had stepped on in the process.

He hadn't paid much attention until Alpha Designs had contacted him to do this shoot. But once the carrot started dangling before his eyes, Derek had looked Brad up on the internet, if only to see what it was he'd be working with.

Brad Doyle was a looker, he'd readily admit that. Thick brown hair that bore the barest hint of light turned golden. Deep blue eyes that glowed from within. A smile made more white by his smooth, sun-tanned skin. *The camera loved the guy.* Yeah...Derek could see the lure. His photos really got the blood pumping...for all sexes. Derek wasn't immune, just smart enough to know beating off to an image was preferable to full-on involvement.

He smiled. Now that was one way to put an end to all this. He could put the moves on the pretty boy. That should send him packing. Brad would run back to Alpha, hand protecting his cock and balls from violation by "that fag photographer." The contract would be cancelled and the one mil Derek's to keep. Even as he thought it, Derek dismissed the idea. He could never play a person like that, could never use his sexuality in that manner.

Sucking in a deep breath, Derek squared his shoulders and walked to the rear of the vehicle to start unloading his equipment. His job—their job—for the next month was to explore California, finding the perfect backdrop to pose Brad

MODEL BEHAVIOR

wearing Alpha's clothing. It was going to be a long month.

"I should've asked for two million," he mumbled to himself.

He lifted the rear hatch with one hand and reached for the first black case with the other. The Cherokee was packed to the gills with equipment, all of which would now be shoved into his portion of the bus before the Jeep was hooked up to the tow trailer behind it. Reconverted busses were great for comfort, but they wouldn't fit in those out of the way places Alpha craved. Their best bet would be setting up, then venturing out in his vehicle. He wasn't crazy about having to load and unload the Jeep on a daily basis, but he also hated the idea of the stuff being towed in the vehicle behind them. In total, the equipment was worth a hell of a lot more than the Jeep. It needed to be protected as much as possible.

"You must be Derek Sloane."

He jerked around at the voice, shocked he'd been so deep in thought someone had managed to sneak up on him. Brad Doyle stood there, hand extended, smile bright, dressed in jeans and a University of Southern California T-shirt. Photographs didn't do the man justice. Derek's heart thudded against his ribs. He was barely conscious of his mouth gaping as the blood rushed from his head to pool in his crotch. His cock flared to life, hard and demanding.

"I'm Brad Doyle," he said, still smiling. His eyes looked like sapphires with facets of light cut into their depths. *That* deserved capturing on film, something none of the other photographs he'd seen had managed to do.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

The man matched Derek's six feet and looked to weigh about the same one-eighty. Their lips would seal with little effort, and Derek wondered if they felt as soft as they looked. If the sculpted muscles he'd seen displayed in pictures would mold to his with perfection. If those arms were as strong as his. If his cock...

Derek snapped his wandering thoughts to attention. "Pleased to meet you." *Very pleased. Too pleased.*

He slipped his hand into Brad's. Fire licked its way up his arm as their fingers curled around each other's in a firm handshake. Their gazes locked in a mutual understanding that spawned joy and panic in the pit of Derek's stomach.

He didn't do models. It only led to heartache. He wasn't going to put himself out there again. It was a temporary job, albeit one that would put them in very close quarters twenty-four-seven. All those precautions were like pebbles tossed in the ocean when compared to the heat consuming his body and the euphoria of realizing Brad Doyle was also gay.

They released hands at the same time. Still, the spell of lust lingered, tempting him, taunting him, seizing his dick and balls in a vise-like grip of desperate need.

"I've been an admirer of your work for as long as I can remember." Brad's praise and that megawatt smile wrapped Derek in more heat. "When Alpha Designs approached me about doing the spread and calendar, I took a chance and demanded you as my photographer." His laugh came from deep within his throat. "I can't believe they agreed to everything we both asked for." He waved his hand to the bus.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

“Of course, it’s a little crowded with all Alpha’s clothing packed in there, but at least we won’t have to worry about any entourage being up our asses. It’ll be a welcome break. Just the two of us.”

“I don’t fuck models.” Panic hurled the words out before he could stop them.

Brad’s smile faltered, but didn’t wane completely. Amusement now flickered in those dark blue eyes. “Too bad. I’ll make sure I keep my hands to myself, though it will be hard.” His smile deepened. “It’ll be hard all the time.”

The double entendre wasn’t lost on Derek. His penis throbbed in response, begging for a violation of his edict on no fucking models.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be on my best behavior.” Brad tilted a nod his way, then turned and walked back to the bus.

Derek’s gaze remained locked to his apple-round ass the whole way.

CHAPTER 2

Brad forced himself to keep his stride casual when what he really wanted to do was stomp away like a petulant child. He didn't know whether to be crushed with disappointment, intrigued by the challenge of getting into Derek Sloane's jeans, or furious about the man's curt decree. Maybe a little bit of everything combined. That's what he got for idolizing the man for all these years.

He'd been trying to find a place for his few personal items inside the crowded bus when he'd heard the vehicle arrive. Excitement had him at the window in less than ten seconds. Peeling back the blue-checked curtain, he'd dared a peek. Anticipation had given him a hard-on long before that. In fact,

MODEL BEHAVIOR

he'd been hard more times than not since this job was first suggested. Brad couldn't believe his luck when he learned Alpha would do anything to please him, including wooing the elusive Derek Sloane to do the photo shoot.

No one was better than Derek. He'd propelled Sloane Photography to the top by sheer will and determination, not to mention extreme talent. Brad had been intrigued with his work for years. The man knew how to capture a scene, a person. Moments frozen in time told endless stories in breathless detail. He'd studied every picture he could find, learned all he could about the man, hoping one day to be able to be half as good as Derek.

But Brad discovered early on that his talent lay in front of the camera, not behind it. And he knew that particular talent would last only so long. The older he got, the less marketable he'd become. He needed to take every opportunity he could while jobs still came his way. He kept hoping against hope that he'd be paired with Derek at some point. It had never happened. The closest he'd gotten to the man was staring at Derek's picture on-line or accompanying photo spreads, where the photographer was profiled.

At first he'd felt like some sick voyeur, getting hard from a head shot of Derek or, worse yet, from a long distance pose that showed little of the man. He knew every strand of Derek's dark brown hair, longed for those equally dark eyes to be focused on him. How many times had he jerked off to the thought of those full lips on his? He'd laughed it off as a crush, bemoaned the knowledge it might be an obsession, then

MODEL BEHAVIOR

accepted his emotions were deeper than that, right before he laughed at his own foolishness. He was in love with a man he'd never met.

Just when Brad thought he'd managed to set it all aside as craziness, fate had jumped into his path. He could have agreed to Alpha's offer and accepted anyone as his photographer. But when his agent told him the ball was in their court and he would probably get the moon if he asked for it, Brad couldn't resist. This was his chance to see if reality matched imagination. This was his dream come true. That first glimpse through the window had taken his breath away.

Physically, he and Derek could have been poured from the same mold. Same height, weight, body structure. Together they'd mesh like they were meant to be.

He'd cupped his erection, indulging it with a stroke as he'd watched Derek scan what was to be their home for the next month. Long fingers splayed on his narrow hips as he'd noted every detail in that sweeping gaze. Brad imagined those fingers slicing down the zipper on his jeans, delving between his thighs to cup his hard sac, kneading gently, while the tips tickled against his ass.

All too soon Derek had turned away to unload his vehicle. Brad had all but sprinted outside to help. Then they'd been standing before one another, inches away. Arousal had wrapped around them. There was no mistaking the look in the other man's eyes, or the heat that throbbed between them. Then they'd touched. Brad's breath had caught. The pulse of his blood roared in his ears. All he'd wanted was to wrapped

MODEL BEHAVIOR

his arms around Derek and pull him close, cover his mouth in a kiss, lose himself in the wonder of the man. His dream-come-true had shattered into a nightmare seconds later.

"I don't fuck models."

Hurt had plowed into Brad's illusions, followed very quickly by anger. He'd wanted to toss back, "You pompous ass. What makes you think I'd fuck you?"

Instead, he'd let Derek be the jerk—let him think about what he was missing. *Yeah, let him think long and hard about it.*

It still didn't help dissipate his erection. Instead, he envisioned Derek on his knees before him, Brad's cock pumping away in his mouth. He'd beg to be fucked by the time Brad was finished toying with him. Crawl on his knees with a tube of lube clutched in his teeth, begging for a snippet of affection.

Yeah, right. That type of machismo had never been for Brad. Still, the image and false bravado he mustered made him smile and forget Derek's slight.

He swung open the door to the bus and paused on the metal step. A glance over his shoulder revealed Derek hadn't moved. He stared at Brad with raw hunger in his eyes. Looked like he wasn't as opposed to doing models as he'd like people to think. *It's only himself he's trying to fool.*

The insight gave Brad pause. Had Derek's statement been a knee-jerk reaction born of fear? Derek had been married to a model before he came out as gay. She'd given him two children and five years of misery from what Brad had heard. A

MODEL BEHAVIOR

subsequent relationship with a male model hadn't gone any better. In both cases, both were looking for a free ride on the Derek Sloane gravy train. Neither had seemed to realize they shouldn't be riding any other trains at the time. The dual betrayals had to have hurt.

Brad's heart went out to the guy. From what he'd been able to learn, the man hadn't had a serious relationship in years.

I'd never hurt you.

Now he needed to get Derek to give him the chance to prove it.

"Let me clear a path for you and then I'll help you unload," he called out.

Derek blinked as if coming out of a trance. "Okay." He turned back to the cases.

Brad admired the view and longed to see it bare, his hands caressing the smooth surface, the muscles flexing as Derek thrust into him. A shiver of want rattled through him. Leaving the door ajar, he entered the bus.

* * *

Derek draped straps from his camera bags crisscross over his shoulders before stacking the equipment cases two at a time to carry. He might look like a pack mule, but in his profession working out paid off. A photographer had to be able to carry it in and carry it out. On a deeper level, he wanted Brad to notice he was no weakling. The vanity stumped him almost as much as Brad's reaction to his hasty

MODEL BEHAVIOR

words. He'd been expecting anger back or, at the very least, a heated reply that Brad was either not interested or not gay. The former Derek couldn't attest to; the latter would have been a lie and they would have both known it. What he'd gotten was...

A tease?

A challenge?

A subtle rejection back?

Derek couldn't begin to guess, but the mere fact Brad had walked away so casually made him want to bring his attention back, wanted Brad to see he was a worthy mate, despite his impetuous mouth. Wrapping his arms around the top cases, Derek grabbed the handles of the bottom ones and lifted, only to realize Brad wasn't watching his marvelous feat of strength. Derek silently laughed at himself. Being a show-off had never gotten him anywhere before, so why he'd try it now...why he'd even want to... Well, it wasn't that big of a mystery, he supposed.

Quick strides took him and his load to the bus. He hadn't counted on Brad Doyle to be so damn mesmerizing. The surprise of that alone had knocked his feet out from under him. He scolded his raging libido, reminding it that looks weren't everything. Oh, it would do for a few fucks, but Derek wanted more in the long run. Quick fucks, even those that might last for a month, weren't going to cut it. Of course, until two minutes ago, he'd also been firm on his rule of no fucking models. His cock hadn't listened to that either.

Brad trotted down the metal steps as Derek approached the

MODEL BEHAVIOR

bus. “Your room is in the rear.” He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. “The living room/kitchen divides both areas. I’ve got a fresh pot of coffee ready if you’re interested and some bear claws for us. Help yourself. I’ll get the next load. I’m guessing everything comes out?”

“Yeah,” Derek tossed out as the man zipped by. *A model who admits to eating pastry...who would have thought?* He cautioned himself against the smile building. It didn’t change a thing; Brad Doyle was still a model, and experience had proven too many times they were all the same opportunistic leeches. His body still didn’t listen.

Derek didn’t know which was more cumbersome to maneuver into the bus—his equipment cases or the erection that bulged in his jeans. Only one thing was going to make it go away. Too bad he didn’t have time to take care of it. He was torn between wanting Brad to notice it and praying he wouldn’t.

Once inside, he blinked his eyes to adjust from the bright sun. Light pecan paneling covered the walls. That was really the only unique thing he could see about the area. Everything was decorated in utilitarian shades of cream and brown. Variegated brown carpet skipped to matching tiles in the kitchen. A door to his right led to the front—Brad’s area. Despite the boxes and suitcases around the area, the shared space was open and appeared comfortable. A sectional sofa hugged the wall and was the only seating in the living room. A long table with a small bowl of green M&Ms in the center hugged it.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

That smile he'd fought burst through. Unless he missed his bet, the candies were a contract "ploy," similar to the ones Derek had used. Since the candies were there, Brad and his agent knew Alpha had read their stipulations carefully.

The kitchen contained a U-shaped booth across from a counter with built-in appliances that would be the envy of any homeowner. The door beyond led to his room.

Hard strides took him in that direction. The bus didn't so much as rattle—very solid construction. He set down one stack of cases and shouldered open the door. The décor didn't change—still creams and browns. The appearance of comfort hadn't changed either. A full-size bed with a bookcase headboard was centered against the far wall. Two large Snickers bars were on the pillows. Derek's smile widened. Alpha had definitely read the contracts thoroughly. He'd tuck the candy away for his kids. They looked forward to the treat each time he had a job.

A door in the corner opened to the bathroom. There was little maneuvering room around the bed, but as long as Derek had a place for all his gear he didn't care. And that space was right before him. Easy and ready access was going to be a cinch.

He set down his load, then pivoted to leave...and ran right into Brad.

They stood there frozen, gazes locked, chest to chest, and a hair's breadth from being crotch to crotch. He watched Brad's deep blue eyes slowly sweep his face, settling on Derek's lips.

Damn everything! Derek wanted him, wanted to feel those

MODEL BEHAVIOR

lips on his, their tongues twining while their hands roamed each other's body. Everything about them matched, right down to the aftershave they used—Brut. *Would it be so wrong to indulge...just this once?* If he was on guard, warned his heart this could go nowhere, wouldn't that be okay?

Even as he thought it, Derek dismissed the notion. His heart always got involved. It was part of who he was. He'd never been smart enough, or coarse enough, to stop the emotion that went with sex.

"Excuse me," they said in unison as they side-stepped one another and walked on.

It was all he could do not to spin around and tumble the other man onto the bed beckoning beyond. He'd loved to see Brad naked on the sheets, his bronzed body Derek's to explore and taste.

No! He shook his head hard. *I don't fuck models. I don't fuck models.*

The beast pulsing in his jeans continued to disagree.

CHAPTER 3

Brad closed his eyes and willed himself to breathe normally. Every inch of him was hot and hard. He'd been so tempted to slant his mouth over Derek's. The want in the man's eyes was obvious. In the end they'd both moved away. He kept telling himself it was for the best...for many reasons.

One, there was little time and they needed to get on the road to meet their itinerary. Flexible though it was, there were still specific shots Alpha Designs wanted from specific locations.

Two, he wanted there to be no doubt in either of their minds that a kiss and all that went with it was a mutual decision.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Three, he knew if he touched Derek, felt his lips, his arms, Brad would... Okay, saying he'd melt was a little girly and over-the-top, but he couldn't find another way to describe how he knew he'd feel if Derek kissed him. He did know he wouldn't want to have time constraints force them to stop.

The sound of Derek returning with another load jerked Brad from his thoughts. He quickly adjusted the aching cock behind his fly, then turned and hurried to the Jeep for more cases.

They passed each other in silence, making a couple more trips before they were done. Straps secured the expensive camera equipment against the wall to keep it from sliding during the trip. Then, as if they'd pre-arranged it, they loaded Derek's Cherokee onto the tow trailer.

Derek took a step away to survey the hook-ups, then dusted his hands over his butt. Brad's body tightened at the action.

"Looks good," Derek proclaimed.

He had no idea how good it did look.

"How 'bout that coffee and bear claw while we go over the itinerary?" Derek suggested.

Brad smiled and dared a quick clap against the other man's shoulder. "Sounds like a good plan."

They fell in step and walked toward the door.

"I've got the permits for the location shoots, as well as the list of specific shots Alpha wants."

"I have those, too," Brad added. "I also printed out several road maps showing quick routes and scenic routes. The GPS

MODEL BEHAVIOR

navigation should also help avoid too much traffic.”

“Too bad it won’t help us avoid the reporters.”

“At least we got out of that God-awful press conference Alpha was trying to put together.”

“I hate having reporters up my ass,” Derek spit out. “Even the good-looking ones,” he added, with a smile that had them both laughing over the innuendo.

The little joke helped dissolve the tension from earlier. Friends before lovers worked for Brad. Being simply friends worked, too. It was better than no relationship at all.

Within a few minutes, they were side-by-side at the small kitchen booth, mugs of hot coffee at one hand, bear claws next to the other, and the maps and itinerary spread over the table.

“We’ve got two different projects to deal with.” Derek tapped the papers with his index finger. “The catalog and the beefcake calendar.”

“Right.” Brad nodded. “I’m thinking dress it up first for the catalog, then dress down for the other at the same location. Alpha doesn’t care as long as it gets done and their products are displayed.”

“Good...like a modified striptease for them. That ought to make those calendars fly off the cyber-shelves. I’ll click off shots as you strip. Sometimes the hottest shot comes from the anticipation in play.”

“Awkward as it is to do these things, at least the profits go to a worthy cause.” The calendars generated millions for cancer research every year, despite the protests from the moral majority.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

“Everything they’ve given us is for outdoor shots. I think we can get it all done without having to leave southern California. This time of year we’ll still be able to catch the snow up at Big Bear or at the top of the Palm Springs tram. That’ll also put us in a good place to catch the spring wildflowers in the higher desert elevations.”

“Sounds good.” Brad glanced over the proposed route highlighted in orange on his maps. “If it’s all the same to you, I’d like to get the beach shots over with first. It’s the one thing I dislike most of all.” California beaches were cold, which might be nice in August, but definitely not in the spring. “I don’t know how I’m going to manage looking like hot beefcake when my teeth are chattering.”

Derek’s gaze shifted his way. “Oh...I don’t think that’ll be a problem.”

Was that smoldering lust banked in his brown eyes?

All too quickly Derek looked away. “Don’t worry. You concentrate on smiling. I’ll snap the shots quickly, then touch out any goose bumps.”

“Now that’s the best deal I’ve heard in a long time.” *Except the one teaming with you.* Brad left that unsaid. No sense scaring him off when it looked like Derek was starting to warm up to him.

“Great.” He shuffled the papers into order. “Soon as the driver gets here, we’ll take off.”

“I’m driving.”

Derek’s gaze snapped up.

“I’m licensed,” Brad added. “I’ve driven a bus off and on

MODEL BEHAVIOR

for years.” He left off any further explanation. Derek didn’t need to know he used to drive a school bus, or that he took underprivileged children up to Big Bear for church-sponsored summer camp, or that he’d spent a year before he became a model driving a rock band all over the United States. It might all come off as pretentious if he shared that background now. He didn’t want Derek to think he was bragging.

“Oh...good.” The last came out almost as an afterthought. Clearly Brad had surprised him.

Derek finished stacking the paperwork and stood, taking his pastry and coffee with him. “We should hit the road then. I know a stretch of beach that’s relatively isolated. There won’t be any touristy things to detract from the shots and few people to get in our way. If we’re lucky, we can get there while the sun’s in our favor.”

“Then let’s go.” Hands braced on the table, Brad shoved to his feet.

* * *

They worked together to secure the kitchen area, pouring the remainder of the coffee into thermal mugs, making certain everything else they’d used was locked down tight.

The more time Derek spent with Brad, the more he found himself liking the man. He’d surprised him left and right this morning. Models he’d known wouldn’t have dared risk bruising themselves, much less getting dirty, doing manual labor. Brad jumped right in to help. The maps showed attention to detail and organizational skills Derek highly

MODEL BEHAVIOR

approved of. Again, his experience with models had always been the “me, me, me” mentality. Now Brad was driving? Each minute revealed another layer of the man, intriguing Derek more and more.

His libido calmed. Tension seeped from his muscles. This was a person he truly wanted to get to know, not someone he wanted to run screaming from.

Travel mugs in hand, they hoisted themselves into the captain’s chairs upfront. Brad had barely hit the freeway when they noticed the first wave of paparazzi following them. He muttered a curse, but kept his focus on his driving, following Derek’s directions without question.

“It really was just a matter of time,” Derek told him, pointing out the next exit. “Alpha’s been doing some serious PR on this shoot, and this bus might as well have a target on it. Let’s just do our best to ignore them and focus on the job.”

“As long as they keep their distance and don’t ruin the shots, I’ll be fine,” Brad replied. “Well...I’ll try to be fine if they ruin them, too.”

There was little choice. People like those who followed them always looked for the chance to catch celebrities, big or small, in unflattering moments. That elusive photo was often worth a lot of money. Heaven forbid you scratched your nose without one of them blowing it all out of proportion. So much for Derek’s isolated stretch of beach. There wasn’t a damn thing he or Brad could do without coming off as the bad guys. The best option was to try to ignore them and focus on their work. Failing that, a polite smile would have to suffice.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Derek hoped that would be enough to give them some distance. If one of the jerks tried to impose himself into the photo shoot... Derek mentally shook his head. Getting into a shouting match wouldn't do him, Brad, or Alpha Designs any good. They'd just have to pack it up and move to the next stop.

"Is that the spot?" Brad pointed to a wide stretch of beach ahead.

"Yep, that's it."

"Perfect," Brad said with a smile.

Yes, it was ideal. The homes bordering the wide expanse of flat sand were older, with a lower profile than those farther down the coast. Streets cut through the neighborhood, leading to a small T-shaped parking lot that presently contained two small trucks parked side by side. Derek could see the occupants fishing at the shallow edge of the rough surf. Riptides pulled hard on their legs, even at this seemingly inconsequential depth. A little white dog of indeterminate breeding played tag with the waves as they spent themselves on the shore. A red ball was clutched in its mouth. As Brad pulled to a parallel stop, the dog's head perked up, its tail sweeping slowly back and forth with interest.

"At least they had the consideration to park away from us," Brad as he cut the engine.

Derek glanced out the side mirrors. Both of their tag-alongs had chosen to park at the other end of the lot. "I suppose it's too much to hope they'll stay in their cars." One of the men already had a zoom lens focused on the bus. The man in

MODEL BEHAVIOR

the other car was fumbling for something while he tried to keep them in sight.

“Boy...you want whipped cream *and* the cherry on top.”

Brad’s innocent comment stoked fire deep in Derek’s belly. Heat rushed his bloodstream, igniting desire, filling his cock until it threatened to spill in his jeans.

“Need help?”

Derek blinked at the question. He didn’t think Brad was talking about the kind of help he really needed right this minute. “Huh?”

“With setting up your gear.” He jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

“Oh...no...I’m good. It won’t take long.”

“Great...I’ll haul on the first outfit.”

They shouldered open their respective doors at the same time. From the schedule, there were five designs to be photographed on the beach. Alpha wanted action shots, but he and Brad had been cautioned ten million times not to soil or risk damage to any of the clothing. Neither of them were permitted to wear any of the clothes outside the realm of the shoot. Despite the pay checks he and Brad were getting, there was little doubt who—or rather what—Alpha considered the real star. The restrictions made him wonder if the designs would fall apart at the first kiss of dirt. He wisely kept that observation to himself.

Thanks to Derek’s pre-staging, it took little time for him to gather what he needed. Case in hand, he sighted a position on the beach that would give him either a nice background of the

MODEL BEHAVIOR

blue Pacific Ocean or the looming green mountains facing it. Here no man-made structures would taint the shot. A few feet one direction would take them into soft, dry sand; packed, wet sand lay a few feet the other way. *Perfect.*

The little dog trotted forward, then dropped the red ball right into Derek's path. Hard to miss that signal. Smiling, Derek picked it up and tossed it. She—yes, definitely a female—darted after it. Soft laughter pulled his head around to Brad. Somehow he managed to keep his mouth from dropping open. He swore his cock reared up for a closer look.

Brad wore steel blue Bermuda shorts and a matching silk shirt that hugged his sculpted chest in the gentle breeze. Firm legs looked like they'd never known an ounce of fat. Muscles were carved to statue-like precision, flexing with every step he took. Even his feet were beautiful—long and tanned, the nails neat and healthy. Light brown hair dusted over his exposed flesh, making Derek wonder how it trailed from chest to groin. *Is it darker? Thicker? Coarse or soft?* His earlier decree was nothing more than a vague whisper. He wanted Brad. He wanted him bad.

A sharp bark at his heels yanked his thoughts back to the present. The dog and her ball waited his attention once more. Derek was happy to indulge her. She shot off for her toy the instant it sailed from his fingers.

"Looks like you made a new friend," Brad said.

"Can't have too many of those." He looped his camera strap around his neck. "Ready?"

"Let's do it." Brad glanced at the photographers now

MODEL BEHAVIOR

leaning against the hoods of their cars, then shook his head.

“They’re going to love it when I strip down.”

Not nearly as much as I am.

CHAPTER 4

There was that look again—the one that said, I want you.

Nothing guarded Derek's reaction, and there really could be no mistaking it for anything but what it was. Brad had thought he'd really screwed up with the whipped cream and cherry remark. He hadn't intended for it to mean anything, and only realized it could be misinterpreted after the words fell from his lips. Then he'd stumbled over himself in another ramble of words trying to recover as he'd wondered what the stunned look on Derek's face had meant. *But this time...no doubt.* And all Brad wanted to do was pull him close to help squelch the growing ache swelling in the jock strap he'd had the forethought to put on.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

The little dog trotted back, ball in her mouth, and selected him as the next person to do her bidding. Brad blessed her for the distraction and bent to pick it up.

One of the fishermen turned in their direction. “Don’t let her be too big a pest. Tell her no and she’ll be content to sit.”

“No problem.” Resist those big brown eyes? No way. He tossed the ball, laughing when she zipped off after it.

“I think we’ve found the natural action Alpha wants,” Derek said. “Play with her and let me do the rest.”

It sounded like a plan Brad could work with. If it didn’t work out, they could always go back to posed shots. Once he and the dog got into playing, Brad was able to more or less forget the camera clicking away photo after photo. For the first time in his career, he didn’t worry about anything except being himself. *This* was what had drawn him to Derek Sloane’s work in the first place. Now he knew how Derek had managed to make his photography look natural—because it *was* natural. The pictures were frozen snapshots of Brad’s life, not some fabricated idolization for the camera.

They moved seamlessly from one design to the other, gaining a larger audience each time as the morning progressed and people arrived. The Alpha Designs bus was like a beacon. The more word got out—cell phones were a curse—the more crowded it became. That’s when Brad’s comfort level dropped. They were down to the extra sexy shots for the calendar...and he was down to very little—a strip of white that was supposed to pass for a swimsuit and a clinging white tank top. Even the dog sensed it was time for business. After

MODEL BEHAVIOR

slurping up the bowl of water her owner set out for her, she stretched out to watch. The paparazzi shuffled closer, cameras raised. Brad shifted a nervous glance around.

“It’s okay.” Derek squeezed his shoulder. “Focus on me or the dog. Ignore the rest.”

Brad gave a short nod. Derek would never know how much that little show of encouragement meant. Pulling in a deep breath, Brad grabbed the hem of the tank top and slowly peeled it up his body. A scream for help, followed by the dog’s panicked bark, yanked him around. Undertow from the waves had knocked her owner down. The man flailed against the sand, trying to right himself. The pull was too great. Brad saw a flash to his left as he charged toward the fisherman—the dog running for her owner. He grabbed her up in time, shoving her into Derek’s arms behind him as he hurtled toward the man.

Icy water took his breath away. He locked his hands around the man’s wrists. A wave hauled them both under. A sharp pain gouged his shoulder and scored down his back as Brad dug one hand into the sand and wrapped the other into a fistful of the man’s shirt. He sputtered for air as another wave beat into him. Long fingers caught his wrist, then a strong arm looped around his chest. Brad held onto the fisherman, pulling him toward the surface for air, even as someone tried to pull him from the water. He heard the man gasp, heard the shouts of others on the beach. Someone else jumped in to help. Then another person. Brad used the leverage they provided to dig in. Inch by inch they crawled to freedom, then collapsed in a pile

MODEL BEHAVIOR

of bodies, panting for breath out of the ocean's reach.

"This will make a hell of a picture," Derek said with a shaky laugh.

Brad glanced up. The paparazzi stood safely away snapping one picture after the other. They were going to be worth a fortune to news media and tabloids alike.

There was a sharp yip as the dog wiggled from the arms of a woman whose husband had jumped in with them to help. Then she launched herself at her owner. The fisherman wrapped her close, tears in his eyes as she slapped kisses against his face.

"I don't know how to thank you." He extended his hand to Brad, then pulled back. "You're hurt. Looks like my fish hook got you."

Brad didn't want to look. The pain was there, stinging from the salt water in the wound. Derek peeled away the top edge of the tank top.

"Is it...bad?"

"Nothing I can't airbrush out in the photos." Derek clapped him on the lower back, stood, and gave Brad a hand up. "Let's go clean it up."

They stopped long enough to grab Derek's equipment. Brad tried to share the burden of carrying the cases. His injured shoulder wouldn't take the load. He could feel blood trickle from the wound under the pressure. At least he presumed it was blood. Could be water, too. Derek didn't seem too concerned about it. But Brad's knees shook with every step. Chills assaulted him. Derek stayed by his side and

MODEL BEHAVIOR

looked ready to catch him if Brad faltered, or at the very least, guard him from the prying lenses of those nosy cameras still clicking away.

At the bus, Derek darted forward, unlocking and shoving open the door. “Strip those wet things off and I’ll get you a blanket. You’ve got to be freezing.”

Brad stopped at the threshold. *The clothes!* “Alpha’s going to kill me.”

“Not with the type of publicity you just got for them.” Derek cupped his elbow and ushered him into the bus. “Come on...let’s get you fixed up.”

He was half aware of Derek pointing him toward the kitchen. Brad stumbled blindly along as he peeled the tank top over his head. Derek snagged it from his fingers and tossed it into the stainless steel sink with one hand, while he snapped a towel over the vinyl booth so Brad could sit. He couldn’t remember ever having been this cold—inside and out cold.

Something squished when he sat. He realized it was water being squeezed from the little white suit. Glancing down he saw that the wet material didn’t leave anything to the imagination. The photographers would have a field day with that one. It wouldn’t take long for the picture to hit the tabloids. At least he had something to show for himself, even with shrinkage from the icy water.

He tugged the swimsuit off and put it in the sink as well. Now...if only he could stop shaking. He couldn’t feel anything but the numbing cold.

“Here.” Derek wrapped a baby soft blanket around Brad’s

MODEL BEHAVIOR

waist and then pressed him back to the seat.

Brad pulled it over his uninjured shoulder. "I can't stop shaking. Aren't you cold? You're as wet as me." He glanced up. Derek had stripped to the skin and now wore a dark blue velour robe.

"Yeah, I am, but I didn't almost drown. I didn't dive in to save someone's life."

Brad's gaze fell to Derek's lips, close enough to kiss, close enough to feel his warm breath against his bare shoulder. "You dove in to save *my* life."

The other man smiled. "So I did. This is going to sting."

Brad sucked in a sharp breath as the antiseptic touched his wound. It was still preferable to the cold in his body. "How...how does it look?"

"It's a long scratch. Maybe twelve inches from your shoulder blade across your back. Deeper at the top than at the bottom. You won't need stitches. Are you up-to-date on your tetanus shot?"

"Yeah." He curled his fingers into the blanket. "At least the hook's not in me. Think the fisherman's all right?"

"Yep. After he thanked you for saving him—"

"Shit...I don't even remember that."

"I'm not surprised. It was a hell of a lot to process in a short period of time. Anyway, he and the other fisherman were heading to his truck with his dog before we left. He's probably getting warmed up as we speak."

"Wish I could."

Derek gave a final dab to the wound. "It looks good.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Bleeding has stopped. There'll likely be a small scar at the top."

Brad shrugged off the news. "I've been told chicks dig scars."

Their gazes locked before they burst out laughing.

"Let's see if a hot shower won't warm us both up," Derek suggested. "Then I'll call Doug Harrison at Alpha and brief him on what happened. It's really going to high profile us now."

Brad draped the blanket around him as he stood. "I don't regret it for a minute. If that man had drowned..." Damned if he didn't start to tear up.

Derek's arms were around him a second later.

"Hey...it's okay." His voice caressed Brad's ear as he rubbed soothing circles against his back.

"Got to be the drop from the adrenaline rush."

"Probably," Derek replied, then placed the softest of kisses on his temple.

Was it meant as comfort...or something more? Despite the interest stirring his cock, Brad was too drained to evaluate it.

"Think I'll take that shower now," he said softly.

Derek's hand skimmed his ass. "Yeah...me, too."

CHAPTER 5

If their shower stalls had been big enough, Derek would have followed Brad...or hauled him off to his shower. But the square box was barely big enough to hold one man, much less two, and certainly not two doing what Derek wanted to do with Brad. He longed for soapy hands gliding over each other's bodies until no surface remained untouched.

He wanted to feel Brad's beautiful cock—yes, he hadn't been able to resist looking at it—grow hard and long beneath his hand. Wanted to gasp with pleasure as Brad cupped his aching balls. They'd clutch at each other, pivoting hips and cocks together until they came so hard they'd collapse to their knees in the water.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Derek gave a humorless snort at his scenario. They'd run out of water long before that moment happened. The bus was self-contained, but certainly not with unlimited supplies of water. Every ounce had to be conserved as much as possible. As things stood he didn't dare indulge himself in jerking off as he showered, even though that particular priority was fairly high right now.

Once Brad's bedroom door clicked shut, he turned and headed for his own room. His cock poked through the fold in his robe and led the way. With each step, he cursed himself for stereotyping the man. There was depth to Brad Doyle—nothing vacant or self-centered about him. Brad had moved with lightning speed into the water, never once thinking of anything or anyone except the man whose life was in danger. He hadn't even cared about the possibility of a scar; he'd merely joked.

This was a man Derek wanted to know. This was a man he *wanted*. He cautioned himself against rushing. Brad needed to know this wasn't a heat-of-the-moment choice. That decision lasted until Derek finished his shower and was standing at the door to his bedroom, hard-on wedged into his jeans, watching Brad exit his own room. He wore navy sweatpants, white socks, a T-shirt, and the blanket draped around him like a cape as he made his way to the couch and sank onto it.

"Still cold?" Derek slowly walked his way. He wore half of what Brad had on—jeans and that was it.

Brad's gaze settled on his bare chest, his mouth parting in what Derek hoped was appreciation as he studied the dusting

MODEL BEHAVIOR

of dark hair down to Derek's fly...then to the bulge pulsing behind it.

"Somewhat," he replied. "But it's not as bad as it was."

"I have the perfect way for us to warm up. The only question is...my bed or yours?" He stood before him, hand extended.

Brad's gaze fell to his open palm before his eyes clicked up to Derek's. "I'm sitting on my bed."

He frowned. "You're sleeping on the sofa?"

He shrugged. "The clothes needed to go somewhere. Alpha wedged them into my room. I apparently forget to negotiate for a better sleeping arrangements." He offered a half-hearted smile that melted Derek's heart the rest of the way.

"Oh, honey...that's definitely not going to be a problem."

Leaning down, Derek cupped his head and slanted his mouth over Brad's. Lips parted beneath his, kneading gently and then with more insistence as their tongues glided together. Icy fingers skidded over Derek's ribs, stealing his breath—whether from the cold or Brad's touch he couldn't say. Brad's hand splayed over his back, tugging him closer. Derek deepened the kiss, grunting with the moan that rippled from Brad.

He wiggled his fingers through the opening in the blanket, straight to the hem of Brad's T-shirt. Brad's stomach muscles quivered as Derek brushed his hand over the six-pack. Slow circles of his thumb searched upward until it reached a hard nipple. Derek flicked the bead back and forth, reveling in the

MODEL BEHAVIOR

short gasps Brad released beneath Derek's lips.

Kneeling between the other man's parted knees, Derek raked his mouth down Brad's throat as he pulled up the T-shirt. The barest hint of whisker scuffed his tongue. Brad arched into the caress with a sigh, then righted himself, wrapped his arms around Derek, and rolled them both to the carpeted floor. Mouths and pelvises molded together, tongues and penises rubbing hard as passion swept over them.

Ballung up the back of Brad's shirt, Derek pulled it up and over his head. A hard tweak to his own nipple froze him. Electric shocks of pleasure zinged to his cock. He thrust against Brad, damning the clothing that stood in their way. Shoving his hand into Brad's sweatpants, he jerked them and the boxers down. Brad wiggled them the rest of the way off, yanking his legs free and kicking the clothing away. His hot penis surged against Derek's stomach. A drop of pre-cum salted his skin.

"I'm clean," Brad said quickly.

"Me, too."

Derek rolled Brad to his back intent on tasting the prize uncovered. Brad's nimble fingers—much warmer now—caught the metal button on his fly first. A tug freed it. Derek jerked the zipper down. Together they fumbled to pull the jeans down and off. His penis cheered at the freedom. His balls had never felt harder.

Brad swiveled around, cupped Derek's buttocks, and wrapped his mouth over him. Derek cried out over the surge, wincing in an effort to hold back his climax. Brad's tongue

MODEL BEHAVIOR

feathered around him, over him, under him, toyed with the crown and then the slit.

He raked his hands through the other man's thick hair. "Wait," he gasped out.

Brad eased away. Soft kisses dotted Derek's groin as he tried to recover. The fire inside never waned. Loosing a groan, he sucked Brad's cock deep. Brad shuddered beside him and took him once more. They bucked into the shared sucking with frenzied abandon.

Derek cupped Brad's hard sac and danced his middle finger over the puckered hole behind it. "I'm going to fuck you there," he said around a mouthful of cock.

A groan vibrated around his penis and a long finger pierced the ring of muscle on his ass. Derek rolled to his back, legs splayed, taking Brad with him. Two fingers worked their way into his anus, thrusting deep and hard as Brad's tongue lit fire to his dick. Pre-cum kissed Derek's tongue. He sucked Brad deep, eased his finger into his ass and massaged his prostate. Brad plunged forward on a muffled cry. Hot jism filled Derek's mouth and yanked free his own climax. Blood roared in his ears. He swore Brad sucked him dry and, in the barely conscious part of his brain, wondered if the man felt the same way about what Derek was doing.

Reality filtered in slowly. Panting for breath, they fell beside one another and each rested his head on the other's thigh. He wished they'd done this in bed so all they'd have to do was cuddle together and sleep...or do it all over again.

"I don't think I'm cold anymore," Brad muttered.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

They both chuckled and rolled face-to-face into each other's arms.

"I guess fucking models isn't such a horrible thing after all."

"I'm so sorry for that." Derek kissed his forehead, his cheek, his lips. "Let's just say I've learned you aren't what I'm used to with models." He rested his head on Brad's shoulder. "Let's face it...people will be calling you a hero after today."

He tensed and pulled back. "Is that what this was about? Was this my reward?"

Derek opened his mouth to utter a reply he didn't have. Two things saved him from making a further ass of himself—a blast from Brad's cell phone and a knock that rattled their door.

* * *

Brad listened with half attention to Doug Harrison's spiel about Alpha, the PR, and what a coup his rescue effort had been. Derek dealt with the news media parked outside their door. Every news van in southern California had laid siege to them. Doug and Alpha Designs couldn't be happier. Brad couldn't be more miserable.

How could one of the things he'd wanted most in the world turn out so wrong? He'd wanted Derek to want him for himself, not for a supposed ideal he represented. It'd stung when he'd initially lumped Brad in with all the other models he'd ever known. But that feeling was nothing compared to

MODEL BEHAVIOR

the twist in his heart when he thought Derek's interest now came because he considered him a hero. He wanted Derek to want him for him, nothing else. He'd idolized him for so long that...

Brad blinked as reality settled over him. Hadn't he done the same thing? He didn't know Derek, the man. He'd worshipped Derek, the photographer. Shame muted his thoughts.

"I get it, Doug," he said, interrupting the flow of words. "PR all the time. An email containing our complete itinerary. Blah, blah, blah. Now get a rep from Alpha down here. We're drowning in reporters." He ended the call with a press of a button and joined Derek at the door.

He flashed Brad a smile over this shoulder and stepped aside so the reporters had a clear shot. "See? He's safe and sound."

They surged forward, microphones thrust his way. Brad raised his hands to ward them off. "Please, I don't deserve the praise. Four other men jumped in as well. In fact, they wound up having to pull me from the ocean, too. If it weren't for them—and Derek Sloane right here was one of them—the fisherman and I would both be dead. The only thing I want the public to know is that they really need to be careful of riptides. The current can haul giants under in the blink of an eye."

More questions were hurled his way. Brad lifted his hands. "A representative from Alpha Designs will be here shortly to field your questions. Derek and I are under some heavy time constraints and need to get back to work."

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Derek took the forefront. “And we need to get those last shots before the beach gets any more crowded. Ladies...gentlemen.” A polite nod closed the door. Heaving a sigh of relief, Derek braced against it. “Ready to get back to work?”

“Not if it means putting that skimpy excuse for a swimsuit back on. Not only it is wet, but it’s cold and you can see right through it.”

Smiling, Derek stepped into Brad’s space and cupped his groin. “Lucky me.”

An erection blossomed into his hand. “Tease.”

“No, I’m deadly serious.” He stroked Brad’s penis and kissed him hard.

His body sizzled. “Now how am I going to stuff this into the suit?”

Derek shrugged. “You get it in there and I promise I’ll help you take it out.” He smothered another kiss onto Brad’s mouth, then started to gather his equipment. “I’ll be out there waiting.”

Brad snagged the scrap of material from the kitchen sink and marched into his room. His dick bounced with every step. There was only one solution.

He hurried into to the tiny bathroom. The rings on the shower curtain jangled as he shoved them aside. Yanking down his sweats and boxers, he stood just inside the stall and stroked the length of his cock. He imagined it was Derek’s hand loving him, his front pressed against Brad’s back, his cock tucked into the cleft of his ass. And then...

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Brad gasped in surprise when he felt Derek behind him. Warm fingers looped around his, stroking with him. Derek was nude, his cock hard and insistent as it pushed between his butt cheeks. He could feel the heat of it burning through the condom Derek wore. Brad bent forward, hands braced on the shower wall. The invitation was clear. Just in case it wasn't...

"The lube is in the ditty bag on the shelf."

Derek barely budged as he fished the tube of KY from the brown toiletry bag. Brad spread his legs, his body quivering in anticipation. Cold lube readied his anus. He could hear the slow *slurp* as Derek prepared his cock. One hand curled over Brad's hip, leveraging itself into place on his pelvis, and the other guided Derek's penis right where he wanted it...where he needed it. The head speared him. Derek paused, pulling in breaths as hard as those Brad released. He eased in deeper and deeper until their sacs touched.

Brad wiggled against him. "God, you feel good."

"You, too," Derek said on a rush of breath. Reaching around, he wrapped a firm hand around Brad's dick.

He pulled a long stroke out, then seated himself once more. Brad moved with him, thrusting his penis into the welcome cradle of Derek's hand. Derek pulled out and plunged in again, quicker this time. Then again. And again until they'd found the perfect rhythm. Heat pooled into Brad's genitals. It echoed the warmth in Derek's cock. With each stroke the man felt harder, hotter...and so did Brad. Orgasm tickled at the base of his spine. His body tensed in anticipation. He squeezed his pelvic muscles, echoing the soft

MODEL BEHAVIOR

cry Derek made. He felt the pulse heralding orgasm in Derek's penis and ground his hips back against him. Derek's body bowed into the release, yet his hand still flew over Brad's erection, demanding he come, too. And he did.

Hot spurts of cum jetted against the shower wall. Brad thought he'd never stop coming. When the last spasm died, he felt Derek's kisses against his spine, his fingers rubbing his back and rear.

"Think that swimsuit will fit now?" he asked.

Brad chuckled. "For a little while anyway."

* * *

Oh, yes...the camera loved him. The crowd loved him. Alpha Designs loved him. And it all rolled off Brad. Most models—most *people*—would be sucking up the adulation. Not Brad. He didn't act like it was his God-given right to be noticed. He didn't put on diva airs. He did his job, crediting Derek for making him look good. He sloughed off the continued suggestions that he was a hero, pointing out again that others had also helped. He joked with the news media, teased the flirty girls who'd decided to hang out, and worked the camera at Derek's direction.

Derek was damned proud to know him, to work with him, and to have him in his life. To think he'd started out the day dreading the experience. It'd turned out to be the luckiest day of his life. It had also proved a longer one than they'd anticipated. Once Doug Harrison arrived, more interviews with the press were scheduled. That cut into shoot time, but as

MODEL BEHAVIOR

the sun lit the sky with the reds and golds of sunset, it also made for some outstanding photos.

Derek couldn't help wishing he could shoot Brad nude with that beautiful sky bathing his glorious body in a wash of color. Thankfully no one noticed the erection he sported at the thought. All eyes were on his model.

That made him smile, too. His model. Derek never thought those words would ever pass his lips again.

Brad's goose bumps finally brought an end to the day. He'd been wearing close to nothing for most of it. Not one word of complaint had left his mouth. He let the media have their fill and the ladies have their touch. Derek wondered how many men wanted that privilege, too.

"Okay, everyone," Derek called out. "That has to be a wrap for the day. We don't want Brad's assets to freeze off."

Laughter rippled through the crowd.

"Where will you be tomorrow?" someone called out.

"Alpha Designs has our schedule," Derek replied. "We go where they tell us." Which was a lie, but at least it saved him and Brad from having to field constant inquiries. It also seemed to satisfy everyone. They slowly filtered on to other things.

He turned a smile Brad's way when he felt the other man's fingers curl over his shoulder. "What can I do to help you pack up?"

"I've got it." He jerked his head toward the bus. "You go on. I know you've got to be cold. Even your nipples have nipples."

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Brad laughed lightly. "I don't know whether to say I'm glad you noticed or I was hoping you'd know of a way to warm me up." His voice was low, meant for Derek's ears only.

The intimacy of it curled into Derek's core. "How about both?"

His smile widened before he turned and walked to the bus. Derek fought every urge he possessed not to watch his ass as he went. His sexual inclinations were known; Brad's were hinted at. The female population who craved his calendar might not appreciate having the rumors confirmed.

Doug Harrison waylaid him halfway through packing up his equipment cases to confirm the itinerary yet again. As long as he kept to their contracts and kept the news media somewhat out of their hair, Derek would photograph Brad on the moon if it meant spending more time with him. The month was going to go by too quickly as it was.

By the time he headed inside, the sun was history for the day. All that remained was the palest of yellow as the inky night took over. He couldn't wait to get to the desert where the stars would splash like diamonds across the dark. City lights made it impossible to see them now. He missed it. He longed to sit under the Milky Way and share it with Brad while they downed a few beers.

The smell of dinner cooking rumbled his stomach as he opened the door. Dressed in a burgundy robe, Brad worked the kitchen.

"What? No apron?" Derek teased as he set his cases on the

MODEL BEHAVIOR

floor and stepped in behind them. It'd make for one hell of a calendar shot, one men and women would love.

Brad curled an eyebrow his way. "Too girly. I'm a man's man."

"Yeah...in more ways than one," Derek said with a laugh. "Smells good. Steak?"

"Yep. I nuked some potatoes and broccoli, too. Everything's almost done. If you'll uncork the merlot—"

"We have wine?"

"I might not have remembered to negotiate for a decent bed, but the wine I remembered."

Derek came up behind him. "And the bed's no longer an issue. Lucky me again."

Brad faced him. They were eye to eye, nose to nose, equal in everything. "No...lucky *me*. I'm thinking I'm the one who owes you an apology."

He frowned. "For what?"

A half-smile lifted the corner of his mouth. "Let's just say I did a little misjudging of my own and leave it at that. Ready to eat?"

"Starved. Let me catch up to you." He motioned to Brad's robe and then hurried off to wash up and change into his own.

Over dinner Derek re-discovered what had been missing in his life. He couldn't have named it before now, at least not in any pleasant terms. He'd called it horny and left it at that. Now he admitted he'd been lonely, wanting companionship in all ways.

As the two new lovers shared the meal, they also shared

MODEL BEHAVIOR

themselves. It was surprising how much they had in common outside their professions—books, movies, hobbies, sports. It made him want Brad all the more. He treasured each second that helped build the anticipation for later, when he'd pull Brad into his bed and love him until they both dropped from exhaustion.

They polished off the wine as they washed the dishes. Derek didn't think they'd stopped talking since he walked in the door. It was like they'd been friends forever. He liked the sound of that word—forever.

Whoa...don't corner the poor guy.

As he thought that, Derek felt Brad's heat surround him seconds before his arms did. He turned into the embrace, mirroring it—one arm over his shoulder, the other around his waist under the robe. Brad dusted his hand over Derek's ass and covered his mouth in a probing kiss. A moan whispered from his throat. Derek parted their robes and hauled Brad close until their erections were rubbing beside each other. Brad's fingers dug in Derek's butt cheeks as he ground into him.

Derek pulled his mouth from Brad's. "God, I could come right now," he said on a rush of breath. "You feel so good to me. So...perfect." He pressed his hand against Brad's molded chest and circled his thumb over the dark nipple.

It beaded all the more under the caress. He shifted down to suck it. Brad's hand cupped under his chin stopped him. He nibbled at Derek's lips, then butted his forehead against his.

"I want us in the bed, stretched out, cuddled up, loving

MODEL BEHAVIOR

each other. Once we start, I just want to tangle in the sheets until the sun comes up.”

The idea of being tangled anywhere with Brad sent a rush to his aching cock. Derek laced his fingers through Brad’s and led him to the bedroom. They stripped from their robes once they crossed the threshold, leaving them on the floor in a swirling pool of blue and burgundy. They tumbled onto the bed, arms and legs entwined, lips urgently exploring, their hot cocks so tight against one other they could have been one huge penis.

Brad rolled Derek to his back. “I want to fuck you like you’ve never been fucked before. I want you to fuck you so good you’ll never want anyone else but me.”

He shoved a hand between them and cupped Derek’s testicles. Derek closed his eyes on a hard moan and spread his legs. Brad hovered mere inches away, nibbling at first one nipple and then the other, while his fingers kneaded Derek’s balls, and his thumb rubbed maddening circles against the base of his cock.

He couldn’t think, he couldn’t do. All Derek was capable of was feeling was the heat of Brad’s body surrounding him—a caress all its own—as Brad made Derek’s body his own personal playground.

Derek flashed his eyes open when he felt cool air sweep across his torso. The mattress shifted with Brad’s weight as he reached for the robe he’d tossed on the floor. Derek skidded his hand over the man’s ass, marveling at how smooth and tight it was. He traced his finger down the crack between his

MODEL BEHAVIOR

cheeks, his body tightening when Brad groaned. Leaning closer, Derek lashed his tongue against Brad's heavy balls and stroked his hand down his penis.

Brad shivered.

"Cold?" A small chuckle rumbled in Derek's throat.

"No...hot...for you."

Brad rolled him down to the bed. He nudged his knees between Derek's and ripped open one of the condoms he'd retrieved from the robe pocket. He tossed the other to the bed along with the tube of KY jelly. "Stroke yourself for me."

Derek did as he asked. On the down stroke, a drop of pre-cum oozed to the slit. Brad pressed his thumb over it and smeared it over the crown. Then he slipped the condom over Derek's cock with his other hand and rolled it in place. Derek's balls clenched. He tightened his jaw against premature orgasm.

A smile lifted one corner of Brad's mouth. "I know. I'm close to coming, too. But I want to come inside you." He picked up the second condom, ripped open the packet, and shoved the condom home.

Derek lifted his knees when Brad grabbed the lube. He fought to keep his gaze locked to Brad's as the other man spread lube around and inside his anus, probing it, stretching it with one finger, then two. His cock throbbed with every gentle thrust, threatening to do whatever it wanted and the hell with waiting.

Seeing Brad fight against his own orgasm as he rubbed

MODEL BEHAVIOR

lube over his erection, it was all Derek could do to keep from grabbing him and taking control. Then Brad eased the head of his dick into him and Derek thanked every deity that existed for the moment.

Brad pressed a slow stroke into him until he was balls-deep in Derek's ass. He pushed Derek's knees on either side of his chest and rubbed his torso over Derek's cock. His hips pivoted, pulling his dick out and then in, while his stomach continued to massage Derek's cock. Slow thrusts grew faster, deeper, harder and, with every one, the fire in Derek's groin grew hotter.

He fumbled for Brad's shoulders. Brad pushed his hands to the mattress, lacing his fingers through them. Bodies as close as they could possible get, Brad fucked him body, mind, and soul. Muscles tensed. They bowed into the impending explosion, each straining to hang on for the other. The bed quaked with the shudders that ripped through them. Long, feral growls echoed around the room. Derek came and came and came with every thrust Brad pushed into him as he did, too.

Gasping for breath, they collapsed, then rolled into each other's arms in the tender caresses and kisses of after-love. As the glow faded, Brad gave a soft laugh.

"I'm thinking I should be paying Alpha instead of the other way around." He brushed his fingers through Derek's hair.

"Shh...let's not give Doug Harrison any ideas," he replied.

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Brad dropped a kiss to his forehead. “I promise I’ll be on my best behavior.”

“Lucky me.”

“No...lucky me,” he whispered, and rolled Derek on top.

CASSIE STEVENS

Author Cassie Stevens writes gay (M/M) erotic romance. She lives in California and is married with two sons.

You can visit Cassie's website at: <http://cassiestevens.com>

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

HOME OF AMBER HEAT!

QUALITY EROTIC FICTION
IN BOTH PRINT AND ELECTRONIC FORMATS

ACTION/ADVENTURE

SUSPENSE/THRILLER

SCIENCE FICTION

PARANORMAL

ALTERNATIVE

MYSTERY

ROMANCE

HORROR

DARK FANTASY

FANTASY

CONTEMPORARY

HISTORICAL

AND MORE...

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE
<http://www.amberheat.com>