

by J.M. Snyder

A photograph of a muscular man from the back, wearing a red Santa hat with white fur trim. His arms are raised, and his hands are clasped behind his head. The background is a blue and black checkered pattern.

A Little Something for Santa

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This story appears in my collection, Shorts, and is reprinted here in its entirety.

THERE'S NOTHING WORSE than pulling down the graveyard shift at Sylvia's Grill. By seven in the evening, the dinner crowd has thinned out. Maybe we get a few families in before nine for dessert or ice cream. But after that, it's basically dead until the next morning, when workers from the rubber plant start to trickle in for breakfast.

During that long stretch from midnight to five it was just Chris and me, wiping down the tables or sweeping the floor, cleaning the grill, cutting veggies and meats to keep up our stock. The spotlight across the street went on the blink a little after ten P.M. We moved around the diner at a languid pace. The whole night stretched out before us, an indeterminable wait.

Chris, the night cook, was a full head shorter than me and twice as big. I wouldn't say fat, exactly, but he could put away two twelve-inch subs over the course of our shift, and he was always nibbling on the fries. The wire glasses he wore, perched on constantly flushed cheeks, seemed too small for his round face. My first day on the job he spent half the shift going on and on about a girlfriend I suspected was made up on the spot to impress me. Chris was the type who probably hadn't been out on a date in his entire life and was still waiting for that first real kiss. Before he got too far into his boast, I cut him off with, "Girls aren't really my thing."

We were between customers at the time, and Chris stared at me for a full minute, turning my words over in his head as if trying to puzzle through them. Finally, he lowered his voice and said, "You mean you're..." Letting the sentence dangle between us, he raised his eyebrows and nodded at me, wanting me to say it, but there was a shiny interest in his face that made me think I wasn't the only one who liked dick. Before I could answer, Chris wanted to know, "So, are you with someone right now?"

With a shrug, I replied, "Not really."

Bad move. I should've made up a boy to use as a shield between us, because Chris slid a little closer and tentatively touched the counter two inches from my hand. "I've always wondered what it would be like," he started. He had a way of beginning to say something and then stopping to look me over, as if seeking my approval before going on. "You know, with another guy."

"I've never been with a girl, so there's nothing for me to compare it to," I said. "I've just always liked guys."

Chris persisted. "Do you ever hook up with someone just for the hell of it?" he wanted to know. "I mean, to experiment or whatever? Nothing committed. Like, just as friends?"

I laughed and took a step back. "Friends with benefits?" I asked. When he nodded, I winked. "Don't tell me you want to get with me. What about your girlfriend?"

"Who?" Then, realizing his mistake, he shrugged. "Oh, her. No, I'm not saying I want you to *do* me or anything. I'm just..." Flustered, he grabbed a nearby rag and began to wipe down the counter, avoiding my gaze. "I'm just curious, you know? I'm not *gay*."

"Oh, me either," I replied. When he gave me a quizzical look, I grinned. "My last boyfriend was, though. What an ass. And Cock-zilla, I'm telling you." I held my hands a foot apart and almost laughed at Chris's wide eyes. The bell above the door to the diner tinkled, signaling a customer. I nudged Chris with my elbow before heading through the swinging kitchen doors. "I'll keep your offer in mind."

Chris paled. "I didn't make an offer," he called out after me. He stood on tiptoe to see out the pass-through window above the sandwich counter and repeated, "I didn't make you an offer."

I leaned on the other side of the window, inches from his scared face. "You know you want to," I whispered. In a low voice, I sang, "You think I'm sex-y. You want my bod-y."

The damp rag flew through the window at me. "Shut up," Chris muttered. I laughed because I knew my words had hit closer to home than he wanted to admit.



IN THE BACK storeroom there was an old, thirteen-inch TV hidden behind industrial-sized cans of green beans. I noticed it when I went back for a sack of potatoes—the blank screen caught the light from the bare overhead bulb and threw the room back at me in reflection. “Hey,” I called out, half talking to myself. Chris stood by the grill. He probably couldn’t hear me over the sizzling burgers. Forgetting about the potatoes, I moved the beans aside to get to the TV. “There’s a TV back here.”

Chris glanced up as I came back into the kitchen. “It’s Dawn’s,” he told me. Dawn was the daytime manager, a mythical being I had never met since I worked nights. Chris flipped two burgers on the grill, pressing them flat with his spatula to make the grease spit. “I think she said it doesn’t work.”

Undeterred, I unplugged the meat slicer and plugged in the TV. It was fairly new, and without cable hooked up, the screen went from black to a pretty shade of blue when I turned it on. I flipped through the channels—they were all the same. “Damn,” I muttered.

With a laugh, Chris said, “Told you.”

I turned off the TV but didn’t bother to unplug it. “Guess we’re back to entertaining ourselves.” Leaning against the counter, I raised a leg and nudged Chris’s hip with my foot. “I do a mean strip tease. Wanna see?”

Chris jumped back, terrified. “No,” he scowled, but the way his gaze darted to my crotch made me laugh. He wanted me, I could practically taste the curiosity and need wafting off of him like the stale smell of grease that clung to us both when we clocked out at the end of our shift. But I had no intention of getting with him, and my relentless teasing kept him at bay and on guard. He was the type to try and wheedle me into a handjob in the walk-in freezer, or maybe a quick dick-licking in the back storeroom. Anything to get him off and satisfy his as-yet-unrelieved libido. But, as long as I made the moves, I could keep him off-balance and flustered. Any sexual innuendo from me was instantly shot down, thank God. It was fun to watch him get all bent out of shape when I flirted with him. And hey—it was something to do.

Turning back to the TV, I pushed the buttons along the bottom and sighed. “Too bad there’s no VCR. I have some great Bel Ami porn tapes I could bring in. Those European boys are *hot*.”

“I’m not—” he started.

Suddenly a thin tray slid out from underneath the TV and I cut him off. “It’s a DVD combo.” I laughed and pushed the release button again to close the tray. Over my shoulder, I winked at Chris. “What do you think of that?”

“Do you have any porn on DVD?” he asked, a little too eagerly.

“I’m sure I can come up with some,” I replied. A look of horror crossed his

face at my pun, but I added anyway, “Get it? I can *come*—”

“I got it.” Chris turned back to the safety of the grill, where his burgers were slowly charring from inattention, but his gaze kept straying towards my butt. “I wasn’t asking,” he tried to clarify. “I mean, I don’t *want* you to bring them in or anything. I was just saying...”

The way he blundered on made me laugh again. “I know what you mean.” He sighed in relief and I said, “You want to take them home to watch. I understand. I’ll see what I can do.”

“No—”

“What kind of guys do you like?” I pressed on. Chris shook his head, his mouth moving without making a sound. “I’ve got mostly blondes because I like twink myself. But seriously—what do you look for in a guy?”

Chris found his voice. “I don’t—”

I wouldn’t let him finish. “Young? Old? I have some about this guy, Lukas? You might like him. He looks a little like me. Tall, blue eyes, brown hair. My dick’s bigger, though. You want a porn star that looks like me?”

The spatula flew out of Chris’s hands and struck between my shoulders before falling to the floor. “Shut up!” Chris hollered—his standby response whenever I pushed him too far.

Despite the greasy smear that stuck my T-shirt to my back, I laughed as I picked up the spatula. Chris’s face had turned a dangerous shade of red, his breath hard and fast as if he’d just run a marathon. I tried to wipe the smile off my face and held the spatula out like a peace offering. When he took it, I couldn’t resist a final jab. “You might want to wash that off before you use it again.”

“Fuck you,” Chris replied.

I grinned. “So you admit you want to?”

I had to duck around the sandwich counter to avoid the spatula a second time.



AS THE HOLIDAYS rolled around, business picked up at the new shopping mall across town, but we were too far away to see any of it. Even with Christmas just around the corner, the only other place besides us that stayed open all night was Wal-Mart, which had its own eatery. Once midnight rolled around, Sylvia’s all but curled up and died. The door stopped opening and the hands on the clock stopped moving, and the only way I found to break up the monotony of the night was to mess with Chris and fuck with the TV. I must’ve put that damn television on every counter in the kitchen and once out in the main dining area, but I could never get in a picture to save my life. And, despite my teasing, I would

never bring a porn flick to work, though from the way his eyes glittered brightly whenever I brought out the TV, Chris thought otherwise. When I finally had enough of flipping through blank channels, the movies I brought in were holiday classics. Tossing a handful of DVD cases onto the sandwich counter, I told Chris, "I hope you're not Jewish."

He scooped up the DVDs before they slid to a stop. As he read the titles, though, his ill-concealed excitement disappeared. "*The Santa Clause*?" he asked. "*Miracle on 34th Street*? *Rudolph*—what the hell's this?"

"Oh, that's a good one," I told him, watching disappointment settle into his features. I tried not to laugh. "It's about this reindeer? Who has this glowing nose..."

Chris slapped me with the DVD case. "I know what it's about. I thought you were bringing in some of your gay porn."

My eyes widened in mock surprise. "Shit! I totally forgot you wanted to borrow some. I'm so sorry, Chris. I'll bring them tomorrow, how's that?"

Instantly he took a step back. "I don't *want* them," he tried, glaring at my grin. "I didn't say I wanted you to bring any. Damn, Patrick. You're always twisting around every little thing I say."

"You know you love it." I took the DVDs back and scanned through them, looking for something to watch. I felt Chris's hot gaze on me, saw his foot slide a little closer to mine, and added, "I bet you go home and jerk off thinking about everything I say to you. Why don't you just ask me, Chris? I know you want to get with me. Just ask and see what I say."

"No," he whispered. I didn't know if he meant no, he didn't want to ask or no, he didn't want to see what my answer would be. Or maybe he was preempting me, he knew I'd say no so he said it, too. But who knew? I could surprise us both and say yes.

That thought bothered me more than I cared to admit. Changing the subject, I held up the first DVD, whose case depicted Tim Allen dressed as Santa. "What do you think?" I wanted to know. "Hot or not?"

For a moment, I didn't think Chris would answer. But when I glanced at him, he was studying the case in my hand as if debating whether or not he should answer honestly. He knew I would try to embarrass him no matter what he said, so he answered my question with one of his own. "Isn't that the guy from *Home Improvement*? You think he's hot?"

I shrugged. "I think Santa is. This dude could be anybody, really. Can I tell you a secret?" Chris nodded and leaned towards me, his eyes wary. Lowering my voice, I told him, "Santa suits? Turn me on."

"You're joking," he murmured. A dreamy look came over his face, and I wondered if he pictured himself dressed as Santa Claus, me on my knees before him, both of our hands working loose the thick black belt that held up his red

fur-trimmed pants. Then he gave me a sharp look, as if I might be lying. “You’re shitting me.”

Despite the fact that it was Chris’s face in the picture, the image of myself about to go down on Santa sent a spark of electricity through my blood that jolted my dick. “Serious,” I swore. “I’ve always had this thing for Santa. He’s like the ultimate sugar daddy, right? Brings you presents whenever he comes.” I winked. “He’s hooked me up over the years, let me tell you. I wouldn’t mind paying him back a little, you know what I mean?” Raising my fist in front of my mouth, I stuck my tongue in my cheek and mimed giving a blowjob.

Chris’s eyes widened until I thought they’d to roll out of his head. “My cousin?” he said—his voice squeaked, and he had to stop and clear his throat before continuing—“She has this costume shop over in Chester. Mostly Halloween stuff, but some dress-up things too. You know, for...” He made a vague gesture with his hand, hoping I got the point.

With a grin, I asked, “Sex play?” His cheeks pinked and he looked away, embarrassed. “Like what, nurse and maid uniforms? Or gimp outfits? You remember that scene in *Pulp Fiction*?”

Quickly, Chris said, “Just costumes, okay? I don’t know what all she’s got, I’ve never really *inquired*.” He frowned when I laughed. “I know she’s got a slew of Santa suits, though. She rents them out this time of the year, for parties or charities or whatever. She makes a killing off of them.”

“Anyone can put on a red suit,” I said with a shrug. “But not everyone can pull off that real Santa Claus look. You know, rosy cheeks, wiry white beard, belly that shakes like a bowlful of jelly?”

“Her costumes are top notch,” Chris assured me. Nodding at the DVD case in my hand, he said, “Like that. No fake beards or bad makeup or any of that mess. Her Santas are so good, Mrs. Claus wouldn’t know the difference.”

I nudged him and teased, “I bet you can really fill out a Santa suit.”

The bell above the outside door tinkled as a late customer wandered in. Chris glanced out the pass-through window and lowered his voice. “You really have the hots for Santa?” he asked.

“Shyeah,” I replied. “I think he’s damn sexy for an old guy. Hell, I’d blow him.” I started for the front counter, but turned back at the kitchen doorway. “I’d blow most anyone in a Santa suit, to be honest. That’s something to think about.”

As I went to wait on the customer, I knew Chris’s mind wasn’t on anything else.



CHRIS WAITED UNTIL the week of Christmas before he asked again about my

silly Santa fetish. “Were you serious?” he wanted to know. “Anyone in a suit?” Something in the way he asked made me think that he planned on renting one of his cousin’s suits, and I wondered just what I’d do when he came through the door, clomping in big black boots like the jolly old elf himself. But it *was* the holidays, was it not? A charitable time of the year? Back in college, I’d hooked up with guys I didn’t even remember afterwards. What harm could a little fellatio between co-workers bring? It’d get Chris off with someone other than himself for once in his life and I’d be lying if I said I wouldn’t like it. I’m all about sucking dick—for me, it’s better than intercourse. A fuck’s always over too quickly for my tastes but a good blowjob, done properly, really lingers. By the time I clocked in for my shift on Christmas Eve, I was decided—if Chris actually *did* rent a Santa suit and wore it to work, I’d suck him off. Chances were he’d wimp out, or come all over himself in his enthusiasm, and I wouldn’t have to do more than laugh, but I would play it by ear and see what happened. ‘Tis the season, right?

Chris showed up at work ten minutes late, flushed and breathing heavy but dressed in his usual T-shirt and jeans. I was so surprised, I almost asked where the suit was. I had been so *sure* he’d get one. But as he tied on his apron, he grinned at me. “Santa Claus is coming tonight,” he said. “Have you been a good boy, Patrick?”

I laughed, I *knew* it—he had the suit in his car then, and would find some excuse to go out later in his shift and change. “I can be better,” I promised.

The night dragged on. Every time the door opened, cold air sliced through the torpid warmth in the main room and chilled me behind the counter. As the clock counted down to midnight, the customers thinned and then disappeared altogether. I locked the cash register and leaned in the doorway between the front counter and the kitchen. “Merry fucking Christmas,” I growled.

Chris whirled around, burger in hand, and licked his fingers as he glanced at the clock, then almost choked when he saw the time. “I gotta take out the trash,” he said, dropping the burger on the sandwich counter in his haste. The words sounded rehearsed, as if he had stood there turning them over in his head as an excuse to go outside and get into the suit. Sure enough, the trash bags were already tied and waiting at the back door. I made a move to help him, but he said, “No, I’ve got them. Stay here. I’ll be right back.”

With a shrug, I grabbed a nearby rag and began wiping down the counter while I waited. A few minutes later, the front door opened, its bell eclipsed by the jingling of sleigh bells. I laughed out loud—damn, that was quick! Leaving the rag on the counter, I called out, “Coming!” *In more ways than one*, I wanted to add, almost as anxious as Chris probably was to get it on. I hurried out of the kitchen and stopped short when I saw... “Santa Claus!”

“Hello, Patrick.” The voice was deeper than Chris’s—once this role-play was

over, I'd have to ask him how long he'd been practicing to make it sound so different—but he'd been right about his cousin's costume skills. I looked him over twice and still wasn't sure if it was really him under there. The red suit looked rumpled and well-worn, the fur that lined it more to keep the cold out than for appearances. A red Santa hat was pulled down tight over his ears. His beard, thick and white as snow, looked real. White gloves and black boots and the thickest black belt I've ever seen completed the image. Santa Claus, by God. *Chris*, my mind whispered, but the child inside me refused to listen. This was Santa. My dick grew two sizes inside my pants, and I smoothed my apron down to hide the sudden erection.

With a merry laugh, Santa rubbed his gloved hands together and asked, "Might I trouble you for some coffee?" When I didn't answer, he added, "Just something to take the chill off, that's all I need. I was glad to see your *Open* sign, believe me. I don't relish another stop at Wal-Mart tonight. Too many people, to be honest, and the coffee's not all that great, either. Patrick?"

"This is so cool," I sighed. My body went through the motions of pouring the coffee without much help from my brain—I couldn't stop staring at Santa. *Chris as Santa*, I corrected, but the thought wouldn't stay in place. As I brought the coffee out to him, Santa sat down at one of the tables and leaned back, eyes shut, savoring the quiet and stillness of the moment. I set the coffee down in front of him and stood there, unsure of what to do. My blood raced with sudden lust—it was the Santa suit, definitely, and the fact that going down on a childhood icon was so inherently *wrong* that I could've come just *thinking* about it. It was one thing to say yeah, I think Santa's sexy, but it was another altogether to be standing here in front of him, my chances slipping away with each sip he took of his coffee. When he was finished the drink, then what? He took off the beard and became Chris again? I didn't want that to happen, didn't want the moment to end, but I stood like a little kid terrified in Santa's presence now that it was finally my turn to tell him what I wanted.

Before I could think of anything to say or do, Santa opened his eyes and saw me still beside him. In a gravelly voice, he said, "It's been quite a long time since you last sat on my knee."

I almost creamed myself at the thought of snuggling into his lap. My voice sounded distant to my own ears when I replied, "I've grown up a bit since then." But when he held out his hand, I took it and let him pull me down to sit.

His strong arm circled my waist. This close, it was impossible to look into his face, so I stared at the buttons on his coat instead, my fingers finding them among the fur as my hand trailed down Santa's ample belly. When I reached his belt, I plucked at the buckle and tried to talk myself into going lower. I wanted to, *God* I wanted to, I wanted to go down on this man as if to thank him personally for all the gifts I've ever gotten over the years. I wanted to find the zipper on

his bright red pants, ease it down to expose his thick cock, and take him as far into my mouth as he could go. I wanted to taste him in the back of my throat, to feel him trickling into me, to have his large hands on me as I drank him in. As I stared at my hand on his belt, so close, so *close*, he whispered, “I know what you’re thinking, Patrick.”

Oh Jesus. The guilty look on my face made him laugh—not the affected ‘Ho, ho, ho’ of the mall Santas but a deep, belly-shaking chuckle that I felt in my bones. “You’re thinking that you’ve outgrown the holiday, isn’t that right?” Relieved, I tried to shake my head and nod at the same time, and my hand slipped to the bottom of his belt buckle. Closer now. The arm around my waist tightened. “You’re never too old for Christmas, Patrick. Remember that. The season of giving lives within you all year long.”

My hand slipped again, my fingers finding the outline of Santa’s dick in his pillowy crotch. “I have a little present for you,” I told him. His eyes went wide and I smiled as the cock in my hand moved beneath my touch. “A little thank you for all the things you’ve ever brought me. Like that bike, when I was twelve? And the Nintendo before that? All those G.I. Joes?” I watched him closely, the fear in his face relaxing as I stroked him through his pants. When he thrust into my hand, I knew I had him. I kissed his cheek—powdery and soft—*makeup*, I thought, but I couldn’t quite bring myself to believe it. I wasn’t quite ready to give up this magical moment. Santa thrust against me again, hard and eager now, and I slid off his lap into the space between his knees.

I found his zipper, tugged it down, and the full length of his shaft swung into my face. Sticking out my tongue, I licked the tip of his cock, tasting salt and sweat and a hint of pre-come. My hands encircled the base of his shaft and my thumbs rubbed maddening patterns through his pants into his soft balls. His cock bobbed in front of me and I caught the tip between my lips, kissing the bulbous head as I sucked at the slit beneath it. My thumbs worked at Santa’s testicles, kneading them, loving them, as the legs on either side of me spread wider. My tongue traced down his dick and back up the thick length, back to the tip, and once around the head before I took the plunge and took him in.

A white gloved hand fisted in my hair as I took Santa’s shaft as far into my mouth as it would go. I twirled my tongue around his hard cock, worshipping it, sucking in a slow, steady rhythm that made Santa slide down further in his seat to push more of himself into me. His swollen tip rubbed against the roof of my mouth as I massaged his balls, the lower length of his dick. My hands were slick with my own saliva now, the front of his pants damp, his back arched away from the chair as he thrust into me again and again. Each time my tongue found the trembling head of his cock, he moaned softly above me, and his fingers dug into my scalp. In breathless gasps, he sang out a litany of “Patrick,” and “Oh, please,” and “Yes.”

When I let his dick slip from between my lips, a slick glob of come and saliva dangled from the head for a moment, before spiraling away down his shaft. I rubbed it into his skin, watching it dissolve beneath my thumb. “Chris,” I whispered, but I couldn’t, *wouldn’t*, believe it.

The hand in my hair pressed my face to his crotch, insistent. “Patrick, please,” he sobbed, a crack in his voice that made him sound like an old man. Another gloved hand reached for his dick but I pushed it away and he fell back against the chair, weak with desire. “Please.”

Slowly, I licked the tip of his dick. My hands worked along his length, squeezing and kneading and playing, bringing him closer to orgasm. I concentrated on his cockhead, kissing it, nipping it with my lips, nuzzling it with my nose and cheeks and chin. My hand picked up the pace, earnest now, as I started to jerk him off. My other hand found its way to the front of my jeans, moving the apron aside to unzip them and lowering my briefs to let my own dick unfurl, already weeping. I took Santa in my mouth again and sucked at him as I thrust into my own hand. We came together, my fingers wet and hot from my own juices as I swallowed his down. I didn’t release him until he went limp.

“Patrick,” he sighed. I wiped my hand on the underside of my apron and stood as I zipped my jeans up. Santa lay stretched in the chair before me, head lolling at an angle, arms limp at his sides. His large ass barely held onto the edge of the seat. For a long moment he sat there, unable to move, sprawled obscenely. Then he began to gather himself together, his motions slow, his gloved hands rubbing his dick as he tucked it away. When he stood, he had to pick his pants out of the crack of his ass—that alone told me how much he enjoyed my little ‘thank you.’ He breathed my name again, his voice shaky with emotion. “You’ve been a *very* good boy indeed.”

Time to end this role-play. But as I reached for his hat, a clatter arose from the back storeroom. “Did you lock up when you took out the trash?” I asked.

Leaning heavily on the table, Santa frowned. “Excuse me?”

“Something’s back there.” I ducked around the front counter and into the back. Halfway across the kitchen, the storeroom door opened and another Santa stepped out with a shuffling gait that I recognized all too well. “Chris?” I asked, incredulous. He looked up—it *was* him, I saw through the fake beard easily enough. His Santa suit was stiff and new, creases still folded into the pants and sleeves. “Then who...”

“Ho, ho, ho,” Chris intoned. No deep voice, nothing but the guy I worked with in a rented costume. Clinging to the illusion, though, he turned around so I could see the full effect—the boots that squeaked when he moved, the wide expanse of red cloth that covered his ass. “You like?”

What I *liked* was the dude out in the dining room...“Who’s that out there?” I wanted to know. “I thought that was you.”

A look of horror crossed Chris's face and he stood up on his toes, trying to see out of the pass-through window. A bell jingled as the front door opened. "Someone's here? This late?"

"Santa Claus." I stepped out behind the front counter and surveyed the suddenly empty dining room. The coffee cup sat on the table where he'd left it, and the taste of him still lingered in my mouth. "He was right here," I said softly, as if trying to convince myself.

My lips pulled into a goofy grin that I tried to tamp down. It couldn't...the guy didn't exist, right? It was just a tale for children, wasn't it? "Santa Claus," I whispered—it couldn't have been, no way, no *how*, but in my heart I knew it had. "Jesus, it was really him. It *had* to be." Chris gave me a confused look and I tried to find the words to explain the magical feeling that began to bubble up inside of me. "The real Santa was here, *right* here, I swear it. He came in, and I thought it was you, and so I..."

I trailed off, unwilling to share the moment. I remembered kneeling between Santa's legs, his dick in my hands, its tender tip against my lips the second before I took it into my mouth. Lust curled through me at the memory. And he'd liked it, no? What did he tell me? *You've been a very good boy indeed.*

Santa only comes once a year. This year, it was because of me.

THE END

Other Books & Stories by J.M. Snyder

Below is a list of all my books, e-books, and short stories and where to find them. It is current as of December 14, 2006. For my short stories, I have not included those that appear in one of my books. Feel free to print this list if necessary. And thanks for reading!

Books in Print

- *Operation Starseed*, iUniverse
- *Scarred: Four Novellas*, iUniverse
- *Power Play*, iUniverse
- *Vince*, Lulu Press
- *Bones of the Sea*, Lulu Press
- *It's All Relative*, Lulu Press
- *Shorts*, Lulu Press
- *Trin*, Lulu Press
- *Stepping Up to the Plate*, Lulu Press

Electronic Books

- *Operation Starseed*, Lulu Press
- *Scarred: Four Novellas*, Lulu Press
- *Power Play*, Lulu Press
- *Vince*, Lulu Press
- *Bones of the Sea*, Lulu Press
- *It's All Relative*, Lulu Press
- *Shorts*, Lulu Press
- *Skaterboy*, jmsnyder.net
- *Cowboy*, jmsnyder.net
- *Trin*, Aspen Mountain Press
- *While We Wait*, jmsnyder.net
- *Just What the Doctor Ordered*, Aspen Mountain Press
- *Stepping Up to the Plate*, Lulu Press

Short Stories

- "The Bard's Song," jmsnyder.net
- "The Fall," jmsnyder.net
- "The Name on My Wrist," jmsnyder.net
- "Opening Day at the County Fair" in *Country Boys*, Cleis Press

- "Henry and Jim," Amazon Shorts
- "Devilish Good Time" in *Creatures of the Night, Creatures of Delight*, Aspen Mountain Press
- "First Kiss," writerscafe.org
- "No Mistake," writerscafe.org
- "Mastering Stefan," Tit-Elation.com
- "Boytoys" in *Babes in Toyland*, Aspen Mountain Press
- "Love in the Library," only on my e-group
- "This Christmas," only on my e-group

Coming Soon

- *Scarred*, novella from Aspen Mountain Press
- *Between Brothers*, novel from Lulu Press
- "On the Down Low," short story
- "Makin' Copies," short story
- "Caught Off Base," short story

For purchasing information and excerpts, please visit:

Website: <http://jmsnyder.net>

Blog: <http://jmsnyder.com>

E-group: <http://group.yahoo.com/group/jmsnyder/>

About the Author

J.M. Snyder is a self-published author who lives in Richmond, Virginia. Visit jmsnyder.net for excerpts from Snyder's other published works as well as short fiction, upcoming titles, and purchasing information. Positive feedback and the occasional hate mail can be forwarded to the author at jms@jmsnyder.net.