

HEAVEN



Losell

JET MYKLES

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Jet Mykles

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Heaven

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Chapter One

“Dad, would you please sit *down!*”

Justin Purcell glared from underneath arched white eyebrows, but he did slump back into the wealth of pillows stuffed against his headboard. Tyler suppressed a sigh of relief and again rearranged the thick, flowered duvet and soft white sheets about his father’s alarmingly thin body.

“I’m not that much of an invalid,” Justin grouched.

“Whatever you say, Dad,” Tyler grouched back. He glanced at the nightstand set with a pitcher of ice water, a glass, six paperbacks, lamp, clock, and no less than a dozen bottles of pills. It was the last collection of items that broke his heart. He reached for one. “Did you take your medication?”

“Yes.”

Tyler scowled, sure there had been seven of those horsepills in the bottle when he’d been there to deliver Justin’s breakfast. “Dad.”

“Tyler!”

They glared at each other, and Tyler was sure he saw his own frustration mirrored in his father's lined face. He closed his eyes, prayed silently for calm, and put the bottle of pills back on the table. "Okay. Fine."

Justin fiddled with the duvet set about his hips. "Is everything set?"

Tyler crossed the room to open the drapes more to let in the spring sunlight. "All set."

"Are you sure?"

He tried to keep his tone light. "As sure as I can be."

"When do they arrive?"

Tyler sighed as he turned around, pushing a hand through his layered, chin-length blond hair. "Any moment now."

Alarm showed on Justin's face. "Shouldn't you be downstairs?"

"Yes, I should. And I will. Just as soon as Amy gets here."

"Stop fussing over me! I'll be fine. Go, you've got work to do."

Tyler glanced at his watch. Yes, he did, but he couldn't leave his father alone. Not lately. Although he denied it, Justin's condition had taken a downturn, and it looked like another round of chemotherapy was in the not-too-distant future. Another round of heartache and expenses. Expenses they couldn't really afford. Yet another reason he had to get to work.

He suppressed a sigh of relief when the front door of the suite opened. He hurried into the main room. Amy turned her very pregnant body to face him and smiled.

"Tyler, I'm sorry I'm late." She dropped her purse on the table. She spread a hand over her pregnant belly. "But we got caught in the mayhem downstairs."

He stepped behind her and took hold of her coat to help her out of it. "Are you all right?"

Amy waved his concern away, smoothing the glossy gold locks of her hair as she waddled toward the bedroom door. "I'm fine. Did Dad take his meds?"

"He says he did."

She nodded, eyes averted. They could hardly look at each other when they spoke of their father's illness. Since the loss of their mother when Amy was ten and Tyler was seven, their father had been the cornerstone of their life. Neither wanted to acknowledge the possibility of his being gone.

Amy snapped her head up briskly. She grinned sunnily, which made her big blue eyes sparkle. "Don't you have to be somewhere? The crowd is restless down there."

"Yeah. Hey ..."

Amy stopped at the door and turned to look at him.

He smiled. "Thanks."

"None needed." She shooed him with her hands. "Get out of here and make us famous."

He grinned. "Bye, Dad!" He escaped before Justin could respond and breathed a sigh of relief once he was in the hallway. He headed for the employee stairs instead of the elevator and dashed down the one flight to the main floor. Emerging into a hallway between the administrative offices and the door to the main kitchen, he flipped open his phone and punched a speed dial.

Edward answered after one ring. "Where are you?"

"Offices. Where are you?"

"Front desk."

"How is it?"

"It's a fucking riot." Tyler could hear the glee in Edward's voice. Knowing Edward, he was having the time of his life. Behind him, Tyler heard a surge of what sounded like a huge crowd. "The Weiss has never seen this many people at once."

Tyler grimaced. "Too bad most of them aren't staying here."

"True, but the coffee shop's doing well today."

"I'll bet. Have you heard from Vincent?"

"Yeah. The driver called. They'll be here in ten. You should meet Vincent at the loading dock."

"Ten?! Why didn't you call me?"

"I saw Amy headed up. I knew you'd be calling any minute."

"Thanks, buddy." Tyler stepped up his speed toward the back entrance. "Nothing like a little warning."

"I would have been happy to be the one to meet them."

Tyler had to grin at that. "Not a chance. There are privileges to being the acting hotel manager."

"Cheat. You were born to the job."

Tyler smiled. They'd had this debate before. "Doesn't make it any less sweet."

"Asshole," Edward grumbled. "Fine. Go put on your best face, pretty boy, and greet our VIPs."

Tyler laughed as he cut the connection, knowing his best friend of five years wouldn't take his words to heart. They were both under the gun with this one. The two of them had talked his father into this new venture against all of Justin's protests. Justin had owned and run the Weiss Strande Hotel for nearly twenty years and had been skeptical about the venture, but Tyler and Edward had been adamant. Not to mention persuasive and desperate. The Weiss was in a financial plummet, and only extreme measures would bring it back. They'd finally worn Justin down. Now, one year later, up to their necks in debt, the fruits of their labor -- and considerable expense -- were finally going to either succeed or flop. A flop meant the end of the Weiss.

Naturally, they hoped to succeed.

He hurried through the back hallways of the hotel, briefly smiling at his employees without stopping to talk to anyone.

Not that many of them tried much beyond a brief greeting. Everyone at the Weiss was busy. Every employee knew the importance of the weekend.

The hotel was absolutely packed for the grand opening of the White Room, the hotel's new dance club. Tyler and Edward had banked everything they had on the hope that the club would bring business to the hotel. They had also managed a major coup -- they had booked an amazing band to play the grand opening three nights from now.

Heaven Sent.

Five years ago, the young band had posted some of their self-recorded singles on the internet. Through pure internet hype, they'd established a name as well as a following. Their big-ticket album deal hadn't come until after they'd already self-published two albums' worth of songs on their own. Now, the world couldn't get enough of them. In just under two months, the band was due to start their second world tour, and somehow, with a little help and a lot of luck, the band had agreed to play the White Room's grand opening.

Tyler emerged in the loading dock, a shadowed corner of the garage where deliveries were made. Vincent McMillian, the hotel's head of security, turned at the sound of the heavy fire door opening. He had a Bluetooth receiver in his ear, fully exposed thanks to his cropped brown hair. Civilian clothes couldn't disguise the fact that Vincent had been an army sergeant. "You're just in time." Vincent stopped, turned, and then walked with Tyler to the edge of the loading dock. "They're almost to the crowd."

Tyler looked toward the opening of the garage. A gentle spring breeze carried the babble of a crowd and an occasional girlie squeal into the chilly confines of the area. "Back here, too?"

"Not as many, but yes."

Tyler gnawed the inside of his lip. "Do we have enough security for this?"

“We’re fine, Tyler. How’s your dad?” Vincent had worked for Justin Purcell since Tyler had first come to live in the hotel, as just a family member.

“He’s fine. Amy’s with him.”

“Yes, I saw her.” Vincent tapped the receiver in his ear and spoke. Seconds later, he turned to Tyler. “They’re here.”

Tyler took up position at the edge of the lower end of the loading dock. He smoothed his diamond-patterned tie, snapped his navy jacket to clean the lines, and folded his hands calmly before him to await their guests.

Except he was anything but calm. Not only was he grateful to Heaven Sent for agreeing to play the grand opening, he was also a big fan. An avid surfer of the internet, Tyler had caught on to Heaven Sent before they’d gotten their big break and gained the notice of a major record company. He was proud to say that he’d liked them back then. It was his and Edward’s being members of the original forum, in fact, that had allowed them to get the attention of the band at all.

Screams sounded from the mouth of the driveway, just visible at the top of the incline that led to the loading dock. A black Lincoln Navigator finally came into view, followed by two more. Screams of “Johnnie!” “Brent!” “Darien!” and “Luc!” chased the cars, but the owners of the screams never appeared, testament that the security guards were doing their jobs.

The first Navigator came to a stop just in front of Tyler. A woman emerged from the front passenger seat. She was dressed casually, but it was expensive casual. Her t-shirt was silk; her boots likely cost as much as the car she stepped from. Her red hair was curled and pinned in artful disarray atop her head. She lowered huge sunglasses to reveal sparkling green eyes over a pink-lipsticked smile. “Tyler Purcell?”

He took the hand she extended, shaking it briefly and returning her smile. “Yes. Gretchen Hobbes?”

“That’s me. Good to finally meet you.”

“Likewise, Ms. Hobbes. The Weiss Strande is honored to have you.”

She smiled brightly. Heaven Sent’s manager was a lot shorter than he’d expected. They had spoken on the phone frequently in order to make arrangements for the occasion, and he’d seen her picture dozens of times, but she exuded a larger-than-life presence that belied what he guessed to be a five-foot stature.

She turned as the back door opened. Tyler turned with her and had to force himself to breathe at the sight of Johnnie Heaven himself stepping onto the pavement.

Tyler could tell when a man was attractive, and no one -- hetero- or homosexual -- could deny that Johnnie Heaven, lead singer of Heaven Sent, was just plain gorgeous. He stood perhaps an inch or two taller than Tyler’s five feet eleven inches, but his presence made him seem ten feet tall. He shoved his sunglasses up on top of his head to hold back loose hair that was at least six different shades of brown, ranging from nearly gold to just this side of chocolate. It fell in sleek waves past his shoulders and broad chest, reaching almost to his waist. His face was a study in perfection, strong and masculine, but with a beauty bordering on feminine, even with the scattering of brown stubble on his smoothly curved jaw. Almost black brows crowded in a low sweep over sleepy, hypnotic green eyes. His long neck molded smoothly into sleek, muscled shoulders that filled out a black Ramones t-shirt very nicely. Worn, low-slung jeans hugged lean hips and long legs that seemed to go on for miles before reaching the steel-toed boots planted on the floor.

Tyler’s mouth watered. Shocked, he wrote off the reaction as normal in the presence of a superstar known for his looks and charm.

The vision formed a practiced smile and extended his hand. Beautiful emerald eyes caught and held Tyler’s gaze. The voice of an angel -- or a seductive devil -- spoke to him, the smooth, richly decadent voice that had sold millions of records. “Johnnie Heaven.”

Tyler smiled, taking the hand without looking. He couldn't break free of the man's amazing eyes! "I know who you are, sir."

Strong, callused fingers closed over Tyler's. Tyler tried not to jump at the electric feel of that warm, dry grasp. "And you are ...?"

"Oh! Sorry. Tyler Purcell. I'm the manager of Weiss Strande Hotel."

"Nice to meet you."

Tyler glanced down at their hands and watched long fingers slowly release him. Looking up, he was momentarily lost again in seductive green eyes. Eyes that looked somehow ... hungry?

No, that wasn't right. The man just oozed sensuality naturally. Yeah, that's it. Hoping he wasn't flushed, Tyler turned to see the rest of the band emerge from the other cars. Brent Rose, lead guitarist, stood as tall as Johnnie Heaven, but he was leaner, to the point of being called skinny. A riot of shining black curls framed his long, smiling face, just caressing the carved slant of his jaw. His black eyes shone as he laughed with Darien Hughes, the drummer. Shorter than his fellow band members at five foot six, Darien had straight, dark gold hair that drifted to sloped, muscled shoulders. His honest brown eyes crinkled at the edges as he laughed. Approaching from the final car was Lucas Sloane, the bass player. He lit a cigarette as he sauntered toward them, then tucked elegant hands into the front pockets of his jeans. He was built much like Johnnie, with sleekly muscular, feline grace and a head of sumptuous auburn curls that fell to mid-back. His sable eyes were hooded, which always made him look like he had something darkly mysterious on his mind.

Tyler stood through the introductions, trying not to act like the fan that he was. He was older than any member of the band by a few years, but at the moment he felt like an excited teen who was playacting at being an adult.

"Gentlemen, the Weiss welcomes and thanks you," he said, releasing Luc's hand. "Please, allow me to show you to your rooms."

He rode up in the elevator with the band and Ms. Hobbes, leaving Vincent to manage the bodyguards and the luggage. On the way up, he explained that only select keycards would allow the elevator to go to the twentieth floor, helping to ensure the band's privacy.

"Just how old are you, Tyler?" Johnnie suddenly asked.

Tyler blinked, caught at a space in his practiced speech. He turned to see emerald eyes focused on him.

"Johnnie!" Gretchen gasped.

Tyler chuckled, hoping it didn't come off as nervous. "That's okay. I'm twenty-eight, Mr. Heaven. Why?"

Johnnie grinned. "It's not often we meet a manager of a hotel this size who's so young. It's nice to see."

Tyler laughed. "I've lived at the Weiss almost my whole life. My family owns it. So I pretty much grew up learning the job."

"That explains it," said Luc, his voice a low purr. His dark eyes fixed on Tyler's, and Tyler felt his heart skip a beat. "You sound like you've said that a million times."

Tyler blushed. He had fallen back on his habitual speech, but mainly because his brain wasn't working all that well.

"What a cool thing!" Darien piped in, nearly bouncing on the balls of his feet. "You live in the hotel? That must be awesome."

Tyler swallowed over the lump in his throat and nodded. Had Luc's low rumble done that to him? Why? He nearly breathed a sigh of relief when the elevator doors opened.

Tyler again fell back on his practiced speech. "There are six suites on this floor." They stepped onto the vaguely oriental gray-and-black design of the carpet. "If these rooms aren't suitable, other arrangements can be made, of course." He led them to each of their doors, handing them keycards, explaining the amenities, laughing at their quips and accepting praise for the state of the rooms. Best not to think of why he left Johnnie Heaven for last. It

wasn't a conscious gesture on his part to be alone for a brief moment with the man he admired. It wasn't! But after he showed Ms. Hobbes her room, he walked alone with Johnnie the final few yards to his room. He was proud that his hand didn't shake as he slid in the keycard. "This is your room, Mr. Heaven."

Johnnie plucked the keycard from his hands, but didn't step through the open door. "Please call me Johnnie. The 'mister' makes me feel old."

Tyler chuckled, hoping that he didn't sound like a giggling fan. "It's a gesture of respect, sir."

Johnnie grinned at him. "Yeah, I know. But you're only two years older than I am." He winked. "C'mon, give it a shot."

"Okay. Johnnie."

"See? That wasn't so hard. And drop the 'sir' while you're at it."

Johnnie walked into the room, and Tyler stood in the doorway, unable to take his eyes off the man's predatory grace. How did he manage to make that lazy slouch look so sexy? He reminded Tyler of a tawny cougar exploring new territory. He even sniffed his surroundings, first the complimentary chocolate, then the fresh-cut flowers on the desk.

Sexy?! Oh, God! The vision turned and caught him looking.

Tyler coughed into his fist, averting his gaze. "Is there anything else I can get for you?"

Johnnie stood there, his hand still holding open the dark gold drapes that filtered the afternoon sunlight. "Just one thing." He flicked a glance at the television cabinet. "You got PlayStation 2?"

"Pardon?"

"PlayStation 2. Y'know, game console?"

"Oh, I know what it is. No, the room doesn't have one. But I could get one, if you like."

The grin that spread over Johnnie's generous lips was one worn by many a gamer. An addict who needed his fix. "Yeah. Get one, and get Final Fantasy 10."

Tyler had to grin. “You play?” Johnnie Heaven played his favorite game?!

“He’s *mad* for it.”

Tyler jumped, not having realized Gretchen Hobbes was at his elbow. She leaned in the doorway, smiling fondly at Johnnie. “Can’t you curb your addiction for a few days?”

“What the hell for? It’s been a whole four days already. I’ll forget everything!”

“Is he begging for a PlayStation 2 already?”

Tyler jumped again, turning and backing two steps into the room at the sound of Luc Sloane’s low voice just behind him. The tall bass player took the spot Tyler had vacated beside Gretchen, hooking his fingers on the doorjamb above his head. The loose sleeves of his green t-shirt fell back, showing off the sleek muscles of his arms.

“Of course he is,” Gretchen teased, her voice providing distraction enough for Tyler to turn away from the sight of Luc’s shirt stretching over his chest.

“Oh, fuck you both,” Johnnie grouched, leaving the window to cross to the couch that bisected the room. It faced the television, dividing the entertainment portion of the room from the desk area by the window. “I just started a new scenario, and it took me forever to do it. I’m *not* waiting until the end of the tour to get back to it.”

Tyler couldn’t help it. He had to know. “Which one?”

Johnnie knelt on the couch, facing them across the back. The grin on his face took ten years off his age, making him look like a bouncy teen. “You play?”

“Yeah.”

“What scenario you on?”

“Oh, God,” Gretchen groaned, thumping her head lightly against the door. “Not another gamer.”

“Ignore her, Tyler,” Johnnie said. “What scenario?”

“I just got past Mushroom Rock.”

“No shit!”

“Just a few days ago, actually.”

“Excellent! Then bring the PlayStation 2 and come play with me!”

Tyler’s heart skipped a beat. *Come play with me.* Play video games with Johnnie Heaven? Only in his dreams! “Oh, no, I couldn’t ...”

“Why not?”

“I’ve got to work.”

“All night? C’mon, I’m a big boy. I can stay up late. You don’t work all night, do you?”

“Uh, no, but ...” Tyler glanced at Gretchen and Luc, who only regarded him with amusement. “Well, all right.” He turned back to Johnnie to see him leaning over the back of the couch, dangerously close to toppling over. “I don’t get off duty until seven, though.”

“That’s fine.” A slight frown. “But send the box up first.”

“Will do.” He turned to Gretchen. “Should I get one for everyone?”

She laughed, waving the notion away with one ringed hand. “Oh, no. Johnnie’s the only gamer. The rest should be fine on their own.”

Luc nodded in confirmation, a lock of auburn hair falling forward to caress the smooth curve of his jaw, not far from the corner of his smiling, full-lipped mouth. Tyler tore his gaze from it with difficulty. Wasn’t it against some law of nature for such beautiful people to be in the same vicinity as each other? Just being near Johnnie and Luc had his heart galloping.

He had to get out of there.

“Right, well. I’ll leave you to get settled. If you need anything, Gretchen has my personal cell number. Please don’t hesitate to call. We’re --” He looked at their smiling faces in turn and grinned, sheepish. “-- I’m a huge fan,” he finally admitted. “And I’m so jazzed you’re here.”

Chapter Two

“Why can’t I meet them now?” Rebecca Howard, Tyler’s childhood friend and ex-fiancée, stood on the other side of his desk. She pouted at him from beneath the razor-sharp cut of her black bangs. Her long earrings jangled as she tossed her head. The vivid pink of her blouse screamed, “Look at me!” She’d dressed to meet their guests, and she was put out that Tyler was denying her access to them. She, too, was a fan of Heaven Sent.

Tyler remained calm. Once he’d left the physical presence of the members of Heaven Sent, his mental faculties and accustomed calm had returned. “Because they just got here an hour ago. They had a long flight. It’s common courtesy to let them rest awhile.”

Becky -- as she now hated to be called, despite having grown up with the nickname -- scowled. “*You* met them.”

Edward sat on the couch against the opposite wall, arms spread over the back and legs negligently crossed. He chuckled. “I already tried that one. Didn’t work for me, either.”

Tyler glanced at the invoice before him and signed the check that went with it. “I took them up to their rooms.”

Becky all but stomped her foot. “Damn it, Tyler! The nightclub is my game, too. I deserve some of the perks!”

Would one of those perks be getting into the bed of one of the members of Heaven Sent? Tyler wondered which one of them was her favorite. Then again, it probably didn't matter. He was tempted to ask, but decided to be prudent. As she'd said, she was a partner in the White Room, even if her share was less than his, Edward's, or the Weiss's. Against his first instinct, Tyler had allowed Edward to talk him into including her. She made good money as an event planner and had far more valuable contacts than either Tyler or Edward. That fact alone had kept many of the preparations for this venture running smoothly. She was a wise investment partner even if she had decided they weren't destined to be life partners.

"Patience, Becky." He continued to review the stack of papers before him. "You'll meet them tomorrow at the rehearsal."

Still pouting, Becky fingered the smooth glass horse perched on the edge of his desk. "So, what are they like?"

Tyler lifted his head to smile at her. Although he did love to tweak her, he and Becky actually got along better now that she'd broken their engagement. "Larger than life. But a friendly bunch of guys. In fact," he said, calmly deciding to reveal his trump card, "Johnnie Heaven invited me to his room tonight to play PlayStation 2."

"What?!" Twin cries from two gaping mouths had Tyler leaning back in his chair, laughing. Edward and Becky stared at him in open astonishment.

Edward recovered first, falling forward to lean on his knees. "You're shitting me!"

"You have PlayStation 2 in the rooms now?" Becky asked, surprised.

"No. But his room now does."

"How the hell did you manage an invitation like that?" Edward demanded.

"He asked for the PlayStation 2 and Final Fantasy 10. I asked what scenario he was on. When he figured out I played, he asked me to come up and keep him company."

"No shit?"

“You bastard!” Becky cried. “You’re going to play *video games* with Johnnie Heaven?”

Tyler couldn’t help himself. He pointed a nasty grin at Becky. “I can’t sleep with him like you want to, Beck.”

She cocked her head to the side, glaring coolly at him. “Oh, ha ha. You’re hilarious.”

“Deny that’s what you want.”

“What? Am I stupid? It’s *Heaven Sent!*” She grimaced. “You suck.” In private moments, the girl he used to know peeked out of the sleek professional. “I can’t believe those moronic games are working to your advantage.”

He laughed. “Cheer up, Beck. You’ll get your chance tomorrow.”

Chapter Three

“Oh, fuck you!”

Tyler chuckled as Johnnie hurled the game controller into the couch so hard that it bounced onto the floor. Not that Johnnie noticed. By the time Tyler caught it, Johnnie was already halfway to the bar.

Tyler placed the controller beside him on the couch. “I didn’t get it the first time, either. You were real close.”

Johnnie held up a hand, fingers splayed, and shook his head, sending waves of multi-brown hair sliding over his bare back. “Don’t placate me right now. I’m working up a good sulk.”

Tyler chuckled. This was his second night in a row playing games with Heaven Sent’s lead singer, and he’d learned quickly that Johnnie was a man of quick outbursts of temper that were equally quick to cool. The man’s emotions were like drops of water dancing on a sizzling surface, burning hot and then evaporating after a sharp bite.

Tyler took advantage of Johnnie’s facing away from him to admire the man’s physique. As he was shirtless, his bare arms and shoulders clearly displayed lean, carved muscle under smooth, nearly hairless tanned skin. The graceful curve of his spine trailed down to a trim

waist that seemed far too straight and slim to hold up the loose cotton drawstring pants that covered his long legs. In fact, they almost didn't. Tyler could see the upper curve of the man's ass.

Johnnie turned, two fresh drinks in hand. Tyler hastily averted his attention to the television and the vamping graphics on the screen. He *had* to stop doing that. He was going to get caught, and how was he going to explain it? *Sorry, man, but you're just too beautiful for words. I'm not gay or anything, but I just had to stare at you.* Yeah, right. That would go over well.

A tumbler of Jack Daniel's hovered in the air beside his head. Tyler looked up the long arm, lightly dusted with brown hair, and avoided the sculpted chest to meet Johnnie's emerald gaze. A feat he was proud of doing calmly, since those eyes did funny things to his belly. "No, thanks."

"Oh, come on." Ice knocked in the tumbler as Johnnie waved it before him. "You haven't drunk nearly enough."

He'd had two over the course of the last two hours. "I'm a lightweight. I don't need much."

Johnnie bent to set the tumbler on the low table beside Tyler's knee, pushing his scent through the air toward Tyler's appreciative nose. "Ah! A cheap date."

Tyler chuckled and managed not to sigh in relief when Johnnie stepped back and folded into the couch a little more than an arm's length away. Bare feet came up to prop on the table as Johnnie settled into his seat.

Tyler set the game back to his own last save to keep from watching. He shouldn't have come back tonight. The weird feelings that had started in his belly the previous night were worse tonight. He'd accepted the first drink as a way of shoring up his resolve to act normal and ignore the fluttering in his belly. Johnnie was only a person, after all. Tyler had taken

the second drink because the first didn't seem to be working. Now he knew that the drinks had helped to crumble his resolve rather than strengthen it.

So he fixed his attention on the television, elbows planted on his knees, the controller held in the hands dangling between them. This was his only recourse. He could lose himself in the game for a while and forget the distracting man beside him.

Johnnie spoke up after a few minutes of watching Tyler play. "So, am I keeping you from your girlfriend?"

"Nah."

"Wife?"

"Nope. Not married."

"I didn't think so. No ring. But you can't always tell these days." Johnnie lifted one knee to set the ball of his foot on the edge of the table. "But you're free and loose at the moment? No steady woman?"

"Nope. I just got out of a year-long engagement a few months ago. I'm not ready to date yet."

"A few months? You've gone that long without sex?"

Tyler was surprised enough that he faltered in the game. He laughed. "It's possible, you know."

Johnnie shivered dramatically, enough to make the couch shake slightly. "I don't think I could go that long without sex. A few days is too long."

Tyler laughed. "Well, you're in the right profession, then."

Johnnie echoed the laugh. "Yeah. I suppose I am."

Tyler couldn't pass up the opportunity. "What's it like?"

"What?"

“Having women throw themselves at you.” He glanced over when Johnnie hesitated too long. There was a thoughtful look on his face. “Sorry. None of my business. Forget I asked.”

“Oh, no. No sweat. It’s great, actually. Most of the time. When they’re good-looking.” Ice clinked in the glass as Johnnie took a sip. “And clean.”

Tyler’s eyes went wide, although he kept them on the television this time. “I won’t ask.”

Johnnie chuckled. “You don’t want to know.”

“But still. All those women ...”

Johnnie sighed, sinking down a little further into the couch while sipping more of his drink. “All those women. Most of who just want to fuck me because I’m Johnnie Heaven. I haven’t had real, honest sex for years.”

“Honest sex?”

“Sex for sex’s worth. Fucking for the sheer enjoyment of the act and not because someone could turn around and say that they did me.”

Tyler trembled, and he really didn’t want to think of why. “Yeah, but you get women at the snap of your fingers,” Tyler joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Johnnie chuckled. “And ain’t that just supposed to be the best?” He sighed. “Cept most of them aren’t even legal. And the ones that are usually want something; even if it’s only to say that they fucked me.” He sighed. “Guys aren’t like that.”

Tyler swallowed, trying to gain some composure. Onscreen, he lost another life. “Oh, I dunno. Guys’ll sleep with actresses and models just to say that they did.”

“Yeah. I guess so. Okay, I’m kidding myself.”

Tyler laughed, and they subsided into the deep silence that women just didn’t seem to understand. *Fucking for the sheer enjoyment of the act ...* Tyler couldn’t remember ever doing that himself. He’d always held himself in check with Becky, afraid to lose control and

disappoint her. So instead he'd managed to maintain control and *still* disappoint her. He'd been doomed either way. Before Becky, there had only been one other woman, and she had used him more than anything. What would it be like to fuck just for the fuck's sake?

Shit! He was half hard. Luckily, his button-down shirt was untucked and large enough that the tails covered his crotch. He wondered what time it was. It had to be well after midnight. He should leave soon. But he was reluctant. Despite the disturbing turn of conversation, he was having fun with Johnnie. It wasn't often he got to kick back and relax with someone.

"Of course," Johnnie said at length, interrupting Tyler's silent debate, "I've also had guys wanting to do me."

Tyler's heart jolted. He darted a glance at Johnnie. The other man hadn't moved except to set his tumbler of ice on the arm of the couch. "Yeah?"

"Oh, yeah. There was even this one guy in drag who was hotter than most of the women I've ever seen. Killer legs and a mouth to die for."

Tyler laughed. "How'd you let him down?"

"I didn't."

Tyler froze, eyes wide. Did that mean ...? To his abject horror, his hands shook so badly that the monster he was fighting got through his guard and killed him. Game over. Tyler tried to stop gaping like a fish, but two strong drinks had dampened his motor skills. He carefully placed the game controller on the coffee table. "Y-you've had sex with guys?"

"Oh, sure. Not all that different than having ass-sex with women." Johnnie stood and went back to the bar. "Well, okay, there's no pussy and there's another dick involved, but that can be interesting. Different, but the same."

Without thinking, Tyler grabbed the full tumbler on the table by his knee and brought it to his lips. He threw back a huge gulp before he realized his error. He came up sputtering.

As his vision cleared, he looked up to see Johnnie standing at the edge of the couch, a fresh drink in hand and an amused grin on his wide mouth. “Now you’re paranoid.”

“Huh?”

One dark brow arched. “Homophobic?”

“No.”

“Then why the look?”

Tyler swallowed, lax fingers nearly dropping his tumbler. “What look?”

Johnnie glanced at the tumbler, then back at Tyler’s face, those green eyes hooded and his grin fading into something slightly darker. “Horror, I think. Your eyes couldn’t be bigger, and you keep gaping like a fish.”

Tyler shut his mouth with a click and turned to put the tumbler back on the table.

Johnnie chuckled. “If you’re trying to figure out how to get out of this safely without offending me, don’t bother. You’re safe to go, unmolested. I don’t make it a practice to go where I’m not wanted.”

Actually, no. In truth, Tyler was having trouble getting past the sudden, painfully erotic image in his mind. One of Johnnie’s lips wrapped around a red, erect cock. Preferably his. *Shit!* He chuckled, hoping like hell it sounded casual, and scraped a hand down his face. “No. You just startled me, is all.”

Johnnie cocked his head slightly to the side. “Oh? Sorry.”

But he didn’t sound sorry at all. He sounded thoughtful. But that would mean ...

Tyler wanted to stand and flee, but if he did that right this second, Johnnie would think it was because of what he’d said. Even though it *was* because of what he’d said, it was also about the sharp, biting urges that had plagued Tyler since meeting the man. He could *not* be wanting what he seemed to be wanting. There had to be another explanation. Misguided hero worship or something. And he couldn’t piss this guy off. He needed the band

to be happy and helpful. If he pissed them off, the whole thing could go wrong with the grand opening, and the Weiss couldn't afford that.

Johnnie watched as Tyler mentally debated, and Tyler hated it. But he could not, for the life of him, figure out what to say or do. After a very loud silent moment, Johnnie downed the rest of his drink and took it back to the bar. Broken from the spell of Johnnie's gaze, Tyler turned back to the game console and snatched up his controller. He hastily went back to his last save.

Tyler tried to put Johnnie's whereabouts from his mind, but he couldn't quite manage it. He knew when Johnnie left the bar and trailed along into the dark part of the room behind the couch. Tyler panicked, wondering what Johnnie was doing, but he didn't dare look. A click, then sounds from the bedroom, told him that Johnnie had left the room. Tyler bit his lip and fought a groan, not wanting to think of Johnnie anywhere near a bed. The sound of running water told him that the man was in the bathroom, but then his mind filled with what Johnnie looked like wet. He was like that in one of the band's videos, and Tyler had always suppressed the fact that he found that video particularly stimulating.

Yeah, he had to get out of here!

He was about to give up the game when Johnnie startled him by appearing at his other side. The rockstar calmly lifted the leg nearest Tyler and positioned himself so that he was straddling the arm of the couch. "Oh, good move," he murmured. Tyler managed to breathe. Okay. They could forget the earlier conversation. They could go back to something safe, like the world of Final Fantasy 10.

Johnnie watched and Tyler played. The only comments made were questions or words of praise from Johnnie interspersed with answers and curses from Tyler. By the time he'd again lost his life, he was somewhat calm, keyed up in the familiar way of the game rather than the dangerous way of Johnnie's presence.

“Want to take another try at it?” he offered, twisting to look up at Johnnie as he offered the game controller.

Johnnie smiled down at him, and just that fast Tyler was again a deer caught in headlights. Johnnie took the controller from him and tossed it to the carpet. “I want to try a new game.” He leaned in toward Tyler, reaching for him.

Tyler gasped, eyes wide as he scrambled hastily back on the couch. Johnnie swung around and descended on him. Tyler fell, his back against the plush upholstery, his hands instinctively splaying across the hot skin of Johnnie’s chest as it hovered over him. Hair that was every color of brown imaginable hissed forward and curtained either side of them, creating a darkened haven as Johnnie came to rest straddling Tyler’s waist.

“What the hell?” Tyler found it hard to breathe as Johnnie sat firmly, pressing his hot crotch against what was now a full-fledged erection in Tyler’s pants.

Johnnie braced on bare, muscular arms above Tyler. “My new game requires two people.”

Tyler pushed against Johnnie’s chest, halting the other man’s sudden swoop toward him halfway. “Whoa, wait!”

“Why?”

“I’m not gay.”

“So? Neither am I.”

Tyler blinked, too many thoughts warring with raging fire coursing his veins. “What? Then why ...”

“Just because I like to fuck men doesn’t mean I’m gay.”

Tyler latched on to the only rational thought in his head. “It doesn’t?”

Johnnie hummed through a dark smile, pressing his weight against Tyler’s hands. Tyler, without good leverage, watched in horror -- anticipation? -- as those beautiful lips approached his. “No, it doesn’t. I’ve slept with far too many women to be gay.”

“B-but ...?”

He barely finished the word before Johnnie ceased his ability to talk by sealing their lips together. Tyler’s mouth was already open to the tongue that plunged within. Johnnie tasted of Jack Daniels and something else that Tyler found strangely delicious. So much so that his own tongue twined with Johnnie’s just to savor the taste. This was entirely unlike kissing a woman. No woman in his limited experience had ever been this aggressive, or this overpowering. He tried to push Johnnie away, with little effect. Or was he really pushing? The fingers he had curled around Johnnie’s shoulders might just have been hanging on for dear life as the world tipped on its axis.

Johnnie dropped the rest of his weight atop Tyler. One arm slid up under Tyler’s back to tangle in his hair, to tilt his head for a better angle and a firmer kiss. Tyler was completely unable to think with those lips locked on his.

He was hardly aware of anything until he figured out that Johnnie had stopped kissing him. When had his eyes closed? He had to open them to see Johnnie’s warm smirk from inches above his nose.

“That was nice,” the vision purred, leaning back in.

Tyler twisted his head to the side and tried to push Johnnie away again. Geez, he was heavy! “I’m not gay.”

“You already said that.” The words warmly caressed the spot just below Tyler’s ear, making him shiver.

“Then stop ...”

Chuckle. “Stop what?”

“Kissing me.”

The hand in his hair gently massaged the back of his neck. “Mmmm. I think I’m going to do a lot more than kiss you.”

“No!”

“Why not?”

“I’m not gay.”

“You’re sounding like a broken record. Fucking me wouldn’t mean you’re gay. You like sleeping with women, right?”

“Yes!”

A hot tongue rimmed his ear before it guided his earlobe between soft lips. “Then you’re not gay.”

Tyler gasped when teeth bit down on his earlobe. “But ...”

“Fucking a guy doesn’t mean you’re gay,” Johnnie repeated, releasing Tyler’s earlobe with a wet pop. “It means you’re open to so many more types of pleasure, not just the ones that are widely accepted.”

“No ...”

“Why not? Doesn’t it feel good?”

Tyler opened his mouth to reply, but Johnnie’s lips were back for another mesmerizing kiss. Tyler whimpered into those lips, trying in vain to reassemble his thoughts through the pulsing, burning pressure that was pooling deep in his gut.

Johnnie lifted his head. “Doesn’t it?”

Confused, Tyler looked up at him. He’d lost track of the conversation. “Doesn’t ...?”

Johnnie chuckled, pushing up to balance on the elbow of the arm that still held Tyler’s hair. “Mmm, I’m better than I thought.” His free hand started unbuttoning Tyler’s shirt.

Dazed, it took Tyler precious moments to sort through the riot of emotions and thoughts to realize what was happening. He caught Johnnie’s hand just as it flicked his shirt open to expose his chest. “Hey!” He tried to get up, then hissed when Johnnie tugged his hair.

“Stay still.”

Tyler saw his own chest rising and falling far too rapidly under Johnnie's palm. "What are you doing?"

Johnnie's gaze drifted down his neck. "That should be obvious." His head descended toward Tyler's chest.

"Hey!" Tyler squirmed, but Johnnie still held him by the hair and trapped between his legs.

He finally remembered his forgotten hands, those wrapped over Johnnie's shoulders, when Johnnie's hot mouth found a nipple. Tyler gasped. Becky -- Tyler's only longtime lover -- had never truly appreciated how sensitive his nipples were. Attention in that area scrambled his brain in a most pleasant fashion. Johnnie didn't seem to have the same problem as Becky. He lapped at Tyler's nipple, swirling his tongue around the hard point before sucking. When he bit down, Tyler was entirely unable to stop his back from bowing and shoving his chest at Johnnie.

Johnnie released his nipple with a soft chuckle. "Very nice," he murmured, kissing languidly across Tyler's chest until he reached the other nipple.

What the *hell* was happening? Tyler firmly told himself to get away, to shove harder. He was stronger than this. He wasn't this wanton. But it felt so damn *good*! He'd never felt like this, and Johnnie had done little more than kiss him and suck on his ears and nipples. His hands gripped and released Johnnie's bare shoulders, kneading the steely muscle beneath hot, satin skin. Silky hair threaded through his fingers. He looked down and groaned at the sight of Johnnie's profile, half hidden behind a curtain of hair, as that mobile mouth pursed around a reddened nipple. The one visible eye opened and caught him looking. Johnnie smiled, then bit him again.

Pleasantly, confusingly distracted, he didn't realize that Johnnie's other hand was busy until he felt fingers quickly worm into his briefs so the warm hand could close firmly around his dick.

“Whoa! Whoa! No, wait!” he cried, trying to struggle away. Finally, he gathered his senses enough to grab handfuls of Johnnie’s hair at either temple and yank his head up and safely away from Tyler’s nipple.

Fire flashed deep in emerald eyes, but Johnnie’s smile remained. Dark and full of dangerous promise. The hand on Tyler’s dick squeezed over its head, and Tyler moaned before he could help it.

“Just relax and enjoy,” Johnnie advised, turning his head slightly to kiss one of Tyler’s wrists.

Tyler stared, unable to believe the sheer beauty of the man poised above him. Lips slightly swollen from kissing suckled at his wrist, those mesmerizing eyes never leaving his face. Tyler opened his mouth to protest, but it was strangled by another squeeze of his dick.

Johnnie swayed his head slightly side to side to loosen Tyler’s grip, then edged back on his knees. His fingers eased from Tyler’s hair, and he brought that hand around and up to toy lightly with Tyler’s nipple. Tyler told himself to hold on, to yank at the man’s hair and gain his freedom, but his body told him to fuck off. It wanted everything Johnnie was doing and more.

Much more.

Johnnie’s hair spilled through the fingers Tyler kept suspended in midair as the man bent to swipe his tongue around Tyler’s navel.

“Johnnie, I can’t ...”

“Just close your eyes,” Johnnie told the sensitive spot just to the side of his hip. “Sit back and enjoy.”

Enjoy.

The hand around his erection shifted momentarily to pull down Tyler’s briefs, only enough to free the throbbing rod. Tyler’s tongue touched his upper lip as Johnnie’s hand returned to grip his dick. Tyler’s skull thumped back on the couch cushions, a ragged groan

torn from his heart when Johnnie's head dipped and hot, unseen lips slid over the head of his cock. Awareness spiraled down to pinpoint the sensation of the tongue boldly sliding down Tyler's shaft from within Johnnie's scorching mouth. The tip of his cock scraped the roof of Johnnie's mouth before butting up against the back of his throat. Gasping, Tyler dropped his hands and gripped the edges of the cushion, seeking contact with a world that no longer existed outside of that mouth. Johnnie did something that made his throat contract, and Tyler's hips bucked. Chuckling, Johnnie held firm the base of Tyler's cock and slowly drew his mouth up until he wetly kissed the tip. A swirl of tongue over the tip, and then the slow descent happened again.

Tyler fought for coherent thought, but it wasn't at all easy when Johnnie-fucking-Heaven was sucking him off! "Johnnie, stop!" Tyler gasped, not remotely convincing to either Johnnie or himself. Especially not when Johnnie plunged down again, twisting his neck so his mouth did a corkscrew thing that had Tyler's eyes crossing behind tightly shut lids. "Shit." Johnnie pulled back until just his lips rimmed the head. Inside his mouth, his tongue swiped over it, tickling the sensitive underside. "No."

Johnnie hummed, triggering an answering moan that welled up from Tyler's belly to spill out of his mouth. Johnnie plunged down, twisting again, pausing at the furthest point and swallowing.

"Oh, fuck!" Tyler curled forward, unthinkingly clutching at Johnnie's bare back. He scrabbled for purchase amongst the sleek hair that fell through his fingers like heavy water.

Again and again Johnnie took him, pulling back then pushing forth, licking, tickling, swallowing.

"Oh, no!"

Johnnie clutched his hips and set to a punishing, hard rhythm, no longer teasing, sucking in earnest. Tyler peeked to see those lean cheeks hollowed from the suction.

"Fuck! I'm gonna ..."

Fingers cradled his balls, then reached further to massage the sensitive skin behind them. Tyler was an absolute sucker for that touch. With a strangled groan, he lost it. Some act of God opened his eyes to watch Johnnie take it in, to see that million-dollar mouth work as the throat that entertained millions swallowed his cum.

It was almost enough to make Tyler hard again.

Johnnie finally released his softening cock. Spunk dribbled out the side of his mouth, and he locked gazes with Tyler as he lifted a hand, swiped it up with his thumb, and then sucked his thumb clean.

Tyler stared, aghast. “Oh, shit!”

Johnnie crawled slowly back up the couch.

Tyler could only watch. His entire body was flushed and weak and painfully *alive*, and it was all due to the fact that a *guy* had just sucked him off!

Johnnie slowly lowered himself between Tyler’s thighs so that they were almost nose to nose again. Tyler’s oh-so-sensitive cock pressed into the warmth of Johnnie’s belly. “Shall we move to the bedroom?”

The words shook Tyler. Bed. Fucking for fuck’s sake. “What?” Yeah, it was Johnnie Heaven, but he was a *man*! “No!”

Johnnie scowled. “Why not? We don’t have to go all the way tonight.”

All the way. Translation: ass fucking.

Finally Tyler found his strength. This time when he pushed, he actually managed to move Johnnie. “Absolutely not!”

“Hold on --”

“No. Stop. Get off.”

Johnnie tried to pin him down. “Hey, what’s up? You were starting to get into it.”

“Get off!”

“I can make it good. I promise.”

Of that, Tyler had no doubt. A warm surge of blood in his dick made it twitch against Johnnie’s belly. “No!”

With an irritated sigh, Johnnie pulled all the way back, sitting up on his knees.

Tyler scrambled back on the long couch, hampered by the loose pants and briefs that banded his thighs. He grasped his pants, frantically pulling them up as he stumbled to his feet.

“It was obviously a mistake to let you come,” Johnnie grumbled.

Tyler gaped down at him.

Johnnie laughed. “What’s wrong, blondie? You enjoy it or something?”

Tyler heard the honest-to-God whimper in his throat and hated it. That was exactly it. He *had* enjoyed it! He fumbled with his pants, frustrated when he realized that his underwear was stuck and rolled under his butt. “I’m leaving.”

“That’s rude. After I sucked you off and everything.”

Tyler righted his briefs, yanked them up, and stalked farther away from Johnnie. “I don’t want this.”

“Why not?”

“I’m not --”

A sigh sounded behind Tyler. “Not the gay thing again. Use another excuse.”

Tyler snapped his head around and glared. “I don’t have to use another excuse!”

Dark amusement shadowed Johnnie’s too-handsome face. “You were enjoying the kiss. I know you enjoyed the blowjob.” He chuckled, sounding smug. “Did you know you taste sweet?”

Tyler winced and bent his head to focus on the task of buttoning his slacks. He was having trouble getting his trembling fingers to obey. “Oh, God, no!”

“What are you scared of? That you liked it?”

“Stop saying stuff like that!” Tyler was desperately afraid that he didn’t sound so much angry as scared. Which was the truth, but he didn’t want to *sound* that way.

“No one needs to know, you know. No one but you and me.”

Tyler froze, fingers holding his zipper at half-mast. Again he twisted his head around to stare at the rockstar.

Johnnie had rearranged himself, ending up with his back against the arm of the couch and his arms loosely wrapped around his upturned knees. He smiled sweetly. “As far as anyone else knows, we’re playing video games. I’m perfectly happy to let everyone continue to think that.”

No one has to know. What would it hurt?

“No!” Tyler shook his head. It just wasn’t right. At the moment he couldn’t think of *why* too clearly, but he knew it was wrong.

Johnnie sighed. “Y’know, if either of us was a woman, we’d be in bed by now.”

Tyler groaned and hastily finished pulling up his zipper. If only he could picture a woman right now. The trouble was, he couldn’t. His mind and body were quite happily filled to bursting with Johnnie’s smell and touch. He forced himself back to the vicinity of the coffee table to where he’d left his shoes. He avoided looking directly at Johnnie, but he couldn’t help seeing the man out of the corner of his eye.

“Okay. I’ll let you go tonight,” Johnnie said, lowering one leg straight on the couch. “But you should think about why you stopped me.”

That was the last thing Tyler wanted to think about! He arranged one shoe with his toes and stepped into it. “Look, I don’t need you lecturing me on what I do and don’t want. I don’t want you.”

“Are you lying to me, or to yourself?”

Tyler shot a glare at the reclining rockstar. “Fuck you! What do you know?” He shoved his foot into the second shoe.

“I know you can deny it all you want, but you want me to fuck you. And I *know* I can fuck you into the night and still have you begging for more.”

“Full of yourself, aren’t you?”

There should have been fangs in Johnnie’s predatory grin. “Proven experience.”

Fully dressed, Tyler straightened and faced Johnnie. Hands on hips, he opened his mouth to say ... something. But at the sight of Johnnie relaxed against the arm of the couch, one hand plunged into the waistband of his loose pants, slowly masturbating, whatever retort Tyler had ready flew from his mind.

Johnnie winked. “C’mon, Tyler. Stay, and we’ll have some fun.”

Tyler swallowed, throat dry. He caught a glimpse of the purple head of Johnnie’s cock and panicked. “No. I can’t.”

For whatever reason, Johnnie allowed him to flee.

Chapter Four

A cold shower didn't keep Tyler's dreams from being plagued by Johnnie that night. Johnnie's mouth, Johnnie's tongue. Johnnie's talented fingers and lips. Tyler had never thought to feel like that in anyone's arms, certainly not another man's. In hindsight, he was morbidly aware of his inability to escape Johnnie's embrace. Where had his strength gone? How had his will so totally evaporated? He ended up jacking off to get rid of the hard-on that wouldn't go away, and try as he might, he couldn't picture anyone but Johnnie while he did it.

This. Was. Not. Good.

All of the next morning, Tyler tried to think of a valid reason not to attend the dress rehearsal for tomorrow night's opening. But there was no avoiding it. This whole thing was his, Edward's, and Becky's from the word "go," and it would be strange if he wasn't there, especially since it was known that Heaven Sent was one of his favorite bands of all time.

And now he had even more reason to like them.

In the privacy of his office, he flushed at his own thoughts. The barest memory of what had happened with Johnnie the previous night had done it to him all morning. He was

caught in an endless loop of replaying those kisses and that blowjob. Of what might have happened if he'd stayed.

Which meant, of course, he was hard.

He glanced at the clock. Four p.m. The rehearsal would have already started. He could be late, but he couldn't be absent.

He stood, went to the door, and locked it. He didn't even bother to go sit down. Didn't need to. He merely turned and pressed his back against the door and reached down to unfasten his dress slacks. He glared at the offending red cock that eagerly sprang from his briefs. "You can't be serious," he grumbled, taking it in hand.

He suppressed a groan. His eyes slid shut, and immediately his hand became a mere reminder of the hot cavern of Johnnie Heaven's mouth. The second low groan actually escaped him.

Impatiently, he spat in his palm and returned it to his dick, stroking mercilessly, needing the release and fearful of the fantasy. But the fantasy came whether he wanted it or not.

In fantasy, he could wrap Johnnie's hair around his cock even while the man was sucking it. Johnnie didn't need to breathe in fantasy.

Panting, Tyler dug his other hand into his pants to fondle his balls. To reach underneath and massage that spot behind. That almost did it. The memory of Johnnie swallowing sent him over, and he spurted all over his hand.

Disgusted with himself, he strode back to the desk and grabbed a handful of tissues to clean himself. He was jacking off thinking about a man. What the hell was wrong with him? He used the little washroom off the office to finish cleaning up, adjusting his gray suit so that he was presentable.

Somewhat sated, he left his office for the White Room.

"Did you see him?!"

He heard the excited female squeal before he rounded the corner to the narrow hallway that led to the front entrance. He stopped, blatantly eavesdropping.

“Oh, yeah! He’s *sooo* gorgeous! All that hair.”

“I talked to him! He’s so sweet. He signed my program.”

He recognized the voices. It was two of his employees. Technically, they weren’t supposed to be there, but he could well understand the lure.

“Oh, man! But I got to talk to Luc. He actually kissed my cheek!”

“No way! Omigod!”

Tyler rounded the corner, smiling wide to see two adult women clutching each other’s arms while bouncing around like schoolgirls.

“Hello, ladies.”

They jumped a mile at the sound of his voice. He laughed softly.

“Mr. Purcell,” stammered Jenny, a cute little blonde. “We were just ...”

“On your lunch break?” Tyler helped.

Tia turned big brown eyes to him. She was a tall, lovely woman with a huge, beautiful smile. “That’s exactly right, Mr. Purcell.”

He nodded indulgently and checked his watch. “Well, that’s probably about over now, isn’t it?”

“Yes, sir,” they chorused as they bustled past him.

He smiled. Both very pretty. See? He still noticed women. So what the hell was this obsession with Johnnie Heaven?

Heading down the hallway, he heard the band start a song. “Nether War” wasn’t one of his favorites, but it sounded good live, even if it was only a sound check.

He reached the main entrance to the club, passing through a heavy door to a wide circular entrance. Ahead of him, at the white marble dais, four wide stairs led down to the

main floor. The entire club was circular. White Doric columns held up first one balcony then another along two-thirds of the walls. The last third was taken up by the stage directly across from the entrance. Crew members crawled like ants along the black ceiling above, adjusting lights and speakers. Others stood on the floor and in the wings, their attention centered on the four men playing onstage.

The band was dressed casually in jeans and t-shirts, but they seemed larger than life as they played.

Tyler paused to admire them. He'd seen them live once before, in Los Angeles during their first world tour, though his seats hadn't been very good. But Johnnie's voice had filled him heart and soul, and it did now, as well, even though the singer was clearly not in full performance mode. Johnnie wasn't even facing front at the moment.

Which gave Tyler a chance to ogle the fine ass encased in low-slung jeans.

Trying to ignore the warm feeling that threatened to get him hard again, he headed toward the bar. Becky and Edward were there, along with Gretchen Hobbes. It was far too loud to do more than wave a greeting, so the four of them just stood and watched as the band finished the song.

"They sound great!" Tyler said after the song ended.

"Eh, they'll do," Gretchen said with a smile.

"Where've you been, man?" Edward asked, slapping his shoulder and offering him one of the Cokes that sat in an ice bucket on the bar. "We were beginning to wonder if you'd show."

Tyler declined the drink with a shake of his head. "I had some work to do." He turned back to the stage, hoping he wasn't blushing as he recalled the *work* that had kept him busy. Green eyes grinned at him from afar. Johnnie had turned and seen him. The eye contact was brief, broken when Johnnie turned to talk to one of the roadies.

It was enough to let Tyler know Johnnie knew he was there.

His heart skipped a beat. He cringed. Terrific.

He turned back and got lost in a discussion with Edward, Becky, and Gretchen about the logistics of the next night. A few details still needed to be ironed out, so for the next hour they alternately spoke and listened as the band practiced.

When the music got too loud, the four of them moved backstage to the greenroom, where they could hear perfectly through the loudspeakers without their conversation being drowned out.

Tyler happily lost himself in the last-minute details of what needed to happen for the following night to be a success.

This he was good at. Directing traffic and making sure everything was taken care of. He excelled at it. Dozens of employees and vendors came to find him, and he answered questions, confirmed details, and solved problems. It finally took his mind completely off a certain rockstar.

Until the music stopped and the band joined them backstage. The hair at the back of Tyler's neck stood on end as soon as Johnnie entered the room. Fate smiled on him, however, in the form of his phone ringing. Grateful, he left the room by a second entrance so he could hear the caterer without the noise of the people in the room.

Tyler ended up in a small alcove down the hall and around the corner from the greenroom, talking on his cell phone with the caterer. He finished his call, hung up, and spun around.

A body blocked his way.

Tyler stumbled back against the wall of the alcove to avoid a collision. His wide eyes met deep brown ones.

Luc Sloane smiled at him from the few inches he stood above Tyler. Long auburn hair was pulled back into a tail, but plenty of shorter tendrils had fallen loose and framed his

long, angular face. His shirt was black, with a deep v-neck, loose enough that quite a bit of his pale chest showed.

“Luc, you startled me.” Tyler laughed nervously. His belly flipped, and that pleasant buzz started along his skin.

Oh, no, not again!

“I’ve been looking for you,” Luc said, planting a hand on the wall beside Tyler’s shoulder.

He was far too close, but Tyler decided to ignore it. “Oh? Is something wrong?”

“Yes. I need to know something.”

Tyler’s mental alarms started to sound. He tried to subtly step to the side. “Oh?”

Luc’s other hand planted on the wall beside Tyler’s opposite shoulder, boxing him in.

Tyler shrank back against the wall. *Shit!*

“Did you fuck him?”

Tyler gaped. “What?”

“Pretty blond like you. Big blue eyes ...” Luc’s gaze slid over said hair and eyes as he spoke. “I knew it wouldn’t take him long to make a move. I just want to know if you fucked him.”

“I-I ... don’t know what you mean.”

Luc grinned, his gaze dropping to Tyler’s lips. “You don’t know what fucking is?”

“Of course I do!” Tyler reached up to grab Luc’s wrist in an attempt to dislodge it from its place at the wall. It didn’t work. Geez! This one was strong, too! “I just ... why would you ask such a thing?”

“Jealousy.”

Tyler froze, staring at the wide bronze bangle that circled Luc's slim wrist. Oh, shit! He looked back up at Luc's chiseled face, noticing how even the poor lighting of the alcove set off his red hair. "You and Johnnie ...?"

Luc chuckled. "Oh, no." He leaned in, tilting his head. "I was talking about you." Luc's lips brushed his. "Did I lose my chance?"

"What --?"

Yet again, Tyler was cut off by male lips fastening to his. He melted for a moment. The warmth, the feel, was intoxicating. But he found his strength easier this time. He reached up and managed to splay his hands on Luc's chest and push him back. "Stop."

Luc searched his face with narrowed eyes. He pressed much of his weight against Tyler's hands, straining his arms. "So you did fuck him?"

"No."

"You going to?"

"No!"

"Then what's the problem?"

"I'm not gay."

Luc's weight left as he straightened. His eyebrows shot up. "What?"

Tyler gaped. "Is that hard so to believe?"

"With the way you look at Johnnie? Yeah, it is."

"Huh?"

Luc cocked his head to the side, briefly studying Tyler. "You don't even know it, do you?" With a wry smile on his lips, Luc backed up and turned to lean his shoulder against the wall. "You gave me eyes and blushed a little, but I couldn't miss how you ate Johnnie up when you thought he wasn't looking."

Tyler's hand slapped over his open mouth. "No!"

Luc laughed. "Oh, yes."

Tyler's other hand came up, and he covered his face with both of them. "Oh, no!" So *that* was why it happened. He'd *invited* Johnnie's advances! Holy hell. When and why had that happened?

"I guess this is new to you, huh?"

Tyler nodded into his hands.

Luc chuckled. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, I have it on the best of authority that he's amazingly good in bed. I haven't slept with him myself, but I've heard reports."

Tyler groaned. More because that little piece of knowledge, spoken from another pair of lips, made his belly flip. His knees gave out, and he slid down the wall to his butt. This was *so* not happening!

He felt Luc pat his arm. He peeked through shaking fingers to see the bass player squatting down beside him.

"You should sleep with him," Luc advised, his solemn look belied by the twinkle in his dark eyes. "I'm told it's not an experience you should miss."

Tyler groaned again

Luc laughed. "Or, my offer still stands. I don't usually go for anyone Johnnie's had, but for you, I'll make an exception."

Tyler dropped his hands. "What? Why?"

Luc regarded him with laughing eyes. "Quite simply, you're stunning."

Tyler shook his head, confused beyond measure. "No one's ever said that to me before."

"No one?"

"No. Not like that."

“Hmm.” Luc reached up to gently brush Tyler’s bangs away from his eyes. There was an expression of warm tenderness on Luc’s face. “Well, maybe you haven’t had the right audience, then.”

Tyler stared, baffled. “But ...”

Luc’s fingers slid down to cup Tyler’s chin. Tyler was about to pull away when he heard the voice.

“What’s this?”

He froze. Johnnie. His vision filled with Luc, he hadn’t seen the singer approach.

Luc smiled ruefully, then rose with fluid grace. “I had a feeling you’d find us.”

Johnnie leaned against the wall opposite them, arms crossed over his chest and a scowl on his gorgeous features. His green gaze flicked from Luc to Tyler.

Which abruptly reminded Tyler that he was seated childishly on the floor. And he was the oldest of the three of them! He scrambled to his feet, carefully putting some distance between himself and Luc.

Neither of the musicians moved, regarding each other steadily.

Tyler looked at Johnnie with a pang of guilt. He frowned. What did *he* have to feel guilty about?

A slow smile drew up the corners of Johnnie’s mouth.

Tyler’s scowl shifted into a frown of confusion.

Johnnie smiled wider. He looked back at Luc. “What were you doing?”

Luc sighed, pushing away from the wall to stand straight. “Just seeing if you’ve claimed ownership.”

“I have,” Johnnie said.

Luc brushed hair from his face, his look resigned. “I see that.”

Tyler looked from one to the other, still frowning. “Ownership? Hold on a minute --”

Johnnie reached out and snagged Tyler's wrist, tugging.

Tyler was thrown off balance and tumbled into Johnnie's arms. "Whoa!"

Luc turned and walked off down the hallway. He waved without looking back. "I'll leave you to each other."

Tyler tried to twist away, staring after Luc. He was scared stiff -- literally, in one particular place -- to be alone with Johnnie. "Wait!"

"Shhh." Johnnie's arms tightened around Tyler to keep him put. "You don't want anyone to hear, do you?"

Tyler faced the slightly taller man. He tried to push at Johnnie's shoulders, but the brunet had a good hold on him with those muscular arms. The man smelled slightly of sweat and mostly of male, and it was going to Tyler's head. "Let go."

A sinful smile curved those generous lips. "Give me a kiss."

"No!"

"Then I'm not letting go."

"Someone might come by and see!"

"Then you'd better hurry up."

"What?"

"I'm not letting go until you kiss me."

Tyler twisted again, just on principle. "I'm not going to kiss you."

"Then someone might come by."

"This is ridiculous!"

"Yeah, it is. All I want is one measly kiss."

Riled up and confused, Tyler did the fastest thing he could think of to get out of Johnnie's embrace. He pushed up that little bit on his toes and kissed him.

Fire again. More exciting and intoxicating than Luc's kiss.

Johnnie's lips parted, and Tyler's followed the example. Their tongues met and twined. Tyler sighed.

Johnnie pushed him away.

Tyler stumbled up against the opposite wall.

Johnnie's hand shot out to grab his arm and steady him.

Becky turned the corner. She struck a pose, hand on the out-thrust hip. Her orange blouse was vivid even in the hall's bad lighting. "*There* you are."

Tyler stared at her in horror. He hadn't heard her coming, even with those wicked three-inch heels.

Johnnie turned him, setting him firmly on his feet and brushing him off. "You okay?"

Tyler looked up at Johnnie's smirking face. "Uh ..."

Becky's heels clattered closer just before she appeared at Johnnie's elbow. "Tyler, you're all flushed. What happened?"

Johnnie's eyes glinted at Tyler as he released him. "We were talking about a scenario." He turned that smile on Becky. "You ever play Final Fantasy 10?"

Disappointment flashed across Becky's triangle face. "Well, no. That's always been Tyler's thing."

"Yeah, I guess that's why we get along so well."

Becky turned to Tyler. "Are you all right?"

He dusted his arms and then, for good measure, his hips. He had been sitting on the floor, after all, and his slacks were dark. "Yeah, I'm fine. I just tripped."

"Okay. You should be more careful." Becky turned her attention fully on Johnnie, her best smile at full wattage. "Johnnie, actually I came looking for you. There's a question about the lineup for tomorrow night."

Johnnie grinned back at her. He reached out to brush a hand down her arm from shoulder to elbow. "Thanks."

Becky didn't hide the shiver.

Tyler fought his own grimace at her shameless display. He conveniently overlooked the fact that his own display had probably been worse.

"Could you tell them that I'll be right there?"

Becky met Johnnie's eyes, but she heard the dismissal. "Oh, sure." She turned and proceeded to clack back down the hallway.

Tyler grimaced at her back and started to follow her.

Johnnie let him pass before coming up behind him to wrap an arm around his shoulders.

Tyler froze, back pressed to Johnnie's chest.

"Don't worry," Johnnie murmured into his ear. "You're the one I want to fuck."

Tyler pressed forward. "Quit it!"

Johnnie actually let him go and followed him. "When can we?"

"Can we what?"

"Fuck."

"Never."

"Never say never, blondie."

"Don't call me that."

They joined the others in the greenroom. Tyler did his best to stay away from both Johnnie and Luc. He found Darien to be a welcome chatterbox who, even if he was attractive, didn't cause any of the heated emotions the singer and the bass player did. He and the drummer spoke happily after the song list was decided.

Gretchen pulled Johnnie into another discussion.

Luc seemed content to leave Tyler alone, chatting with Edward. After all, Johnnie had laid his claim. Luc seemed gentleman enough to back down.

Tyler groaned at the thought. He had to get out of there. He got to the door before he was stopped.

“Leaving already, Tyler?”

He turned in the doorway and managed not to glare at a smirking Luc. The declaration had been loud enough to get the attention of the entire room, including Johnnie.

Gentleman? Ha! Luc was baiting him.

“Yes. I haven’t checked on my father all day.”

Gretchen frowned. “Your father?”

He set his gaze on her, trying not to notice Johnnie, who stood right beside her. “My father has cancer. I need to check on him daily.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry! By all means, then. We’ll see you later.”

Johnnie waved amiably. “We’ll call you if we need you.”

Chapter Five

Justin leaned back into the pillows with a sigh. “It seems you were right, then.”

Tyler set the half-empty glass of water on the nightstand and sat back in his chair by his father’s bedside. “There’s still one night for something to go wrong.”

Amy came up behind him and slapped the back of his head. “Shut up, you! Don’t jinx it.” She settled herself awkwardly on the side of the bed with only a little steadying from Tyler. “Knock on wood.”

Obediently, Tyler knocked on the wood of the nightstand.

Amy smiled. “Besides, I saw the crowd outside. I’ve talked to some of the employees.” Her eyes, a blue to match his, twinkled. “I’ve seen the papers. The White Room is the talk of the town.”

Tyler gave her a smile, knowing she’d pry if she thought something was wrong. “It does seem to be going well.”

She smoothed a hand over her distended belly. “See, Dad? All that money you spent on Tyler’s schooling hasn’t gone to waste.”

Justin opened weary eyes and chuckled. “Thank God for that.”

Tyler rolled his eyes, glad they'd decided not to mention all the money that had been spent on the White Room.

His sister reached out to brush his hair from his face, a move too much like what Luc had done earlier for Tyler's comfort. He sat back in his chair, out of her reach.

"You look happy." Impending motherhood made Amy far too attentive.

"I do?"

"Flushed. Excited."

He blinked. "Really?"

"Mmmm. You haven't been this excited about anything in years. Of course, it could have something to do with Heaven Sent."

He fiddled with the crease of his slacks. "Why would you think that?"

"Hel-lo. They're only your favorite band! I expected you to have talked our ears off about them already." She raised an eyebrow at him. "Especially since I heard through the grapevine that you've been playing video games with none other than Johnnie Heaven for the past two nights."

Tyler crossed his legs and his arms, pouting. "No one can keep a secret in this place."

Justin chuckled. "You've known that your entire life."

Tyler laughed. "Too true."

"So?" Amy blithely ignored their comments. "Spill. What's he like?"

Tyler stared into his sister's eyes. His lips parted, but he had no words that were suitable for present company. Part of him wanted to tell them what was happening, wanted to hear their advice on how to handle the situation. But he couldn't bring himself to tell them that he just might be gay. Or, at the very least, bisexual. Especially when there seemed to be only one object of his current obsession and that object would be gone in another two days.

He paused too long.

Justin raised his head and opened his eyes, concern lacing his wrinkled brow.

Amy's grin faded to one of concern. "Tyler --" she started, interrupted by the sound of his phone.

Tyler dug into his pocket. He didn't recognize the number, but it was a convenient way out of the current conversation. He flipped it open. "Hello?"

"Are you really with your dad?" It was Johnnie.

Tyler jumped. Then cursed because he'd jumped. Then cursed because he'd cursed. He shot a guilty look at Amy and his father.

Their looks of concern had grown at the sight of his obvious agitation.

"Yes," he said into the phone, hardly aware that he was curling up in his chair.

"I'll make it quick, then. Come play with me tonight." The heat in Johnnie's voice made the double meaning obvious.

"I-I don't think I can."

"Why not? Don't tell me you have work to do."

"I do."

"Not all night."

Frowning, Tyler stood. He mumbled an "excuse me" to his family and scurried into the next room. "How do you know that?"

"What's got your panties in a wad?"

"I don't ... I mean, I just ..."

Johnnie purred. "I want to see you."

"I --"

"If you don't come, I'll scour this hotel for your room."

"You wouldn't!"

“Oh, wouldn’t I? Do you think your employees would be helpful?”

“Don’t you dare!” He could just imagine the rumors that would fly if Johnnie Heaven was asking around for the location of his rooms.

“If the mountain won’t come to Mohammad ...”

Ridiculous images of just how mountainous Johnnie was momentarily blinded Tyler.
“Shit. Fine. I’ll come.”

“Oh, yes. You will. Many times, if I have any say in the matter.”

Tyler pressed his back against the wall beside the window, one arm curled tightly around his ribs and the other propped on it with the phone to his ear. His heart was racing, his breathing heavy. “Stop that.”

Johnnie chuckled. “Only for now. When should I expect you?”

“I have to give you a time?”

“I have to know when to go out looking for you if you don’t show up.”

Tyler snarled, glancing toward the bedroom door. Neither Amy nor Justin could see him, and thankfully, Amy hadn’t followed him. “Nine.”

“Seven.”

“Eight.”

“Fine. I’ll order dinner.”

“Wait!”

“See you later, blondie.” The phone line went dead.

Tyler glared at the phone and seriously considered calling back, but he didn’t know if Johnnie had called from his cell or from another line. If the latter, someone else might pick up, and he didn’t want to be heard floundering again.

He thumped his head back against the wall with a sigh. What did that man *do* to him?!

Tyler stepped back into his father's bedroom and stopped at the blatant looks of alarm pointed at him from the faces of his two closest living relatives.

"Who was that?" Amy asked.

Tyler glanced at his phone as if it would help him come up with a suitable answer. Belatedly, he realized he could have told them the truth about the caller's identity and used the playing video games as the reason, but he'd stalled too long now. "Uh ..."

"Tyler, is anything wrong?"

He looked at his father. Even if his body was ailing, there was nothing wrong with Justin's sharp mind.

Yeah, Dad. Your son's got the hots for a man. "No, Dad."

"Who was on the phone?" Amy asked.

Tyler tucked his phone into his pocket and smiled at them. "No one."

"Tyler --"

"Drop it, Amy."

"Tyler, are you in trouble?"

Only if you call getting ass-fucked trouble. "No. It's fine. I promise."

Chapter Six

Showered and clothes changed, Tyler stopped by the kitchen before he went to Johnnie's room. They told him the dinner the man had ordered was ready, and he decided he might as well take it up himself. After all, one of the plates was for him.

He was keyed up but remarkably calm while riding the elevator up with the cart of covered dishes. Colors seemed a bit more vivid, and the light linen of his loose, button-down shirt felt far softer than he knew it to be. He shook his head at his own fancies.

Gretchen Hobbes was waiting for the elevator when he arrived.

"Evening, Tyler," she smiled, holding the door as he rolled the cart out. "You and Johnnie getting lost in video games again tonight?"

He smiled, prepared this time. "Yep."

She laughed. "Thanks for keeping him out of trouble." She waved as the elevator doors started to close. "Have fun."

When she couldn't see him, he shook his head. *If she only knew*. Thankfully, no one else came out of their rooms before he got to Johnnie's door. He knocked.

Johnnie wore relaxed jeans, top button open, and nothing else, not even underwear. The edge of his dark pubic thatch was visible.

Tyler tried not to notice.

“Ah, my savior,” Johnnie crowed, holding the door open and stepping aside.

Tyler passed him with the cart, eyes downcast. He stopped the cart beside the table and went to set the brake.

Johnnie stepped up behind him, molding his hot, bare chest against Tyler’s back. “Hey, sexy.”

The linen of Tyler’s blue shirt was thin enough that he could practically feel the cut of that muscular chest.

Tyler stared at the stainless steel domes that covered the dinner plates, but he didn’t see them. His focus was drawn by the nose that nudged his loose collar aside and the warm lips that brushed the nape of his neck. He sighed.

One of Johnnie’s hands lifted. Long fingers cupped his chin and tipped his head to expose more of his neck. Johnnie kissed and nibbled, trailing up the long muscle at the side of Tyler’s neck until he could nuzzle Tyler’s ear. “Tasty.”

“Y-your food will get cold.”

Johnnie backed away from the cart, pulling Tyler with him. “I ordered salads. They’re already cold.”

Tyler closed his eyes helplessly as they backed away.

Johnnie spun him around.

Tyler gasped, nearly losing his footing, and braced himself with hands on Johnnie’s shoulders. Their eyes met.

Johnnie grinned. “Are you freaking on me?”

“Um ... yeah.”

Johnnie bumped his forehead against Tyler's. "Don't." He turned his head slightly side to side, rubbing the tips of their noses together in a soft Eskimo kiss. "I'll have you begging for more, I promise."

Tyler snorted, clutching his hands at the hot satin of Johnnie's shoulders. "Full of yourself, aren't you?"

Johnnie tilted his head, hovering his lips a scant breath from Tyler's. "Mmm. I got you here." He brushed their lips together. "I'm allowed to be."

Tyler's head swam, either from the compliment or the tender, heady kiss Johnnie bestowed on him. He wasn't sure which. He decided it didn't matter.

This was it. He could probably still leave. Johnnie might let him go. He could change his mind and leave the possibilities behind.

Or he could surrender and most likely have the most passionate experience of his life.

He chose surrender.

He sighed and slid his arms firmly about Johnnie's neck, stepping closer to press himself against the man.

Johnnie groaned. The arms banded around Tyler to keep him from escaping loosened. One hand splayed across the middle of Tyler's back; the other slid down the curve of his lower back to the swell of his ass. Strong fingers kneaded his butt through the worn denim of his jeans.

Tyler sighed.

Johnnie yanked him even closer, pressing two confined erections against each other.

The sigh escalated into a moan.

Chuckling darkly, Johnnie started to walk him backward. Tyler stumbled at first, then let go to Johnnie's lead.

Johnnie lifted his head to see where they were going. Tyler took advantage and leaned forward to taste the hollow at the base of Johnnie's throat.

“Mmmm, Tyler,” Johnnie moaned, tilting his face to rub his cheek against the top of Tyler’s head.

Tyler sighed into their embrace and kept nibbling Johnnie’s neck, finding the faint, salty taste of him intoxicating.

Johnnie released him and pushed gently.

Pleasantly distracted, Tyler was caught off guard and fell back onto the bed.

Johnnie landed atop him.

Tyler grunted. Arms wrapped around the man’s neck, lips happily pressed to lips, Tyler toed off his slip-on shoes and bent his legs so that his stockinged feet rested on the bed. It brought Johnnie’s body more firmly into the cradle of his hips and pressed that hot crotch against his own.

Johnnie pushed up to brace on one elbow, kissing Tyler as he set to unbuttoning Tyler’s shirt with his free hand. Not that there were that many to undo. The thin shirt was big and blousy and had only five buttons anyway. Once he had it open, Johnnie slid his hand roughly up Tyler’s abdomen until his palm grazed one nipple.

Tyler arched, moaning into their kiss.

Johnnie rubbed, sensitizing the skin, and then, quite suddenly, pinched.

Tyler yelped, his hips bucking into Johnnie’s.

“Sensitive little nipples,” Johnnie breathed into the side of Tyler’s jaw.

Tyler only groaned, not bothering to try to form words.

Johnnie flicked and pinched Tyler’s nipple again while feasting on the side of his neck.

Tyler clutched the hair that spanned over Johnnie’s bare back, not recognizing as his own the little needy pants that filled the room.

Johnnie slid down and took the abused nipple into his mouth.

Tyler grabbed his head, steadying it and trapping those teeth and lips where they were. Johnnie's hand echoed his mouth's attention on the other nipple.

"Johnnie!"

"Mmmm?"

Tyler moaned, dropping his head back against the mattress.

Johnnie hummed and slid lower, his bare belly grazing Tyler's crotch. The fly and zipper of Tyler's jeans opened easily. Johnnie hooked strong fingers into the waistband of both jeans and briefs and pulled down, careful of Tyler's throbbing cock. "So hard," Johnnie murmured and swiped the head of Tyler's cock with his tongue.

Tyler jumped.

Johnnie rose off him to stand beside the bed. Tyler moaned in dismay and pushed up to his elbows.

Johnnie pulled Tyler's pants and underwear off and tossed them away. Standing between Tyler's knees, he studied him through hooded eyes.

Tyler was suddenly, violently aware of how wanton he must look in only his socks and the loose shirt that fell off one shoulder to puddle around his back. He had one foot back up on the bed, the other hooked over the edge. A corner of his brain told him the socks were out of place, but he was too mesmerized by the obvious admiration on Johnnie's gorgeous face to be bothered to reach for them.

"You're so fucking hot, Tyler," Johnnie told him, hands going to the open fly of his own jeans.

Tyler's eyes widened.

Johnnie hesitated.

Tyler licked his lips and glanced up at Johnnie's face. "It's okay. Don't stop."

Johnnie grinned and let his hands fall, keeping on the pants. "In a bit." He knelt on the bed between Tyler's thighs and jerked his chin. "Scoot up."

Tyler complied, crabbing backward until he was centered on the king-sized bed.

Johnnie stopped him with a hand on his hip. Watching Tyler, he reached and found Tyler's cock without looking.

Tyler gasped, fought to keep his eyes open as a wave of pleasure passed over him.

"Ready to beg yet?"

Tyler scowled at Johnnie's teasing grin.

"No? Hmm. Let's see what I can do about that."

Tyler bit his lip, tense.

Johnnie took his time lowering to his belly on the bed between Tyler's outflung legs. He lightly slapped underneath Tyler's thighs.

Tyler bent his knees, planting the soles of his feet on the bed.

Johnnie shook his hair out of the way, and some of it feathered across Tyler's hip and thigh. Catching Tyler's gaze, Johnnie gripped Tyler's cock, then slowly lowered his head until the oozing tip met with his lips. Grinning, he darted his tongue out to lap up the precum.

"Shit, Johnnie!"

"Begging yet?"

"No."

"Good. I'd rather have more fun getting you there." He tucked his chin and took Tyler into his mouth.

"Oh, God!"

Tyler already knew Johnnie was talented at this. His entire day had been haunted by the remembrance of those lips and tongue tormenting his arousal. Tyler collapsed onto his back and closed his eyes, bracing for the ride. He was not disappointed.

Johnnie teased and taunted. Tyler's hips began to pump all on their own. Johnnie set to a punishing rhythm, swallowing Tyler whole.

That electric feeling had taken hold of the base of his spine, and he felt it spreading. He was almost there. He knew it wouldn't be long before he --

Johnnie stopped.

Whimpering, Tyler raised up on his elbows. "Johnnie!"

"Oh, no. I let you come last night, and you left." The singer winked at him and reached for a bottle Tyler hadn't noticed on the nightstand. "Tonight you're not leaving."

Tyler fidgeted. His cock ached with the need to come, but the sight of the bottle of lube was distraction enough for him to contain it.

Johnnie poured a generous amount on the fingers of one hand, then capped the bottle and set it aside. He moved forward and settled over Tyler. His dry hand slid up under Tyler's back while wet fingers brushed Tyler's balls and descended behind them to rub the spot just above his anus.

Tyler jerked and moaned, hands reflexively clutching at the bedspread beneath him.

"Relax," Johnnie murmured, breath hot on his temple. "It won't hurt if you relax."

Tyler fixed his eyes on Johnnie's, taking comfort in the warmth he saw there.

The singer's talented fingers dipped even farther to rim his hole.

Tyler tilted his head up to press his lips to Johnnie's.

Johnnie kissed him back, sucking in Tyler's tongue and eased the tip of one finger inside.

Tyler probably would have pulled back if Johnnie's kiss hadn't held him so firmly. He breathed into the kiss, settling back. The finger pushed in further.

He tried to decide if he liked it. Decided that he didn't *not* like it.

Johnnie pulled out the one finger and pressed in again with two this time.

Tyler was a little less enamored with that and squirmed. Johnnie continued to kiss him and scissored those fingers a bit inside Tyler.

Tyler got used to two fingers.

Johnnie pressed in three fingers.

Tyler groaned at the less than pleasant tightness. This, he didn't like so much.

Johnnie pressed deeper, and the pressure hit something brutally exciting inside Tyler. His already painful erection throbbed for release. "Shit!" His head fell back, and he stared blearily at the ceiling.

"You okay?" Johnnie murmured into his neck.

"Johnnie," Tyler shuddered as those fingers pumped a little harder. "I really need to come."

"Mmm. I know. We're almost there."

Tyler moaned.

Johnnie chuckled, then drew back to step off the bed and finally drop his pants.

Tyler stared, wide-eyed. Jesus Lord, the man was cut from divine cloth! Even his cock looked like a work of art, although Tyler thought it a tad too big for the destination Johnnie planned.

Johnnie snatched something else off the nightstand and knelt back on the bed to open the condom packet. "Seriously, beautiful, relax," he crooned. "I swear to you, you'll like it."

"Oh, sure." Tyler wasn't sure the latex could even contain that cock! "You're not the one getting *that* up your ass."

Johnnie picked up Tyler's leg and encouraged him to turn over. "Trust me."

Tyler obeyed, although he was at a loss as to why. Perhaps it was the fact that no blood remained in his head, all of it cramming into his cock so that it was hard enough to hammer nails. "Trust you?"

“Yeah.”

Tyler ended up on his knees, acutely aware that his ass was pointed toward Johnnie’s cock. The lube bottle cap popped loudly. “Wait.”

“Oh, no.” Johnnie fell forward, draping Tyler’s back. Drenched fingers pushed back inside him. “I’ve got you now, and I’m not letting you go.” The sexy grumble in Johnnie’s voice chased the sanity away. Fingers pulled out.

Tyler groaned, clutching at the bedspread.

Johnnie used the blunt head of his cock to smear wetness around Tyler’s hole, then centered it. He pushed.

Tyler hissed at the unexpected feel, quite different from the fingers. He sucked in his breath, not sure if he felt pain or pleasure.

“Relax.” Teeth nipped Tyler’s shoulder. Another gentle push.

Tyler actually felt the head pop in.

Without a word, Johnnie reached around and wrapped his hand around Tyler’s erection. Tyler groaned, sagging forward onto his chest.

Johnnie pushed in just a little farther. The cock, thicker than the fingers, rubbed against that spot inside Tyler.

He squirmed with tingling pleasure.

“See?”

Tyler couldn’t answer, far too interested in the dual assault on his ass and cock. He pressed his face into the soft duvet cover beneath him. *Sweet dear good Jesus Lord!*

Johnnie pulled mostly out, then pressed back in again.

Tyler concentrated on breathing, adjusting to the riot of sensations that held him pliant underneath Johnnie. The man was being very careful with him, he could tell. Johnnie took

his time, easing himself into and out of Tyler's body, all the while massaging Tyler's cock lightly.

Too lightly to be satisfying. Finally he couldn't take it anymore.

He turned his face away from its prison in the bedspread and growled over his shoulder. "Johnnie."

Johnnie halted with a sexy little groan. "Hmmm?"

"Please."

"Please?"

"I need ..."

"Yeah?"

"More."

Johnnie's hand slid up his cock to the head, finally touching the most sensitive part.

A shuddering groan ripped from Tyler.

"Anything you say, gorgeous." Johnnie pulled back and shoved forward with more force.

Tyler moaned, clutching the duvet. His body, stretched and ready, felt only the agonizing pleasure of Johnnie's invasion.

Johnnie growled, fingers digging into Tyler's hips. "Oh, yeah."

Tyler's only answer was pitiful little pants and moans. He pushed back, impaling himself on Johnnie's thrust, then pushed forward into his hand. Back. Forth. Back. Forth. Gasping, moaning.

Above him, Johnnie's body strained, pumping into Tyler's, his breath coming in heavy pants.

Pleasure spiraled. Sweet, oh, God he was exploding! Tyler spilled into Johnnie's hand and the duvet beneath him, crying out his release. His ass clutched Johnnie's cock, and the

sweet, hard ramming scraped that spot inside him. The feeling was so intense, he almost came again.

“Johnnie!” he cried.

“Oh, yeah!” Johnnie groaned, slamming home and shattering over Tyler’s back as he came.

Chapter Seven

Tyler's ass hurt. Not to the point that he couldn't function, but definitely enough to remind him of what he'd actually allowed to happen the previous night.

He wondered if anyone else noticed the difference in him.

He, Edward, and Becky were the center of a small crowd of well-wishers in a small, secluded room just off the first balcony of the central dance floor of the nightclub. He was delighted to see the VIP area crowded with reviewers, press, and other people capable of spreading the word about the new club.

As one of the owners, he was dressed in white from head to toe: suit, shirt, shoes, and tie. His hair was suitably tamed, and he wore expensive cologne. He doubted anyone knew that the previous night had changed him forever.

He hadn't stayed the entire night with Johnnie.

After that first, explosive time, Johnnie had managed to seduce Tyler once more before an exhausted sleep took them both. Tyler counted himself lucky that he'd wakened early and managed to slip out of the rockstar's room in the wee hours of the morning. No one had seen him before he'd reached his own small suite of rooms.

Johnnie had called to scold him later in the morning, but they were both far too busy to talk long.

Now he was here. The night for which Tyler had prepared for over a year had come, and he could hardly concentrate on it. His head was too filled with the sensual experience of having sex with a man.

Disturbed by his thoughts, he downed a glass of champagne more quickly than he should have. It left his thoughts in a pleasant haze.

“Hey there, buddy.” Edward slapped his shoulder. He looked amazingly good with his black hair and his own white suit. “Pace yourself. Nothing we can do tonight but enjoy.”

Tyler nodded. He looked up to see the stage manager in the doorway, giving him a nod. “It’s time.”

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Edward spoke up, “if you’ll make your way outside, the performance will begin very shortly.”

Colorful lights failed to truly illuminate the wide space, despite the white walls. Mounted screens flashed bits of dizzying multimedia, pulsing in time to the throbbing music.

The crowd filled the dance floor and the two balconies. A mass of mostly female fans were crushed together in front of the stage, each vying to be closest.

Tyler joined Edward, Becky, and the rest of the VIPs in a small, sectioned-off area of the lower balcony, right over one corner of the stage. Tyler nearly panicked as he realized just how close they would be.

The lights blacked out. “Ladies and gentlemen,” a disembodied voice filled the void left by the music, “the White Room welcomes Heaven Sent.”

Tyler’s heart pounded with the rest of the crowd as the four members bounded onto the stage.

Young, handsome, and full of life, they immediately captured their audience as they rolled into their first song, a cover of Cream's "White Room." Johnnie, Luc, and Brent commanded the front of the stage, driven on by Darien's rocking drums. Johnnie's overblown antics and sinfully sexy voice mesmerized the crowd through song after song.

Tyler didn't remember the previous performance he'd seen being quite so ... sensual. Then again, he supposed his perception had decidedly altered.

Female fans screamed, and he nearly joined them.

From where he stood, Tyler could see the sweat that coated Johnnie's arms, bared by the big, torn shirt he almost wore. There wasn't a move Johnnie made that didn't force Tyler to recall something of the previous night. The thrust of those hips, the way his lips caressed each syllable he sang, the devilish smile. The way his long-fingered hands wrapped around the cordless microphone and *squeezed*.

"You okay?" Edward yelled at him over the music.

He nodded and gratefully took the drink his friend offered him.

By the time the performance was over, he was profoundly grateful for the large fit of his buttoned suit jacket. It allowed him to hide the fact that he was hard.

After the show, he trailed the gathering of VIPs backstage to the greenroom. There was a short wait, during which the drinks were as copious as the excited praise for the band's performance and for the White Room as a venue. If he were to judge by what he was hearing, Tyler knew the grand opening, at least, was a rousing success. But he couldn't entirely enjoy it. He was on edge. He couldn't concentrate.

Johnnie entered the room.

The band, towed down and changed into white clothing in homage to the venue, was immediately the center of attention. Cameras clicked and flashed, and the four musicians automatically put on dazzling smiles as they waded into the small crowd.

Tyler was able to admire from across the room the way Johnnie's shirt bloused loose and open around his tanned chest and the way the white pants seemed painted onto his muscular thighs.

Johnnie saw him and made his oh-so-subtle way to Tyler's side.

Tyler suppressed the irrational surge of lust that heated his blood the closer Johnnie came. Standing with Edward and a reviewer from the local paper, Tyler couldn't give in to the urge to wrap himself around the singer. Instead, he smiled and met those emerald-green eyes, hoping the glint he saw there meant the feeling was mutual. "Fabulous performance," he told the singer.

"Thanks. It's a great place you've got here."

So mundane. So ordinary. They chatted for a while, various people coming up to both Tyler and Johnnie to congratulate them.

Did anyone notice that, once together, they didn't leave each other's side? Was the way they bumped into each other subtle enough to cover the fact that they really just wanted to touch one another? At least, that was Tyler's reason.

When the VIPs filtered out of the greenroom to join the main crowd, Tyler followed, declining to trail the others onto the dance floor.

Johnnie gave him an imploring look, but allowed himself to be drawn into the dancing crowd without Tyler.

Tyler watched for a while, admiring Johnnie's feline grace as he pulled a willing woman into his arms. It was the same grace he had onstage. Johnnie, Luc, Brent, and Darien were again the instant center of attention, and Tyler had to laugh at the speed with which the crowd swallowed them whole.

Never much of a partier, Tyler left the loud nightclub about an hour later. Last he'd seen, Johnnie was still in the middle of the crowd, dancing. How the man had the energy to

perform for an hour and a half and then dance for another few hours was beyond Tyler. He was exhausted just thinking about it.

He went up to visit his father and sister, neither of whom was in any shape to be present at the grand opening. Don and Vicky, Amy's husband and five-year-old daughter, were there as well, and Tyler spent a pleasant time filling them in on the hotel's apparently successful venture.

He left his family shortly after midnight and was pleasantly surprised to still find various pockets of activity throughout the lobby and public areas. It seemed the crowd was too large for the White Room to contain and the party was still rocking. The hotel employees scrambled to take care of all the guests. Even the coffee shop was doing a rousing business.

He sat down to enjoy a café mocha and wondered if Johnnie was still dancing the night away. He imagined so. The singer's energy seemed to know no bounds, and he was in his element.

It occurred to Tyler that Johnnie just might find another playmate for the night. A pang of grief stabbed his chest before he laughed it away. He harbored no illusions that he and Johnnie had started something magical the previous night. At least, not together. No promises had been spoken and no plans made for tonight. More than likely, Johnnie had achieved the goal he'd set for himself -- for whatever reason -- and now that he'd accomplished Tyler, he was on to the next conquest. Tyler should find it a relief. After all, one night he could excuse away if anyone ever found out. Experience. Once-in-a-lifetime chance.

He had almost finished his drink when he received the call. This time, he wasn't nearly as jumpy.

"Where are you?" Johnnie's voice was audible over the music, which meant he couldn't be in the main room of the nightclub.

"I went to see my dad. Then I needed to check on some things."

“Do *not* tell me you’re working!” Was Johnnie a bit drunk? “You’re supposed to be *celebrating!* You’re a hit!”

Tyler laughed. “The White Room’s a hit, thanks largely to Heaven Sent. I’m not really much for big, noisy parties.”

“And you’re the owner of a nightclub?”

Tyler laughed. “Edward and Becky do just fine without me. I’m more of a behind-the-scenes kind of guy.”

“Yeah, I noticed. Well, how ’bout meeting me upstairs?”

Tyler stood and dumped his empty cup in the trash on his way out of the cafe. “Aren’t you the center of attention right now?”

“Yeah. So?”

“It’s only one o’clock. I thought you’d be partying until dawn.”

“I’d rather party with you. In my room. Alone.”

Tyler’s heart flipped. He glanced around and walked into a quiet corner of the lobby, where no one could overhear him. “Are you sure you don’t want to pick up a girl? There are plenty to choose from.” Vincent’s security guards had escorted dozens of underage girls out of the hotel all night.

Johnnie snorted. “Shut up. Meet me upstairs in ten minutes, or I’m coming to find you.” He hung up.

Tyler stared at the phone. Did the rockstar *really* want him again? Why? Tyler had spent the last hour consoling himself about the fact that Johnnie would certainly *not* want him. He wasn’t prepared to deal with the opposite situation.

Obediently, he made his way to the elevator. He had a moment of panic wondering if anyone would see him getting off on Johnnie’s floor, but he needn’t have worried. The hall was deserted and Johnnie’s door was propped open. Smiling slightly, Tyler tucked his master keycard back in his pocket.

Tyler closed the door on the darkened main room and followed the beacon of light shining through the bedroom door. The lights were on, the bed neatly turned down. The bathroom door was open, and he heard the shower running. A trail of white clothes on the floor between the bedroom and the bathroom told him where Johnnie was.

He couldn't resist.

Tyler stepped up to the bathroom door and caught an eyeful.

The blue-and-white tiled bathrooms in the luxury suites were each equipped with a bathtub as well as a free-standing shower. Johnnie stood within the latter, clearly visible through the glass door. His hair was plastered down the middle of his back, the ends spilling over the upper half of the full, round globes of his ass. He turned under the punishing spray of steaming water, fully erect.

Tyler gasped, clutching the doorjamb to keep his balance on suddenly shaky legs.

Johnnie spied him and smiled. He reached out a hand. "Come here."

Tyler stepped into the bathroom, immediately sweltering in his suit. "Where did you get that?" He nodded at the tree branch bobbing between Johnnie's legs.

Johnnie stepped toward him. "Thinking of you. Now strip, or I'm gonna come out and get your nice white clothes all wet.

Tyler chose not to deny his excitement. Why not take advantage? Johnnie was out of here in the morning. Tyler toed off his shoes and loosened his tie, dropped his jacket on the delicate wire chair just within the doorway, and unbuttoned his shirt. It took entirely too long to get himself naked, but once he was, he remained by the door, unsure.

Johnnie watched him undress with an insufferably smug look, then pushed open the shower door with one finger. He used the same finger to beckon Tyler. "Come here, you."

Tyler walked right into the shower, right into Johnnie's wet body, into Johnnie's heated embrace. Their lips met, and Tyler abandoned all sense of reality. There was only this encounter. One which he'd experience and enjoy.

Since it would be the last.

Johnnie pressed their lips together. Holding Tyler close, he turned them so Tyler stood beneath the water's spray. He caressed Tyler's skin until every inch was sensitized and wet. Then he reached up to twist the showerhead so the water came out in a light, steaming haze. He tipped Tyler's chin up so he could bite and nibble the long muscle at the side of his neck. Hands slid over heated, wet skin until one finally settled around Tyler's erection.

Tyler tried his best to breathe in the humid air. "Johnnie."

That voice caressed his ear. "More?"

"God, yes!"

Johnnie turned Tyler toward the wall, urging him to brace his hands on the white sandstone. Out of the corner of his eye, Tyler saw him reach for a small packet on the bench that lined the inside wall of the shower. A condom.

Tyler's heart raced. He dug his nails into the edges of a tile, waiting with bated breath. He flipped sopping wet bangs out of his eyes and arched his back, hoping to entice Johnnie to hurry.

The rockstar laughed evilly and swatted Tyler's ass. "Slut." He took firm hold of Tyler's hips with both hands and pressed his groin against Tyler's butt. His sheathed erection slid smoothly along Tyler's crack. "You'd think you wanted this, or something."

"Johnnie."

"What?"

Tyler glanced over his shoulder. "What are you waiting for?"

Johnnie's evil grin kicked up a notch. "Begging."

Tyler gaped. While he was distracted, Johnnie slid one hand forward to ruthlessly grip Tyler's cock.

Tyler's gape dissolved. He sagged against the sandstone wall. "Oh, God."

Johnnie stepped into him, pressing his chest to Tyler's back, trapping Tyler against the wall as his hand slowly pumped. "Not quite. C'mon, Tyler. All you need's one little 'please.'"

"Please!" The word spilled out before Tyler could think about it.

"There. Was that so hard?" Johnnie pulled back. The hand not on Tyler's cock slid down his chest, then over his hip and around to his butt.

No, but that is. Tyler groaned inwardly as the blunt head of Johnnie's dick prodded his entrance.

"Relax, blondie," Johnnie murmured into his neck. "We'll go slow."

"No. Just ... Ah!" A bite of pain as the head slid in.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. Wait, I ..."

"Sokay, Tyler. We got all the time in the world." Johnnie pushed in another slow bit.

Tyler gasped, arching so that the back of his skull nestled in the bend of Johnnie's neck.

The rockstar held him, one hand tormenting his dick and the other supporting his chest. "Tell me if you need to stop."

"God, no! Please, Johnnie, don't stop."

A growl sounded near his ear, and more of that wonderful dick slid in. Slid to the hilt inside Tyler's body.

They stood for a frozen moment, joined in the most intimate way two men could be joined. Tyler sucked hot, moist air into his lungs, fingernails tensing and relaxing on the unyielding shower wall.

Johnnie bit Tyler's shoulder. "Tell me you love it."

"I love it," Tyler readily agreed, although his admission was breathy.

Johnnie fingered Tyler's cock and pulled his own slowly out of Tyler's body, almost all the way. "Told you so."

Yes, you did. Aloud, Tyler only moaned.

Tyler spread his legs to brace against the slow, torturous assault Johnnie began. Burning pleasure shimmered in his ass, pushing insistent ecstasy into his balls to surge up through his cock.

Johnnie's hand milked Tyler in time to his thrusts. His lips and tongue traveled from Tyler's shoulder, up his neck to his ear, and back down. He murmured nonsensical nothings in that voice that drove Tyler crazy.

Tyler arched his back, shoving his ass into Johnnie's thrusts. "Faster."

Johnnie groaned. "Oh, yeah."

They strained together, words a thing of the past, communicating only through grunts and moans.

That tingle boiled in Tyler's balls, making him frantic, goading him to shove back against Johnnie, angling so Johnnie's dick hit that spot just right to ignite the tingling and make the orgasm erupt from his cock. He came endlessly, crying out, only distantly aware when Johnnie found his own release.

Much later, Tyler lay exhausted, damp and fully sated, on Johnnie's bed. He trained his sleepy gaze on the figure that stood in the bathroom, bent over while holding a hairdryer on those acres of multi-brown hair.

In two short days, Johnnie had taught Tyler more about sex and his own body than he'd learned in the first twenty-eight years of his life. Even lying there, after having sex twice in the shower, Tyler still felt his skin tingling, and every time Johnnie's hips moved, Tyler's cock twitched in languid interest.

Johnnie had been right. In the end, he'd begged. Shamelessly. He'd wanted it all, and the singer had given it to him, as promised.

So what the hell was he going to do once Johnnie was gone?

Chapter Eight

Tyler sat at his desk, staring at the glossy wood surface without actually seeing it. His mind was far away, as it often was lately, occupied with thoughts of Johnnie.

It had been six months since Johnnie had left him behind, and there was scarcely a day that Tyler hadn't thought about the man.

Almost a week had passed before Tyler had received a message in his work email from Johnnie. He'd gotten the address from Gretchen. It didn't say much, just a warm hello and a brief report on Japan, but the missive had made Tyler's heart soar. Tyler had replied in kind with his personal email address, and he and Johnnie had kept in constant contact since then. While Johnnie made frequent references to wanting to do things to Tyler and missing the fact that he couldn't, most of the messages were actually rather mundane and just to keep in touch.

Johnnie had even sent him presents from Japan. Of course, there was nothing innocent about them. Tyler had to grin, thinking of the manga -- Japanese comic books -- Johnnie had sent him.

He'd been shocked to discover an entire genre called "yaoi" dedicated to gay relationships. He'd been even more shocked to discover that *women* were writing the darn

things! The artwork was gorgeous, and he didn't at all miss the fact that the two heroes of the sweet little story were a brunet with long hair and a blond with big blue eyes. He couldn't read the Japanese, but the pictures told him plenty. And made him blush. He had them hidden in his suite upstairs and took them out when he was alone and thinking of Johnnie.

Which was often.

He was obsessed. He knew it. There was no getting over it. He couldn't get through the day without thinking about Johnnie. He checked his personal email at least four or five times a day during work hours in hopes of getting a message. When he sat in his rooms at night, his email program was on constantly and blipped loudly at him when he received a message. He spent way too much time on the Heaven Sent website and fan sites, keeping track of what was happening on the tour. He even went to Japanese sites, where he couldn't read anything but could certainly look at the pictures. Then he moved on to the New Zealand and Australian sites that he could read. He'd been fascinated no end by the Indian, Greek, and Italian sites.

He constantly relived the two nights he'd had with the rockstar. Johnnie's kisses and caresses were fresh on his body, even months later. It was madness, both comforting and frustrating.

Dragging himself from within his mind, he turned to his computer and opened the latest email message again:

From: Johnnie

To: Tyler

Subject: Come see me

I've got a few days before we start the US leg of the tour. I'll be in Malibu this weekend, Thurs to Sun. Drive down to see me ...

It went on with the address and ended with his usual: *I miss your taste. J*

Somehow, that last bit always made Tyler blush.

Did he dare? He wanted to, most assuredly. But would it just be like a junkie getting a fix? Despite the emails and such, he'd been trying to convince himself that he needed to get over Johnnie and get on with life. He'd even begun to look around at other men. After all, it was apparent that he'd enjoyed everything Johnnie had done to him.

Trouble was, he wasn't attracted to other men. Not any he'd seen so far, anyway. He even scouted the internet at gay porn and gay erotic sites, and although he could admit that many of the men were quite good-looking, none of them sparked the same interest that Johnnie did. The only one who even came close was Luc Sloane. Which made no sense whatsoever since, although they were built similarly, they looked nothing alike. The really weird thing was that he *did* still notice women.

Basically, he was just fucked up.

A knock on the door preceded Edward walking through. "You needed me?"

"Yeah." Tyler took a breath. "I need a favor."

Edward dropped into the guest chair. He crossed his ankle over the opposite knee and loosened his tie. "Shoot."

"Can you cover me for Friday to Sunday?"

"Sure. What's up?"

Tyler stared at his keyboard rather than at his friend. "I'm thinking of getting away for a few days."

"Good for you. Where to?"

Tyler hesitated.

"Buddy?"

"Yeah?"

“What the hell is going on with you?”

Tyler winced. He didn’t look up. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve been a bit of a space case the last few months.”

“Have I?”

“Yeah. I’ve been letting it slide, but you’re starting to worry me. Even Amy asked if I knew anything. What’s up?”

Tyler picked a paperclip off his desk and bent it out of shape. Damn. His sister was worried about him? He supposed he really should have spoken to either her or Edward sooner, but it had taken him a long time to come to grips with his feelings himself. He fiddled with the paperclip. He’d decided to tell Edward, but that didn’t make the actual doing of it easier.

“I ... uh, I’m going to Malibu to meet up with Johnnie Heaven.”

Edward didn’t make a sound.

Tyler looked up.

His friend’s dark brows crowded his eyes, the look speculative. “Did something happen with you and him?”

Tyler felt the flush on his cheeks, but he kept eye contact. “I slept with him.”

Shock washed over Edward’s face. “Ho-ly shit.”

“Yeah.”

“Johnnie Heaven?”

“Yeah.”

Edward pounded the arm of his chair, still poleaxed. “I *knew* something was up with you two. Didn’t think it was this, but ... Holy hell, man!”

“Yeah.” Tyler’s gaze dropped back to the paperclip. “You hate me?”

“Hate you? Why would I hate you?”

"I just told you I slept with a guy."

"So? People are always asking me if you're gay anyway."

It was Tyler's turn to be shocked. "What?"

Edward laughed. "Well, they didn't ask much when you were engaged, but all through school, yeah."

"No way."

"Yeah."

"You never told me that."

"I didn't think it was something you really wanted to know."

Tyler sat back in his seat. Now he was the one gaping in shock. "I've been giving off gay vibes all this time?"

Edward laughed. "Not exactly gay vibes. I don't think anyone was really sure which way you swung. Even me, to be honest. At least until Becky. And you're usually completely clueless when someone's coming on to you anyway, so it's hard to tell."

"I am not!"

"You are so. A woman would have to take off her clothes and jump you before you thought she was even looking at you."

Tyler twisted the paperclip, pouting. "That's not true."

"That's entirely true. I've seen it happen." Edward laughed. "I guess a few of the guys should have tried harder, huh?"

Tyler grimaced. "Don't jump to conclusions. I still like women."

"Huh?"

Tyler sighed. In truth, it was a relief to finally talk about this outside of his own head. "I'm serious. I'm still attracted to women."

"But you slept with Johnnie Heaven?"

“Yeah.”

“We are talking sex, right?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“The whole nine yards?”

“Yeah.”

“But you’re still attracted to women?”

Tyler shrugged. “I still notice women a lot more than men. There hasn’t been one guy that I’ve been attracted to since Johnnie left.”

“Well, he’s kind of a hard act to follow.”

Tyler sighed. “I’ll say.”

“Holy fuck! Was it that good?”

Tyler stared at the mug full of pens that sat on the corner of his desk. “Yeah. It was.”

“Oh, man. Oh, man.” Edward laughed again. “Talk about broadening your horizons. Have you told your dad and Amy yet?”

“No. Just you. I’m not ready to let anyone else know.”

“What are you going to tell them about this weekend?”

“Just that I need to get away for a while. I doubt they’ll question it.”

“Well, all right. I’ll cover for you.” Edward cocked his head to the side, his gaze thoughtful.

“What?”

“Nothing. Just ... You and Johnnie Heaven. Is it, y’know, serious?”

“No. I’m ... I’m not sure what it is, but I can’t believe it’s serious.”

“Yeah, but he invited you to come down and see him.”

Tyler shook his head. “I don’t know, but ... I want to go.”

“Whoa. How weird. But if you’re gonna go for it, might as well aim for the top, huh?”

“Yeah. Something like that.”

Chapter Nine

Tyler arrived at a snazzy little house in Malibu Canyon. He parked his Jetta on the street and followed a narrow stone path through a tangle of trees and bushes to the front door. The door was cracked but he knocked anyway. “Hello?”

At the end of a stark, gray-tiled hallway, a girl’s head stuck out of a doorway. She smiled big from underneath shocking pink hair and scurried toward him. “You must be Tyler.” She extended her hand to shake his. There was at least one thick silver ring on each finger. “I’m Oma.” There was also a ring through her right eyebrow.

“Yes ...” He took her hand, confused. Johnnie hadn’t mentioned other people. “I’m Tyler.”

She laughed breezily, keeping hold of his hand. “We’ve been expecting you. Can I get you something to drink?”

“No, thanks.”

She took his arm and led him down the hallway. “Johnnie’s been talking about you.”

“He has?”

She nodded. “He wanted to make *sure* that I got you in there as soon as you came.”

“What’s he been saying?”

She laughed. "Oh, don't worry! It's all good! He's been telling us all about this fabulous hotel on the Central Coast where we need to go stay."

Tyler laughed. Music emanating from the room at the end of the hall caught his attention. Oma pulled him into the darkened room, where the music was clearer, a sweet, swaying jazz. Heavy black fabric was draped over every wall and from the ceiling, obscuring what was on the other side of an obviously large room. She led him through a maze of equipment. He heard the click-whir of a professional camera and murmured voices beneath the music. Finally, she led him around a drape.

Johnnie sat on the back of what looked to be a huge table covered in deep-green cloth. His bare back was turned three-quarters toward the man with the camera kneeling before him, just outside of the circle of bright lights. Matching green drapery provided a background that emphasized the rich gold of Johnnie's skin and the vivid red of his long, loose hair. Rich, dark red like blood. His long neck was turned so that his profile could barely be seen through a curtain of hair. His bare ass looked biteable. That sleek, golden body was oiled and completely nude.

Tyler froze. The man was gorgeous! His heart stopped at the thought that this creature of loveliness had requested his presence.

"He's here," Oma announced.

Johnnie twisted a little further on his perch so he could see Tyler and smiled a slow, lazy smile. From across the room, those gorgeous green eyes lanced his. "You came."

Not quite yet, was Tyler's first, irreverent thought as his cock twitched. He smiled, not even trying to match the sultry sexiness of Johnnie's expression. "What happened to your hair?"

"Dyed it to disguise me for the shoot. You like it?"

The other occupant of the room, the photographer, laughed. The man -- good-looking, with short, curly brown hair -- waved and smiled at Tyler from his seat on the hardwood floor. "He's doing me a favor. Hi. I'm Vic."

Tyler stepped forward to shake his hand, but had a hard time keeping his attention on the photographer. Johnnie's gaze was fastened on him, and he could *feel* the stare like a caress on his skin.

Vic grinned knowingly.

"A favor?" Tyler's brain was scrambled being this close to a naked Johnnie with other people's presence keeping him from touching.

Johnnie snorted. "Vic's doing a shot for a porn --"

"Erotic!" Vic glared.

Johnnie rolled his eyes. "-- magazine and needed a body." He grinned at Tyler. "So I'm providing a body."

And what a body it was! Tyler's fingers itched to explore the gleaming hills and valleys of Johnnie's toned physique.

Johnnie, in turn, was looking him over. "God, Tyler, you look good."

Tyler blinked and cast a shy glance at the grinning photographer.

Johnnie waved a hand. "Don't worry. He knows about us."

"He does?"

"Vic and Oma are two of my oldest and most trusted friends. I wouldn't do this --" He indicated his nudity. "-- for just anyone." He smiled warmly at Tyler. "And I had to tell someone about you."

Tyler decided not to mention that Luc knew. Something told him Johnnie wouldn't appreciate the reminder.

The rockstar had twisted around, and one of the legs that had been hidden behind his perch was now visible. Tyler desperately wanted to cross over that light threshold and melt into Johnnie's body. The compulsion was so strong that he actually stumbled forward a step before he caught himself.

Johnnie -- the shit -- leaned toward him, something feral and predatory in his look. A thick fall of red hair eased forward to obscure half his face. A trick of the light let the one hidden eye gleam.

Beside Tyler, the camera clicked and whirred. Caught in the spotlight of Johnnie's gaze, Tyler vaguely heard Vic's excited mutters over the music. His gaze locked on Tyler's, Johnnie climbed fully up onto the platform. His cock came into view, hard and long, but was quickly hidden as he lay out on his belly across the table.

Vic scrambled to his feet and hurried toward him, camera clicking madly.

Tyler couldn't move. Well, except for his own cock, which pushed uncomfortably against the inside of his jeans.

Johnnie propped his chin on the back of his hands. "You grew your hair out." His voice was every bit as predatory as his gaze.

Tyler nodded, conscious of the curls that were an inch or so shy of brushing his shoulders. He should have gotten it cut a month ago but ... hadn't.

"I like it." Johnnie very slowly, very seductively, wet his lips with a slow sweep of his tongue. "Isn't he beautiful, Oma?"

"Very," agreed the girl from somewhere behind Tyler.

Tyler knew he should say something. He should diffuse this situation. Having sex with Johnnie was one, mind-blowing thing. Letting others know he was having sex with Johnnie was something else altogether. But it was so amazing. Standing there, watching this gorgeous creature pose and preen for him and having others *see* it. To know that Johnnie Heaven wanted *him*. He shook his head absently.

Johnnie smiled. "But you are. What do you think, Vic? Photogenic, huh?"

Vic stood slightly behind Johnnie, camera aimed at the man's tight rear end. He didn't even look up to answer. "Oh, yeah! I think the two of you would look fabulous together."

"Mmm," Johnnie purred. Quite suddenly, he flipped his body and was lying on his back. His cock curved elegantly over his flat belly.

Tyler stared. Good Lord, he was completely shaved!

"Whatd'ya say, beautiful?" Johnnie reached out a hand to Tyler, the move stretching the muscles of his chest, belly, and arm.

Tyler heard a whimper pull from his throat.

"Come on, love. Show off that body."

The "love" broke the spell. Tyler flushed and turned away from Johnnie, stepping farther back into the darkness. "Oh, no."

"Oh, c'mon, beautiful."

"Stop calling me that."

"But it's true."

He glanced at Oma, who was very studiously arranging equipment and not looking at him, then at Vic, who was locked behind his camera, looming over Johnnie and very obviously taking pictures of that beautiful cock.

Tyler frowned. He wasn't sure he liked the idea of pictorial evidence of his ... He shook his head and looked away. What the hell? He was thinking about Johnnie's cock as *his*? Not good. "Did you bring me here to embarrass me?"

"Am I embarrassing you?"

"You know you are."

He heard the sigh. "I just wanted to gloat and show my gorgeous lover to my closest friends."

Tyler stared at the wall. He couldn't take this. This was too much. He had to get out. He turned to the door and fled.

"Hey!" he heard from behind him, but he was already in the hall, eyes on the front door.

Strong hands grabbed him before he reached it and hauled him into the last room on the right. He fought, but he already knew that Johnnie was by far the stronger and better at wrestling.

"Let go, asshole."

"No."

The room was a sparsely furnished bedroom. Just a bed, two small tables, and an open, empty mirrored closet. Clothes -- Tyler could only assume they were Johnnie's -- were scattered across the bed.

Tyler found himself shoved facedown onto the mattress, with Johnnie a heavy, naked weight on his back, pinning him down. A curtain of blazing red hair fell over their shoulders, pooling on the bed like warm blood.

"Get off."

"What's your problem?"

Tyler struggled against the hands that pinned his to the mattress beside his head. "My problem? What's your problem? What the hell was all that in there?"

"Exactly what I said. I wanted to show you off."

"Show me off, or show off what you do to me?"

"Huh?"

Tyler fought for freedom with little success. "Never mind. Let me go."

"Not a chance," Johnnie murmured, lowering his lips to nuzzle the sensitive spot behind Tyler's ear. "I missed you."

Tyler's anger developed a slow leak. The words and the tingling sensation in his neck were too much for it. "Get off me, you prick."

Johnnie bit hard into his neck. "Only to fuck you." He let go of one wrist to immediately dig his fingers into Tyler's hair and yank his head back. "Oh, I *do* like the longer hair."

Tyler gasped. "Fuck you."

"Your wish. My command." Johnnie reared up to straddle Tyler's thighs. He kept a firm hold in Tyler's curls.

Tyler was forced to brace up on his elbows to prevent losing a chunk of hair.

Johnnie's free hand burrowed beneath Tyler at the fastening of his jeans. "Just looking at you --" Johnnie growled as he worked. "-- just thinking about you got me hard. I can't see straight, wanting to be inside you." Johnnie backed off the bed, yanking again to force Tyler to his feet.

Tyler cried out, but didn't fight.

"Shove your pants down," Johnnie ordered, leaning to the side to rummage in a bag at the head of the bed.

Why am I doing this? Tyler thought to himself, even as he obeyed. *Why do I let him treat me like this?* Perhaps because his heart was racing and he, too, was rock hard? His jeans fell to his ankles.

Johnnie found what he was looking for. Tyler saw the familiar bottle of lube for a brief instant before Johnnie propelled him with a hard shove back onto his face on the bed.

"Quit with the hair," he demanded, rubbing his aching scalp.

"Why? You love it."

"Do not."

"Don't lie. Don't ever lie." Johnnie straddled him again. The lube top popped.

Tyler felt a pool of cool liquid on his ass. He twisted around, trying his best to see. “Hey!”

Johnnie ignored him. Tyler’s light sweater was shoved halfway up his back. Lube trickled between his legs and up into the small of his back.

Tyler shuddered. “How much of that stuff are you *using*?”

Johnnie grinned, capping the bottle and tossing it on the bed. “Enough.” He dropped forward to brace a hand on the bed next to Tyler. The other took cock in hand and used it to spread the lube in the crack of Tyler’s ass.

Tyler gripped the bedspread on either side of his head. He pressed his cheek into the t-shirt below his face, overwhelmed by the scent of Johnnie.

Johnnie fit his slippery cock at Tyler’s entrance and pressed, sliding in that first, shocking inch.

Tyler gasped.

Johnnie dropped forward, yanking Tyler’s head to the side to expose his neck. “Missed you so much,” he muttered. Slowly, he slid inward, a deep, purring moan vibrating in his chest.

Tyler was surprised at how easily his greedy body swallowed Johnnie. “God!”

Buried deep inside Tyler, Johnnie groaned. “Tell me you missed me, too.”

Tyler shuddered at the agonizing pleasure of the other man’s skin rubbing against his. “Oh, yeah. I missed you.”

Johnnie pulled back, his cock a sweet, exquisite brand.

Tyler moaned. The hand finally slid out of his hair, but he hardly noticed. He wiggled, trying to adjust the angle, hampered by the jeans that trapped his feet together.

Smoothly, Johnnie rolled them both onto their sides, urging Tyler to bend his legs. Tyler obeyed, arching his back. The position didn’t allow Johnnie to go as deep, but the

different pressures made up for it. Johnnie's arm banded Tyler's waist, keeping him close. His hips worked his cock in and out of Tyler.

Tyler grabbed at the covers and loose clothing beneath him, shoving fabric into his mouth to muffle his cries. This was what he needed. This was what he'd missed. Johnnie filled his body so perfectly, knew the angles that worked best. How could he possibly want anyone else after knowing this?

Desperate, Tyler finally grabbed his own cock, pumping it fast and hard as he pushed back at Johnnie.

The rockstar's murmurs egged him on, his voice, more than his words, sinking into Tyler's skin.

Pressure built in Tyler's balls, tormented by the cock in his ass. He held out as long as he could, but finally came in a blinding wash.

"Fuck yeah!" Johnnie groaned and allowed his own release.

They lay spooned together, happily panting in the afterglow. Johnnie eased from Tyler's body. He used his own t-shirt to wipe Tyler's cock, then pushed up to kneel and wipe down Tyler's backside. He tossed the very damp shirt to the floor and then manhandled Tyler onto his back.

Tyler went with a moan.

Johnnie fell atop him.

Tyler grunted.

Hands that reeked of sex cupped Tyler's face, and green eyes gleamed down on him. "Now kiss me properly."

Tyler complied, and Johnnie devoured his mouth. Tyler slid his hands up and over Johnnie's arms to his back, unable to resist caressing the expanse of naked, silky skin.

They were almost ready to begin again when a knock sounded at the door. "Hey, Johnnie," came Vic's voice. "Are we on for the shower thing today, or are we done?"

Johnnie pushed up to his knees. “We’re on. I’ll meet you there.”

Tyler frowned a question.

Johnnie smiled. “I need to shower anyway.”

“He’s going to take pictures of you showering?”

“Vic woulda taken pictures of us fucking if I thought you’d allow it.”

Tyler pushed up to his elbows. “Would you have?”

Johnnie smiled.

“Have you? Before?”

“No. Never had a lover before where I wanted to leave that kind of evidence behind.”

Tyler gaped, shocked at what he was hearing.

Johnnie knelt above him again, taking Tyler’s face in his hands. “We’ll be in the back bathroom. There’s another bathroom through that door. No cameras. Promise.” He pressed a gentle kiss to Tyler’s lips. “Are you pissed? You’re not gonna leave, are you?”

Tyler scowled. “I should.”

Johnnie nuzzled his cheek. “Don’t go. I’m sorry.”

Tyler inhaled Johnnie’s scent, accepting the light, persuasive kisses Johnnie brushed against his lips. He played with a heavy lock of dyed hair, intrigued by the color. “You’re buying dinner. I want lobster.”

Johnnie chuckled and devoured his mouth one last time before pushing to stand.

“Anything you want, beautiful.”

Tyler fell back on the bed, jeans and underwear still down around his ankles. What the hell was going on? He simply didn’t get what Johnnie saw or wanted in him. But could he deny the very real evidence of Johnnie’s affections? And just how far did those affections go?

Chapter Ten

Tyler got his lobster dinner on a private balcony overlooking the ocean. They arrived at the restaurant via a special entrance where the table was waiting for them, all laid out. Aside from the host and the waiter, they didn't see another human being. All this meant Johnnie had gone to great expense setting this up ahead of time. Tyler's heart swelled at the sight.

"Are we on a date?" he joked, breathing in the crisp summer breeze.

Johnnie dropped a quick kiss onto his neck as he passed to his own chair. "Yep."

Tyler raised his eyebrow.

Johnnie laughed, gathering his wealth of loose red hair and tossing it behind his back as he sat. "Oh, come on. The food here is awesome. I thought you were worth splurging on. Sue me."

The food was, indeed, awesome. Unlike many expensive restaurants, the emphasis didn't seem to be on the look of the food but rather on the taste and the quantity. Tyler gorged on fresh sourdough bread, fried calamari, and his own lobster as well as Johnnie's Alaskan king crab. They lingered long enough that his main course had time to settle so he could enjoy the decadent double fudge chocolate cake he ordered.

Johnnie filled the time with amusing stories about the places he'd been for the first two legs of the tour.

Tyler was still astounded at how well they got along and completely lost himself in a discussion of video games Johnnie had brought back from Japan and Korea. He made Johnnie swear that they'd play when they got back to the room.

Johnnie was staying in a hotel that was within walking distance from the restaurant, but they drove so that Tyler could park his car.

"Do you approve?" Johnnie asked when they were alone in the elevator.

"Approve?"

"Of the hotel. You're the expert."

Tyler chuckled. "It's a real nice hotel. I've heard of it. Met the manager once, a long time ago."

"Oh, good. I was afraid that I'd chosen a hotel that was sub-par."

They left the elevator and strolled casually the few yards to Johnnie's room.

"You chose? Didn't Gretchen make your arrangements?"

Johnnie got out his keycard. "Not this time. This trip was all my own." He threw a hungry look over his shoulder. "I was trying to impress someone."

Tyler's face heated. "So when's your next show?"

"Thursday night. Boston."

Tyler actually knew that, but he needed something to talk about to diffuse the heat that threatened to suffocate him. Johnnie had done all of this just to impress *him*? He wanted to ask why, but couldn't muster the courage.

The room itself was quaint. The focal point of the single room was a huge bed that faced French doors that opened onto a balcony overlooking the ocean. Tyler rested his hand on the balcony door. "Nice."

Johnnie pressed up behind him, circling his chest with strong arms. "I hoped you'd like it." Johnnie's lips ghosted over Tyler's neck. "And now for a brief, unromantic interlude," Johnnie said as he held up a piece of paper before Tyler.

Frowning, Tyler took it. "What is this?"

"Test results."

Tyler scanned the paper, a report of medical test results. A test for HIV. Negative.

Johnnie kissed the small bit of Tyler's shoulder exposed by the neck of his sweater. "I wanted you to see that I'm clean. And I haven't slept with anyone since it was taken."

Tyler glanced at the date of the test. It had been taken the day after Johnnie had left him, before he'd gone to Japan. "Anyone?"

Johnnie plucked the paper from his hands and either dropped it on the floor or on the table beside the door. Tyler didn't know or care which. "Anyone. Male or female."

It dawned on Tyler that he'd let Johnnie fuck him without a condom earlier. The thought of protection hadn't even occurred to him. "Why not?"

Johnnie's arms settled around Tyler's waist, pulling them flush, back to chest. He nuzzled the back of Tyler's ear. "I kept thinking about you. I wanted *you*."

Tyler stared at the moonlit waves below. That was a bit too good to be true, wasn't it? "I didn't ask you to ..."

"I know." Johnnie nipped his shoulder. "To be honest, I didn't really plan it that way." Hands pulled the hem of Tyler's light sweater up to gain access to the skin of his belly. Softly trailing fingers caused goosebumps break out over his skin. "I knew I wanted to be with you again, but I hadn't planned to wait. I just ... did."

Tyler shivered, sinking back into Johnnie's embrace. He reached up to dig his fingers into the hair at the back of Johnnie's neck, loosely gripping a handful. "I thought you didn't like to go without sex that long."

Fingers plucked his nipple. "I don't. That's why you've got to fuck me now."

Tyler chuckled and turned, sliding his arms around Johnnie and pulling him into a proper kiss.

Johnnie's hands wandered along Tyler's back underneath his sweater and down to cup his ass. When the hands came around front and started on the opening to his jeans, Tyler stopped him, pulling back from the kiss. "This time," he said with a smirk to Johnnie's questioning gaze, "it's my turn to taste."

Tyler set his hands to the button of Johnnie's jeans and freed it. He kissed Johnnie quickly before dropping to his knees, pushing jeans and boxers down to Johnnie's ankles in one swift move. Johnnie's cock bobbed free under his pullover. Tyler contemplated it, trying not to panic at what he was about to do. What he *wanted* to do. But it was a daunting thing nonetheless.

"You don't have to do this, you know," Johnnie murmured, combing his fingers through Tyler's hair.

Tyler closed his hand around that warm, pulsing shaft. So hot. It was so very strange to be holding a cock that wasn't his own. He looked up to meet Johnnie's heated gaze and smiled. "I *want* to."

Somehow, in the times they'd been together, Tyler had never actually held, much less tasted, Johnnie's dick. All of their encounters thus far had been more about receiving what Johnnie gave him. This time he wanted to explore. If this was truly what he wanted, he wanted it all. He licked the tip.

Johnnie groaned.

Tyler loved the sound of it. He knew what he liked and figured he could just do that to his lover. He closed his lips over the head and lashed the tip with his tongue, sucking slightly. Johnnie tasted like dark delights, the velvet-shrouded steel thick in Tyler's mouth.

A quick glance up told him that his lover had his arms braced against the window at Tyler's back. A wealth of red hair spilled toward Tyler, shrouding him from the moonlight.

Yeah, okay, Johnnie seemed to like that. Tyler tormented the tip, squeezing slightly at the swell in the middle of the shaft. He pushed his lips down Johnnie's length, moaning at the feel of skin sliding underneath his tongue. Had he really fit all this inside his *ass*? He could barely fit it in his mouth.

"God, Tyler," Johnnie moaned. He threaded his fingers through Tyler's hair, fingertips pressing lightly against his scalp.

Tyler cupped Johnnie's shaved balls gently, marveling at the softness of the skin. Giving in to temptation, he ducked down to take one then the other into his mouth.

Johnnie's choking groans spurred Tyler on. He licked back up the veined shaft and popped the tip back in his mouth, eagerly devouring his lover. He squeezed the way he liked to be squeezed, sucked the way he liked to be sucked.

Fingers massaged harder on his scalp. "Tyler, if you don't stop, I'm gonna come."

Lost in the sensation, proud to have brought Johnnie this far, Tyler increased the suction on his lover's cock, bobbing his head up and down. Squeezing, sucking, bobbing, licking ...

Johnnie grunted.

Hot, salty liquid filled Tyler's mouth. Shocked at the amount, Tyler forgot to swallow and sputtered. Semen dribbled from his mouth, and the last of Johnnie's orgasm spattered over his left cheek and chin. He jerked back, banging his head against the window behind him. He brought his hand up to catch most of the spunk dribbling from his mouth, grimacing.

Johnnie laughed softly, kneeling before him. "Don't worry about it," he murmured, reaching up to help Tyler wipe his chin with the pullover he'd removed. "It takes practice to swallow." He kissed Tyler's wet mouth, swiping his tongue over Tyler's lips, tasting himself. "Thank you for trying."

Johnnie hauled Tyler to his feet and back to the bed. They fell to their sides on the mattress and started kissing languidly, in no hurry. They got Tyler's sweater off eventually. Their jeans and underwear were removed through much soft laughing and caressing of hips and thighs. At last they lay together naked and again began kissing as though they had all the time in the world.

Their dicks disagreed, refusing to be denied. Kisses grew more heated, and hands trailed down to pump each other's cocks in tandem.

Tyler nearly lost it. Johnnie stopped rather than bringing him off.

Tyler cried out in frustration.

Laughing at Tyler's frown, Johnnie manhandled him to roll over, stopping him when he would have gone all the way over on his belly.

Tyler glanced over his shoulder at Johnnie. The other man retrieved the familiar lube from the table.

Tyler sighed happily and let his head twist back around, dropping it to lay on his bicep. Wet fingers caressed the crack of his ass, teasing him. He closed his eyes. One finger, then two, wiggled into his opening.

Johnnie nibbled on his shoulder and neck as he prepared Tyler, breath pushing heated, unintelligible murmurs across Tyler's skin. Tyler groaned.

"Ready?"

Tyler smiled. "You're actually *asking* this time?"

Johnnie laughed softly. "I think you're experienced enough to judge now."

Tyler shook his head, bemused. "Yeah, I'm ready."

Humming happily, Johnnie lifted Tyler's top leg, draping the knee over his own elbow. With his other hand, he managed to position his cock and push in.

Tyler moaned, burying his face in his arm. He rocked his hips back to encourage Johnnie's progress. Now that he'd touched that cock, he marveled that it slid easily into his ass. He was amazed that it felt good and better every successive time.

Johnnie pumped into him, the beginning rhythm slow, welcome. He pressed forward, belly snug against the back of Tyler's thigh. A waterfall of bright red hair tumbled over his shoulders and chest, the ends tickling Tyler's belly and hips.

Tyler's body gave way, yielding gladly to Johnnie's. He reached down to clutch at Johnnie's hip, urging him on.

Johnnie stopped. Adjusted. He bent Tyler's other knee up and turned him so that he lay flat on his back. Johnnie leaned in, Tyler's knees draped over his elbows.

Tyler gasped, clutching Johnnie's shoulders. He stared helplessly into those mesmerizing green eyes.

Johnnie smiled at him and set that slow, lazy pace again. His brows drew down over hooded eyes. That mobile mouth almost snarled out deep, nonsensical words, enveloping Tyler with the magical sound of his voice. Bit by bit, Johnnie edged closer. He released Tyler's knees slowly, one at a time, and slid his arms up under Tyler's back. At last, he shifted his legs and lowered his chest to rest against Tyler's. He pressed their lips together in a gentle kiss.

Tyler was filled with awe. He'd never dreamed this position was possible between two men. He wrapped one leg around Johnnie's waist and tucked the ankle of the other just underneath the flexing globes of Johnnie's ass. He slid his palms up Johnnie's back, dislodging waves of red hair to spill around them. The position was more intimate than he could have imagined.

Johnnie tossed back his head, picking up the pace. Tyler watched his lover's beautiful face. A snarl contorted that generous mouth. Tyler recognized the sign of Johnnie's

impending orgasm. It was amazing. The sight put that burn into his own balls, and he slid his hand between their sweaty bodies to grip his own cock and urge it on.

“Tyler, God!” Johnnie’s eyes opened and locked on Tyler’s. His eyelids fluttered, but he wouldn’t look away as his whole body rocked, too far gone into fucking to slow down now.

The burning in Johnnie’s eyes lit the torch within Tyler. Before he knew it, an orgasm yanked out of his cock, squirting hot cum into his hand and between their bodies.

Johnnie dug his fingers into Tyler’s hair and mashed his lips to Tyler’s, catching the final cries of his orgasm and turning them to simmering whimpers. Still he thrust, commanding Tyler’s body from head to toe, wrapping Tyler around him and pushing himself so deep inside that he might never find a way out. He cried out his release into Tyler’s mouth.

Tyler fell back, panting, on the sheets. Johnnie collapsed onto his chest, his breathing just as labored. The tight press of their bodies kept Johnnie’s cock lingering within Tyler.

Tyler stared at the ceiling. Sex had *never* been this good with anyone else. Damn it!

Johnnie managed to move before Tyler could. Lips tasted the sweat at the base of Tyler’s neck, and a hand smoothed down his side. Then an odd little growl sounded in Johnnie’s throat, and he wrapped both arms in a tight, possessive squeeze around Tyler. “God!” He breathed in, nose buried in Tyler’s neck. “I love you.”

Tyler froze.

“I know that’s not what you want to hear. I know you probably don’t believe me. But it’s true. I love you. I can’t think about anyone but you.”

Tyler’s eyes were fastened on the hazy shadows that crossed the ceiling, but he didn’t see them. Had Johnnie really just professed his love?

Johnnie pushed up on his elbows, hovering over Tyler. Emerald eyes pinned him to the mattress. “I mean it, Tyler. I love you.”

“You hardly know me.”

“Doesn’t seem to matter, does it?”

“You’re a rockstar. You can have anyone.”

“I want you.”

“I’m a man.”

“I noticed.”

Tyler pushed at Johnnie’s chest and scrambled to the edge of the bed. He sat with his back to Johnnie, staring at the patterns in the carpet. “I’m ... I’m not ...”

“Do not give me the ‘I’m not gay’ excuse again.”

Tyler sighed, dropping his face into his hands. “No. I’ve given up on that one. But ... I still like girls.”

“So do I.”

Tyler glared over his shoulder. “So where does that leave us?”

Johnnie had the cheek to grin up at him. “An open relationship where we can still sleep with girls?”

Tyler gaped.

Johnnie’s grin faltered. “Or not. Though that’d be a shame. Threesomes are fun.” Johnnie reached for him.

Tyler evaded by getting to his feet. He groaned when his knees nearly gave out on him, and leaned on the wall facing Johnnie. “We lead completely different lives. I don’t fit into your world.”

Johnnie sighed. “Yeah. I know that.”

“What would it do to your career if word about us got out?”

“It might help my career. Gay is in, you know.”

“Be serious!”

"I *am* being serious." Johnnie glared at him, tossing heavy red hair away from his face. "Are you worried about my career, or are you just grasping at anything that'll let you avoid me?"

"I'm not avoiding you."

"You want to. You want to really bad."

Tyler might have been able to deny it if Johnnie had looked away. But he didn't. Damn it! How did the man know him so well? "I'm scared. This isn't what I planned for my life."

Johnnie nodded, pushing up to his knees. "That's honest, at least." He edged closer to Tyler, like he might sidle up to a skittish horse. When Tyler didn't bolt, he reached up to gently smooth hair from Tyler's brow. "I don't have answers. I don't know how it's going to work. But I had to tell you how I felt."

Tyler stared into beautiful emerald depths, his heart in his throat. He ached to say the words back, but ruthlessly held himself in check. "You're completely fearless, aren't you?"

Johnnie smiled sadly. "Not completely. I'm afraid of losing you."

"I ... have to think about this. You should, too."

Johnnie nodded, smile fading. "I know." He grimaced. "I didn't mean to blurt it out like that our first night back together."

"You planned to say it?"

"Not the exact moment, but I knew I had to say something this weekend."

"Why?"

Johnnie shrugged. "Because I love you."

Tyler closed his eyes and sighed. He didn't protest when Johnnie gathered him into a comforting embrace.

Chapter Eleven

Tyler mulled over Johnnie's last email as he left his apartment to start his day.

It had been a month since he'd seen Johnnie. The rest of the weekend in Malibu had gone surprisingly well, considering Tyler couldn't repeat words of love back to the rockstar. Johnnie had taken it surprisingly well and had almost disguised the hurt he felt. By unspoken agreement, neither man mentioned the love conversation during their next two days together, and they'd managed to have a good time.

Tyler's mind was still on the email as he opened the front door of his father's suite. The singer still kept in touch and had even called a few times. In the latest email, he'd offered to pay Tyler's way if he wanted to join them in Mexico City during the leg of the tour that was taking Heaven Sent across Mexico.

He turned into the kitchen and set about preparing a sparse breakfast of peaches, banana, and yogurt for his dad.

Tyler did want to go, but he knew he wouldn't, for two reasons. One, he wasn't sure he was ready to say the words back to Johnnie, and if he didn't, that would just make for a tense situation. Two, his father's last round of chemotherapy had not gone well. He didn't feel comfortable leaving him, even for a weekend.

Sighing, he picked up the plate, fished a spoon out of a drawer, and headed for his dad's bedroom.

Maybe I should finally tell Dad, he thought as he opened the door. *Maybe if I just come out with it to him and Amy, I'll be able to figure out what the heck I really feel.*

Justin Purcell still lay in his pillows with the light off. Tyler's heart gripped as it did when he thought of confessing to his father. It just wasn't fair to do that to a man when he was so sick. As usual, Tyler decided he needed to wait until Justin was better.

He set the plate down on the nightstand and flipped on the light to the lowest setting. He knew that harsh light irritated his father's eyes, thanks to the chemo.

"Hey, Dad." He reached out to gently nudge his father's shoulder.

He frowned. Something was wrong. Justin was too still.

"Dad?" Panic gripped Tyler. He shook a bit harder. "Dad?"

No answer. Tyler put his shaking hand underneath Justin's nose, hoping like hell he'd feel the gentle waft of Justin's breath.

He didn't.

Reeling in his terror, Tyler called for paramedics. Then he called Justin's doctor. Then he called Amy because he knew she'd have his head if he tried to spare her this.

Justin was declared dead before Amy arrived.

Tyler lay on his back in his shadowed bedroom. The last day had been a bleak nightmare. He couldn't even remember all that had happened, but he couldn't put from his mind the one important fact: his father was dead.

About an hour ago, he had called Johnnie. It hadn't been a conscious move on his part. The pressures of the day had finally gotten to him, and he'd simply *needed* to hear the rockstar's voice. The best he'd gotten was Johnnie's voicemail. He couldn't recall the message he'd left. A check of the time told him Johnnie was likely onstage in Phoenix, Arizona.

It had probably been a mistake. He wasn't sure what he even wanted to say to Johnnie. He lay, shocked and numb, waiting and wondering what was going to happen next.

The cell phone lying on the bedspread beside him rang. Tyler turned his head and lifted the phone, flipping it open. The neon-blue display lit the air above his face and showed him the number on caller ID. Sighing, he dashed tears from his cheeks and pressed the speaker button. "Hi."

"Hey," Johnnie's voice filled the darkness of Tyler's bedroom. He had that tone in his voice that Tyler had come to recognize. He just sounded different somehow after a performance. Larger than life. "Sorry I didn't call sooner. I was onstage."

Tyler rolled onto his side, placing the phone on the mattress beside him. "I figured. How's Arizona?"

"Fucking hot! It was like a thousand degrees today and the venue was outdoors. Thank God it cooled down a bit before the show." He sighed. Tyler heard the *whump* of what sounded like Johnnie's body hitting a bed. "What's up?"

"I ..." Tyler screwed his face up, trying not to cry. He shouldn't have called. He didn't need to bother Johnnie with his troubles.

"Hey, are you okay?"

"Um ..." Tyler swallowed, "Yeah. No. My ... dad died yesterday."

"Oh, shit! Tyler! What happened?"

Tyler hugged his pillow. "The cancer finally took him. It happened pretty quickly in the end. The last round of chemo just didn't ..." Tyler took a breath around a sob that threatened his throat. "He died in his sleep, in his own bed. Just like he wanted."

"Oh, shit, Tyler. I'm ..." He heard Johnnie's frustrated sigh. "Jesus, I want to hold you right now."

Tyler bit his lip on the sob.

"I'll get on a plane. I'm going ..."

“No!” Tyler sat up, glaring at the phone. “Don’t be stupid.”

“Tyler ...”

“You can’t just pick up and come here. That’s not what I want. I ... just called so you knew. In case I didn’t or couldn’t answer the phone.” *And because I love you and I needed to hear your voice.* He sank back on the bed, clutching the pillow to his chest. “I’ll be busy, and you’ve got a tour to focus on. You’ve got another performance tomorrow.”

“Yeah, but you’re only an hour or something away. I could be there and back before --”

“No. Absolutely not. How much trouble would it cause if you cancelled a performance because of me?”

Johnnie growled. “Tyler. I love you. I want to be with you.”

Tyler fell back on the bed, arm across his eyes. “Just talk to me. Hearing your voice is good enough.”

“Okay.” Pause. “Shit, I don’t know what to say.”

“Tell me about the performance tonight. How many beautiful young girls threw themselves at you?”

“I haven’t got a clue.”

“Liar.”

A soft laugh. “Not really. Lately my head’s been filled with a gorgeous blond with a sweet-tasting dick.”

Tyler laughed. He knew it sounded hollow, but it was real. “I’m told it’s the fruit juice I drink.”

“You looked it up?”

“Well, you got me curious.”

“Mmmm. I’ll have to send you a few cases of juice a month to keep you stocked.”

Tyler chuckled.

Again there was a pause. "How's your sister?"

"Beside herself. But she's got Don."

"Don?"

"Her husband."

"Ah."

"They're staying in the rooms we keep for her in the hotel tonight. Vicky, my niece, is with them, along with their new baby."

"Were you with him when he ... went?"

Tyler sighed. "No. But I found him in the morning." He gouged at his eyes with the thumb and forefinger of one hand. His breathing hitched. "I wasn't ready."

"I don't think you can be ready for something like that."

They talked in low tones for a while. Tyler wasn't sure what exactly either of them said, but Johnnie listened and responded. Just hearing his voice made Tyler feel better. Not great, but not so terribly alone. Which was stupid. He wasn't alone. Amy and her family were there. More family was on the way. The employees of the Weiss had been overwhelming in their support and condolences. Tyler was surrounded by people ready and willing to support him. So why did only this one man's voice fill the void inside his chest?

"Are you going to have a service or anything?"

"Yeah. My aunt -- my dad's sister -- is coming into town either tomorrow or the day after. Dad didn't want to be buried. He's going to be ... cremated this weekend. When Teresa gets here, we'll plan the wake. Probably next weekend or something."

"I can try to come out ..."

"No! You're on tour."

"But I want ..."

"No."

A long pause. “Are you really worried about the tour, or do you just not want me around your family?”

Tyler groaned. “Don’t do this to me, Johnnie.”

“Let me guess -- you haven’t told anyone about us.”

“I told Edward.”

“Anyone else?”

Tyler felt his heart pulling apart. He’d been close. If Justin hadn’t been so sick, he was sure he would have. “No, I haven’t.”

“Still living in denial.”

“Fuck you.”

“I wish I could.”

“Don’t turn this into sex.”

“Why not? Seems that’s all we have.”

Tyler stared at the darkened ceiling.

“Fine. Great.” Johnnie sounded bitter. “Call me if you need to talk.” Pause. “Will you?”

“What?”

“Call me.”

What’s the point? “I don’t know.”

Johnnie sighed. “Okay. I’m going to go to bed, then.”

“Okay.”

“I do love you.”

Tyler bit his lip, hot tears streaming from the corners of his eyes down his temples. He said nothing.

“Bye, Tyler.”

Chapter Twelve

Tyler owned the Weiss Strande. He and Amy. This was no surprise, and by mutual consent, he and Amy continued to handle business as they had since Justin had ceased being able to function as the manager. Tyler handled the majority of the work, bringing Amy in to help or advise when necessary.

Tyler sat with Amy in the bedroom of their father's suite. They were surrounded with partially packed boxes and black trash bags full of clothing. Aunt Teresa was in the main room, busy packing trinkets and books. "I'd like to make Edward a partner."

"That sounds like a good idea," Amy replied, carefully folding a pair of Justin's pants. Her eyes were swollen from crying, but, at the moment, dry. Both she and Tyler had cried themselves out in the past few days. "What about Becky? After all, the White Room was her idea, too."

Tyler had considered it. The White Room had indeed saved the Weiss Strande from bankruptcy. There was no telling what combination of factors had actually done it, but the Weiss was now in the black after a very sketchy year. At least Justin had known they'd succeeded before he died. "We can ask, but I don't know that she'll go for it. She's been making noises about moving to Los Angeles."

Amy sniffed. "She's been making those noises since before you two got together. Why doesn't she leave already?"

Tyler smiled. Amy and Becky had once been pretty good friends, but Amy took exception to anyone who broke off with her beloved older brother. Although they were civil, the women were no longer what could be considered friends.

Tyler dumped another armload of clothing on the bed beside Amy, and they set to sorting things into either the trash pile or the Goodwill pile. There was one very small pile at the back of the bed of what they intended to keep.

"Tyler?"

"Hmm?"

"How come you haven't dated since you broke up with Becky?"

Tyler hoped she didn't see him hesitate. He shrugged. "I haven't met anyone."

"You haven't?"

"What do you mean?"

Amy spread a lavender sweater over her lap, smoothing it carefully, not looking at her brother. "You've been acting strangely lately. Well, before dad died."

"I was?"

"Yes. Are you hiding something from me?"

He couldn't outright lie to her. "Yes."

"You want to talk about it?"

"No."

"Tyler, it can't be that bad ..."

Aunt Teresa walked in, her gold hair smoothed back under a green-and-gold bandana. "What can't be bad?"

Amy and Tyler shared a look. Although they loved their aunt, they weren't all that close to her.

Amy sighed and put the folded sweater in the Goodwill pile. "Nothing."

Amy knew. She might not know the details, but she knew something. Tyler should have realized his sister would guess something was wrong. She always had been fiercely protective where he was concerned. "You don't pay attention to what's going on around you," she was fond of saying. "Someone's got to look out for you." Maybe he should tell her. But why bother? He'd blown it. Johnnie hadn't called or emailed since that night. Tyler wasn't sure why he couldn't say the words Johnnie wanted to hear, why he found it so hard to be open and honest about his feelings. But he was still convinced that he was just a passing fad to Johnnie. Johnnie couldn't be in love with him. It was just impossible. He felt horrible about it, but Tyler was mourning his lost love as much as he mourned his father.

Chapter Thirteen

Tyler stood in the Garden Room, his father's favorite public room in the hotel. One wall of the banquet hall was paned glass that overlooked an aviary filled with lush plants and colorful birds. The remaining walls of the room were tastefully done with murals of various trees. It was a warm room despite its size, the darker colors making it seem more intimate. It was perfect for the gathering to celebrate his father's life.

Tyler was empty. He stood and spoke to friends and family, but never sank into a real conversation. He wandered from corner to corner, from buffet table to bar, then finally ended up at the glass wall, watching the birds. He didn't want to talk. He didn't want to *be*. He wanted to curl up in a corner and just cease. His heart hurt, and no amount of thinking, crying, organizing, or anything in the past few days had helped.

His father was dead and gone. That was a double-edged sword. He missed Justin terribly, but he'd known this end was coming. He was glad Justin no longer had to suffer through the disease that had eaten away at his body.

But Tyler's heart felt dead. He craved the touch of someone whom he'd turned away. Someone he was too ashamed to acknowledge. Johnnie had offered him everything, and he'd turned away out of fear.

What a moron.

Lost in his misery, Tyler didn't notice the change in the sounds of the muted conversations behind him. He didn't hear the gasps or the whispers. Nothing penetrated his fog until he finally realized someone was standing beside him. Or rather leaning, arms crossed, against the edge of the aviary window. Thinking this person was another well-wisher, an ex-employee or distant family, Tyler put on his fake smile and turned.

And froze.

He was dressed in a charcoal-gray suit, with his abundant hair -- back to multicolor brown instead of blazing red -- fastened behind his neck. He hardly looked like a flamboyant rockstar. He looked so ... subdued. But for Tyler, at least, there was no mistaking the emerald eyes or sumptuous mouth, even if both were carefully blank of emotion as they regarded Tyler.

"Johnnie!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?"

Anger flashed in those eyes before they went neutral again. "I know you don't want me here," he murmured, "but I had to come." He swallowed, averting his gaze by watching a cardinal hop on the mossy ground of the aviary. "I had to see with my own eyes that you were okay."

Tyler stared at him. The light of his life stood before him in glorious living flesh, as Tyler had not expected to ever see him again. He drank in the sight, the lump in his throat preventing speech. His heart ripped, and color returned to the world.

Grimacing, Johnnie turned back to meet Tyler's gaze again. His eyes widened in surprise. Tyler could only guess that his riotous emotions showed in his face. They stared at each other for hours -- no, probably just a brief moment.

Johnnie stepped toward him and laid a hand gently on his shoulder. "Can we go somewhere alone and talk?"

Tyler blinked back the tears that threatened his eyes and nodded. He turned and saw through a bashful glance that many eyes in the room were trained on the two of them. He expected a surge of panic, wondering what they'd seen, what had he shown. But the panic didn't come. He just didn't have room enough in his bursting heart at the moment to give a damn.

He led Johnnie from the room, eyes downcast so he didn't have to talk to anyone. He headed for a small office a short way down the hall from the Garden Room. Johnnie followed him in, then waited as Tyler carefully closed the door.

"Tyler."

At the sound of his name in that beloved voice, Tyler spun to face the man he loved and regarded him through a haze of tears that spilled from his eyes.

"God, Tyler, I didn't mean to upset you. I'm sorry. I just ..."

Unable to speak, Tyler closed the distance between them and grabbed hold of Johnnie's lapels. He shut off the man's apologies by slamming their lips together.

Warmth poured into Tyler's bloodstream at the touch of Johnnie's lips. Feeling oozed back into his body when he eagerly opened his mouth to suck in Johnnie's tongue. He released the jacket to slide his hands up to the hot skin of Johnnie's neck and pushed his hands back to find the long ponytail. Unthinking, Tyler yanked at the band holding it, determined to loosen that wild wealth of silky hair.

Johnnie pulled back from the kiss, hands on both of Tyler's wrists. "Whoa, wait ..."

"No." Tyler dug his fingers into the now loose hair at Johnnie's scalp, preventing escape. "Kiss me."

"Stop it." Angry hurt blazed in Johnnie's eyes. "You go from not wanting to see me, to *this*?"

Tyler averted his gaze. Staring at the pulse in Johnnie's throat, he loosened his hold, but didn't completely let go. "I'm sorry."

“Sorry for what, exactly?”

“I pushed you away. I couldn’t face ...” Tyler paused too long.

“Couldn’t face ...?” Johnnie prompted.

“I couldn’t face the fact that I ... wanted to be with you.”

“That’s a little better.” Gently, Johnnie dislodged Tyler’s grip on his hair. He stopped Tyler from stepping away by keeping a good hold on his wrists. “But not quite enough.”

Tyler shut his eyes, sinking against Johnnie. He tucked his face into the curve of Johnnie’s neck, inhaling the cologne that tried to camouflage the comforting scent that was his lover. Johnnie released his wrists, and they wrapped their arms around one another.

Hands slid over Tyler’s back. “Tyler, are you pissed at me for being here?”

He turned his head, resting his cheek on Johnnie’s shoulder. “No.”

“Did you want me here?”

“Yes.”

“Why didn’t you say that?”

“I was scared. I ...” He jerked away, leaning back to the extent that Johnnie would allow him. “What about your tour?!”

Johnnie growled. “Don’t worry about that. It’s Sunday night. We don’t play again until Wednesday in San Francisco. I promised Gretchen I’d be back tomorrow.”

Tyler laid his cheek back on Johnnie’s shoulder, unable to look the man in the eye. Tears dribbled from beneath his lids. “You came all this way for me?”

“Obviously.”

“God, Johnnie.”

“Look, I’m sorry I caught you in a room full of people, but I couldn’t find Edward to get you. And when I saw you standing all by yourself --”

“Edward?”

“Yeah. I made the arrangements with him. You said that he knew.”

Tyler nodded, fingers digging into the muscles underneath the fine silk of Johnnie’s jacket.

Johnnie’s palm slid into the hair at the back of Tyler’s neck, his fingers massaging lightly. “I couldn’t *not* come. Do you understand? I love you.”

Tyler nodded.

With a sigh, Johnnie laid his cheek against Tyler’s temple. “I know I forced you into this. I pressured you the first time. I’ve led you through this and forced what I wanted. It finally occurred to me that maybe I was wrong and this isn’t what you want.”

Tyler clutched Johnnie’s shoulder blades. “You’re wrong.”

“Yeah, well, I couldn’t tell by the way you reacted.”

Tyler blinked back more tears. And here he’d thought he’d cried himself out. “I know. That’s my fault. I wasn’t ready for what you were offering.”

Johnnie sighed and nodded, his smoothly shaved cheek rubbing Tyler’s. “I realize that. That’s one of the reasons I came. I want you to know that you don’t have to worry. That I’ll back off. I’ll give you time to ...”

“No!” Tyler reared back.

The other man stared at him in surprise.

“I need you. I love you. You can’t back away.”

Johnnie’s jaw dropped. “You what?”

Desperate, Tyler kissed his chin. “I love you, Johnnie.” He trailed his lips along the sharp line of Johnnie’s jaw. “I know that. I felt like I’d lost everything after that last phone call.”

Johnnie’s chin tipped back slightly and turned, giving Tyler better access. “I told you you could call.”

Tyler nuzzled the soft spot just underneath Johnnie's ear. "I didn't feel right. I was the one who hurt you. I really didn't think I deserved you. I still don't."

Johnnie's arms circled him more firmly. "Oh, quit that."

Dozens of things that he should say crowded Tyler's brain to the point that he couldn't speak. He chose, instead, to speak with actions. He brought his head back and slanted his lips across Johnnie's. It was a gentle touch, full of meaning that he hoped Johnnie understood.

Johnnie groaned into the kiss. He slid one hand further up Tyler's back, pressing until Tyler was crushed tightly against his chest.

Tyler gladly slid his arms up and around Johnnie's neck. He felt the heat of Johnnie's chest through the fabric of their shirts. Even more, he felt the blazing heat of the erection that pressed against his own. Eager to feel more, he shifted and brought one leg up to circle Johnnie's thigh.

Caught off guard, Johnnie stumbled forward, but caught them before Tyler's head whacked the wall behind him. "Careful," Johnnie whispered against his lips.

Tyler hardly heard him. Johnnie's hard-on was pressed against his thigh, and his own was snug against Johnnie. Lust blinded him. "Fuck me, Johnnie."

"What? No!"

"Yes. Please. I need to feel you."

Johnnie nibbled the corner of Tyler's mouth. "We can't. No lube. It'll hurt you."

"I don't care."

"I do."

Shamelessly, Tyler rocked against Johnnie's thigh, determined to make the man as blind with lust as he. "Johnnie, please. I need you."

A low growl rumbled in Johnnie's throat.

The sound sang through Tyler's nervous system. He moaned greedily in response.

“Fuck.” Johnnie dropped suddenly to his knees, hand now at the fastening of Tyler’s pants.

Yes! This was what he wanted. What he needed. Tyler braced against the wall. He pulled up his shirt as Johnnie dropped his pants and underwear, not about to miss the sight of Johnnie’s wide, gorgeous mouth engulfing him. He was thankful for the wall when it happened. No teasing this time, no preparation. Johnnie was ravenous, swallowing him whole. Tyler cried out, thumping the back of his head against the wall.

Johnnie’s hands gripped Tyler’s hips as he worked that anxious, rock-hard erection in his mouth. His lips and tongue abraded the shaft as he pumped roughly.

Tyler wouldn’t have complained even if he’d been able. He clutched his shirt with one hand and slid the other underneath to pinch one of his own nipples. Pent-up lust exploded through his system, making him pant, making him cry with something other than grief for the first time in days.

Johnnie reached between Tyler’s legs to gently massage that space behind his balls.

Orgasm ripped from the base of Tyler’s back out of his cock. Drowning in bliss, he lost track of what was happening for a bit. Color. Warmth. *Feeling*.

Love.

Johnnie stood. Tyler opened his eyes to see the rockstar grinning and smearing something very wet on his rock-hard dick.

Tyler gasped. It was his own cum!

With his free hand, Johnnie tugged on Tyler’s shoulder. “Turn around.”

Shocked but remarkably relaxed after that mind-blowing orgasm, Tyler turned and pressed his hands against the wall. Flashbacks of their time in the shower made him shiver with delight.

Quickly, Johnnie flipped the tails of Tyler’s shirt farther up his back and slid two wet fingers into his hole.

Tyler groaned, knocking his head against the wall between his arms. “Just do it,” he begged. “Just fuck me, Johnnie.”

“I hope you mean that,” came that gorgeous voice just over his shoulder.

“I do.”

The wet, blunt head of Johnnie’s cock pressed at his entrance. Tyler gasped. Unlike previous times, he wasn’t stretched and carefully prepared, but he didn’t care. Even the small twinge of pain made him feel marvelously real.

Johnnie pressed steadily in.

He clutched at the wall, moaning, unable to forget that it was his own cum that eased Johnnie’s way. It was amazingly erotic.

Johnnie’s hips pressed Tyler’s buttocks, finally seated. All inside. Tyler wiggled just to make sure. They both groaned at the sensation.

Johnnie’s dry hand slid up Tyler’s chest underneath his shirt, spanning over his chest to help support him. His wet hand circled Tyler’s cock, gently encouraging it back to life.

“Good?”

“Oh, yeah!”

“More?”

“Yes.” He rocked his hips to try and give Johnnie the best angle.

Johnnie pulled out and pushed back in, aching slowly. Then again. Within Tyler, Johnnie’s dick scraped over that luscious, aching spot.

“Love you,” Tyler moaned softly, meaning it, able to say it at this moment, at this time, with his lover buried deep in his body. “Love you, Johnnie.”

“God, Tyler,” Johnnie moaned, his thrusts picking up speed.

Almost immediately, it became apparent that Tyler was not the only one harboring pent-up lust. Unlike in the past, Johnnie couldn't maintain the torture to prolong the pleasure.

"Tyler, I have to ..."

"Fuck me, Johnnie. God, please fuck me!"

Johnnie's nose pressed the side of Tyler's neck. Tyler reached back to catch his hair.

Johnnie suddenly slammed into him, hard and fast.

Tyler's breath caught on a gasp. Moaning, he braced his forearms on the wall and spread his legs to take the wonderful abuse. His cock came back to life in Johnnie's hand, and their moans synchronized as Johnnie's pounding brought first himself and then Tyler to agonizing ecstasy.

Drained, Tyler could only pant and brace himself against the wall.

Johnnie recovered first, pressing a soft kiss to Tyler's sweaty neck. Then he pulled back and gently eased his softening cock from Tyler's body.

Tyler groaned.

"We're going to need to get to a bathroom before you see anyone," Johnnie mused.

Tyler pushed away from the wall, nodding. He gestured to the side wall with his head. "There's one right there."

Johnnie steadied him and stepped back. They both left their pants where they were and stumbled toward the bathroom.

In the doorway, Tyler turned and halted Johnnie when the rockstar would have stepped past him. He didn't care that he was sweaty; he didn't care that his cum and Johnnie's was leaking down his legs. He pulled his lover to him and kissed him soundly on the lips.

Johnnie only hesitated for a moment, then fell into the kiss with hungry enthusiasm.

When Tyler let them come up for air, he held Johnnie's sharp jaw in his hands and fastened his gaze on sleepy, satiated emerald eyes. "We'll make this work, yeah?"

Johnnie grinned. "I think we have to."

Epilogue

LOS ANGELES, California (Entertainment International) -- Are they together or not?

If you ask me, they definitely are together. Finally, we know his name. Pictured here is Tyler Purcell, 30, the owner and manager of the Weiss Strande Hotel, located in the central coast of California. He and Johnnie Heaven are either really, really good friends, or they're lovers. But neither will confirm nor deny ...

The article went on to mention a few sly remarks Johnnie had made within the last year, all slanted to make it look like he had a male lover without confirming anything. What had the press confounded was that Johnnie continued to publicly date models and starlets, whom he took to the clubs and concerts that Tyler wasn't interested in attending. Tyler didn't care. He knew all the girls that Johnnie "dated" and had become good friends with some of them. They all knew who Johnnie's real lover was, and none of them were letting the cat out of the bag.

Tyler heard heavy footsteps in the bedroom and looked up.

Johnnie appeared in the doorway. His hair was loose and a mess, evidence that he'd not brushed it since rising from the bed, probably moments before. His beautiful green eyes were

at half-mast, and that gorgeous mouth opened in a huge yawn. He scratched idly at his bare chest as he padded toward Tyler. The black silk pajama bottoms looked dangerously close to slipping off his slim hips. "Morning," he muttered. He dropped a brief kiss on the top of Tyler's head and continued to the kitchen.

Tyler pushed the gossip rag right in front of Johnnie's accustomed seat at Tyler's dining table and resumed sipping his coffee.

He heard Johnnie pouring his own cup and the sound of cereal and milk being poured. Johnnie returned to the table, hesitating when he saw the gossip paper. "What the hell?"

"Nice picture of me, don't you think?" Tyler asked wryly.

Johnnie put down his mug and bowl to snatch up the rag. Tyler watched his lover's face as disbelief, then disgust, then anger passed over those expressive features. He sank down into his chair, muttering curses as he read. Finally, he put it down and faced Tyler. "Jesus, man. I'm sorry."

"We knew it would happen."

"Aren't you pissed?"

Tyler shrugged. "At least they mentioned the Weiss."

Johnnie cocked his head to the side. "You're really not pissed?"

"Johnnie, you come and stay at the Weiss regularly when you're not on tour or something. It can't be that hard to find out you sold your place in LA and that you practically live here. Nor can it be that hard to find out from someone here at the Weiss that when you're here, you don't stay in any of the guest rooms." He laughed. "If we were trying to keep it secret, we've been doing a piss-poor job of it. I'm surprised it took them this long."

"Yeah. I guess. Maybe I'm not as popular as we thought."

Tyler snorted his disbelief. "Is this going to hurt you?"

Johnnie waved a hand in the air, then reached for his coffee. "Nah. The rumors of our relationship have only helped publicity. Sure, there are some anti-gay cities that we can't

play in anymore, but there are plenty more who are asking for us.” He shot Tyler a brief, guilty look. “Gretchen wanted me to ask you if you’d come with us when we tour Australia next month.”

“Huh?”

Johnnie smiled. “She thinks it’ll just feed the rumors if you’re there with us but we still don’t confirm anything.”

Tyler started laughing so hard he had to set down his coffee. “You’re kidding?”

“Nope.” Johnnie grinned. “It gets worse, though.”

“I’m afraid to ask.”

“She and our publicity team are trying to decide how best to break the news to the press. They figure we’ll need to do it pretty soon.” He set his coffee down, a smug smile on his face. “The current favorite idea is to announce that we’re engaged.”

Tyler blinked, laughter gone. “What?”

That warm, teasing look started to take over Johnnie’s face. He leaned toward Tyler. “The idea has merit.”

“We can’t get married.”

“Not in California, but we can in parts of Canada. Or, even better --” He waggled his eyebrows comically. “-- Amsterdam!”

Tyler gaped. A comment about Amsterdam died on his lips as it finally dawned on him what was really being said. “Wait. You’re for this?”

Johnnie reached for his hand and held it on the table between his own. His gaze snagged Tyler’s and held. “I love you. I’d marry you in a heartbeat.”

“B-but ...”

Johnnie cupped Tyler’s unhinged jaw and leaned in to place a gentle kiss on parted lips. “I mean it.”

Deflated, Tyler kissed Johnnie softly back. “I know you do.”

“Say you love me.”

“I love you.”

“Say you’ll marry me.”

“You’re crazy, you know that?”

“Mm-hmm. That’s beside the point. Say you’ll marry me.”

Sighing melodramatically, Tyler wound his free arm around Tyler’s neck. He pulled back enough to look again into Johnnie’s eyes. “Fine. But why do I get the feeling *I* get to be the bride?”

 THE END 

Jet Mykles

As far back as junior high, Jet used to write sex stories for friends involving their favorite pop icons of the time. To this day, she hasn't stopped writing sex, although her knowledge on the subject has vastly improved.

An ardent fan of fantasy and science fiction sagas, Jet prefers to live in a world of imagination where dragons are real, elves are commonplace, vampires are just people with special diets and lycanthropes live next door. In her own mind, she's the spunky heroine who gets the best of everyone and always attracts the lean, muscular lads. She aids this fantasy with visuals created through her other obsession: 3D graphic art. In this area, as in writing, Jet's self-taught and thoroughly entranced, and now regularly uses this art to illustrate her stories or her stories to expand upon her art.

Only recently, through the wonders of the digital age, has Jet, a self-proclaimed hermit, been able to really share this work with others. It was through a series of images posted to the erotic art website Renderotika and encouragement from the fabulous Angela Knight that she finished and submitted a story to Loose Id.

In real life, Jet lives in southern California with her boyfriend of nine years, his daughter and father and nine cats. She has a bachelor's degree in acting, but her loathing of auditions has kept her out of the limelight. So she turned to computers and currently works in product management for a software company, because even in real life, she can't help but want to create something out of nothing.

Visit Jet on the Web at www.computerotika.com.