

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

SEDONIA
GUILLONE

Barely
UNDERCOVER



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Barely Undercover

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BARELY UNDERCOVER

Sedonia Guillone

Dedication

To Mitch, the light of my heart.

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Goo Goo Dolls: John Rzeznik and Robert C. Takac, Jr., both U.S. citizens Partnership
New York

Chapter One

Boston, Massachusetts

“Finally, dammit.” Kaz pressed the search warrant between his fingertips.

His informant had come through and the judge had supported Kaz’s affidavit of probable cause. As if there were any question that two indirect purchases made by Collins on the premises of Club Moritz would constitute probable cause. According to what Collins was able to glean, there was supposedly a shipment being stored in the club. In that case, Brady was using the Moritz to store and sell millions of dollars worth of cocaine and Kaz needed to take him down before he made the area even less safe.

Kaz could practically taste the end of this investigation. After six months of painstaking work, time and money spent on Collins—a former male prostitute with a record who was willing to trade information to escape arrest—a bust was within reach.

Well, almost. There *was* one little obstacle.

Kaz carefully folded the warrant and slipped it into his jacket pocket. He sat at his desk, the open case folder spread before him. The question remained of what was the most effective way to infiltrate the club and search for the stash without alerting Brady to a police presence.

Deep in thought, Kaz tapped his pen against his forehead while the phones and murmured voices droned on in the background of District A-1, Drug Control Unit of the Boston Police Department. There were several possible ways to infiltrate Club Moritz, but he had to pick the one that was the least risky both to the club’s patrons and to himself.

Club Moritz was a high-end gay nightclub famed for the hottest male strippers and dancers to show skin...lots of skin. Kaz had been to the place a few times in his younger years—not that thirty-eight was that old—and had met Damien there.

Well, met was not exactly the right word. Fallen in head-over-heels, too-deep-to-get-out kind of love was more the way he'd put it. One glance up at that stage had done it. The show had just started and Damien writhed and slunk his way on. Of course, all the guys up there had been hot, but Kaz had gotten an instant hard-on watching Damien. Something about the guy, his sleek, muscular body, the delicious trail of chestnut hair down the center of his tight abs, that perfect ass and...well...killer green eyes had made Kaz an instant love slave.

Kaz bit down on the end of his pen. He sighed and shifted in his seat. *Don't go there.* Thinking of Damien was the only thing that ever distracted him from his usual bulldog way of grasping a case and working on it obsessively to the finish. Just picturing the guy in his mind made Kaz's cock tingle.

After several more moments of considering, Kaz decided that undercover was definitely the correct track. He sketched a quick list of possibilities and went down the line. He could pose as a buyer, make a couple of direct purchases and then raid the place. No. He scratched that off the list. Cocaine and guns always went together. The club was on Tremont Street, a busy area, and Kaz refused to jeopardize the lives of innocent bystanders who could get caught in possible crossfire.

Next possibility. Have his insider make some indirect purchases and try to find out where the stuff was stored. Then, when Kaz had enough evidence built up, stage a raid. Kaz scratched that one off too. It was too risky and too complicated to get an informant that involved in this particular case. One bad move and Brady and his goons would clear the place of every kilo before Kaz had a chance to set foot in there. All of Kaz's work would be gone and he'd have to start again from square one.

Next choice. Bartender? He scratched it right off. He only knew how to make a few drinks and to learn enough about cocktail making to look natural would take time and energy he didn't have.

Bouncer. Scratch. The position *would* familiarize him with the faces going into the place but wouldn't allow him enough time inside to search.

That left...stripper.

Kaz raked a hand through his hair. *That* he could do. He was athletic enough and had the muscular build needed to be considered attractive enough to show it off. And, with a little coaching, he could learn the moves that would make him a convincing stripper.

His heartbeat sped up a bit and butterflies multiplied in his gut. There was only one person he knew of who could teach him in a pinch how to be a male stripper.

Yeah, and that same one person came with a big problem.

Damien Royce hated his guts.

Kaz sighed again. He went to scratch the word *stripper* off his list and paused, pen hovering above the paper. His mind flickered over the other possibilities again. Each one came up sorely lacking. Stripper was the only one that really worked.

He had no choice. He had to move as quickly as possible and search the place before Brady had a chance to move his inventory elsewhere.

Kaz's stomach tightened and he checked his watch. If Damien still taught English at the University of Massachusetts Boston campus so he might be in class right now. Barely a few minutes' drive away. Kaz went to the University's website on the internet and looked up the Shakespeare class that Damien had taught every semester for the last five years. There it was. Same times, same classroom as always. With another sigh he rose heavily from his desk. He'd have to take a chance that Damien loved him enough to hear him out.

Kaz locked the case folder in his desk drawer, told his chief where he was going and headed out.

* * * * *

"As you can see by his references in *The Tempest*, Shakespeare wrote this play as his farewell to the theater." Damien looked up from his place at the lectern and scanned the faces in the lecture hall. He sighed.

Freshman were so fidgety in the spring and he felt like a cruel taskmaster keeping them inside and trying to interest them in Elizabethan literature when they were all probably just dying to get laid. God knew *he* felt that way. His body, too, was in the throes of spring fever. It was days like this, perfect spring days with that sweet-smelling air, cool yet warm from the sun, that he and Kaz had done some of their hottest fucking...

Damien's grip tightened on the sides of the lectern. He glanced at the clock then back at the students. Half the girls were staring at him with an I-want-you-for-lunch look on their faces. Damien suppressed a chuckle. So the buzz he'd heard among teaching assistants was true. The upper class women who helped out with orientation coached the incoming freshman to take Professor Royce's Intro to English Lit class. They weren't here because the immortal bard fascinated them as much as the professor did.

Only ten minutes remained in the class anyway. "I tell you what," Damien said. "Go on and get out of here. Enjoy the spring day. Just make sure you get your final papers in on time. If you have any questions, you know my office hours."

A cascade of flirty smiles and thank yous passed through the room followed by the shoving of chairs and gathering of book bags.

Damien shook his head and gathered up his own notes. Good thing for his ego that the upper level English majors and grad students took his classes because they *wanted* to and not only because they thought the professor was hot. He slipped his papers and his copy of *The Tempest* into his briefcase and headed out to enjoy the spring day himself. Not that there was someone in his life to enjoy it with.

He stepped out of the classroom and froze. His heartbeat kicked up several notches. What the —

Damien tightened his grip on the handle of his briefcase and cleared his throat. "Detective Kazaminsky." He fought to keep his voice calm.

Some balls the guy had, showing up here, looking drop-dead hot as usual. Kaz's nearly jet black hair still had that run-your-fingers-through-it silkiness, even though he kept it super short. His broad chest was perfectly outlined in a white t-shirt, as were his bulging thighs in the battered blue jeans he always wore.

"Hi, Damien."

And the face. Kaz knew how to give him the face. Big dark eyes, simmering with a mixture of emotions, part shit-eating grin with those sculpted lips like a supermodel, part I'm-your-love-slave and part...sweet. Kaz was Charles Bronson, the Marlboro Man and a few other hot macho guys all wrapped up into one body, standing a few feet away, emanating testosterone. Some fucking balls.

The bastard had broken up with him, disappeared with barely a phone call in six months and had the nerve to show up here unannounced? Damien had dreamed endlessly of this particular moment. The moment when Kaz would actually show up. In each fantasy, Damien punched Kaz in the jaw or eye, anyplace that would leave a nice dark bruise.

So why did he just want to throw his briefcase down and rip the bastard's clothes off? Fuck.

Damien did his best to glare at Kaz. He *shouldn't* be thrilled to see the guy. He *should* hate him for breaking his heart. *Should*. Unfortunately, life wasn't so simple. He cleared his throat. "What the hell are you doing here?"

Kaz stepped closer, hands in his jacket pockets. The spicy scent of aftershave invaded the air around them. Damien breathed it in and already felt a hard-on stirring in his slacks. Of course, it was the cologne Damien had given Kaz for his birthday last October. Just before Kaz stomped all over his heart.

"Damien, do you have...I mean..." He took a deep breath. "I need your help."

Damien stared at him, heart pounding, cock threatening to get erect. "My help? What the hell for?"

Kaz's hand came out of his pocket—a hand that had stroked, probed and caressed Damien a million times—and raked through that black soft hair. “Look, I’ll explain everything. Just not here.” Kaz shifted his weight. The look in his eyes—his sinfully dark eyes under thick lashes—conveyed urgency.

Damien sighed. His mind swirled right along with his sex-starved body. He shifted his briefcase from one hand to the other, waiting for the initial shock of seeing Kaz to settle a bit so he could think more clearly. Another deep breath and a bit of reason trickled in.

Kaz was desperate if he’d risked Damien’s wrath to show up.

Damien sighed. Of course he’d help him. He *was* still madly in love with the guy and had been since he was twenty-three. Kaz had been his first guy. And only guy. Weird, considering Damien had been a stripper. Damien knew he was a hopeless romantic, but that’s what kept him going in the times when Frank let being a detective invade their relationship. After thirteen years Damien wasn’t going to abandon the man he loved.

But...it wouldn’t hurt Frank to do a little begging, either.

He gave Kaz what he hoped was a quelling look. “All right, *Frank*. I’ll hear what you have to say and then decide if I’ll help you.” He started walking and Kaz fell into step next to him. Damien suppressed a smile. Damn, it was good to see him. “I’m finished here for the day. You can give me a ride home.”

* * * * *

Damien was giving him that stony silence he was so good at. Kaz had been on the receiving end of it more than once in thirteen years...as in every time he pissed Damien off. Which was regularly.

Kaz walked with one hand in his jacket pocket, fingers curled around the small bottle of prescription beta blockers he kept with him at all times. The real reason he felt he’d needed to break up with Damien. He glanced at Damien’s profile as they walked

to his car. The long lashes, his smooth bone structure, the bump in his nose Damien had gotten from a fight in his teens and that chestnut hair. Damien wore it a bit longish in that raggedy Goo Goo Dolls style. Damn. Even pissed off, Damien was gorgeous.

And pissed off he was. For good reason. Kaz had broken off their relationship with some lame excuse about work. True, work consumed him much of the time and he and Kaz had never officially lived together. Kaz had to live in the Boston city limits because of his work and Damien wasn't about to sell his beautiful family house in Cambridge. However, even in the worst times, Kaz had always made time at least for a quickie once in a while. This time, he'd just disappeared, absorbed in chasing down the Brady cocaine ring. Damien had suspected Kaz was cheating on him. He was, if you counted secretive doctor's visits, x-rays, EKGs and all that.

Kaz waited until they were in his car and he'd pulled out into traffic before he broke Damien's cold silence. "What I need your help with, Damien, is this case I've been working on."

Damien huffed. "I'm well, Detective, thanks for asking. Gee, Damien, I haven't seen you in so long. You look great. How have you been these past six months since I stomped all over your heart?" Damien's voice radiated hurt.

Kaz heard it through the sarcasm. He knew his lover too well after thirteen years not to hear Damien's true feelings. Even if he hadn't been a detective with finely honed listening skills, he would have understood. Damien was madly in love with him, had given up stripping and exotic dancing as soon as it was clear the two of them had something special, even though the tips alone were paying Damien's college tuition.

Kaz sat quietly and took the verbal lashing he knew he deserved.

"I'll tell you how I am, Frank," Damien went on, "I'm just fine." He fell silent.

Again, Kaz heard the meaning beneath the words. Damien missed the hell out of him.

It was mutual.

"I'm sorry, Dame." Kaz kept his eyes on the heavy mid-afternoon Boston traffic. "I should have at least asked you how you were."

"Damn right you should have." Damien sounded calmer. "Now, continue what you were saying."

Kaz cleared his throat, tightened his hands on the steering wheel. He explained the situation to Damien. When he'd finished...silence. Dead silence. Kaz kept driving and by the time he'd crossed over the Charles River Bridge, Damien still hadn't said a word.

If Kaz hadn't been negotiating city traffic, he would have looked at Damien. As it was, he could only imagine Damien's large, guileless green eyes staring at him, his full, Cupid's bow-shaped lips slightly parted. Kaz could almost *hear* Damien's thoughts.

"Well, Detective, I admit I didn't expect this." The sarcastic edge of Damien's tone was mixed now with quiet shock.

Kaz reached into his inner pocket, slipped the warrant out and held it out to Damien. "If you don't believe me, here's the warrant. I came to see you the minute I got it."

Another moment passed. Damien didn't take the paper from Kaz's hand.

"Put that away, Detective. I'm insulted." Damien sounded hurt again.

"I'm sorry." Chastened, Kaz slipped the paper back into his pocket and continued to drive.

They were almost to Damien's house off Inman Square. Damien's parents had left him and his sister the place, but Carrie had moved to Michigan when she got married so Damien had the house to himself.

Kaz cleared his throat as the memories resurfaced. Damien's house was a cozy place of hardwood floors, potted plants and overstuffed plushy furniture arranged in front of a huge fireplace. He and Damien had spent countless hours holed up together in that house, licking, tasting and fucking every inch of each other.

Damien remained quiet until Kaz parked at the curb. He threw on the parking brake and turned to Damien. Damien was looking down at his hands.

Kaz's heartbeat sped up. If Damien refused to help him, he'd have to find another way into Club Moritz. A riskier way, perhaps. And if Damien agreed to help him, it meant spending time with him, learning how to get naked in a really seductive way. The way that had made him crazy for Damien in the first place. "So, can you help me? I know I've no right to ask you for—"

Damien cut him off with a wave of his hand. "Enough said, Detective." His voice was soft now and his green gaze fixed on Kaz's. Damien's large, mesmerizing eyes never failed to heat Kaz's blood. Even when he used to watch Damien strip on stage, he was as attracted to the soulful look in Damien's gaze as much as by his incredible body. "Cut the crap, Frank. You know I'll help you. When have I ever said *no* to you?" Damien picked up his briefcase and opened the car door. "Come on. We'll start now."

* * * * *

The moment Kaz stepped into Damien's house, a pang hit him. He realized how much he'd missed it, how deeply a part of his life this place had become. Cozy, neat, orderly, smelling of dried roses and lemon-scented furniture polish.

Kaz slipped his shoes off by the front door and stepped in. He raked his gaze over the room and his body tingled to life. Like Pavlov's dogs salivating when they heard the bell ring, Kaz got horny, looking at all the surfaces he and Damien had anointed with their sweaty naked bodies pressed together. Sofas, chairs, rugs, table tops.

Wait. On one tabletop—the dining room table—a vase of roses exploded in colors. Damien loved roses.

Jealousy raked Kaz's gut. "Who're the roses from?" The question was out before he could stop himself.

Damien had set down his briefcase and was in the middle of opening the living room windows to let in fresh air. He threw a glance over his shoulder, one eyebrow

arched. "Wouldn't you like to know?" He straightened away from the window and turned, arms folded. A mischievous look danced in his green eyes. "Since when do you care who sends me flowers, Detective?"

Kaz felt tortured. How could he explain that he'd broken up with Damien because of his damn heart problem? *By the way, Damien, I have a bad ticker and can't give you enough sex because of it. I've had to slow down at work too and lie about it there. That's why I disappeared.* He cleared his throat. "Sorry. Forget I asked. It's none of my business."

Damien sighed. The look on his face softened. "Dammit, I can't even enjoy tormenting you for a second. They're from Carrie. She sent them for my birthday."

Damien's sister. Now Kaz felt like a complete asshole. Damien's birthday last week was the first one in thirteen years Kaz had let slide by without even a phone call. He hadn't forgotten, but hadn't felt like he should make contact with him. No sense giving Damien false hope. It was nearly impossible to be near Damien without wanting to jump his bones. He moved a couple of steps closer to Damien. "I'm sorry. I didn't...call you on your birthday."

A look of complete sadness slipped into Damien's eyes. He stood silent for a moment, then waved his hand. "Let's not go there, all right?" He sighed and then scanned the room. "There's enough space here, I think, for your...um...lesson." He went over to his stereo and ran an index finger down a perfectly organized cassette holder. "Unlike regular dancing, stripping can be done in a condensed space if needed." He looked at the cassettes a moment longer then plucked one out. "Here it is. Music from my dark secret past."

Damien put the tape into the machine and pressed a button. In seconds, Marvin Gaye was crooning "Let's Get it On." A grin tugged at Damien's lips and his green eyes had taken on that seductive look, the one that had changed Kaz's life the first time he saw it. Damien pulled out a dining room chair and set it facing the empty floor space. "All right, Detective, have a seat. You're the audience for now."

* * * * *

Kaz sat down. Damien hadn't even started and Kaz already felt the slight increase in his heart rate. He thought of the bottle of pills in his jacket pocket.

"For your purposes," Damien went on, "you just need to do something simple and slow. No need for gymnastics or fancy steps. Just moves that ooze sex." He stepped back and closed his eyes.

Kaz watched Damien slip into a different mode. Kaz's breath tightened a bit and he felt sweat on his palms. When Damien opened his eyes that seductive look remained and his grin deepened. He started winding his slim hips. "Just get into a groove. Relax. This..." he indicated his chest and stomach, then slid his hands, palm down, on his hips, pulling Kaz's attention to the bulge in front, "is the main attraction. Every move you make is intended to keep them looking right here...and here." Damien turned around. He continued to wind his hips. Each movement made his hard, perfectly shaped ass strain against his beige slacks.

Kaz's mouth watered. "It works," he mumbled.

Damien swung back around. "A figure eight, slow and easy, will do the trick." He took hold of his jacket and held it open while he undulated his hips. "Once you have your rhythm going, you can start the teasing." He grinned and pulled the jacket back so it slipped off his shoulders. "Ease things off. No rush. Make them drool."

Shit. Damien hadn't even taken off a stitch and Kaz could feel his cock tighten, strain against his briefs. He stared, mesmerized. Nothing was better than watching Damien. No sunrise, no mountain or forest was preferable to looking at this man's huge green eyes, thick, soft hair and perfectly sculpted, delicious body.

"Got what I'm saying so far?" Damien ground his hips in seductive circles even as he spoke.

Kaz nodded. The power of speech eluded him.

Damien chuckled. "Yeah, you've got that *I hear you* look in your eyes." He eased the jacket further down his arms. "The key to getting the clothing off is—don't do any

move you can't do in a seductive way. Follow the beat of the music. Feel it in your blood. Let it guide you." A dip in the rhythm of the song provided a beat in which Damien straightened his arms low behind him, let the jacket slide off his arms and to the floor in one smooth movement.

In the very next beat, he resumed that seductive grind of his hips and moved his hands up his torso as if he were feeling himself up.

Kaz caught his breath. Heat collected under his t-shirt, made his heart increase more. His cock was almost completely hard and pushed against his briefs. If he was already this hot now, what the hell would he do when he could see Damien's bare skin?

His gaze stayed riveted on Damien's hands. His masculine hands, beautifully shaped, nails neatly trimmed, traveled over the bulge of his cock, swept down his thighs, slid up his hips and over his ass in seductive circles before skimming back up to the knot of his tie.

Never losing a beat with the mouth-watering sway of those tapered hips, Damien worked loose the knot of his tie. "I don't recommend a tie for beginners," he said, a mischievous tinge to his voice. "Jacket, yes. Tie, no."

Kaz nodded. Swallowed past a lump in his throat. He forced himself to pay attention to Damien's technique and to what Damien was saying. Nearly impossible when all he wanted was to see Damien's chest, rounded firm pecs with just the right amount of smooth, chestnut hair, reddish-brown nipples the size of nickels—that is, until you sucked on them or pinched them and they tightened to tiny peaks.

Damien loosened the tie, slipped it out from his collar with a sexy flourish. He danced his way toward Kaz. "Club Moritz likes interactive strippers," he said. "You can do this part with a belt, rather than a tie." He slunk closer and slipped the tie across the back of Kaz's neck. A gentle pull on the ends and the soft pressure made Kaz lean forward slightly.

Damien leaned down, still winding his hips. His closeness brought a whiff of his male scent laced with cologne.

Kaz inhaled. He'd always loved the way that spicy aroma mixed with Damien's natural musk. Damien tilted his pelvis toward Kaz and ground slowly, the figure eight pattern that brought the bulge of his cock dangerously close. Back and forth he wound, inches away. The pull of his hands on the tie, his scent and his close grinding pelvis made Kaz dizzy. The urge to lunge forward, pull Damien onto his lap, to feel Damien's ass rub his cock, nearly overwhelmed him.

Just as quickly, Damien released the tie. The silky material slid across Kaz's neck and Damien danced back several steps. He grinned. Green eyes wicked, full of mischief. No way in hell Damien didn't see the effect he was having. Damien tossed the tie aside and worked open the top button of his shirt.

From the corner of his eye, Kaz saw the maroon silk slip to the hardwood floor, but his main focus was the widening gap of Damien's shirt. Button by button, with painstaking slowness, Damien opened his shirt. The visible swath of delicious flesh widened until the shirt hung open, revealing Damien's torso in all its glory.

Good, Damien thought as he danced. *I have you right where I want, you, you bastard.* Kaz was panting. His deliciously broad chest heaved under the t-shirt and his dark eyes had that glazed look he always got when he was aroused.

Damien hated that he had to resort to seduction to keep Kaz in place but so be it. Kaz was the love of his life and Damien wouldn't let the bastard get away from him a second time. At least not without a decent explanation for breaking his heart. And, hopefully, not without *at least* a blow job.

He clasped his hands behind his head and wound his hips. He couldn't help a satisfied grin at the growing bulge in Kaz's jeans and at the way the big galoot—his galoot—licked his lips, eyes large and staring at Damien's body.

The song ended and segued into an equally seductive crooning kind of song. "Between the Sheets".

Perfect.

Damien never broke a stride as he undid the buckle of his belt and slid the leather out of the loops. He leaned over, ran the strap across the broad expanse of Kaz's chest then danced away just as the large man's breath hitched. Damien tossed the belt to the side and made a big show of undoing his trousers.

Kaz's eyes got huge and Damien saw beads of sweat on the guy's brow. He felt a twinge of guilt for teasing him so badly, especially seeing how Kaz's nipples poked out of his t-shirt. But wasn't that why Kaz was here? To learn how to strip?

Conscience eased somewhat, Damien pulled open his trousers and let Kaz have a glimpse of his red bikinis. The waistband was slung low enough to give a hint of pubic hair and Damien saw Kaz's tongue slid across his firm lips a second time.

Damn. His own cock was getting hard and made his bikinis tight from the bulge. He'd never had a problem with that in his dancing days. Back then the concentration was on giving a show, not getting turned on. But here, with Kaz watching him and the history of bone melting, soul-searing sex between them, staying soft was impossible.

Damien turned his back to Kaz and worked off his pants. Fingers on the waistband, he slid them down, inch by inch, moving his ass in a seductive circle. "The best thing to do with pants," he said, "is let them drop to your ankles and then step out of them, as gracefully as you can." That said, he swallowed hard and demonstrated. When he'd stepped clear of the pants, he pushed them aside with one foot.

Kaz didn't answer but Damien could hear the man's heavy breathing over the music. He kept his back to Kaz. Strange, but he felt suddenly shy...and foolish, standing there almost naked except for his red bikinis and a raging hard-on.

Now came the tricky part.

Damien gave himself a moment to get back into the swing of the music. He needed to forget who it was sitting there, staring hard at his almost-naked body. Even though Damien's back was still to Kaz, Damien could practically feel the man's hungry gaze on his bare skin.

Slowly, he danced his way around to face Kaz.

Kaz sat in the chair, face flushed. Damien looked down at Kaz's hands and almost laughed. Kaz gripped the sides of the chair so hard his knuckles had turned white.

Damien stopped moving and stood there, his erection tight to the point of serious discomfort. "Are you all right?" he asked.

Kaz nodded. He cleared his throat. "Yeah, fine."

Disappointment stabbed Damien. He realized he'd wanted to hear Kaz say, "Get over here so I can suck your cock." Kaz had said things like that a million times in the past.

Damien nodded, pulled himself together. No point humiliating himself any further. "All right. Now, when you get to this point, that's when you go for the tips. Take out a dollar bill."

He watched Kaz pull out his wallet and open it. "All right." He held up the dollar.

Damien got back into the swing of grinding his hips. "What you do is, when you see them holding out their money, dance your way across the front of the crowd and just lean in enough to let them stick the money in your string." He wound his hips in that easy circle and got close enough for Kaz to slip the money into the waistband.

Kaz looked hesitant. For several moments, his hand remained suspended outward, gaze locked onto the boner tenting Damien's red briefs. Damien tilted closer and Kaz slipped the dollar under the waistband. His fingertips brushed Damien's hipbone, dangerously close to his pubic area.

Damien suppressed a groan. He froze, dance forgotten. Just the warm touch of Kaz's fingertips made him crazy. Kaz's touch was the only one he trusted. Gentle, boyish, appreciative and passionate all at once, that touch had eased away horrid painful memories more than a thousand times.

Months' worth of yearning welled up in Damien. Overwhelmed him. He no longer cared one little shit about the possible reason Kaz had disappeared. All that mattered was he was *here. Now.*

Damien stepped closer. The sexy music provided the background to their heavy aroused breathing.

Kaz stared back at him, velvety lips slightly parted. Damien knew that look too well. The I'll-do-anything-you-want look. But he didn't move. Didn't say a word.

Damn. Damien braced himself and stood in one place. "I need to show you how to dance away from the Johnny pockets," he said. That was his nickname for the guys who tried to cop a feel when they stuffed the dollar bill under the string. Ironically, it had been one of those Johnny pockets, a drunk, testosterone-ridden 'roid monster who'd tried to rape him in the alley behind the Moritz when he was leaving, that had led to meeting Kaz. Or more precisely, Kaz ripping the guy off Damien and punching his lights out had led to their meeting.

Damien slipped the dollar bill out and handed it back to Kaz.

Kaz took the money back. He remained silent, staring up at Damien.

Damien started moving again, danced closer to Kaz. "Now, you're going to put the bill in again, but this time, try to cop a feel."

Kaz nodded. "Okay." His voice came out husky. Sexy.

Damien inched closer and ground his hips. "Now," he said.

Kaz pulled the waistband of Damien's briefs out. He struggled to hold on while Damien danced. Damien saw the tension in the grip of Kaz's fingers on the elastic. The fingertips of his other hand brushed Damien's erection.

Ohhhh. Hot pleasure shot up Damien's cock.

Kaz dipped his hand in further.

Damien stepped back to dodge Kaz's hand. Too late. Damien lost his rhythm and caught himself just before stumbling. He got his balance and looked down, mortified. His cock, hard enough to cut diamonds, stuck halfway out of his briefs.

And Kaz was staring at it with a really hungry look. Damien knew that look too well. The desire it conveyed shivered through his whole body, right into his balls.

Damien's head swam. His resolve slipped. All he wanted was Kaz's mouth on his cock. He needed Kaz's hands all over him, making him feel so good, so safe and desired all at once. "Kaz," he whispered. The name slipped out before he remembered his dignity.

He stared at Kaz, pulled Kaz's gaze upward.

Kaz stared back. Still silent, dammit. What did he want, an engraved invitation? Was he out to torment Damien, to make him beg for love?

No, Kaz wouldn't do that. He knew too much about what had happened to Damien as a kid. He would do or say anything that would make Damien relive the humiliation, the pain of violation.

Would he?

Damien wanted to turn around, pull his briefs up and turn off the music. But he couldn't. The one guy he loved in all the world was right here, in front of him.

Kaz's pale face was flushed. Spots of color tinged his cheeks. His lips were parted. He so obviously wanted it.

"Are you going to make me beg?" Damien heard his own voice. Shaky, scared.

Guilt slipped over Kaz's eyes. He shook his head. The look on his face shifted, darkened and Damien felt something in him break open.

Kaz reached for him. "Get over here," he whispered.

Damien stepped forward.

Kaz's large hands closed over Damien's hips, slid over his ass and gently pulled him closer.

The warm touch invaded Damien. He hissed a breath of release and surrendered, cradled Kaz's head as Kaz pressed a hot kiss onto Damien's stomach.

Damien moaned softly. Finally! His eyes fluttered closed and his world funneled down to the feel of those soft lips on his skin, on how Kaz feathered his hot tongue over Damien's stomach muscles with tender passion.

Kaz swiveled the tip of his tongue in Damien's belly button while he eased the briefs down. They slid to Damien's knees, then to his ankles.

In the next second, Kaz leaned down and took Damien's cock in his mouth.

Damien groaned, threw his head back. He tightened his fingers over Kaz's smooth hair, too short to wind his fingers into. Kaz squeezed his lips on Damien's cock, leaned down and took him in deep.

Ahhh, Damien released a shivery breath. He was in heaven now.

God, Damien was delicious. Damien's sweet flavor filled Kaz's taste buds and the silky skin of cock slid against his tongue as he swallowed him as deeply as he could. He'd needed to do this as much as Damien needed it from him. He just hadn't realized how badly until now.

Damien's fingers moved on his scalp, tiny brushes of his fingertips that conveyed his enjoyment. "Kaz," he whispered over and over again.

Through his haze, Kaz heard Damien's need, heard how much Damien wanted him. He pulled back on Damien's thick cock, over the smooth skin, the tiny bumps of veins to the head. He tightened his lips and sucked.

Damien groaned. A drop of cum oozed from the tiny hole and Kaz licked it up, relished the salty flavor. Damien's flavor. He slowed down, savored every inch of Damien's delicious cock.

"Don't stop." Damien's whisper was ragged. "Please."

Kaz shook his head and squeezed Damien's ass. He loved that ass. Those hard pale globes fit perfectly in his hands, as if Damien had been made for him. At least that's how it felt.

Kaz slipped the fingers of one hand into the crevice and sought out Damien's tight hole.

Damien sucked in a breath. "Yes," he breathed. His fingers tightened on Kaz's head and he bucked his hips lightly against the rhythm of Kaz's mouth on his cock.

Kaz had never sucked a guy who hadn't loved it, but the way Damien thrashed and grabbed and whispered his name showed an appreciation that went beyond the physical pleasure, as if nothing else would satisfy him but Kaz.

"Please, please, don't stop."

The fevered order urged Kaz on. He pushed a fingertip into Damien's ass.

"Ooohh." Damien groaned and sagged against Kaz's hand.

Kaz pushed it in further and swallowed up Damien's cock all at once.

"Fuck," Damien ground out. His cock twitched in Kaz's mouth.

Kaz pulled back and swirled his tongue around the plump head, followed the ridges and contours with the tip and licked up another drop of pre-cum. He pushed a second finger into Damien and pushed it in deep, stretched Damien open gently, then took Damien's cock in his mouth again.

Damien clutched at Kaz's hair. His cock twitched again and erupted. Kaz swallowed the hot spurts, one after the other, milked every ounce of pleasure Damien's body could give him. As if to make up every moment Kaz had deprived Damien of in the past six months.

Damien groaned. The tension drained from his body. His hands eased on Kaz's head and he sagged against Kaz's hands.

Kaz slipped his fingers from Damien's ass and pulled Damien onto his lap. Damien straddled him and buried his face in the curve of Kaz's neck. Kaz held him, still tasting Damien's flavor on his tongue and in his throat. Damien's back heaved under his hands. In the background, the soft, sexy music still played.

Kaz took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He breathed in Damien's scent and caressed his skin, damp with sweat. His own cock was harder than granite and pushed against Damien's bottom. Any moment now, Damien would probably start pouring out

his feelings. He almost always did that after sex. Giving Damien a blowjob was like injecting him with truth serum.

Damien brushed his lips against Kaz's neck. His hands rested on Kaz's shoulders and he squeezed them while he nuzzled Kaz's neck.

Kaz took a deep breath and tilted his head. Damien's kisses heated, as did his caresses. He nibbled Kaz's jaw and throat and slid his hands up the back of Kaz's neck into his hair.

Kaz sighed. He cradled Damien's back in his hands. Mmm, that warm skin over sleek muscles. Damien was incredible. Hot, sexy, loving. And sweet. Perfect.

"I've missed you so much," Damien breathed between feathery soft kisses. He rained a trail of kisses across Kaz's lips and cheeks. "I miss you. I'm sorry if I drove you away. I'm so sorry."

Guilt stabbed Kaz. Damien sounded tortured, sad.

He had reason to be. He'd trusted Kaz with his heart as well as his body. That had been nearly impossible for him after being abused. So many times Kaz wished he could have beaten up that uncle the way he'd beaten up the bastard in the alley that night. How anyone could hurt a guy like Damien?

And yet, he'd hurt him too.

"Kaz, please. Tell me you forgive me." Damien smothered the side of his neck with kisses and groped wildly at him.

Shit. This was *wrong*. Gently he grasped Damien's upper arms. "Damien stop. Stop, please." He worked Damien off him and held him far away enough to look into his eyes.

Damien stared down at him, green eyes wide, face flushed. He clutched Kaz's shoulders. "What? What is it?"

Kaz sighed. He looked briefly away, plagued with guilt. How could he have let Damien go this long believing he'd driven his lover away? "Listen, sweetheart, I...have something to tell you."

Chapter Two

Damien stiffened. His hands slipped from Kaz's shoulders. "What do you mean?"

Kaz sighed again. He let his hands slide down Damien's back and come to rest on Damien's thighs. He caressed the muscles gently, briefly appreciated the smoothness of the downy hair on them. "I mean, you didn't do anything to drive me away. It's me."

"Oh God." Damien scrambled off Kaz's lap. "You're with someone else. Oh God." His breath came in sudden quick gasps and he dropped to his knees. "My worst nightmare finally happened."

"Damien, no." Kaz reached out and grasped Damien's arms. "There's no one else. I swear."

Damien looked at him. Those sinfully gorgeous green eyes stared into his. He looked pained and hopeful. "No one?"

Kaz tugged Damien up and pulled him onto his lap again. He held onto Damien's arms, brushed his thumbs across Damien's smooth biceps. "No one. You're it for me. I swear."

Relief flooded Damien's face for a moment, just as quickly replaced by confusion. "Then what? What the hell's going on? Why did you just disappear?"

Kaz heaved a deep sigh. He let go of Damien's right arm and slipped his hand into his jacket hanging on the back of the chair. He pulled out the bottle of pills and held it up. "*This*," he said softly. "This is what's going on."

Alarm widened Damien's already huge eyes. He took the bottle and studied it. The longer he looked at the bottle, the less panicked his expression. "They're beta blockers." He looked back at Kaz, confusion still clouding his face. "My father takes these." He furrowed his brow. "I still don't get it. Are you telling me this is why you left?"

Kaz nodded. His heart was beating really hard, felt like it was thumping right against his chest. "Remember about seven months ago when I was chasing a perp through that hotel pool area, the indoor one, and the propane line in there broke?"

"Of course I remember. All seven hours in the emergency room."

Kaz sighed again. He took the pills from Damien, slipped them back into his pocket, then rested his hand on Damien's thigh. Damn, that warm hard muscle felt so good under his hand. "Well, my lung x-rays showed some damage." He raked a hand through his hair. "Not completely from the propane. But from when I smoked years ago. For some reason, it didn't show up until later. My lungs actually don't support my heart. They look more like elongated pieces of beef jerky rather than lungs."

Damien gripped Kaz's shoulders. "But...I don't get it. You passed your police physical. You've been working all this time, haven't you?"

He nodded. "Yeah."

Damien fell silent. He pushed his shaggy hair back with one hand. "Are you really sick? Like, dying?"

Kaz shook his head. "No. It's just—"

"Holy shit." Damien shoved a hand again through his thick hair. "I can't believe you left me...over this."

"Damien, let me—"

"Shut up, Kaz." He squeezed Kaz's shoulders. Damien breathed heavily. He looked down. His shaggy hair shielded his face from Kaz and Kaz felt Damien processing his emotions.

Finally, Damien looked up at him. His large eyes were misted over. "Look, you shouldn't have done that. You shouldn't have..." He sighed and looked down again. His hands didn't move from where they rested. "Oh my God." When he looked back up, his green eyes looked wet. "You deprived me of the chance to be there for you,

Kaz.” Another moment passed with Damien staring at him. Then Damien leaned forward and pressed his forehead against Kaz’s.

Kaz melted. He slid his hands up Damien’s back and pulled Damien against him. The rest of him pressed against Damien’s slim form as their bodies molded together. He sighed and closed his eyes. Damien sank against him and Kaz felt the warm softness of Damien’s lips in the curve of his neck. Under Kaz’s hands, Damien’s back heaved in short pants, the way it did whenever Damien cried.

“I’m so sorry, Damien.”

Damien cried softly, not answering.

Kaz sighed and held him, stroked the smooth warm skin of Damien’s heaving back.

After what seemed a long time, Damien’s crying lessened. He lifted his face from Kaz’s neck and looked at him.

Kaz took in a breath. Damn, Damien was even gorgeous when his eyes were red and puffy.

“Kaz.”

Moments like these, Kaz fell in love with Damien all over again. He reached up and cupped Damien’s cheek. “What is it, baby?”

“Why didn’t you tell me? Have I been so unsupportive that you couldn’t come to me with this? Did you have to hide something like that?” His voice was small, pleading, like a frightened child.

Guilt stabbed Kaz again. “Hell, no. You’re not unsupportive, Damien.” He brushed his thumb across Damien’s cheek. Caught up in the feel of his clean-shaven skin, his let his touch slide over Damien’s chin, traced the sexy cleft in the center. “You’re the best.”

A tear rolled down Damien’s cheek and Kaz brushed it away.

“Damien, you don’t understand. The doctor told me to be careful, mostly with sex. I can still work. I’m just not supposed to overdo it. I’ve been hustling to keep it quiet there too. He sighed. “It’s one thing to pretend at my job. That’s hard enough. But to be

careful about sex with you? When I heard that I freaked out.” He looked Damien straight in the eyes. “This is the God’s honest truth. You’re so damned sexy, I get hard just looking at you.” His shoulders sagged and he glanced away. “I can’t control myself with you, even after all this time. I didn’t know what else to do.”

Several seconds passed and Damien didn’t speak. Kaz’s heart lurched and he looked up at Damien.

To his shock, Damien looked joyful. He wore a huge smile and his eyes, though red and blurry from crying, almost danced. “That’s the sweetest thing you could ever say to me, Kaz. Even though I can’t believe you were so immature. You really can be so goddamned immature.”

“You’re right. I’m sorry, Dame.”

Damien gripped his shoulders and bore his eyes into Kaz’s. “Don’t ever do that again,” he said. “I can’t go through losing you like that again.”

Kaz stared up at him. The pain in Damien’s eyes filled him with more guilt. He’d been Damien’s first and only serious relationship. Damien was fiercely loyal and obviously adored him. Kaz felt he’d never be able to make up the pain he’d caused his lover. But then, how the hell could he be around Damien every day and not have sex with him? He was damned either way. If he strained himself and got sicker, he’d lose Damien, and if he deprived Damien, he’d lose him that way.

“Sex is not a problem, Kaz.”

Kaz exhaled. “Of course it is.” He let his gaze rove down Damien’s chest, over Damien’s perfectly sculpted pecs covered with soft brown hair, his cinnamon-toned nipples and then down his tight abs with the sexy trail of hair that ran down the center and ended at his scrumptious cock and juicy balls. Oh, yeah. Definitely a problem.

Kaz’s cock jumped to attention. Damien was beautiful, enticing. The ultimate man.

Damien wiggled forward a bit on Kaz’s lap and rubbed against Kaz’s groin.

Kaz tilted his head back and groaned softly. “Damien,” he whispered.

"Shh." Damien leaned forward and kissed his lips. He slid his hands down Kaz's arms and back up again. He pulled back slightly and rubbed Kaz's chest over his t-shirt, teased one nipple into a hard bud. "You'll see," he said in a husky voice. "No strain. I'll do *all* the work."

Before Kaz could answer, Damien took his mouth again, slipped his tongue between Kaz's lips and swirled it hungrily into every moist recess of Kaz's mouth. With his hands anchored on Kaz's shoulders, Damien lifted himself a few inches off Kaz's lap and resumed his seductive grinding.

Damien lifted his mouth from their kiss. "*You* are going to get the lap dance of your life," he said, his voice a seductive purr.

Kaz groaned. His eyelids fluttered as his body grew increasingly helpless. Damien had always been able to overpower him this way. Kaz sagged down in the chair, more heavily with each brush of Damien's sweet ass against his cock. His t-shirt pulled out of his jeans and Damien used the chance to push the material up, past Kaz's chest. Damien's warm breath blew across Kaz's bare skin.

Kaz sighed, head tilted back. Damien had him, conveyed his victory in the way he caressed Kaz's chest, brushed his thumbs softly over Kaz's nipples. Kaz pulled in a breath. His nipples pebbled under Damien's touch. Damien leaned over and licked one hardened bud. Back and forth he flicked the moist warmth of his tongue until Kaz arched his back. His eyes fluttered closed and his whole chest tingled. Damien licked him again and then blew a cool breath over the skin he'd anointed.

Kaz's hands fell to his sides. "Holy shit," he rasped. It hit him then what a complete asshole he'd been to deprive himself of Damien's luscious wickedness all this time. As well as hurting Damien.

Damien lifted his mouth away and grinned down at Kaz. He lifted Kaz's t-shirt up and Kaz raised his arms so Damien could pull it all the way off.

Damien tossed the t-shirt aside and looked down at Kaz's bare chest. Kaz saw Damien's green gaze move across from one set of pecs to the other, then down his

abdomen. Damien's eyes practically simmered and he licked his lips. Finally he lifted his gaze up to Kaz's eyes and looked at him from under heavy lids. "Just stay there, lover," he said in that husky tone he had every time he was turned on. A few more cock-hardening rounds of his ass against Kaz's groin and Damien danced off his lap. Damien turned, threaded the fingers of both hands in his own hair and swayed his hips, back and forth, slightly bent at the waist.

Damn. Damien was playing hardball. No pun intended. He knew how much Kaz loved to watch him from behind. The pale smooth muscles of Damien's butt cheeks flexed with each sway of his slim hips and his legs were far apart enough to give Kaz a teasing view of the plump sac hanging between his sleekly muscled thighs. Kaz stared, chest heaving. Any thought he'd had of staying away from Damien got yanked right out of his head. There was no way in hell he was ever going to get away now. Damien was making sure of that.

Well, he didn't want to leave. Never had. He was afraid to think of how stupid he'd really been to freak out about his heart.

Damien grinned at Kaz over his shoulder, bent over and swooped his tie off the floor. He danced his way to the back of Kaz's chair, slid his hands down Kaz's arms and drew Kaz's hands together behind the back of the chair.

The next thing Kaz knew, Damien was binding his wrists together with the tie. Not tightly enough to hurt him, but enough to get the message across that he wasn't going anywhere.

"Just so you don't try and take over, lover," Damien whispered, so close to his ear his soft breath tickled, sent a delicious shiver through Kaz's body, right into his straining cock. "Like I said, I'm doing it all. You won't have to lift a finger." He slunk around to the front, bent over and took Kaz's lips in another hot, open-mouthed kiss.

Damien must have put the tape player on auto-reverse because the music that had begun their lesson now played again. The crooning lyrics, slow and sexy, singing about nothing but making love, made the perfect, orgasmic backdrop to Damien's seduction.

Damien slipped his tongue between Kaz's lips in a slow, easy way that matched the rhythm of the music. In lazy circles he massaged Kaz's lips and tongue, filled Kaz's senses with his sweet masculine scent and flavor.

Kaz felt like his brain was melting from the kiss alone. His cock was hard enough to drill through a two-by-four and felt like it could push a hole right through his jeans to get to Damien. Kaz's chest heaved and his mind swirled, hazy, lost in Damien's pleasurable teasing. He sagged further in the chair and the movement made his wrists strain against their bonds. The pulling sensation heightened his enjoyment of being helpless in Damien's power.

Everyone should be so damn lucky.

Damien's hands went to the button of Kaz's jeans. A couple of deft tugs and Kaz felt the material open, expose the waistband of his briefs. One glance down and Kaz saw the full effect Damien had on him. A drop of pre-cum had darkened the white cotton.

Damien chuckled. "Well hello there." He brushed his fingertips over the swollen head of Kaz's cock through the thin material.

The gentle touch made Kaz gasp. Immediately, more cum oozed from the tiny opening.

Damien pulled the waistband down and smoothed a fingertip over the moisture, gathering it onto his index finger. His eyes sparkled with desire and he licked Kaz's pre-cum off his fingertip. "Mmm. I'm glad to see Kaz junior still likes me."

Kaz grinned back at him. "Of course he does. He never stopped liking you." His cock twitched as if it had a life of its own. "He'd like more."

Damien didn't answer. He stood back, took hold of Kaz's jeans and slid them down until they crumpled around his ankles. Damien knelt down, ran his palms over Kaz's thighs, then leaned over and pressed his lips to the head of Kaz's cock.

Kaz sucked in a breath. The soft heat of Damien's mouth sent shivers of pleasure through Kaz's cock, right into his balls. Instinctively, Kaz went to thread his fingers into

Damien's shaggy hair, only to tug against his restraints. The pull of the tie on his wrists was an erotic thrill and Kaz surrendered to his bound state.

Damien slid his fingertips under the waistband and worked the briefs down, moving carefully over Kaz's fully-hard cock which sprang right out. To his delight, Damien caught it in his mouth and slid his head right down, engulfing Kaz's entire aching length in the hot suction of his lips.

Damien savored that hard cock as it slid against his tongue. *Damn*, Kaz's musky flavored invaded his senses. Nothing tasted and felt better to him than Kaz. Any part of him, but especially this part. For him, Kaz had a magic nectar and Damien wanted to milk every drop.

Kaz groaned and sagged in the chair. His complete surrender to Damien's mouth made Damien hotter. With his hands on Kaz's muscular thighs, Damien tightened his lips and pulled back, tasting every vein and inch of silky skin along the way.

"Fuck, Damien." Kaz's voice was hoarse, tight. He was loving it.

Damien smiled to himself and brushed his fingertips over Kaz's balls. They were as swollen and tight as his cock and made Damien itch to taste them too. He let Kaz's cock slip from his mouth and kissed his way down the underside of the thick shaft to those delicious twin globes in their sac.

"Oh my God." Kaz practically lay back in the chair and spread his knees wide apart, ass upward.

Damien made the most of it. He laved Kaz's balls with the flat of his tongue, then feathered the tip over the crinkly skin, guided by Kaz's groans and curses of pleasure. Eagerly, he spread Kaz's butt cheeks and feathered the tip of his tongue over Kaz's tight delicious hole.

"Damien," Kaz whispered over and over.

His delicious submission made Damien feel more wicked and he ran his tongue back over Kaz's balls and up the shaft of his cock. He took Kaz deep in his mouth again and sucked him up, swallowing that incredible cock as deep as he could, almost to Kaz's dark pubic hair. More droplets of cum oozed from the tip and Damien drank the salty fluid.

Kaz's flavor filled him, drove him wild. He'd wanted to tease the big galoot much longer, but now his own ass tingled with need. All he wanted was that thick cock buried deep inside him.

Damien pulled back and let Kaz slip from his mouth. The meaty cock remained straight up. The sight sent a shiver of want through Damien. "Be right back." He winked at Kaz who panted, pale skin flushed, massive, hairy chest heaving.

Kaz didn't ask him where he was going. No doubt he already knew.

Damien grabbed his bottle of olive oil from the kitchen cabinet and came back, unscrewing the cap as he crossed over to Kaz. He drizzled the fruity-smelling oil into his palm and knelt back down in one movement. Kaz caught his breath and Damien smiled up at him.

Damien reached out and closed his oiled hand around Kaz's cock. "Hey, lover," he said in a near whisper, just above the crooning music, "It's been too long since I've had that cock of yours."

Kaz groaned when Damien spread the oil up and down his shaft. "Yes," he said, panting, "much too long."

Damien grinned as he anointed every thick inch of Kaz's cock with oil, then reached down and smoothed the remaining oil into his ass. "I'm about to fix that right now." He rose and straddled Kaz's lap, remaining just high enough to guide the head of Kaz's oiled cock to his opening.

The slippery head pushed right in. Damien groaned and tilted his head back. Damn, he'd missed this so fucking much. He wiggled back and forth, pushing himself bit by bit onto Kaz's straining cock. So many times that cock had been buried deep

inside him and he knew every contour, just what angle to tilt his hips in order to bring that thick hardness inside him.

Kaz moaned again and tilted his hips. The movement made his cock slide in deeper.

When Kaz was more than halfway inside Damien's tight channel, Damien pushed down, impaled himself the rest of the way until he sank onto Kaz's lap.

Kaz's thickness filled him so completely Damien felt drunk. With his hands on Kaz's broad shoulders, Damien anchored himself and began to ride Kaz, pushing up from the floor and lowering himself back down in a steady rhythm. At the same time, he leaned over and took Kaz's lips, laved them with wild soft kisses. God, he'd missed Kaz so much, the tidal wave of emotion burst and he channeled every ounce of love and passion he'd bottled up for six months onto Kaz now.

Kaz groaned into Damien's mouth. The sound vibrated all through him. Kaz's cock twitched deep inside his channel. Damien squeezed his muscles and moved faster, milked Kaz's cock until Kaz released a long soft groan. Damien knew that sound well, the sound of his lover's climax. He rode Kaz in smooth strokes until the warm cum stopped spurting inside him and Kaz went limp.

Damien sat on him, kept Kaz inside him and leaned over, pressed his forehead against Kaz. Kaz's skin was hot and sweaty and the delicious smell of sex permeated the air.

Damien cupped the back of Kaz's head with both hands and stroked his short, smooth hair with his fingertips. He panted and Kaz's breath pulsed onto his lips. After a moment, he wanted to feel Kaz's arms around him. He leaned around the chair and undid the tie.

"How are you feeling?" He tossed the tie to the floor and searched Kaz's face for signs of strain. Aside from looking flushed from sex, Kaz seemed okay.

Kaz looked back at him from under his heavy lids. He nodded. "I'm fine." His lips curled up lazily. "You were right."

Damien kissed him. His heart squeezed again. "Please hold me," he whispered.

Kaz obeyed him silently. Damien's eyes fluttered closed as Kaz embraced him. He rested against Kaz, their bare skin fused together and he tried to feel what Kaz was feeling in the way the other man held him. He couldn't bear it if Kaz insisted on staying away from him.

Damien shifted. His own cock was hard again from riding Kaz, but he didn't want to move, didn't want to end this moment. As if Kaz could just slip away from him again.

As if sensing Damien's emotions, Kaz tightened his arms around him. "I'm sorry, Dame," he said softly, fingertips pressing tenderly into Damien's back. "I'll make it up to you, I swear."

Kaz closed his eyes and breathed in Damien's scent. Damien was clinging to him like a little boy. He slipped one hand into Damien's hair and caressed his scalp, wishing that the tiny strokes alone could restore the damage he'd done to Damien's trust. Damien had worked his ass off to heal from his abuse so that he and Kaz could have a full, loving relationship and that's how Kaz had paid him back. By abandoning him. If he had three hundred years he didn't feel as if he could make things up to him.

Damien lifted away first and looked down at him. His eyelids were heavy, dreamy, but the look in his green eyes was poignant. "I don't care about what happened, Kaz. Just don't *leave* me." He leaned over and pressed a kiss to Kaz's lips. He started to lift away then seemed to change his mind, deepening the kiss instead of ending it.

Kaz closed his eyes and savored the taste and feel of Damien's soft lips, the tender love and devotion that came through in his touch. He caressed Damien's back in long, slow circles. Touching Damien had always been his favorite thing to do in the whole world, aside from licking, kissing...

Wanting to feel Damien again, he slid his hand to Damien's cock, palmed the smooth hard shaft.

Damien caught his breath and closed a hand gently over his. He pulled from their kiss and looked down at him. "Save that for later," he said softly. "Just before bed. Just before we fall asleep together."

A sweet shiver passed through Kaz and he experienced that melting sensation again. Yeah, he needed to stay with Damien, to hold him all night if he could, no matter what else was going on.

A smile tugged up the corners of Damien's sweet lips. In the short time since Kaz had met Damien coming out of his classroom, Damien's face was transformed. The sparkle had come back into his eyes.

Kaz reached up and touched Damien's cheek. He wished so badly he could reverse time. If he could, he'd not have done anything to take that sparkle out in the first place.

"Hey," Damien said. He clasped Kaz's wrist then wriggled off his lap. "It's time to see what moves you got, mister."

Kaz smiled. He'd forgotten the reason he was here in the first place. He stood up and pulled up his briefs and jeans. "Yeah. Here, I'll get dressed again just to get undressed."

Damien laughed. He'd already slipped his bikinis and slacks back on, leaving his shirt off and took Kaz's place on the chair. "Tuck your t-shirt in too. Best to practice all of it."

The music played in the background. The current song was ending and when the next one segued, Damien pointed to him. "Start with this song. Remember what I said. Take a deep breath and let the music flow through you. Then—strip."

Damien suppressed a smile. Kaz had that look he always got on his face when he felt self-conscious. Which wasn't often, but did happen. "Just remember, take it easy. Don't do anything that you can't do while grinding your hips."

"All right." Kaz stood quietly, eyes dark with concentration. His large hands were curled into fists. Damien looked at them and took a deep breath. Those fists had saved him from getting raped thirteen years ago. He still saw Kaz as a kind of protector, even after the way he'd bailed. "Unclench your hands, Kaz. Too much tension in them."

Kaz released the fists and shook his hands out. He looked down at Damien, his expression nervous. Their gazes locked for several seconds and Kaz's chiseled features relaxed somewhat and a grin teased at his lips. "I feel like a jerk."

Damien let his gaze travel down the length of Kaz's body, over his broad chest, tapered hips, bulging thighs clearly outlined in his jeans, then back up, over his muscled forearms dusted with soft black hair. Kaz's broad shoulders stretched the white material of his t-shirt. Damien's cock twitched. "You sure don't look like a jerk," he said. "You're hot as hell."

Kaz chuckled. "You're prejudiced."

Damien grinned. "I have firsthand knowledge."

Now Kaz laughed. His tension seemed to break and he began to move his hips. He was a pretty good dancer to begin with so Damien wasn't worried about Kaz getting it. Within moments, Kaz had a sexy wind going. Those slim hips moved in delectable, erotic circles that made Damien's head swim and his erection push against his bikinis. "Now," he murmured, though his throat had gone dry. "Undo the button and fly of your jeans."

Kaz's hands went to his jeans. Damien saw Kaz lose the beat for half a second then pick it up again as he undid the button. The spirit of the dance seemed to catch Kaz up a bit and he grinned as he went for the zipper and moved it up and down in a teasing way.

Damien's mouth began to water. "That's right," he breathed. "You're getting it." He leaned back in the chair to ease the tension on his cock. Damn, maybe Kaz had gone into the wrong profession. *He* should have been the stripper. He was a meaty stud, the

kind most guys went for, not to mention he also had that irresistible tough-outside-tender-inside thing going on. “Now, pull the shirt out and hold onto the hem.”

Kaz took instruction well. He eased the hem of his t-shirt out of the open jeans, giving Damien a tasty glance of his flat lower abdomen and the cock-hardening trail of dark hair that ran from his navel down into his pubic hair.

“That’s it. Lift the shirt *very* slowly. Give an inch-by-inch view of the goods.”

Kaz’s grin widened. He was visibly working to stay with the rhythm of the music but the glorious body he was revealing went far to make up for the amateur dancing. A little more practice, Damien decided, and he’d be able to pull it off.

Of course, Damien planned to be there for every step, including on the stage at the Moritz. Kaz would find *that* out in the morning.

In rhythmic tugs, Kaz worked the t-shirt higher. Inch by inch he exposed his flat, carved abs and bulging pecs. His small dark nipples were still hard and the late afternoon sunlight peeping through the blinds made the silky hair on his chest glint. He was nothing short of a god.

Damien cleared his throat. “Good. Keep lifting and don’t stop until your head is clear of the neckline.”

Kaz lifted his arms straight up with the t-shirt bunched up across his hands. His arms and chest flexed with the movement and Damien couldn’t keep his eyes off that torso, staring at every delicious inch, including the soft black hair in Kaz’s armpits. Each tiny chisel of muscle, every hair, beckoned to Damien and he gripped the edges of the chair seat to keep from wrapping himself around Kaz again.

Damien suppressed a groan. “Okay, gently work the t-shirt off your hands and toss it away, preferably into the audience. They love that shit.” He’d seen guys pick up his discarded things and sniff them. Whatever. He watched Kaz’s muscles flex yet more as Kaz followed his instruction. In the next moment, the white t-shirt landed in Damien’s lap.

Damien chuckled. He picked it up and held the shirt to his face. Hell, it had to be okay to sniff Kaz's things. He'd been with the guy thirteen years. They weren't exactly strangers. Damien closed his eyes and breathed in Kaz's scent that clung to the material. Clean musk, cologne and a hint of sweat. Nothing smelled better to Damien in the whole damned world.

When he opened his eyes again, Kaz had stopped moving and was staring at him, a strange, tender look in his dark eyes.

Damien felt his cheeks burn. In all that time, he'd never actually smelled Kaz's things in front of him. It had always been something he did in private, just before throwing the laundry into the machine or before hanging up something of Kaz's he'd accidentally left behind, in the closet. Damien set the shirt down in his lap, still clutching the material. "Keep going."

Kaz stared at him a moment longer then obeyed. His hands went to the waist of his jeans and he started dancing again, lowering the waistband down his hips in a seductive way. The swing of the dance seemed to catch him up again and his grin returned, dark eyes simmering as he pushed the jeans down not quite to mid-thigh.

Damien sat up. "Awesome. Now stop there and just thrust your pelvis a few times." Kaz did so and the bulge in the front of his white briefs grabbed Damien's gaze and held it. His heart pounded and his cock strained to the point of discomfort. Six months had been one hell of a long time and it was going to take more than one blowjob to drain off the excess. "Now, turn and do it again. Show the audience that perfect ass."

Kaz danced in a small circle and flexed his butt cheeks. The perfect round muscles tightened and relaxed, made Damien's mind melt. Damien cleared his throat again. "Let the jeans drop now and step out of them."

Kaz let the jeans drop to his ankles but when he went to step out of them, he stumbled. He caught himself before falling on his ass and looked at Damien, face flushed. "I'm not so sure about that move."

Damien smiled. "Don't worry. Pull them up a bit then lie down on your back and work them off. Roll around a bit, lift your legs, pelvis, anything that keeps you in the rhythm."

"Yes, boss." Kaz went down to the floor and Damien watched him experiment with various positions. Damien especially liked the pose where Kaz had his ass up in the air as if he were about to get fucked. Finally, Kaz found a sequence that worked. The maneuvers required a certain amount of ass wiggling, bending over and pelvic thrusts to get the jeans off gracefully.

Damien applauded while his raging hard-on throbbed. "You got it!" He applauded some more and wolf-whistled while Kaz danced around in his white briefs. The material outlined his cock and balls to perfection and Damien's hand itched to palm them. "Hey you, dance your way over here. It's time to deal with a Johnny Pocket."

Kaz grinned at him. "Anything you say." He danced his way closer, grinding his hips in those seductive circles that made his tight abs flex with each movement. Damien felt his mouth go dry as he pulled a dollar bill from his wallet and held it out as if he were a spectator at the club.

Kaz got up close and tilted his pelvis out, still moving in time to the music. Damien slipped the dollar bill into the waistband and then slid his hand out to glide down the front of Kaz's cock. Kaz had lightning reflexes and jerked back, but not before Damien got a quick handful of Kaz's plump juicy balls.

Damien laughed even though his body tingled wildly from the brief touch. "You lost your rhythm, Detective. Let's try again."

They repeated the exercise until Kaz could dance easily away from the groping hand without breaking his rhythm and Damien was practically licking his lips. Then Damien had Kaz get dressed and do the whole routine again. And again. Until it was nearly perfect. By the time he felt that Kaz was about ready the sun had long set. They were both starved so Damien ordered Italian to be delivered from the local restaurant.

He hung up the phone and sank down on the sofa next to Kaz, who slumped back to rest, his head tilted back on the cushions. "You're going to have your first performance in about forty-five minutes."

Kaz lifted his head. "What are you talking about?"

Damien grinned. "Reynaldo is delivering our food. When he gets here, I'm going to have you try out your routine on him."

Kaz shot bolt upright. "Damien, no."

Damien clasped his arm. "Look, according to you, you don't have much time to pull this off. You're going to the Moritz tomorrow to get a job there, right?"

Kaz nodded. "That's true." He leaned back against the cushions again. A delicious sight with that broad chest heaving, straining against his white t-shirt.

"Well, best to start with a receptive audience. Build your confidence, right? And, well, Reynaldo has had a crush on you for years now. You know that."

Kaz turned his head on the pillow. A lazy grin curled on side of his sensuous lips. "He's had a crush on *us*, you mean."

He nodded. "Yeah." He chuckled. "So, you'll do it, right? It's good practice."

Kaz shrugged. "Sure. If I had more time to do all this, though, I wouldn't."

Damien lay back, his side pressed against the other man and caressed Kaz's chest. He leaned in closer and breathed in Kaz's musky scent. Kaz put an arm around him and they rested like that, quietly, until the doorbell rang.

Chapter Three

When Kaz opened his eyes the next morning, he found Damien still in his arms. They'd made love again and then fallen asleep not long after Kaz gave his practice performance for the pizza delivery guy. They'd known Reynaldo for years and Reynaldo, true to Damien's word, had been a receptive, wide-eyed audience. He'd tried to give them dinner for free as a thank you but Kaz had slipped a twenty into the guy's pocket as he left.

After supper, they'd gone back to Damien's bedroom. It had been damn nice to stay the night with Damien again and he had another moment of realizing what a fool he'd been to risk what he had with Damien.

Damien's quiet breathing was the only sound besides the birds in the maple trees outside. The top of Damien's head was just under his chin, so he closed his eyes again and breathed in the scent of Damien's hair. Damn, Damien felt so good in his arms. He always had and Kaz knew he'd be kicking himself for a long time to come over having bailed for six whole months.

He hated to think of how much longer he might have waited had he not needed Damien's help. No good to dwell on that or he'd start thinking of himself as the biggest asshole in the world. When you had a guy like Damien, sexy and loyal, who worshiped you, it was only a true fool who'd risk losing him.

Damien stirred in his sleep and his bare ass rubbed against Kaz's cock. Of course, the brush of contact made his cock stir and wake up hungry. In all their years together, there was barely a night they slept in the same bed that Kaz didn't get a major hard-on first thing in the morning. Maybe he would have responded this way with another guy, but had never spent the whole night with anyone but Damien. And had never wanted

to. But really, what difference did it make? They had something special and he didn't want to fuck it up again.

Damien turned over. His thigh rubbed against Kaz's cock, now almost fully erect. Damien opened his eyes and blinked. As if he'd forgotten Kaz had stayed with him, he crinkled his brow then looked up. A smile curved his sexy lips. "Good morning, Detective." Another second and his grin widened. He moved his thigh a bit, back and forth, which made Kaz groan. "That's quite a morning glory you have there."

Kaz returned his grin. He reached out and smoothed back Damien's hair. Damien was beautiful in the morning with his shaggy hair mussed, falling in front of his eyes and light stubble on his cheeks and jaw. "It's all for you, baby."

Without a word, Damien reached down between them and palmed Kaz's cock. The softness of Damien's hand against the straining shaft sent a jolt of heat through it, right down to his balls. Damien started rubbing him, light quick strokes that made Kaz pant. Instinctively, he turned onto his back and submitted to Damien's massage.

Damien pushed the covers off both of them and Kaz tilted his head and watched Damien's hand slide deftly up and down the length of his cock. A drop of pre-cum oozed from the slit and Damien slid down and licked it off. Kaz groaned at the moist warmth of Damien's tongue and then groaned again when Damien closed his lips over the head and sucked while he rubbed the lower part of Kaz's cock.

The sight of Damien's chestnut hair swinging as his head bobbed up and down and the incredible suction of Damien's mouth along with the hand rubbing pushed him over the edge. Damien went still and Kaz could feel Damien's mouth working as he drank his lover down. Damien stayed there until he was empty and breathing heavily, then he scooted back up and snuggled into him.

Kaz stroked Damien's hair while he caught his breath. He leaned over and kissed Damien's head. Looking down, he saw Damien's hard-on and eased Damien onto his back. "My turn to take care of you." He started to scoot down but Damien grasped his arms.

"Not yet," Damien said softly. "Save it for later."

Kaz looked at him, at the serious look in Damien's green eyes. Then he understood. "It's all right, Dame. I was wrong to worry so much about my heart —"

"It's not that. I just want to save something for later."

Kaz looked at him, concerned at the catch in Damien's voice. Damien had done the same thing the day before during the stripping lesson. Six months ago, Damien would have gladly let Kaz suck him off then and there. *Shit*. He scooted back up, pulled Damien against him and caressed his lover's hair. "Damien, you don't have to use the promise of sex to keep me with you. I did a stupid, stupid thing. I won't leave you again."

Damien turned over and looked at him. He reached up and cupped Kaz's cheek. "I believe you, but I want to let time prove it's true." He brushed a kiss across Kaz's lips then wriggled out of his hold. "In the meantime, however, I'm going to make you breakfast while you shower and then help you get ready for your audition at Club Moritz."

Kaz watched Damien slip on a pair of pajama pants. He hated seeing Damien cover that beautiful round ass of his but it was better this way. "What else do I have to do to be ready?"

Damien looked at him. "You have to be fitted for a g-string and you need a tan." He smiled. "Don't worry, I have the kind that comes in a bottle. *And* I have g-strings. You're bigger than I am but I think mine will fit you."

Kaz didn't relish the thought of wearing a string up his ass crack and wiggling his cock around in public, even if his cock was covered. But if he wanted to nail Brady, he had to do it. He watched Damien head for the bedroom door and felt a pang. "Hey, Damien."

Damien stopped, one hand on the doorframe and turned. "Yeah?"

Kaz stared at him. He looked into Damien's large green eyes and his heart thumped. "Thanks."

Damien's look softened and Kaz could see the innocent boy, the one who'd attached himself to Kaz the night he'd ripped the drunk guy off him in the alley behind the Moritz. Kaz vowed more than ever that he'd restore Damien's trust in him.

"You're welcome, Detective," Damien said and left the room.

* * * * *

After a huge breakfast and a pot of coffee, Kaz followed Damien back into the bedroom and watched Damien reach into the top drawer of his bureau. "One of these should work." He pulled out a fistful of underwear and dumped them on the bed. Damien's green eyes sparkled as he picked up one fire engine red g-string. Damien had a passion for red. "At least it'll be fun watching you try them on."

Kaz groaned and slipped off his jeans and briefs. He tried on several of the damned things until he found a purple one that he could move around in without feeling like his jewels would fall out of them or that he was having his asshole sawed in two.

"Perfect," Damien said. "Don't take it off. Stand still and I'll give you a tan."

"All right." Kaz stood in the middle of the floor in nothing but the g-string while Damien squeezed the tanning lotion into one palm and smoothed it all over Kaz's body. Damien had a gentle touch and Kaz could feel Damien's love for him in the gentle slide of his hand as he rubbed in the lotion. He tilted his head back as Damien massaged the stuff onto his chest and rubbed it in.

He heard Damien clear his throat as if he were going to speak.

"I'm coming with you, Kaz."

Kaz jerked his head up and stared at Damien. "What?"

Damien leveled him a look. His expression was hard to read. "I'm coming with you...to Club Moritz." He squeezed out more lotion and rubbed it into Kaz's stomach.

"I can't let you do that, Dame."

"You need to. I can get you in there more easily. Besides, I...know Brady. Since high school. He was hanging out at the Moritz when I danced there."

Kaz's heart lurched. "You know him?"

Damien nodded.

"Like, know him in the biblical sense?" Kaz felt jealousy burn inside him. That was the one distinct disadvantage to loving an incredibly hot guy, even though Damien had barely any experience when they got together. He'd given hand jobs and masturbated for guys at the club to earn extra in tips, but he hadn't ever allowed anyone to have intercourse with him or suck him off until Kaz.

"Of course not. I'm not his type. You are. Even in high school he always went for big dark-haired galoots like yourself." Damien pursed his lips, seeming to think of something. "Besides, I don't think he necessarily was a dealer back then but he did snort the stuff and he really only hung out with other guys who did too." Damien smeared some more tanning lotion onto Kaz's back. "I figure you have a good chance of having him ask you for a lap dance, or something like that." Damien sounded glum on that last statement.

A flutter erupted in Kaz's gut. He really didn't want to have to go that far.

"I figured if I was there with you, like a duo, the two of us, then maybe there's a better chance of just giving him a private show. And then you have an *in* that will help you look for the stuff."

It was as if Damien had been reading Kaz's mind. That happened quite a bit with him and Damien and the longer they'd been together, the more often it happened.

Kaz sighed. His dilemma was seriously cutting into the pleasure of Damien's rubbing the lotion all over his nearly naked body. "I guess you're right, Dame. *But* should I find the stuff there and have to make the bust, you are not to be anywhere *near* the Moritz. Got it?"

Damien slid a lotion-filled palm over one of Kaz's butt cheeks and gave it a nice firm squeeze. "Got it."

Kaz fell quiet and let himself enjoy Damien's touch. Until he had a disturbing thought. "Damien?"

"Yeah?"

"How come you didn't mention yesterday that you knew Brady, I mean, when I was telling you about the case?"

Damien didn't answer right away and Kaz could feel Damien's mind working, sensed the emotions whirling around inside him. "Well, at first I didn't say anything because I was still in shock at seeing you and then I was pissed and confused."

"Fair enough."

"And then I didn't want to say anything until I told you I was going to the Moritz with you. I knew you'd object and I wanted to state my case."

Kaz nodded. He had a funny feeling there was something else.

"And then, the other reason I didn't want to say I told you so. It would come off as a major guilt trip. And I don't want to be a bitch."

Kaz's gut fluttered. "You can say it, Dame. I *am* guilty."

Damien sighed. "If you hadn't run off six months ago and had told me about the case from the beginning, I probably could have helped you simply because I already knew Brady." Pause. "But you weren't there to tell."

Kaz looked at him. A pang shot through his heart. "It's not a guilt trip, sweetheart. It's the truth." He ruffled Damien's hair.

Damien smiled, sadly at first but then the sparkle came into his eyes. "However, even if I didn't know the guy, I'd come with you. I haven't seen you in so damn long, I don't want to be away from you."

His words sent a pleasant ripple through Kaz. "I feel the same way."

"I hope so." Damien finished rubbing the lotion in and stood back. "We'll let that soak in and then do a second coat. You'll be ready to audition after that."

"If you say so. I feel ridiculous."

Damien chuckled. "The boner in my pants tells me you look hot."

* * * * *

Damien's heartbeat rose as he and Kaz were admitted through the back door of Club Moritz.

Damien had been the one who'd wanted to stop. He was so happy to have someone he loved and who loved him, he hadn't wanted to wave his body around like a piece of meat and stroke guys off for money anymore. Yeah, Kaz was difficult sometimes, terribly stubborn and well, the way he'd bailed six months ago showed he had a flaky aspect to his character. But for Damien, there was no one else sexier, more loving or more heroic. He felt lucky to have hit the romance jackpot on the first round.

The place was quiet except for the static buzz of someone testing the sound system, glasses clinking at the bar as someone washed them and people talking. John Simmons was still manager of the place and he was usually in his office at this time of day. He liked to be the one to make decisions about the dancers.

"Damien Royce! I can't believe it." John came forward with his hand outstretched. Damien made the handshake as quick as possible. John had sticky fingers and Damien was glad the skinny little guy's eyes weren't hands too, for they'd be trying to stroke his dick. "When you called I thought it was a ghost."

"Hey, John." Damien felt like bugs were crawling on his skin. Not just because of John but because of the place and the memories it brought back. When he'd danced here, he'd been in a bad mind set, confused and unhappy, not knowing how to deal with what his uncle had done to him. Being with Kaz had changed that and if it weren't for Kaz's need, Damien would never have set foot in here again.

"What brings you back here? I couldn't believe it when you called." John leaned back against his desk. That's when his beady little eyes fell on Kaz and he brightened up again. "Who is *this*?" He stepped forward his hand out again to Kaz.

"This is a friend of mine. Frank. Meet John, the manager. Frank wants to dance here. He's new in town and is looking for some work while he gets settled in."

John's eyes widened and he held onto Kaz's hand. "Well, I'm interested in seeing what you've got, Frank."

I bet you are. Damien bit the words back. He didn't want to blow it. Kaz needed to get in here and no doubt Brady would be here. If he was still the creature of habit he'd been back in the old days, then the dick-hound was here every night without fail, trading a line for a blowjob.

He glanced at Kaz. His lover was quietly courteous on the outside, but Damien knew how Kaz worked. He was absorbing every detail about John and about their surroundings. He'd remember everything.

"This way, gentlemen." John led them out of his office and into the club. The interior had changed quite a bit in the last thirteen years. The décor had been renovated to something sleeker, with black cloth chairs and shiny tables. The dancing stage, however, was pretty much the same—a raised platform positioned in such a way that the dancers were clearly visible from every corner of the club.

The air inside was cool and the lights normal, but at night, the bass pounded and the place was crammed full of guys drooling at the dancers and crowding the front to stuff money in their g-strings and feel them up.

Damien pulled the cassette he'd used to teach Kaz out of his pocket. "We have a whole routine, John, if that's okay. I brought our music."

John raised his eyebrows and took the cassette from Damien's hand. "I trust you, Damien. You were one of the best we had back then."

Damien forced himself to smile. "Thanks." He turned to Kaz. "If we get in, we'll use some costumes they keep in the back that are easier to take off, but for now let's just do what we practiced, okay?"

Kaz looked at him and nodded. His dark eyes showed a bit of apprehension but Damien knew that Kaz would pull off the routine with no problem. He was too practiced in going undercover not to be convincing.

Damien winked at him as he led Kaz up the steps to the platform. "Just remember everything I said and keep the rhythm no matter what *I* do. Got it?"

Kaz shot him a grin and winked.

In the next second, "Let's Get It On" started playing over the sound system. Damien stood at Kaz's side a few feet away and took a deep breath. He started winding his hips, letting the rhythm take over. In his dancing days, his love of movement and the vibration of the bass had been the only things that kept him going when he hated working here.

Every few seconds, Damien looked at Kaz and flashed him a grin. Kaz too, seemed caught up in the rhythm as he unbuttoned his fly. He almost looked like an old pro. Damien relaxed a bit more knowing Kaz was doing okay and concentrated on taking his own clothes off. He interspersed his stripping with dancing up behind Kaz, lightly gripping his hips and grinding his cock into the crevice of Kaz's ass.

Thankfully, Kaz didn't break his rhythm and responded by pushing his behind out in a way that was very sensuous and that Damien knew would make John want him to dance here.

When he and Kaz were both in their g-strings, Damien danced around front and pushed his cock against Kaz's, hands on Kaz's hips. Their bodies moved together in perfect rhythm and Damien got so absorbed in the feel of Kaz against him, Kaz's slim waist and warm skin under his hands, that he forgot where he was.

The sound of applause brought him back to the present. He stopped and let his hands fall away from Kaz. Kaz turned to the front at the same time he did to see John standing right up at the edge of the stage, a large grin on his thin face.

"You two are incredible. There's not a soft cock in this room right now, I can guarantee you." He looked at Damien. "You haven't lost it, Damien. And you," he turned to Kaz, "show great promise. So, is this a package deal? The two of you doing this little number?"

Damien stepped sideways and pushed gently against Kaz. He felt a hand on the small of his back in response. Kaz's touch always made him more courageous. "Definitely. We come as a pair."

John smiled. He looked like a very satisfied cat. "Beautiful. You start tonight."

Chapter Four

“Are you nervous?”

Kaz lifted off his t-shirt before answering. His gut fluttered madly but he wasn't sure if it was performance anxiety or anxiety about closing in on Brady. “Yeah, definitely.”

Guys were going in and out of the dressing room, which smelled of stale smoke and sweat. In the background, the bass of the music vibrated through the floor, but Kaz pushed his surroundings to the back of his consciousness.

“Damien, do we really have to wear this shit? What's wrong with the t-shirt and jeans?”

Damien was standing there with some contraption of black leather straps and buckles. He grinned. Kaz knew he'd had something in mind when he made him change into a black thong. “Yes, dear, we really have to wear this shit.” He held the mess of straps out in such a way that Kaz could discern the actual shape of a halter with arm holes. “You and I are pretty vanilla, but if you want to get the big tips, you've got to wear leather.”

Kaz sighed and put his arms back so Damien could slip the halter on. “Besides,” Damien said as he started to do up the straps, “This way, the other stuff you have to take off is much easier. Believe me, you'll be glad for it when doing your first routine for the actual crowd.”

Kaz looked at him. Damien looked damn hot in leather and Kaz felt the stirrings of arousal. If he hadn't been so nervous, he would have gotten a full-blown hard-on. “I appreciate this, Dame,” he said softly.

Damien looked up at him. A shy look stole through his green eyes and he smiled. "It's a good thing you're on the right side of the law," he said. "Because I'd do anything for you."

"You're on, guys."

Kaz turned in time to see John just as he turned from the doorway. In the next second, Damien's sexy tape started to play on the sound system.

Damien grinned and picked up Kaz's hand. "Come on, sexy. Show them all what I'm so crazy about." He tugged Kaz out of the dressing room and down the dark back hall toward the stage entrance.

Kaz followed Damien at a jog up the steps to an explosion of hot lights, sounds and club smells. Kaz could only see the guys crowded right at the edge of the platform because the spotlights blacked out the rest of the place.

Cheers swooped up from the crowd and Kaz could smell sweat and testosterone lacing the clouds of cigarette smoke. He glanced at Damien who'd already begun the seductive grind of his hips, his hands tugging in a teasing way at the black leather vest he wore. Underneath, he had on a black mesh thingy that his nipples showed through.

Kaz forced himself to put Brady out of his mind. The first step was to win over the crowd and to hopefully attract Brady's attention so he'd want a private party. He wound his hips. The crowd of men at the front hooted and reached toward him. He thrust his pelvis out and teased them, dancing just out of reach of their hands.

Damien danced in close to him and he felt the heat of Damien's body around his ass and against his back. Damien closed his hand on Kaz's hips and ground his cock into Kaz's ass. Kaz responded the way he had during their audition and followed the routine Damien had established. He realized it didn't matter so much what he did with this hungry crowd who just seemed to like watching men's bodies and trying to get a touch. Still, he was glad that the full Monty was illegal in this place. He just didn't want to go quite that far.

Damien had been right about the leather. Kaz didn't even need to take it off. Once he was down to the straps and the g-string, the crowd was wild. Guys were waving money in their fists and it took quite a bit of time to work his way across the front of the platform and avoid the Johnny Pockets. He didn't escape without a few fingers brushing his balls and cock. Certainly, Damien was getting some feels too.

The music blended seamlessly into the next number and new guys danced out onto the stage. Kaz followed Damien off the platform and back to the dressing room. They were both panting and Kaz was sweating like crazy from the hot lights and tension.

Damien grabbed him into an embrace. "You were great," he breathed. His body too, was damp with sweat and their bare skin fused together.

Kaz embraced him, relieved to be off the stage. "Thanks."

Damien looked up and placed a palm on Kaz's chest, over his heart. "How are you feeling?"

Kaz covered Damien's hand with his. "Fine. We were going slowly." Damien nodded and relief slipped through his features.

He tugged Kaz gently over to the couch. "Now we rest a bit and wait. Guys who want a private party will come looking for you here. That is, if you're available."

Kaz looked at him and nodded. He remembered what Damien had said that morning about being Brady's type.

Nearly ten minutes had passed and Kaz started to get nervous. He exchanged a look with Damien who shrugged.

"If no one shows up, we'll mingle."

"All right."

The door opened. Kaz's gaze flew to the doorway. A huge guy, about six feet four, wearing an expensive suit filled the entire doorway. He looked right at Kaz. "You available for a party? I got someone who wants you."

Kaz's heart thumped in his chest. He nodded. "I'm available. But I work as a pair." He gestured toward Damien.

The tall guy looked at Damien and nodded. "I'm not sure about that. Bring him along and I'll ask."

"All right." Kaz got up and tugged Damien up with him. He held onto Damien's hand firmly. Even if it was Brady waiting for them, Kaz wasn't going to give the guy a hand job or anything. He glanced at Damien who returned his look with an expression that seemed to say, *Let's hope it's Brady*.

The tall guy led them through the club to a door that said *Private party*. Two more huge guys flanked the door. They stood aside and made room.

The man who'd led them there opened the door, revealing a room that was a miniature of the larger club with the same lighting and black, minimalist decor. Along one side of the room was a long plushly upholstered leather bench, wide enough, Kaz noticed, for a guy to lie down on his back with another guy on top of him.

"Hey, Damien! What the hell?"

Kaz turned. He immediately recognized Brady. About Damien's height, thin and pale with light blond hair and dressed in expensive, ill-fitting clothes. Brady walked up and held his hand out to Damien.

"How long's it been, Damien? Fifteen years?"

Damien accepted his handshake. "Almost."

Brady looked up at Kaz. A look of appreciation slid into his pale blue eyes. Kaz knew he was the reason they were in this room. Slivers of heat shot through every inch of his body. Here he was, right on top of his quarry. "Can I offer you gentlemen a drink?"

"Sure," Damien said.

Brady gestured to his table. "This way."

Kaz let Damien lead. Damien took a seat next to Brady, as if to shield Kaz from him.

Brady snapped his fingers and his goon came to the table. "Have them bring us a round." The man nodded and went off. When he was gone, Brady looked at Damien. "So, I get two for the price of one?"

"That's right," Damien said. Kaz let him do the talking, seeing he'd known the guy most of his life. "Only we're a floor show, if you know what I mean."

Brady's look slid from Damien, to Kaz and back to Damien. "I hear you. Look but don't touch." He fell silent and Kaz's gut clenched. He had to trust that Damien knew what he was doing.

"I tell you what, Sean, we'll throw in the first performance free of charge. If you want to tip, fine. But we'll let you shop first. Deal?"

Brady chuckled. "I'd be an asshole to turn that offer down."

Kaz suppressed his sigh of relief. Although that now meant fucking Damien in front of Brady. *That* he was willing to do.

The music in the larger club had slowed down to Madonna's "Erotica". Kaz looked at Damien who nodded to him. The timing and the music were perfect.

He got up and let Damien lead him toward the back wall where the long plush bench was. They were gonna need that bench pretty soon. Damien grinned up at Kaz and reached for him. With his hands on Kaz's hips, he pulled Kaz against him and started dirty dancing him. Kaz fell into a rhythm and wound his hips in the opposite direction, grinding his cock against Damien's in slow easy circles.

Bingo. Through the thin crotch panel of the g-string, the friction of Damien's cock was all Kaz needed to get his erection climbing. His cock filled and stretched, a bit more with each grind. He grinned down at Damien and slid his hands over Damien's hips, around the smooth skin and over his ass. He leaned down and brushed a kiss across Damien's lips.

A quick glance at Brady showed the guy was certainly enjoying the show. His pale blue eyes stared at him and Damien, rapt. The goon had delivered their drinks in the meantime and left again, but Brady's drink sat, ignored.

Relieved, Kaz turned back to Damien and kissed him again, this time deeper. He coaxed Damien's lips apart and made sure Brady could see his tongue slide against Damien's.

Damien groaned softly and pressed in closer to him. He caressed Kaz's chest over the leather straps and when he found his nipples, brushed his thumbs back and forth across them. Icy heat zinged into Kaz's skin and his nipples tightened. Damien pinched them now, just the thing that always made Kaz grab him up and lay him onto his back.

It worked. Kaz slid his hands up Damien's back, cradled him and backed him up until they were at the bench. He pulled his mouth from Damien's, lifted Damien's net shirt off and tossed it in Brady's direction.

Damien's flawless skin gleamed under the colorful lights and showed every chiseled lean inch to perfection. Kaz's mouth watered and he grasped Damien's arms and kissed a trail over Damien's chest. He took extra time at Damien's nipples and laved each tangy bud to tightness.

Damien moaned softly and sagged in his hands.

Something shifted and Kaz felt their desire take over. It was no longer a show. Being watched was turning out to be erotic, but it didn't matter. He dragged his tongue down the center of Damien's tight stomach, followed the thin trail of hair to Damien's navel and swirled his tongue in the small indentation.

Damien slid his hands over Kaz's head and caressed him while his body grew more and more pliant in Kaz's hands. Kaz cupped Damien's ass and took his time with Damien's stomach and belly button. Damien's cock was hard and stretched his g-string. Kaz went lower on his knees and nibbled playfully at the hard shaft straining against the thin material.

Damien groaned and thrust his cock harder against Kaz's mouth.

Kaz slid his hands to the string at Damien's hips and pulled it out down, freeing Damien's cock. The hard shaft bobbed into Kaz's face. He took it in his mouth and swallowed Damien to the root. Damn, that man was delicious under any circumstance.

Kaz pulled back and sucked Damien's cock in again. With his lips around the base, he glanced again at Brady. The man was sitting back in his seat now with his fly open. Kaz could see Brady's hand bobbing as he stroked himself.

Kaz pulled the g-string down to Damien's ankles and sucked his cock until a droplet oozed from the tiny opening. He licked it up and then rose to his feet, his hands cradling Damien's back.

Damien's eyelids were heavy over his green eyes and his lips were parted. He was ready.

Kaz kissed him again, a wild open-mouth kiss with one hand threaded into Damien's shaggy hair. Damien's mouth was soft and inviting. Damien smelled like aftershave and musky sweat. Kaz lowered Damien onto the bench on his back and spread Damien's legs apart. He knelt between them and swiveled a fingertip over Damien's tiny hole, making sure that Brady had a clear view of them.

Baskets of condoms and sample size tubes of lubrication sat on each table. Kaz grabbed a small tube, ripped the tab off and squeezed it into his hand. He leaned down and tongued the bottom of Damien's balls, licking back and forth until Damien bucked his hips. Then he feathered the tip across Damien's hole, teasing him in the way he knew Damien loved.

Swiping his fingertips into the lube, he rubbed it over Damien's hole. Damien wiggled around, his silent way of begging for Kaz to push his fingers inside. Kaz rose up on his knees and pushed his fingers in, making sure Brady could see Kaz's fingers penetrate Damien, slide deep inside him and move them in and out.

Damien was moaning and whimpering. His eyes begged Kaz to fuck him.

Kaz grinned at him. He shucked off his g-string and tossed it to the floor, then smeared the lube all over his cock. He glanced at Brady. The man was pumping his own cock furiously, his gaze riveted on Kaz and Damien.

Kaz lowered himself between Damien's legs. He hooked Damien's knees over his shoulders and slid the head of his cock in. Damien's tight hole swallowed him up with

a rush of delicious heat. Kaz sucked in a breath and sheathed himself to the hilt. He lowered himself onto Damien and kissed him. As he did so, his left hand slid between the cushions of the bench.

Kaz froze, his lips locked over Damien's. He groped the thing on which his hand rested. A brick. Not exactly a brick, but that shape, covered with paper. His heart lurched. He knew a brick of coke when he felt one. He groped around and his fingertips discerned the outline of a couple more bricks.

Holy shit! He was fucking Damien right on top of the shipment.

Adrenaline shot through him. He lifted his lips from Damien, slipped his arm out from between the cushions and went up on his knees. He took hold of Damien's thighs and started a rhythm of hard long thrusts in Damien's ass.

Damien groaned and pushed his backside hard against Kaz's cock. He tilted his head back, his chestnut hair splayed out on the cushions underneath him. Kaz stared at the contrast of Damien's reddish brown locks against the sleek black cushions. Damien's eyelids were at half-mast over his eyes, which were glazed with desire. His full lips were partly open and he wore an expression of sheer submissive enjoyment.

The look drove Kaz on. He wished that it was just him and Damien fucking and the absolute pleasure of Damien's tight ass. But he had Damien splayed out on top of millions of dollars worth of cocaine with the dealer he'd been casing for six months jerking off a few feet away.

Kaz angled his hips so he'd hit Damien's prostate. Damien groaned and jerked his pelvis upward. He was panting and whispering Kaz's name. Kaz couldn't hear Damien's voice over the music but he'd seen Damien say his name in the heat of passion so many times, he could read those delicious lips anytime.

He grinned down at Damien and drove in harder. Damien palmed his own cock and started stroking as Kaz pumped him. In moments, white ribbons of cum shot out and coated Damien's stomach and chest. The sight drove Kaz closer to his own climax

and in seconds, the pressure built deep in his balls and exploded. He grasped Damien's thighs and pushed in to the hilt, emptying himself into Damien.

When the waves of bliss had passed, Kaz stayed buried inside Damien and gazed down at him. He forced himself not to slip out and drag Damien back to the dressing room. He looked up at Brady.

Brady sat staring at them. His hands were at his sides, his pants still open. Kaz could see the spunk on his belly. "That was fucking great," he said over the music. He wiped himself off and closed up his pants.

Kaz took that as his cue to slip out of Damien. He grasped Damien's hands and pulled him up. Then he sat down next to him and put his arm across Damien's shoulder.

Brady got up and pulled out a huge roll of cash. No question of where he'd gotten that. He peeled off a hundred dollar bill, bent over and stuffed it into Kaz's hand. "I hope this was just the first time," he said.

Kaz crumpled the bill in his hand. "Thanks." If things went the way he'd hoped, he would be seeing Brady again, at a table in an interrogation room. Unfortunately, Brady had deep pockets and would get the best lawyer possible. Kaz had to make this bust airtight. "Sure, no problem."

"If you gentlemen will excuse me, I'm going to mingle a bit."

No doubt to drum up business, Kaz thought.

"It was great to see you, Damien."

"You too, Sean."

Brady sauntered out, leaving one of his goons behind by the door.

Kaz leaned over and scooped up his g-string. Damien stood up and gathered their things before slipping back into his g-string. When they were ready, Kaz led Damien back to the dressing room. Thankfully, the dressing room was empty when they got

there. Kaz leaned in close to Damien. "Get dressed right now. We're getting the hell out of here. *Now.*"

Damien nodded without a word and opened the locker that held their clothes and cell phones. When they were both dressed, Kaz followed Damien out the back door, through the alleyway to the street. He gestured to Damien to walk with him and briskly went a couple of blocks away before pulling out his cell phone.

Damien heard Kaz tell the police he'd found the shipment. His heart thumped. He'd been with Kaz the entire time and hadn't noticed. He listened to Kaz make the arrangements for the bust, which would be happening within the next ten minutes. A wave of terror washed over him. "When did you find the shipment?" he asked when Kaz clapped his cell phone shut. He followed Kaz to the back of a building and watched him strap on his holster and then check his gun.

Finally Kaz looked up at him and grinned. "While I was fucking you."

Damien stared at him. "What?"

"Yeah. When we were on that bench, my hand slipped between the cushions by accident and there it was."

"Holy shit!"

"That's exactly what I thought at the time. Now..." He reached out and grasped Damien's arm. "I need you to get the hell home, away from here. It's going to be dicey in a few minutes."

Damien's heart lurched again, almost painfully in his chest. "Kaz, I—"

Kaz silenced him with the crush of his lips. He slipped a hand into Damien's hair and pulled him close. Damien surrendered to the kiss, to the passionate swirl of Kaz's hot tongue against his. He started to reach up, to put his arm around Kaz when Kaz broke the kiss and gave him a hard look. "Get the hell out of here. I'll see you back at your house."

Damien wanted to cling to him, to drag him away and beg him not to do this, but he figured he had a better chance of picking up the Empire State Building with one hand and throwing it like a javelin. "You'd better." Before he could say another word, Kaz was off, running in the direction of Club Moritz.

Damien jammed his hands into his jeans pockets and stood there. He shivered even though the spring night was mild and the sky clear with quite a few stars for the city night. He tried to make himself turn around and go home, but he couldn't. He'd go absolutely crazy pacing the living room, wondering if Kaz had made it through alive.

He turned and walked briskly back in the direction of the Moritz, keeping what he felt would be a safe distance. Already the cop cars were pulling up on the street without their sirens. Damien watched cops pour out from every direction and surround the building. He strained to see if Kaz was there but couldn't see him. He'd probably already gone back inside.

In the next moment, cops ran in and suddenly the music stopped. People were yelling and running out of the building. The whole block became chaos with people fleeing and cops shouting and apprehending them. Nowhere could Damien see Kaz. His breath felt like it was getting cut off and all he could do was stare.

Kaz found Brady in his special room. Two other cops helped haul Brady's goons away so Kaz could bust in. This time, Brady had a half-naked blond guy kneeling in front of him, sucking him off.

Kaz brandished his gun. "Freeze! You're under arrest for possession and illegal sale of narcotics. You have the right to remain silent."

The guy on his knees popped his head up and scrambled away. For a moment, Brady seemed stunned, like a deer caught in headlights. Then he launched out of his chair and tried to run. Kaz tackled him. The guy was less than half Kaz's size and even though he struggled, Kaz managed to get Brady's hands behind his back. Assistance came and the cop cuffed Brady and dragged him out.

Kaz got up, holstered his gun and went to the bench. He yanked on the seat several times and then the cushions ripped up, revealing what his hand had felt earlier.

He sighed. God-willing, this would be over in a few hours.

* * * * *

By the time Kaz finished processing Brady and the others who'd been arrested, it was well after dawn. He raked a hand through his hair and trudged downstairs. All he wanted now was to get back to Damien and sleep in the guy's arms.

Blinking his eyes against the sunlight outside, he pushed open the glass door to the street and froze.

There was Damien, out on the sidewalk, watching him, two take-out cups of coffee in his hands. Kaz couldn't help but grin. He'd told Damien to go home. Damien had obviously not listened. But here he was, the most welcome sight imaginable. "Hey you." He wrapped his arms around Damien, not caring where they were. It was still early enough that there weren't too many people on the sidewalk, just lots of car traffic on the street.

Damien squeezed him hard, in spite of the fact he was holding hot coffee and Kaz could feel Damien's emotions in the way he held on.

"It's all right, Damien," he said softly into Damien's ear. "I'm here."

Damien pulled back and looked at him. "I know. They told me at the front desk."

"No, I mean I'm *here*."

Damien's eyes started to glisten. "I see that."

Kaz brushed several fingertips across Damien's cheek. "Have you been here the whole time?"

Damien nodded and handed him one of the cups. "Of course. Where else would I be?"

Kaz looked at him and ruffled his hair. "Warming up my bed. It's been too cold in there lately."

Damien smiled at him. Hope lit up his green eyes. “Well, I’m happy to do that too, Detective, as if you didn’t know.”

Kaz chuckled. He slipped his free arm around Damien’s shoulders and steered him toward the curb where his car was parked. “I do know and I’m grateful.” He unlocked the passenger door and held it open. “So, Professor, get in. I’m not sure we’ll even make it all the way to your house. I don’t want to waste another second.”

About the Author

Award-winning multi-published author of erotic romance, Sedonia Guillone spends her days writing deliciously naughty romances—when she's not cuddling with the man she loves or watching kung fu and samurai films and eating chocolate.

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