

SIREN PUBLISHING

Stormy Glenn

Sweet  
Treats

A close-up photograph of a person's hands holding a large, round cake. The cake is decorated with white frosting swirls and a purple ribbon. The person is wearing blue jeans and has their hands resting on their hips.

# **SWEET TREATS**

**Stormy Glenn**

**EROTIC ROMANCE**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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## **A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Erotic Romance

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### **SWEET TREATS**

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### **PUBLISHER**

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# **DEDICATION**

To my love.

Much like Brandon and Nick in this story, you are the man of my dreams and I did fall in love with you on sight all those years ago.

# SWEET TREATS

STORMY GLENN

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## Chapter 1

Brandon yelped as he felt his feet go out from beneath him, hitting the ground with a thud. He lifted his hand to wipe his curls from his face only to realize that he still had a can of soda in it. He couldn't help laughing.

The back of his shorts felt wet, telling him that he probably had grass stains on them. He could even feel a small rip in the hem. But he hadn't spilled a drop of his soda. The more he thought about it, the more hysterical his laughter became.

"Hey, are you okay?"

Brandon turned his head up to see a tall, tanned, muscular, mountain of a man standing over him. His interest peeked immediately. He was gorgeous from the top of his dark brown head to the bottom of his long... long legs.

"Yeah, I'm fine, but thanks for asking."

The man squatted down next to Brandon, his gaze traveling over his smaller body. "Mind if I have a look? I'm a doctor." *You mean, put your strong powerful hands on my body?*

"Okay," Brandon replied, a grin forming on his lips as the man began checking his legs, then farther up his body. Brandon knew he couldn't miss the tent growing in his pants.

His gaze traveled over the sexy man, not missing anything. He had short dark brown hair, beautiful emerald green eyes, a strong square jaw with just a hint of a five o'clock shadow. His shoulders seemed as wide as a barn. And the thin white cotton tank top covering his chest looked like it barely containing his thick rippled muscles. He could even see a smattering of hair at the edges of his shirt.

Even his legs were hot. Long, slightly hairy, and totally muscular. Brandon loved a man that kept fit. But his ass, what Brandon could see of it from his position on the grass, was truly glorious... tight, rounded, and ready to be grabbed. *Yum!*

"Well," the man chuckled as he looked back at Brandon with shining green eyes, "I think you're going to be okay. Maybe you should cut back a little on the alcohol for the rest of the day."

"Oh, I don't drink, nothing but soda or water for me. I just slipped. One step and wham!" Brandon laughed, feeling like a fool. He certainly didn't mind meeting this gorgeous man, but he would have preferred doing it from some other position than his ass.

"You don't drink? Mind if I ask you why?"

"I'm a klutz. If you added alcohol to that, well, I'd probably be crawling everywhere so I didn't fall or stripping all my clothes off and running naked through the neighborhood. Wouldn't that give the garden club a stroke?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. I don't think I'd mind seeing you run naked anywhere," the man replied with a chuckle. He stood up and reached for Brandon's hand to pull him to his feet.

Brandon's eyes flew to his. Was he serious? Oh hell, he certainly hoped so. He had been single now for nearly two years, ever since he had kicked his last boyfriend loose for fooling around on him. It would be nice to meet someone new.

As he pulled Brandon to his feet their bodies came together chest to chest. He stared down into Brandon's baby blue eyes, his own eyes twinkling. "So, how much alcohol would it take to get you naked?"

Brandon's eyes widened slightly at his words. Then he began to smile. "How much do you have?"

He chuckled, "Hopefully, enough."

Brandon could almost guarantee it. As he craned his head back to stare up at the man, he realized just how tall the gorgeous doctor was. He stood at least half a foot taller than Brandon, which didn't bother Brandon a bit. He liked tall men.

"My name is Nicholas, but you can call me Nick."

"Brandon, but you can call me anything you want." *I can even give you a few ideas.*

Nick laughed, "Hello, Brandon."

Hot damn! Brandon felt every word in the rumbling of his chest. His voice was low and rough, like aged whiskey. Brandon could listen to him talk for hours.

"Hello," Brandon whispered, suddenly feeling breathless.

Nick glanced at the can of soda in Brandon's free hand, noting that it seemed nearly empty. "Is there anything I can get you?" Nick asked, nodding towards Brandon's half-empty soda can.

"I can think of several things," Brandon said softly. His glance darted down from Nick's eyes to his full lips before looking back up.

Nick's free hand came up to caress the side of Brandon's face briefly as he stared down into his eyes. It lasted only a few moments, but it seemed like hours as they just stared at each other.

When Nick finally removed his hand from Brandon's face, he chuckled at the small whimper of protest that Brandon let out. "How about that soda?"

It took Brandon a moment to clear his head and process what Nick was saying to him. Soda... right... he needed a new soda. Who in the hell was he kidding? He needed a flat surface.

"Yeah, a new soda would be great. Thanks."

As Brandon started following behind Nick towards the food concessions, he realized that Nick had never let go of his hand. He just kind of pulled Brandon along behind him.

“Uh... Nick? Can I have my hand back?” he asked as he tried to tug his hand away from Nick’s grasp.

“Nope,” Nick said without even turning his head to look at Brandon, his grip tightening on his hand.

“Oh... okay.”

It took them about ten minutes to get through the large crowd at the Cathedral Park Jazz Festival. The place was pretty crowded, which was usual for the annual festival.

When they finally got to the concession stands and the front of the line, Nick ordered two cold sodas, handing one to Brandon. Brandon quickly reached into his pocket to pull some money out and hand it to Nick, only to shove it back in at Nick’s fierce glare. *Okay...*

Brandon shrugged, a small smile playing across his lips. As soon as Nick paid for their drinks, he pulled Brandon behind him down towards the waterfront to where several people were sitting and listening to the jazz music flowing across the air.

Nick walked to one small red blanket and sat down, pulling Brandon down to sit between his legs, Brandon’s back against Nick’s stomach. Before Brandon could scoot forward, Nick had his arms wrapped around Brandon, pulling him back tight against his body.

“Uh... Nick?”

“Yes, Brandon?” Nick said, his mouth close to Brandon’s ear.

“Do you think you could let me up?”

“Do you really want to get up?” Nick asked just as his tongue ran the length of Brandon’s ear. Brandon shuddered.

“Guess not,” Brandon groaned. His eyes closed, as Nick’s tongue continued down to the soft curve where his neck met his shoulder. Oh, man... His neck was a sexual hot spot for him, and Nick had zeroed in on it within minutes of meeting him.

As Brandon arched his neck to one side he wondered what other tricks Nick had up his sleeve, ‘*cause...damn!*’ It was all Brandon could do to sit there quietly and listen to the music as Nick’s hands began to roam over his stomach.

“Is this okay?” Nick whispered into his ear as he pushed his hands up under Brandon’s shirt.

“Yeah,” Brandon murmured.

“You’ll tell me if I do something you don’t want?”

Brandon nodded, inhaling swiftly when Nick’s fingers stroked across his stomach. He placed his hands on Nick’s legs and began rubbing them as he tried to regulate his rapid breathing. It wouldn’t do to get too excited out here in the sight of everyone.

“I probably should have asked this before, but are you involved with anyone?”

Brandon opened his eyes to look up at Nick, smiling at the concerned look at his face. “Nope. I haven’t been involved with anyone in nearly two years. You?”

Nick shook his head. “No, not many people can put up with my crazy work schedule. Long hours and a lot of interrupted dates.”

“Try very early hours morning hours and very late nights. I guess it works out the same,” Brandon replied as he sat up. “My ex-boyfriend thought that it was a free ticket to sleep around.”

“Ouch!”

“Explains why he’s my ex-boyfriend.”

Nick chuckled as he pulled Brandon back against his chest. “His loss, my gain.”

## Chapter 2

“Hell, Nick, did I miss the booth with the sexy guys in it?”

Brandon opened his eyes and looked up to see another tall man standing over them, a wide grin on his face. He wasn’t as handsome as Nick, but he had to be a close second.

Nick chuckled behind him. “You can’t find sexy like this in a booth, AJ.”

AJ laughed, “Gonna share?”

“Nope. This one belongs to me. You’ll have to go find your own.”

“Damn! All the good ones are gone.”

Brandon eyed AJ for several moments as he and Nick talked. He seemed nice. Maybe, just maybe, he could help an old friend out. “Do you like short redheads?”

AJ’s eyes swung down to Brandon’s. “Dude, I was just joking. I don’t poach.”

“You’re not. Jeny’s free and single.”

“I, uh... I don’t do girls either,” AJ said, his face slightly red.

Girls? What was he talking... oh... “Jeny as in Jens Erikson, not *Jenny*. You know... Jen E...”

AJ looked very relieved, then a little more interested. “Short redhead, you said? Does he like doctors?”

Brandon laughed as he reached into his pocket for his cell phone. “As long as you’re single, he won’t care.”

He flipped open his cell phone and dialed Jeny’s phone. “Jeny? Bran... There’s a full package deal under the bridge near the waterfront, fifty feet south of the large white food tent. Look for the

red blanket with two hunky guys on it. I'll be sitting with the one with dark brown hair and dreamy green eyes."

He could see Nick and AJ looking at him curiously as he closed his phone and slipped it back into his pocket without waiting for a response. He smiled up at AJ even as he patted the ground beside him and Nick.

"He'll be here in just a moment."

"Full package deal? What's that?" AJ asked as he sat down beside Nick, looking down at Brandon.

"Full package deal means single, sexy, and searching." A sudden thought came to Brandon. He quickly looked at AJ. "You are single, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I'm single. Pretty hard to find a date when you've always got your hands deep into someone's intestines."

Yuck! Brandon shivered. The visual alone made him queasy. Brandon hated blood. Just the sight of it, and Brandon would be flat on his back and out cold. It was kind of embarrassing.

"Well, you'd better be. Jeny'll serve you your nuts with a spoon if you're not."

Nick burst out laughing at the apprehensive look on AJ's face. "And what will you do if I'm not single?"

"Sic Jeny on you, but you—"

Before Brandon could elaborate, a short redhead in jean shorts and a white mesh tank top came running up to them, stumbling to a halt when he spotted Brandon sitting between Nick's legs.

He raised an eyebrow at him, a small smirk on his lips as he crossed his arms over his chest. Brandon burst out laughing and pointed to AJ sitting next to him. He knew what Jeny had been asking with that look. He wanted to know where his sexy guy was.

Brandon watched AJ and Jeny eyeing each other. He could tell by the small flush filling Jeny's face, he liked what he saw. He hoped the same could be said for AJ, but he didn't know him.

As they continued to stare at each other, Brandon rolled his eyes. At this rate, they'd never get to know each other. Brandon reached over and pulled on Jeny's feet until he lost his balance and started to fall, AJ quickly reaching forward to catch him.

He tried to hide the laughter bubbling up in him as Nick leaned down and whispered into his ear.

"Making him fall probably wasn't the safest of moves, Brandon. He could have been hurt."

"Well, normally I would agree with you but with the way your friend was watching his every move, I knew he would catch him. Besides, at the rate they were going, we could have been here all day, and I'm hoping to be busy later."

Nick pulled Brandon back to rest against his chest. "Busy, huh? I just what might you be busy doing?" Nick asked.

"If I'm really lucky, finding out how much alcohol you have," Brandon replied as he tilted his head back to look up at Nick.

"And if I said I don't have any alcohol?"

"Oh, well, if you don't have any alcohol, then the deal is off. The garden club will just have to do without the thrill of seeing me run naked through the neighborhood."

"Pity," Nick said as he chuckled, looking down at Brandon. "Like I don't get enough patients working at Cathedral Park Emergency. You'd probably give those poor women a heart attack."

Brandon cocked his head to one side, looking at Nick mischievously. "That's right, you did say you're a doctor. So, what kind of doctor are you because I have this awful swelling..."

"Hmmm, swelling, you say? Could be serious. Maybe I should give you a full body exam and make sure everything is okay. As a doctor I can assure you that you should never let these things go untreated."

Brandon turned slightly between Nick's legs, running his hand down Nick's muscular chest. "Want to go back to my place and play doctor? I can show you where it hurts."

Nick started laughing even as he stood to his feet and pulled Brandon up after him, wrapping a firm arm around his waist. He leaned over to where AJ was sitting with Jeny between his legs, staring at each other.

“Hey, bro, I’m going to go give Brandon a physical. Call me later.” Without looking away from Jeny, AJ waved his hand in the air, saying goodbye.

Wanting to be a good friend, Brandon also leaned in to Jeny. “Jeny, I’m heading out. You going to be okay here by yourself?”

Brandon rolled his eyes when Jeny lifted his hand and flipped him off, never lifting his head. “Yeah, yeah. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Turning to look at Nick he asked, “I live about three blocks from here. What about you?” He wanted to know which place was closer.

Nick shrugged. “I live over by Cathedral Park Hospital. Your place is definitely closer.”

“My place it is then.” Brandon laughed as he pulled Nick by the hand in the direction of his apartment. He stopped when he met with resistance, turning to look back at Nick. “Is something wrong?”

“No, but I’d like to kiss you before we go,” Nick drawled as he yanked on Brandon’s hand, pulling him into his embrace. He lowered his lips, kissing Brandon.

The moment Brandon felt Nick’s lips touch his. He let himself go, savoring the kiss. It was a kiss unlike any he had ever received, and he had received a lot.

He wasn’t a slut exactly. He’d had his share of sexual encounters, but nothing like this. It seemed like Nick was making love to him with just his lips.

Brandon felt it all the way down to his toes, then back up until it zeroed in on his suddenly aching cock. He wanted to throw Nick down on the grass and kiss every inch of him, explore him, discover everything about him.

When Nick finally lifted his head, he chuckled at the dazed and bewildered look on Brandon’s face. “You okay, baby?”

Brandon nodded his head, too overwhelmed to actually form words.

“Are we still going to your place?”

“Are you going to kiss me again?” Brandon whispered, mentally crossing his fingers.

Nick chuckled, “Oh, yeah.”

“Then my place it is,” Brandon laughed as he started towards his apartment.

## Chapter 3

Three blocks seemed like a million miles away when all he could think about was getting the good doctor naked as fast as he could. He was never more relieved as when he turned the corner as saw his little apartment.

"I'm upstairs here." He pointed to the apartment above Sweet Treats Bakery.

"Oh, I love this bakery," Nick replied. "I come here every Sunday for pastries. Probably shouldn't but chocolate éclairs are my downfall. Hell, anything with chocolate in it is my downfall."

*Every Sunday?* Brandon thought. *Damn! And he had missed it.* He knew he shouldn't have taken Sundays off. He seemed to miss so much when he did.

"Hmmm, so the way to your heart is through chocolate? I'll remember that," Brandon chuckled as he unlocked the door and pushed it open. He let out a small squeak when Nick pushed him into the hallway and against the wall.

"Somehow I don't think you'll need any chocolate to get to my heart, Brandon," Nick whispered just before he lowered his lips. Brandon knew he would have melted into a pile of goo on the floor if Nick hadn't had his arms wrapped around him.

He wasn't sure anyone on the entire planet kissed as good as Nick did. He was really... really good. Each swipe of his tongue sent shivers down Brandon's spine to his cock, making him ache and throb.

Brandon moaned as he pulled his lips from Nick's, his chest rising and falling rapidly. "Uh, Nick, let's take this upstairs. There's a lot more flat surfaces in my apartment."

"Flat surfaces are good." Nick gulped, following Brandon as he quickly strode up the stairs to a small landing with two doors, one on each side of the landing. Brandon turned to the one on the right, unlocked it, and opened the door.

Brandon held the door open for Nick. "Make yourself at home," After Nick walked in, he closed and locked the door, and headed for the kitchen. The palms of his hands sweated.

Now that they were actually here, in his apartment, he suddenly felt nervous. Which was totally stupid considering he had invited Nick to be here, not the other way around.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"Brandon," Nick said, "look at me."

Brandon turned around to find Nick standing right behind him.

Nick reached over and stuck his hand under Brandon's chin, lifting it up so that his eyes met his. "If you don't want to do this, it's okay. We can just have some coffee or something, sit and talk. There's no pressure."

Nick's words relaxed Brandon as nothing else could. It wasn't that he didn't want to be with Nick, he was just suddenly afraid that he couldn't measure up. Brandon knew he was considered *cute*, but he certainly wasn't a sex object.

For one, he was short. In the past he had always liked being smaller than his partners, but he wanted Nick to really like him. Being five foot nine did not exactly inspire confidence when Nick had to top out at nearly six foot three.

Brandon would also be the first to admit that owning and operating a bakery wasn't exactly a good thing if you didn't like love handles. He wasn't fat, but he wasn't skinny either. Pleasantly plump is what his mother called it.

His hands and arms were muscular from kneading dough. He even had some definition to his chest. Unfortunately, taste testing his pastries had given him quite the bubble butt and just a little extra padding around the hips and stomach. Truthfully, seeing how fit Nick looked, he was a little embarrassed.

Not enough to turn the good doctor down, though. This could be his only chance with the sexy man, and he wasn't going to say no. Stepping forward into Nick's arms he kissed him along the chin.

"I may be a lot of things but stupid I am not. You promised to give me a full body exam, Doc, and I'm holding you to that."

Nick looked down at Brandon for several moments, the look on his face serious. "Are you sure, Brandon? I don't want you to do anything that will make you uncomfortable. We could just cuddle on the couch and get to know each other better."

"That sounds good. I would very much like to get to know you better." Brandon's gaze traveled down Nick's gorgeous body then back up. "Every last inch of you, but first, kiss me again."

"Gladly." Nick lowered his lips to Brandon's again.

As Nick kissed him, Brandon could feel him pushing him back into the living room, then the edge of the couch hit him in the back of the legs. He grabbed onto Nick and pulled him down with him as he sat down.

He giggled when he heard Nick grunt as he fell against him, but he was soon groaning as Nick just picked things up again. As he kissed Brandon, his hands seemed to be mapping out his body, touching him everywhere.

Brandon's hands were just as busy, pulling at the shirt on Nick's body. He wanted to see if the chest he imagined under that shirt was real. "Nick, the shirt—lose the shirt."

Nick was quick to oblige, pulling his shirt over his head and dropping it on the floor. Brandon stared at him in wonder as Nick grinned down at him. Nick was built like every wet dream he had ever had. He was hot!

Brandon reached up and placed his hands on Nick's chest, slowly moving them down, then back up. Oh yeah, he was totally hot. Brandon thought he might start drooling.

"This is nice," Brandon whispered as he looked up into Nick's deep green eyes.

Nick grinned. "Oh yeah? You like that, do you?"

"You have no idea!" Brandon said.

"Good," Nick said as his hands went to the hem of Brandon's shirt. "I'd like to—ah, hell, that's my cell phone. Hold that thought."

Brandon watched as Nick reached into the pocket of his jeans and pulled out the cell phone that was ringing. He saw him grimace as he read who was calling.

"I knew I should have left this damn thing at home," Nick said as he flipped it open. "This is Dr. Syranno."

As Nick spoke to the person on the other end, nodding several times, Brandon could tell where the conversation was heading. Nick was getting called into work.

Nick had warned him, but Brandon couldn't help feeling disappointed. He wanted to keep Nick with him and continue what they were doing, maybe even take it to the bedroom.

With a resigned sigh, Brandon sat up and reached for Nick's shirt, handing it to him. He chuckled a little at the surprised look on Nick's face as he took it.

"*Sorry*," Nick mouthed to him.

Brandon smiled at him, shaking his head. "You know where I live now. I'll still be here when you come back—if you're coming back."

Nick grinned, then covered the mouthpiece with his hand and leaned over to kiss Brandon on his lips. He lifted his head a moment later and looked at Brandon.

"Do I look stupid to you? Besides, what kind of doctor would I be if I didn't come back? I still have to give you a full body exam."

\* \* \* \*

Brandon closed the door after watching Nick walk down the hallway and stepped over to drop down onto his couch. This so sucked.

He meets the man of his dreams, brings him home to start off the make out session of the century, and he gets called into work. Brandon grabbed a throw pillow and held it over his face as he yelled into it. Life just was not fair!

Dropping the pillow to the floor, he let his head fall back against the couch. It could be worse. At least Nick had seemed reluctant to leave and he had promised to come back. That was something at least.

Getting to his feet, Brandon headed to the shower. He had to do something to keep himself from thinking about Nick. Besides, he needed to start getting ready for work tomorrow. Four o'clock in the morning came awfully early.

Brandon pulled his clothes off and dropped them in the hamper before climbing into the shower. As he began slowly soaping his body, he wondered if Nick was thinking about him.

The more that he remembered of their few hours together, the harder his cock became. It had only been a few hours, but Brandon couldn't recall the last time he had enjoyed time spent with someone else so much.

What he had seen of Nick, he was great, and not just in the way that he looked. Brandon was a little concerned that it was all first impressions and not who he really was, but there was enough that he did like that he wanted more time to investigate.

As he started soaping up his cock, he envisioned everything he wanted to explore...Nick's broad shoulders, muscular chest, even his tight ass.

The more he envisioned, the harder he got. There was just no way around it. He was going to have to do something about his aching cock or he'd never get to sleep.

Luckily, he had the perfect fantasy in mind. It involved a tall sexy doctor that could kiss better than anyone he had ever met. But as he quickly stroked himself, it was Nick's magical hands that he dreamed about.

He closed his eyes and leaned forward, resting his hand on the shower wall in front of him. In his mind, he saw Nick's hand wrapped around his cock, stroking him to completion.

The harder he stroked, the more he fell into his fantasy until he couldn't tell if it was Nick's hand wrapped around him or his own. As the pressure built, he started moving his hips, thrusting into his tight grip.

As his thumb brushed over to tip of his cock, Brandon's legs trembled and his breath caught in his throat.

Feeling himself about to explode, he leaned back against the shower wall and let his other hand fall down to fondle his balls. One touch was all it took.

Brandon threw his head back, crying out Nick's name as he shot load after load over the tiled wall. He stroked himself a few more times, milking his orgasm until he became too sensitive.

Chuckling to himself at his fantasy, he let go of his cock and continued soaping himself off before rinsing, then stepping from the shower.

As he reached for a towel to dry off, Brandon wondered how Nick would feel if he knew that Brandon had just masturbated to fantasies of him, especially after knowing him for just a few hours.

Brandon hung up his towel and headed for his bed, shaking his head as he went. He had it bad already. He just hoped that Nick wasn't playing him.

He was headed for a lot of heartache if he was, but only time would tell.

\* \* \* \*

Nick picked up the phone and dialed Brandon's number, hoping that Brandon remembered who he was. It had been nearly a week since he had met the man at the jazz festival and in that time he had been so busy at work, he had yet to make it back to Brandon's house.

If it wasn't for the fact that he had blackmailed AJ into getting Brandon's phone number from Jeny, he probably wouldn't be able to call him now.

As each day passed he had become more and more concerned that Brandon wouldn't want anything to do with him. Being a doctor with his crazy hours wasn't always the most inviting thing to do.

"Hello?"

"Brandon?" Nick asked, gripping the phone tighter in his hand. "It's Nick. We met at the jazz festival?"

"Yeah, I remember you," Brandon said.

"I, uh, I'm sorry I haven't gotten back in touch with you. Work has been really crazy this week," Nick said quickly, hoping that Brandon wasn't going to brush him off.

Brandon just laughed. "Well, you did warn me."

"Are you—I mean, do you want to—"

"Nicky, it's okay. Yes, I missed seeing you, but you did warn me that your work hours were kind of crazy. I'm just hoping you can fit me in somewhere."

Nick let out a big sigh of relief. "You don't know how glad I am that you said that, Brandon. I was afraid you'd never want to speak to me again after I didn't come by or call before now."

"How did you get my phone number anyway?"

Nick chuckled. "Well, this really hot guy I met introduced his best friend to my best friend and one thing led to another. Basically, I blackmailed AJ into getting Jeny to tell me."

"Oh? And what did you blackmail AJ with?" Brandon asked curiously.

“Ah, now see, if I told you, then I would be failing my end of our bargain. I promised not to show certain...compromising pictures to anyone if he gave me your number.”

“Do tell,” Brandon laughed. “And does AJ have any compromising pictures of you that I might be interested in?”

“Oh hell, I hope not.”

Nick smiled when he heard Brandon laugh some more. He couldn't even verbalize how happy he was that Brandon wasn't mad at him for not calling before now.

The more time that had gone by, the more he had dreaded calling Brandon, sure that he was going to be pissed. Most of the people he had dated in the past couldn't get past his work schedule.

“So, do I get to see you anytime soon?” Brandon asked once he stopped laughing.

“God, I hope so. I want to finish what we started before I got called into work.”

“I'd like that. Maybe you could come by my place?”

“Oh, Brandon, I'm not sure that's a good idea. I'd rather take you out to dinner or something,” Nick replied solemnly.

“Why not?”

“Because I'd like to get a chance to actually talk with you. If I have you alone somewhere, I don't plan on you using your mouth to talk,” Nick growled.

“Oh.”

“Yeah, oh!”

“So, what time should I expect you?” Brandon asked after a moment.

Nick didn't know whether to laugh or to groan. “Brandon, you did understand what I said, right? If I get you alone in your apartment you're not going to see the outside of it until I've explored every inch of your gorgeous body.”

“Nicky, I heard you, but I’m failing to see the problem here. You like me and I like you. Come by my apartment and afterwards, if you still want to, then you can take me out to dinner,” Brandon laughed.

Nick glanced down at his watch. “I’ll be there in fifteen minutes,” He said before hanging up the phone.

Brandon twirled around in a circle the moment he hung up his phone, his excitement more than he could contain. Nick was coming over. *Yes!*

He ran into his bathroom and quickly brushed his teeth and combed his hair. He stared at his reflection for several moments before turning back towards his room. He sure hoped Nick liked what he saw because this was as good as he got.

Walking into the living room, Brandon began to pace back and forth in front of the couch as he waited for Nick to arrive. It seemed like hours before he heard the buzzer from downstairs.

Racing to his door, he hit the intercom button. “Hello?”

“Hey, baby, it’s me,” Nick replied.

Brandon pushed the entry button, unlocking the downstairs door. His heart raced in his chest as he waited for Nick to come upstairs. He was so wrapped up in anticipation that he jumped when Nick knocked on the door.

Flinging it open, he paused momentarily to take in Nick’s handsome features before throwing himself into his waiting arms. “Nick,” he whispered, before tilting his face up to his for the kiss that he knew was coming.

Oh damn, this man really did know how to kiss. Again, Brandon thought that he could just stand there and kiss Nick all day long. He didn’t need to eat, drink, breath. He just needed to keep kissing Nick.

Reluctantly pulling his lips away, Brandon pointed to the other room. “Flat surface... that way.”

With a deep rumbling laugh from his chest, Nick kicked the door closed then leaned down and picked Brandon up, tossing him over his shoulder. “Point the way, baby.”

Point the way? He was supposed to think with the magnificent ass wiggling in front of his face? *Seriously?*

“Brandon?”

“First door to your left.” Brandon lifted his hands and placed one on each of Nick’s butt cheeks, holding on as Nick carried him through the living room and into his large bedroom.

Brandon loved his bedroom. When he had bought the building and had it renovated, he had made sure that his bedroom was nice and large with plenty of room for the largest king size bed he could find.

As Nick tossed him down on the mattress and followed him down, Brandon was really grateful he had spent the extra money for the large bed. There just might be enough room for the both of them.

Brandon watched as Nick knelt between his feet and slowly pulled his sandals off and tossed them over his shoulder onto the floor. Then he reached for the snap on Brandon’s shorts.

By the time he pulled Brandon’s shirt over his head, Brandon’s whole body was shaking. Nick leaned back on his legs, reaching to pull his own shirt over his head. His eyes glittered with arousal as he looked down at Brandon’s naked body.

“God, you are so damn responsive,” he groaned. He reached out with his fingers to gently pull on Brandon’s nipple, drawing a deep moan from him.

“Is that... is that a good thing?” Brandon whispered breathlessly.

“Oh hell, yeah. I’ve never met anyone as responsive as you. It’s a very big turn on for me.” Nick grabbed Brandon’s hand and placed it over the very healthy bulge in his shorts. “See what it does to me, what you do to me?”

“Need... need... oh damn, hold on,” Brandon said as he suddenly remembered something. He quickly rolled over and reached into his nightstand, searching around for what he needed.

“Oh hell, you have a bubble butt,” Nick whispered.

Brandon froze for a moment then looked anxiously over his shoulder, filled with apprehension. The intense look of desire in Nick's eyes as he stared down at his butt surprised him.

"Is that a problem?" he whispered, mentally crossing his fingers... and toes.

"It could be," Nick whispered as he brought his hands down on Brandon's cheeks, gently massaging them before pulling them apart. "Oh hell."

"What?" Brandon cried out. He suddenly wondered if Nick was going to get up and leave, wishing beyond belief, since the time he had made his first loaf of bread, that he had never become a baker.

"You're fucking beautiful."

*What?* Brandon turned his head more to see Nick's face, but he was too late. Nick was already bending down to swipe his tongue over the crease between Brandon's cheeks.

"God, you even taste good," Nick whispered as he swiped his tongue over Brandon again. Several moan filled moments later he finally lifted his head and looked down at Brandon.

"Baby, you better get whatever it is you're after because I want this ass bad, and I don't know how much longer I can wait."

Brandon quickly searched his nightstand, pulling out a condom, a bottle of lube, and a small piece of paper. He handed all three to Nick.

"What's this?" Nick asked as he dropped the lube and condom on the bed and began opening the paper.

"I get tested every three months because I work with the public. I wanted you to know that I'm clean."

"If you're clean, why the condom?" he asked curiously.

"One, I've never gone bareback in my life. Two, I don't know you well enough to change that now, and three, it's always better to be safe now than sorry later." Geez, being a doctor, he should know this.

"I'm a doctor. I have to be tested regularly. I have the paper in my wallet. If I show it to you would you let me go bareback?"

Brandon turned over to look up at Nick, his face serious. "Nick, I like you a lot. Hell, you're the sexiest thing I've seen in years. And as funny as this may sound because of what I hope we're about to do, I don't know you well enough to do that. I'm sorry."

He looked down at his hands, twisting them nervously together before looking up at Nick again. "If you want to go, I'll understand."

He watched with wonderment as a large grin began spreading over Nick's face. "Oh, I have no intention of going anywhere anytime soon. I just wanted to see how careful you really are. You wouldn't believe how much crap I hear in my line of work."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I hear guys swear all the time that they never go without condoms or that they get tested on a regular basis only to go without a condom at the first sign of a hot guy. I needed to make sure that you would stick to your principals even if it meant I would leave."

Brandon snorted. "That wasn't very nice."

"No, but as you said, you don't know me any more than I know you, and it's always better to be safe than sorry."

He leaned down and kissed Brandon on the lips, the nose, the chin. Lifting his head he looked deep into Brandon's eyes. "I would really like to get to know you outside of bed though. I think you're something special."

"Even with my bubble butt?" Brandon asked hesitantly. He watched in shock as Nick's eyes closed, his jaw clenching. He could even feel his hard cock pressing against him.

Finally opening his eyes, Nick looked at him, his gaze smoldering hot. "Next to chocolate, bubble butts are my favorite thing on earth. You have no idea how sexy that is, how much I'm looking forward to having that gorgeous ass."

Brandon lifted an eyebrow in curiosity. "Where's the damn condom?"

Nick chuckled, as he jumped off the bed and unbuttoned his pants and his shirt, dropping them to the floor before climbing back onto the

bed between Brandon's legs. Stroking his hard cock several times he tore the condom packet open and rolled it down his cock.

He slapped Brandon on the hip. "Roll over, baby. Let me see that beautiful ass of yours."

Brandon eagerly rolled over onto his stomach, pushing himself onto his knees. This was the first time in his life that having a large ass made him happy. Between his bubble butt and Nick's obsession for chocolate, he thought he might actually have something the handsome doctor wanted.

Brandon could barely hold still when he heard the soft squirt of liquid Nick was pouring onto his fingers. His legs began to tremble when Nick rubbed some lube on his hole, pushing in gently with one finger.

*He should have tried a doctor before*, Brandon thought as Nick zeroed right in on his sweet spot, stroking it several times before adding a second finger.

"Nick... not gonna last long if you keep that up," he groaned.

"I thought keeping it up was the whole idea." Nick laughed as he added a third finger, carefully stretching him.

"Nick... Nicky... please, Nicky... now," Brandon begged. He didn't know how much more of this he could take before he blew. He was so close now that he wasn't sure he would last the next few seconds.

"Okay, baby." Nick pulled his fingers free and replaced them with his cock, slowly pushing his way in, a long groan coming from his clenched teeth.

"Oh hell, Bran, I knew you would be prefect."

Brandon grabbed the sheets beside him in a tight grasp as Nick began thrusting into him, each thrust harder and faster until he shook the entire bed. The only sounds in the room was their heavy breathing, the occasional groan, and the noise made from their hips slapping together.

Suddenly, Nick stopped, slapping Brandon on the ass. “Roll over, baby. I want to see you come.”

Brandon quickly rolled over, amazed that Nick had stayed inside of him while he turned over. He arched his back, his eyes sliding closed as Nick lifted his legs and slid deeper inside. He grabbed a hold of Nick’s arms to keep himself from scooting up.

“Open your eyes, Bran. I need to see your beautiful blue eyes,” Nick demanded as he began thrusting into Brandon again.

Brandon opened his eyes, his gaze unfocused as he looked up at Nick. God, he was hot. Nick’s deep green eyes were smoky, filled with desire, as he looked down at Brandon.

“Touch yourself, baby. I want you to come with me. And you’d better hurry. I’m almost there.”

“No need,” Brandon groaned. His eyes rolled back into his head, his neck arching and his hands clenching on Nick’s arms. As he came, spurts of white cream shot from his cock to land between them.

“Oh damn!” Nick roared as he thrust hard into Brandon, filling him with his own release. Brandon felt Nick’s cock pulsing inside of him, each massive shot of seed hitting his sensitive flesh, prolonging his orgasm until the world around him went dark.

## **Chapter 4**

Nick's breath came back to him slowly. He heard the rapid beat of Brandon's heart beneath his ear where he had collapsed after having one of the most intense orgasms of his life.

He could become obsessed with making love to Brandon in a hurry. He was absolutely perfect. Sexy, funny, careful... a winning combination as far as Nick was concerned.

His gorgeous bubble butt was just the icing on the cake. Nick had had his share of lovers but he had always gone for men with just a little extra padding. The skinny, anorexic types that seemed to be so popular right now did nothing for him.

As a doctor, they always seemed sick, in need of several good meals. He preferred his men to be healthier looking. Not unfit, but like they could enjoy a good meal.

It drove him nuts when he took a guy out on a date and they ordered salad and a glass of water. Eating healthy was good, but there was nothing like digging into a good meal, followed by dessert, of course...preferably chocolate.

Nick lifted his head and looked down at the little man beneath him. He was breathtaking. His curly blond hair framed his heart shaped face. All of his features seemed dainty, from his button nose to his cupid lips. Even the smooth hairless skin of his jaw was sexy.

His arms looked muscular and contradicted with the slight build of his body. His abdomen was flat but not tightly muscular like Nick's. What Nick loved the most was the lack of hair over Brandon's entire body. He didn't even have any around his beautiful cock.

After seeing that, Nick knew he favored shaving... or waxing... or whatever he did to get the soft hairless skin. It was sexier than anything Nick had ever seen.

Nick carefully lowered Brandon's legs to the bed and pulled himself free, pulling the used condom off and tying it in a knot before searching for a trash can and a clean washcloth.

He found both in the master bathroom. He had been momentarily stunned at how extravagant it looked. A very large garden tub, double sinks, and a large walk-in shower complete with built-in bench. It was gorgeous, even nicer than his own.

Shaking his head he walked back into the bedroom and quickly cleaned Brandon and himself before dropping the cloth on the floor and crawling back into bed beside him.

He could hear soft little snores coming from Brandon. Chuckling softly he wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close, positioning Brandon's head on his chest. He could get used to this.

Just as Nick started to fade away his cell phone went off. Nick reached down and pulled it out of his pants, flipping it open. Damn! This was supposed to be his day off from work.

Dialing the number displayed he told them he would be there in thirty minutes. He so did not want to go to work today. He wanted to stay in bed with Brandon, but if they were calling him on his day off, there had to be an emergency.

Nick reluctantly pulled away from Brandon and scooted to the side of the bed, reaching for his clothes. Once he was dressed he searched for a piece of paper. He finally found one in the study.

He wrote a quick note and left it sitting on the nightstand. Pulling the blankets up over Brandon he leaned down and kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, baby," he whispered.

He wanted to leave more than a quick note and his phone number. It didn't feel right leaving Brandon after what they had just shared. But work was work, and he had an obligation.

Shaking his head he left Brandon's apartment and headed downstairs. Just as he started to let himself out of the downstairs door he spotted a flower shop half way down the block. Perfect!

Blocking the door with a small rock he ran down the sidewalk, coming back a few moments later and running back up the stairs. He grabbed his note and wrapped it around his present, placing both on the pillow next to Brandon.

Finally satisfied, he left and went to work, hoping that he could return soon.

\* \* \* \*

Brandon cracked his eyes open slowly. He could see through the small slit in his mini blinds that it was dark outside. He must have slept for hours. It had been early afternoon when Nick had called.

Nick! Where was Nick? Brandon sat up and flipped over to look on the other side of the bed. His eyes instantly landed on the long stemmed red rose sitting on his pillow with a small piece of paper wrapped around it.

He grabbed the paper and tore it open, amazed at the words Nick had written.

*Sorry, baby, got called in to work. I programmed my cell number into yours. When you find it, call me. Maybe we can have dinner together...or try out that great tub you have.*

*I had a great time, Bran. Now that we've gotten the formalities out of the way, how about we get to know each other? Because I'd like to become a regular fixture in your life... if you're interested.*

*Love, Nicky*

Brandon held the note to his chest and rolled around on his bed, giggling excitably. Not only did Nick want to see him again, he wanted to get to know him better. *Yes, yes, yes!*

He was so ecstatic he could scream. Remembering what Nick had written he quickly reached over the side of the bed to find his shorts, pulling out his cell phone. He started searching through his contact numbers, his eyes narrowing in on the new entry.

No name, just the word *Boyfriend* and a phone number. *Yes!* Brandon fell back on his bed, slapping a hand over his mouth when a giggle escaped. He sounded like a giddy teenage girl. But... *Yippee!!!*

Brandon jumped from his bed, grabbed the rose Nick had gotten him and ran to the kitchen to put it in a vase of water. He put the vase on the dark wood mantel of his fireplace. Yep, it looked good there.

Brandon couldn't remember the last time someone had gotten him flowers, besides his mother. Nick seemed like the romantic type. Well, he could always hope anyway.

He knew he could be considered a romantic at heart. He loved to spoil the man he was with...little gifts, phone calls for no reason, surprising him with a picnic lunch at work. Even little notes just to let him know someone was thinking of him.

In all of his years, Brandon had yet to find someone as romantic as he was. No one seemed to care anymore. They were just out to get laid. Hmmm, Nick had already gotten laid, and he had still been romantic. Brandon hoped he wasn't doing it to get laid again.

Brandon took a quick shower then went to get dressed. He couldn't decide whether to go sexy or conservative. He had this great pair of jeans that hugged his butt. It looked really good with a nice cotton shirt or a button-down dress shirt.

Of course, he also had more conservative clothes too. Slacks, dress shirt, loafers. He looked good in them too, but not that sexy. Okay, jeans and button-down shirt it was.

Getting dressed he went to the bathroom and squirted on some cologne, hoping Nick would like it. He should. It had cost him quite a bit to have it made just for him by a friend of his who made personalized colognes and perfumes. It was supposed to be made with his natural scents.

Locking his apartment door he ran downstairs to the bakery and grabbed a small box of chocolate pastries. Mama always said that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach.

Brandon couldn't help laughing as he locked the bakery door. He was in the perfect profession to reach Nick's heart.

## Chapter 5

Nick rubbed the bridge of his nose between his fingers. God, he was tired. He had been called in on a four-car pileup on the freeway. A drunk driver speeding down the freeway had plowed into the back of a minivan carrying a mother and her three small kids, who in turn hit car with a single woman, then a car filled with four teenagers.

The mother had been pronounced dead at the scene, as well as two of the teenagers. Nick had worked on one of the three children, a five-year-old boy with massive internal injuries. Still, the boy was alive right now and breathing on his own.

He felt some satisfaction in that. He didn't relish being in the father's shoes tonight though. His wife had passed away, his five-year-old in a medically induced coma, his two youngest children being held for observation. Thank God for child seats. It could have been much worse.

He couldn't wait for this night to be over. He just wanted to go back to his apartment and pass out. His neck ached from several hours bent over the boy during surgery.

A smile crossed his face as he imagined going back to Brandon's and climbing in bed with him. He wouldn't be much use to him in his exhausted state but at least he would be with him.

Glancing at the clock on the wall he couldn't help chuckling. Less than twelve hours and he already saw himself spending more than just a few hours in Brandon's company. Boy, did he have it bad.

"Dr. Syranno? There's a young man at the nurse's station with a delivery for you."

Nick turned his head to see one of the nurses poking her head around the doctor's lounge door. A delivery? For him? "Thanks, Brenda. I'll be right there."

Nick quickly gathered up his paperwork and stuffed it in the patient folder. He needed to finish his notes and turn them in to his assistant to type up. One thing he had never learned to do was type his own notes.

Gathering up his stuff he walked out of the doctor's lounge and headed for the nurse's station. He could see several nurses standing around laughing. As he got closer one of the nurses moved, revealing a gorgeous bubble butt encased in the tightest jeans he had ever seen. He'd know that sweet ass anywhere. He'd been dreaming about it for hours.

"Brandon?"

Brandon turned around, flashing Nick a huge smile, holding a baby blue pastry box out in front of him. "Hi, I brought you some pastries from the bakery downstairs from my apartment."

Nick stared at Brandon, his mouth dropping open in surprise. He had come all the way down to the hospital in the middle of the night to bring him pastries? How cute was that?

As he stared at Brandon he realized that his silence was making Brandon nervous. He could see the fear of rejection in his beautiful baby blue eyes. He knew it had taken a lot of courage for Brandon to come here uninvited.

Wanting to reassure him, Nick stepped forward and grabbed the box of pastries, setting them on the counter before taking Brandon in his arms and kissing him. He wanted Brandon to know how glad he was to see him.

The giggling from the horde of nurses standing around them finally brought reason back to his brain. He lifted his head, looking down into Brandon's dazed eyes. He reached a hand up to softly caress the side of his face.

"I missed you, beautiful," he whispered for his ears alone.

"I brought you some chocolate éclairs," Brandon whispered back, his eyes still unfocused as he gazed up at Nick.

"Chocolate éclairs? Are you trying to win my heart?"

"Mama always said the way to a man's heart was through his stomach." Brandon laughed, reaching for the box of pastries and flipping back the lid.

"Oh hell," Nick groaned as he reached into the box and pulled out a chocolate éclair. "You keep me supplied in éclairs and you can have it."

He bit into the soft pastry, his eyes closing in ecstasy as he groaned. "God, I love these things." He quickly took a few more bites until the pastry disappeared before looking down at Brandon's smug face.

"Isn't the bakery closed this time of night?"

Brandon just laughed, handing Nick another pastry before passing the box around to the nurses. "It is. I have a key."

"Why would you have a—you work at Sweet Treats?" *That could be a problem.*

"I own Sweet Treats."

"You own a bakery?" Nick started shaking his head, the chuckle building up in his chest spilling out into a loud laugh. "The perfect ass *and* you own a bakery that specializes in chocolate eclairs? I am so screwed."

He wrapped an arm around Brandon's shoulders, pulling him close to lay a kiss on his head, which just barely reached his chin. "Thank you, baby."

As Nick reached for another éclair, he turned to Brandon, a curious look on his face. "I expected you to call me, not come by. How did you even know where I worked?"

"You mentioned it the day we met. You said that you worked at Cathedral Park Emergency. I'm not exactly sure what you do, but I figured if you got called in on your day off it couldn't be good. So, I thought I'd bring you a little treat."

“Just seeing you is treat enough,” Nick assured him.

“Does that mean you don’t want me to bring you any more eclairs?” Brandon asked, a twinkle in his eyes.

“Bite your tongue,” Nick stated vehemently before opening his mouth to bite into the delicious éclair. He stopped with the éclair half way to his mouth when he heard Brandon mumble softly.

“I’ve got something I’d like you to bite.”

He watched with amusement as Brandon’s face burned red when he realized that Nick had heard him. He chuckled, winking at him. “You’re on.”

\* \* \* \*

Brandon, his face still burning, laughed. He couldn’t believe he had just propositioned Nick for a blow job, and not only had Nick heard him, he had agreed to it. Could this gorgeous man get any better?

Seeing a smudge of chocolate on Nick’s lip he reached up and wiped it away, sticking his finger in his mouth and sucking it off slowly. His eyes never left Nick’s.

Nick tilted his head slightly, a tight smirk on his face. Brandon watched as Nick’s eyes turned dark green, filling with lust. “Not nice, baby,” he growled, eyeing Brandon’s mouth.

“Just making sure you don’t forget about me,” Brandon laughed as he pulled his finger from his mouth. He started to stand up on his tiptoes to give him a kiss when a rude voice behind them began speaking.

“Chocolate éclairs? Isn’t there a policy about bringing food into the nursing station? I thought food was only allowed in the employee’s lounge? Maybe I should write you up, Brenda.”

Brandon turned to see a sandy haired man about his height standing in front of the nurse’s station, reaching into the box in

Brenda's hand for an éclair. Brandon reached over and snapped the box closed, pulling it away from the man before he could grab one.

It probably wasn't his best choice considering he had no idea who this man was, but he seemed like a real prick. Brenda and the other nurses had been nothing but nice to him and this man had no right to be mean.

"It's rude to take something that doesn't belong to you without asking," Brandon stated, handing the box to Brenda.

The man eyed Brandon from head to toe, taking in his faded blue jeans and white button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He had a condescending sneer on his face as he replied. "Who the hell are you?"

"I'm the one who brought the éclairs, and I didn't bring them for you."

"Damn, Brenda, don't you think you could have done better than a delivery boy? You keep turning me down and for what—this?" he mocked, gesturing towards Brandon.

"You're a miserable little man, aren't you?" Brandon asked, shaking his head sadly. He had run into people like this before. They were so miserable in their own lives they had to be rude to people to make themselves feel better.

"I think you need to leave," the man replied, puffing up his chest as he reached for Brandon. Nick stepped forward, blocking him, and pushing Brandon behind him.

"Touch a hair on his head and you won't find a doctor in this hospital that will sew your arm back on," Nick growled.

"Are you threatening me, Dr. Syranno? Over a—a delivery boy? What? You think Brenda will go out with you if you're nice to her little errand boy?"

"That *errand boy* doesn't belong to Brenda, Dr. Dennis. He belongs to me."

Considering the situation, Brandon thought he behaved very well. He didn't jump up and down, screaming for joy, when Nick claimed

him. On the other hand, he felt bad that Nick had been put in this situation because he couldn't keep his mouth shut. He was not known for his tact.

"*He* belongs to you? He's your boyfriend?" the man spat out. "Does the director know that you're gay?"

Brandon turned his astonished face to Nick's. He had just caused Nick to come out of the closet to a coworker? Oh, that wasn't good, not good at all. Besides, wasn't it against policy to question someone's sexual orientation?

"Whether I'm gay or not is no one's business but mine, Dr. Dennis. However, the way you treat my nurses and my boyfriend is definitely *my* business. Now, unless you want to see a proctologist to have my foot removed from your ass, I suggest that *you* leave."

"How dare you threaten me? I am the senior cardiac surgeon in this hospital. I have ten years seniority over you. You can bet I'll be filing charges against you with the director, Dr. Syranno."

"I could say the same thing, Dr. Dennis. Harassing people is against hospital policy. I'd bet that I have a pretty good case for sexual harassment against you," Nick replied.

"What? I didn't sexually harass you. I'm not even gay," Dr. Dennis shouted.

"No, but I am and you're harassing me because of it. I think that violates hospital policy enough for me to file charges against you," Nick replied as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"Well, we'll just see about that, won't we?" Dr. Dennis spat out. "But, who do you think the director will believe? Someone who has a proven record for the last several years or a piss ant doctor that just got here?"

"I think he'll believe the one telling the truth," Nick said.

## Chapter 6

Brandon watched as Dr. Dennis stormed off. The nurses, and a few of the doctors who had come over upon hearing their argument, started clapping. He was so embarrassed. He could feel his face burning. “I’m so sorry, Nick. I should have kept my big mouth shut. If I had known—”

“Oh, baby, it’s okay,” Nick said as he wrapped his arms around Brandon. “Dr. Dennis had it coming. He’s been harassing Brenda now for months. She asked me not to do anything about it because she didn’t want to cause a fuss, but I think that time is over with now. Don’t you, Brenda?”

“Yes, sir. I’m sorry that you had to get involved, Dr. Syranno. You don’t think that Dr. Dennis could get you in trouble with the director, do you?”

Brandon felt Nick shrug. “I don’t know. The director is a good man as far as I can tell, but I don’t know how he feels about gay men working for him. I guess we’ll just have to wait and see.”

“Can he really do anything?” Brenda quickly asked.

Nick shrugged. “Not formally, no, but my experience has been that if someone is really against it, they will find ways to make the work environment hard for me.”

“But, isn’t that grounds for a sexual harassment charge, too?”

“If it can be proven. A lot of times, it can’t. They just slowly cut back your hours, keep you from being promoted, giving you the worst shifts, stuff like that. With me being a newest doctor here, who would believe me if I complained?”

“I don’t think Director O’Bannon is like that,” Brenda said.

“Director O’Bannon? Miles O’Bannon?” Brandon said curiously, lifting his head from where he had it buried against Nick’s neck to look up at his face.

“Yeah, why?”

Brandon just started laughing as he reached into his pocket for his cell phone. Hitting a number on speed dial, then the speaker button, he looked up at Nick’s confused face. “Watch and learn, handsome.”

He could see Nick and Brenda, as well as a few of the other nurses and doctors staring at him strangely. He just smiled. “Hey, Mom, it’s Bran.”

Brandon could hear the fear in his mother’s voice as she spoke. “Bran, honey, it’s the middle of the night. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Mom. Hey, is Uncle Millie still there?”

“Well, yes, but Bran, it’s the middle of the night. I’m sure he’s sleeping. You know he always does after Sunday dinner.”

“Yes, I know it’s the middle of the night, but I really need to speak to him,” Brandon replied, rolling his eyes. “It’s important, Mom.”

“Well, okay. I’ll go see if he’s still awake.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

He tapped his foot lightly as he waited for his uncle to come on the line. He could see the knowing smile starting to cross Nick’s lips as he waited.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Uncle Millie, it’s Bran. I’m down at Cathedral Park Emergency Room.”

“You’re at the hospital? Are you okay? Were you in an accident?” he asked rapidly.

“No, I’m fine. In fact, I’m actually pretty good. But I do have a little situation I was hoping you could help me out with.”

“Sure, Bran, you know I’ll help you anyway I can. You’re my favorite nephew,” Miles chuckled.

"I'm your only nephew, Uncle Millie."

He could see Nick laughing, mouthing the words *Uncle Millie* at him. Yeah, yeah, Brandon had called Uncle Miles *Uncle Millie* since he was a toddler. He couldn't pronounce Miles so...

"Look, I'm down here visiting a friend and—ouch! Stop that," Brandon yelped when Nick kicked him in the leg. He looked over at Nick in confusion. Why had he kicked him?

Nick just stared back, an eyebrow raised. Brandon rolled his eyes.

"Truthfully, I'm down here visiting my new boyfriend and—"

"Your new boyfriend is in the hospital? Is he hurt?"

"No," Brandon sighed deeply. "Okay, promise not to tell Mom, 'cause she'll like...freak."

"If you don't want me to, you know I won't," Miles replied solemnly.

"My new boyfriend is a doctor here in the emergency room. Dr. Syranno. I'm sure you know him."

"Yes, I do, and you're right. If your mother knew you were dating a doctor, she *would* freak. Dr. Syranno is a very fine physician, though. I also think he's a pretty nice guy, although I didn't know he was gay until now."

"Yeah, sorry about that, but that's why I'm calling. I brought him down some chocolate éclairs and we were sharing them with a few of the nurses down here when Dr. Dennis came in. Well, he was rude and one thing led to another—you know me and my big mouth."

"Oh god, what did you say to him?"

"I just told him he was being rude. He started going on about one of the nurses and how she wouldn't agree to go out with him and then he started in on Nick. All about how he was going to file charges against Nick for threatening him when he tried to man handle me and well—"

"Okay, answer me one thing. Did you touch him in any way?"

"No, but he tried to force me to leave. That's when Nick stepped in and basically told him that if he didn't leave me and Brenda alone,

he was going to need a proctologist to have Nick's foot removed from his ass."

Brandon winced as Miles started laughing loudly. "Uncle Millie? Uncle Millie, come on, stop laughing. This is serious. He's threatening to file charges against Nick and to tell you that he's gay. That should be no one's business but his. Uncle Millie!"

"I'm sorry, Bran, really I am. But I would have loved to be a fly on the wall for that one. Carl Dennis has been a thorn in my side since I took over as director last year. The man's a good doctor, but outside of the operating room he's a moron."

"I wouldn't disagree with you there. But what can we do about it?"

"Okay, okay, is your boy toy there?"

Brandon looked over at Nick, a grin forming on his face. "He wants to talk to my boy toy."

"Hello?" *Boy toy?* Nick mouthed to Brandon, rolling his eyes.

"Hi, Nick, Miles O'Bannon here. So, you're dating my nephew, huh?"

Nick raised his eyes to look at Brandon. "Well, I didn't know he was your nephew at the time. I just thought he was a cute klutz that slipped in the grass at the jazz festival."

Miles laughed. "So, naturally, you ran in to rescue him?"

Nick chuckled. "Yeah, something like that."

"Well, okay. But let me warn you now, you mess with that boy and Carl Dennis will be the least of your worries."

"I hear you."

"Good, now, as for this Dr. Dennis thing. Do you have any other witnesses besides my nephew and Brenda?"

Nick looked around at all of the nurses and doctors standing around listening to the conversation. "Uh, yeah. I'd say half of the emergency room staff saw and heard what happened."

“Good. I want everyone to write down what they saw or heard while it’s fresh in their mind. I’ll be down there to collect them all in about thirty minutes.”

“Sounds good. Thanks, Dr. O’Bannon.”

“I think if you’re dating my nephew you can call me Miles.”

“Uh, okay... Miles.”

“And tell my nephew that I’m bringing Dino with me so he’d better have some éclairs to feed him or Dino might bite him.” Miles laughed before hanging up.

Nick handed the phone back to Brandon, looking at him curiously. “Baby, who’s Dino?”

Brandon chuckled. “I’d tell you but I don’t want to ruin the surprise.” He reached for the box of éclairs, pulling the lid open, before looking up at Nick, an apprehensive look on his face. “There’s only one left. That’s not going to be enough.”

“Uh huh, if you say so. Oh, Dr. O’Bannon wants everyone who saw or heard the thing with Dr. Dennis to write down exactly what they saw while it’s fresh in your minds. He’ll be here in about thirty minutes to get your statements,” Nick said as he looked out over the staff members standing there.

He turned to Brenda, patting her on the shoulder. “You need to write two statements, Brenda. One about what you saw tonight and one concerning the harassment you’ve been receiving from Dr. Dennis.”

“I don’t want to cause anyone any problems. I—”

“Brenda,” Brandon said, stepping up to her. “My uncle is a fair man. If this doctor has been harassing you, you need to let him know. It’s not okay for someone to bother you or not take *no* for an answer. You have the right to work in peace.”

Nick nodded, wrapping an arm around Brandon. “You know he’s right, Brenda. It’s okay for someone to ask you out, but once you say no, that should be the end of it. What Dr. Dennis is doing is wrong.

What's going to happen when he does this to someone that is afraid to say no to him?"

"I know you're right. I just—god, I hate this."

Brandon quickly reached into the baby blue box in his hand and handed Brenda the last éclair. "Here, chocolate always makes me feel better."

"I thought this was for Dino?" Brenda asked.

"Dino can suffer. Besides, you feeling better is more important than Dino getting the last éclair."

Brenda gave Brandon a quick hug. "I hope you're planning on keeping this one, Dr. Syranno. He's one of the good ones."

Nick chuckled as he looked down into Brandon's surprised eyes, winking at him. "And here all this time I was hoping he'd keep me."

"I'll consider it." Brandon laughed as he accepted a piece of paper and a pen from Brenda. "Right now, though, we'd better get these statements ready for Uncle Millie. He'll get pissed if we don't have them done by the time he gets here."

## Chapter 7

Brandon watched Nick writing his own statement. He couldn't believe how understanding Nick was being about this whole thing. If he hadn't have opened his mouth, this probably wouldn't have happened.

He wondered how long it would take Nick to figure out that Director Miles O'Bannon being his uncle that meant his family had money, and a lot of it. When most guys that he went out found out he came from money they either assumed that he was stuck up or they wanted to use him as a sugar daddy.

They never seemed to understand that it was his family's money, not his. Brandon hadn't touched his family's money since he graduated from college. Everything he had achieved he had gotten on his own. He was very proud of that fact.

Brandon glanced over at Nick, wondering how he'd react when he found out. They had never gotten around to discussing their lives. They had been too busy lusting after each other's bodies.

"Hey, Nick? Can I talk to you for a minute? Privately?"

"Sure, babe, give me just a second here. I just have to finish this last sentence."

Brandon watched Nick finish writing his statement. He watched his hand move over the paper as he wrote, remembering the way that same hand had moved over his body earlier. The man did have fantastic hands. Maybe that was what made him such a good surgeon. He'd have to ask him. There was so much he didn't know.

Had it only been a few hours since they had met? It seemed like he had known Nick for years. He felt comfortable with him, not afraid to be himself, as klutzy as he might be.

“Ready to go, baby?” Nick asked after handing his statement to Brenda.

Brandon nodded, following Nick down the hallway. He had barely gotten the door closed before Nick took him into his arms, his lips coming down on his.

Brandon melted, molding his body against Nick, wrapping his hands around Nick’s neck. Their mutual erections pressed against each other through their pants.

Brandon pulled his lips away from Nick’s to gaze up at him. “Damn, you can kiss, and I’d really like to go on doing just that, but I really need to ask you something.”

“Then can we go back to kissing?”

“God, I hope so. I could live on your kisses,” Brandon whispered, starting to lean back in for another one.

Nick chuckled at Brandon’s dazed look. “Brandon, baby, what do you need to ask me?”

“Yeah, right... um... How do you feel about money?”

Nick looked at Brandon strangely. “Well, it’s nice to have, but it’s not the be all, end all of my world. Why?”

“How would you feel if I told you that I came from money? And I mean a lot of money.”

Nick shrugged his shoulders. “Okay, so what?”

“That doesn’t bother you?”

“No, should it?”

“No, not exactly. But, well, most of the guys I’ve gone out with, when they found out that I come from money, they—”

“Baby, I’m not most guys. I could care less if you come from money. And I’m a little confused about what that has to do with us. Does it bother you that I’m just a doctor? I make good money, but it will take a few years until I’m better off financially.”

“No, no... God, no. I don’t care how much money you make. I couldn’t care less if you pumped gas for a living. I just wanted to know if that bothered you. I haven’t touched my family’s money since I graduated from college. Everything I have I earned myself.”

“So, basically, you’re telling me that while your family has money, you don’t, right?”

Brandon nodded. “Basically.”

“Baby, I don’t care. It’s not an issue for me. If you’re happy, then I’m happy. If you want to use your family’s money, use it. If not, then don’t. How I feel about it shouldn’t have anything to do with it. It’s not my money.”

“So, now that you know I have money you don’t expect me to pay for... things?”

“Of course not. Again, if you want to use your money, use it. If you don’t, then don’t. When, and remember that I said when, not if, our relationship gets to a more serious point, we can do things right down the middle. How does that sound?”

“Are you for real?” Brandon asked, his mouth hanging open in awe.

“What? You don’t want to do things that way?” Nick’s eyebrows drew together as he considered another possibility. “Or you don’t think we’ll get to that point in our relationship?”

“No, that’s not it. I just can’t believe you’re for real. You’re smart, sexy, great in the sack. You love my pastries and my big fat ass. You can’t possibly be for real. Maybe I really did hit my head when I fell.”

Nick started laughing as he pulled Brandon back into his arms. “Well, then, I guess it’s a good thing that I’m a doctor then. I can make it all better.”

He leaned down and kissed Brandon on the forehead. “Does it hurt here?”

“No,” Brandon whispered breathlessly.

“Here?” Nick asked as he kissed both of Brandon’s eyelids.

“No.”

“Here?” Nick asked as he nibbled at Brandon’s lips.

“Oh, god, Nicky,” Brandon moaned as Nick began tracing his lips with his tongue. When Nick pressed in, exploring Brandon’s mouth, he melted against him.

“I love the way you say my name, baby, all breathless like,” Nick murmured against Brandon’s lips.

“Nicky.”

“Oh yeah, baby, just like that,” Nick encouraged as he planted a line of kisses down Brandon’s jaw to his neck. “Makes me as hard as a rock.”

Brandon’s legs began to tremble and go weak when Nick latched onto his neck, softly biting him. He knew there would be a mark but he didn’t care. Nick was claiming him for everyone to see, and he’d wear it with pride.

What little brain processing he had left wondered at how fast he had come to be attached to the man in his arms. Nick was quickly becoming the center of his universe. That excited him and scared him to death at the same time.

“Nicky,” he cried out when Nick lifted him up to sit on the edge of the counter. He moved to stand between Brandon’s legs until their hard erections pressed against each other. His hand wrapped around the back of Brandon’s neck, pulling him for another toe-tingling kiss.

Brandon was all for it. He grabbed Nick by his shoulders and leaned into the kiss, abandoning any hesitation he might have had that they were practically having sex in the doctor’s lounge and anyone could walk in.

Brandon pulled his lips from Nick’s and leaned his head against his shoulder, his breathing heavy as he started chuckling. He couldn’t believe he had been making out in a doctor’s lounge. But he definitely felt better than he had a few moments ago.

Nick chuckled. "I guess we do need to calm down a bit. At least until I get you home." He leaned over for one last kiss, his tongue running the length of Brandon's lips before seeking entrance.

Brandon groaned, wrapping his arms around Nick's shoulders, his legs around his hips. If Nick didn't stop kissing him, they were never going to get out of the room. Brandon could already feel himself growing hard again.

"Nicky," he murmured softly against his lips, not sure if he was asking for more, or for Nick to stop kissing him.

"You know," Nick chuckled as he lifted his head, his hand sliding down to brush against Brandon's renewed erection, "This constant swelling you seem to have may require another physical examination. Does it happen often?"

Brandon laughed. "It seems to be a reoccurring problem as of late."

"Hmmm, well, I can see that I'm going to have to keep a very close eye on you in the future. It may even require numerous overnight observations, Bran. You can never be too careful with situations like this."

"Well, you're the doctor. I'm sure you know what's best," Brandon replied, his heart pounding furiously in his chest. Nick was talking about a long-term relationship between the two of them, not just a quick roll in the sack.

"Does that mean I can come home with you tonight, Brandon?"

Brandon raised an eyebrow at Nick. He sounded nervous as if he was afraid that Brandon would deny him. *As if*. As far as he was concerned, Nick could move in. He wasn't planning on giving him up anytime soon, if ever.

"You can come home with me any night you want to. For that matter, any day too. I'm not planning on giving you up, Nicholas."

## Chapter 8

Brandon quickly turned his head to look towards the door when he heard someone chuckling. He smiled broadly when he spotted his uncle standing there, a taller man standing behind him. “Uncle Millie,” he exclaimed.

He jumped off the counter and sprinted across the room to hug his uncle. He was hugged back then released into the strong arms reaching for him from behind his uncle.

“Dino, I’m so glad to see you,” he burst out as he hugged him. Stepping back to look at him he laughed. “You’re going to have to come by the bakery, though, if you want an éclair. The last one went to a good cause ”

Dino frowned down at Brandon, “No éclairs, huh? Guess I can just go home then.”

“Dino! Behave yourself.” Miles chuckled before stepping farther into the room. He reached out to shake Nick’s hand. “Dr. Syranno, I’m sorry we’re meeting under these circumstances. I’ve been admiring your surgical techniques for some time. You do good work. I’ve been planning on meeting with you for several weeks now, but you know how it is.”

“Thank you, Director, I—” Nick replied, nodding his head.

“I thought I told you to call me Miles.”

“Miles, then, and please call me Nick.”

“So, what kind of trouble has my nephew gotten you into?” Miles asked as he turned to face Brandon.

Nick chuckled, holding out his hand for Brandon, who quickly stepped towards him to grab it. Nick pulled him close to his side, still

reeling from the fact that his little Brandon was the nephew of his boss.

“Who says I got him in trouble? Maybe he got me in trouble,” Brandon pouted, turning slightly red at the knowing looks the three men in the room sent his way.

“Honey, the only way he could have gotten you into trouble is to knock you up. Somehow, as good of a doctor as Nick might be, I still think that might be impossible.” Miles laughed.

Nick watched with delight as Brandon rolled his eyes. He was so adorable. Nick still couldn’t believe he had found such a wonderful man. Brandon seemed perfect for him. Being able to create phenomenal pastries was just a bonus.

“Brandon didn’t really do anything. He—”

“This time,” Dino chuckled quietly, receiving a fierce glare from Brandon.

“Dr. Dennis has been harassing one of my nurses, Brenda, for quite some time. I knew about it, but Brenda asked me to let her handle it. She likes her job and didn’t want to make any waves. I should have done something about it from the very beginning. Maybe we wouldn’t be in this mess.”

Miles nodded. “Yes, you should have. I will not have anyone on my staff that is disrespectful of other staff or patients. That’s not how I run things. That being said, I need to see all of your statements.”

“Brenda has them.”

“Are you done for the night, doctor?” Miles asked, looking at Nick.

“Yes. Today was actually my day off. They had a pileup on the free way so I called in. I was just finishing up my paperwork when Brandon came by.”

“Good, good. Then go home. I’ll call you tomorrow about this after I have reviewed everyone’s statements. I’m sure I’ll be hearing from Dr. Dennis at some point, too.”

“No doubt. He was pretty pissed,” Brandon added as Nick pulled him towards the door. “Thanks, Uncle Millie.”

“No problem, squirt. Just try not to piss off any of my other doctors tonight. One catastrophe a night is about all I can handle. Now go on, you two. Go home and have some fun while I try to figure this mess out.”

Nick didn’t need to be told twice. Holding Brandon by the hand he pulled him out of the doctor’s lounge and down the hallway to the elevators. He wanted to get his sexy man home and naked as fast as he could.

\* \* \* \*

Brandon unlocked his apartment door a couple of weeks later and walked in. He set the doggy bag from the Italian restaurant they had just eaten at down on the coffee table. “Hey, Nick, can I ask you something?”

Nick shut and locked the door before turning to face Brandon. “Sure, baby, you can ask me anything you want.”

“Don’t you think this is all happening rather quickly?”

“All what?” Nick asked, turning to look at Brandon.

“This—you, me. This whole thing between us,” Brandon said, waving his hands around in the air as he walked farther into the apartment.

Nick walked across the space separating them, wrapping his arms around Brandon’s waist.

“Do you care about me, Brandon?”

“Well, duh!”

“Well, I care about you too. In fact, I believe there is something very special happening between us. There’s just this connection between us that I have never felt with anyone else before.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. I’ve known you less than a month but I feel like I’ve known you forever.”

“Exactly. I feel like I can tell you anything, like how sexy you are to me. How I want to drag you into your bedroom by your hair and ravish you.”

“Really?” Brandon asked. No one had ever said things like this to him.

“As much as I want your body, though, I also want to curl up and watch movies with you, argue over who’s going to take out the trash, wake up with you lying next to me in the mornings and know that I can love you without asking first.”

“So, where do we go from here?”

Nick gave Brandon a lecherous grin. “The bedroom?”

“Nicky!”

“I’m sorry, baby, but that was just too easy. All right, come sit down.” Nick led Brandon over to the couch, sitting down before pulling Brandon down to sit down on his lap.

“Okay, we both admit that there’s something special between us, correct?”

Brandon nodded. He agreed that something special had happened between them, but he felt that it went deeper than just liking Nick. The feelings he was quickly developing for Nick scared him.

What if Nick didn’t feel the same? Could he handle it if Nick wanted something much slower? What if Nick wasn’t ready for something that permanent?

“I know this is pretty early to discuss something like this, but what would you say to us going exclusive?”

“Exclusive?”

“Well, yeah. I know it’s early in our relationship, but I can’t think of anyone else I that want to be with. Can you?”

“No, but—”

“Look, Brandon, if you really don’t want to be exclusive, I’ll deal with it. I just ask that you don’t—that you don’t sleep with anyone else without telling me first. I know you don’t have to ask my permission, but—”

“Nick, I don’t—”

“Brandon,” Nick began, “I can’t stand the idea of you being with anyone else.”

Brandon yelped when Nick suddenly lifted him up and sat him back down in the seat he had just been sitting in. Brandon watched with shock as Nick began pacing around the room, his hands twisting together anxiously.

“I know I’m not supposed to feel that way, not yet. We’ve only known each other for a few weeks. You haven’t even made any type of commitment to me, but there it is. I don’t know if I can deal with you having sex with someone else now that we’ve been together.”

“Nick—”

“I don’t want you to think that I’m going to become obsessive or anything,” Nick said as he walked over to kneel at Brandon’s feet. He grabbed his hands, his eyes not quite meeting Brandon’s as he continued. “I just—”

“Nick, would you shut the fuck up?”

Brandon watched with some amusement as Nick’s head shot up, his eyes meeting his. He could see the apprehension in them. Nick looked just as nervous as he felt. Somehow, that made Brandon feel better, and braver.

Pulling his hands from Nick’s he framed his face. He wanted Nick to be looking him in the eyes when he poured out his heart to him, to know that he was telling the truth.

“I am way beyond wanting to be exclusive with you. If I had a choice, the only reason you would be going back to your apartment would be to pack your stuff and move in here. I wasn’t lying when I said I am not giving you up, Nicky.”

“Brandon—”

“I know it’s early for us, hell, for anyone. But I don’t care. I just know what I’m feeling. I’m falling in love with you, Nick.”

“Brandon,” Nick whispered. Brandon could see the tears starting to fill Nick’s eyes. He briefly wondered if he was moving too fast for

Nick. Maybe Nick didn't feel the same way. "It's okay if you don't feel the same way, Nick. We barely know each other. We may not even like the same foods or whatever. Hell, I don't even know if you like cats or dogs."

"Is that a deal breaker?"

Brandon looked confused for a moment. "Is what a deal breaker?"

"Whether I like cats or dogs?"

"No, but it just goes to show how much we don't know about each other. I know—"

"Shut up, Brandon."

## Chapter 9

Nick interrupted Brandon's words, covering his mouth with his own, drawing him into a deep kiss. He felt like he was flying with happiness. Brandon was giving him far more than he had ever thought he'd have.

He had an uncontrollable urge to take Brandon. He just knew that he had to be inside of him in the next few moments. His very life depended on it. Grabbing Brandon's shirt he pulled it over his head, absently hearing buttons fly across the room.

Unzipping his pants, he grabbed them by the bottoms and pulled them all of the way off, dropping them on the floor. As he gazed back at him, he was incredibly grateful that Brandon had gone without underwear.

It took him mere seconds to shed his own clothes and pick Brandon up, tossing him over his shoulder. It was all he could do to keep from sprinting across the living room to Brandon's bedroom.

Reaching the bed, he tossed Brandon down, following to settle himself between his legs. Brandon's throaty whisper of his name was all he needed to hear as he lowered his head and engulfed his jutting cock.

He swiped his tongue over the top before diving down and swallowing all of Brandon's gorgeous cock. Nick moaned at the sweet taste of the pre-cum leaking from the small slit in the top. He tasted so damn good.

"Nicky," Brandon cried out. Nick couldn't help but smile when Brandon's hips began humping up, his hands clenching in Nick's hair. He loved how responsive Brandon was to his touch.

Nick lifted his mouth from Brandon's cock to reach for the lube on the nightstand, chuckling at his wail of protest. Squirting some out on his fingers he quickly started rubbing the lube around Brandon's hole, pushing in gently with one finger.

He couldn't explain the deep need he had for Brandon to come apart for him. He just knew that he needed to drive him crazy, to have him so aroused that Brandon would never forget him. He wanted to burn his touch, his image, into Brandon forever.

"Brandon, on your hands and knees, baby," Nick commanded, slapping Brandon lightly on the hip. As soon as Brandon turned over, Nick pushed two fingers into him, stretching him until he could add a third.

He pushed in as far as his fingers would reach, feeling around until he could feel Brandon's prostate. The little shudder and low moan let him know he had found it as Brandon began moving his hips, impaling himself on Nick's fingers.

"You like that, baby?"

Brandon nodded his head eagerly. Nick chuckled as he rolled onto his back and pushed himself up between Brandon's legs. "Then you're going to love this," he growled just as he swallowed his cock again.

Three fingers in Brandon's ass, stroking his prostate, one stroking his nut sac, and lips wrapped around his hard cock, Nick went to town. He alternated between stroking his sweet spot and thrusting his fingers in and out of him.

His tongue and lips lavished Brandon's cock, licking and sucking. The soft moans coming from Brandon increased in volume and length until he was giving out one continuous cry.

Feeling Brandon suddenly stiffen, Nick thrust his fingers in just as he swallowed the seed pumping from him in great spurts. Crawling back out from underneath Brandon, he quickly started to reach for a condom.

"No," Brandon whispered, grabbing his hand. "Never again."

“Brandon,” Nick said as he stared down at Brandon in shock. “Do you know what you’re saying?”

“Yes, you don’t need those anymore.”

*Sweet hell!* Nick quickly lubed his cock up and pushed against Brandon. Looking down at him, he felt tears forming in his eyes. “Are you sure, Brandon? Once we do this, there’s no going back.”

“I’m sure, Nicky.”

That’s all Nick needed to hear. Grabbing Brandon’s hips he pushed in until his hips met Brandon’s ass. He pulled almost all of the way, until only the head of his cock remained inside then slowly pushed back into Brandon again.

He did this again and again, in a slow methodical manner, until Brandon trembled beneath him, his hands clenching in the sheets beside his head. He was pushing back against Nick with every slow withdrawal, as if he didn’t want him to leave.

Suddenly, Nick pushed against Brandon’s hip. “I want you to ride me, baby. I want to see your face.”

Nick pulled out and rolled onto his back, helping Brandon straddle him. He grabbed his cock and held it as Brandon slowly lowered himself down until he was seated all the way.

“Okay, baby, ride me,” Nick encouraged as he began lifting Brandon by his hips until Brandon got the rhythm and took over. He impaled himself over and over again on Nick’s hard cock, his breathing getting harsher.

Once Brandon got going, Nick reached down and grabbed his cock, starting to stroke him to the same rhythm. He heard little moans coming out of Brandon’s mouth with each thrust of his hips.

“Nicky,” Brandon cried out, his head dropping back as his thrusts became erratic. Nick knew his man was close. He wanted him closer. He wanted Brandon to totally lose control.

Nick reached up and grabbed Brandon’s head, pulling him down until their lips met. He didn’t just kiss Brandon, he devoured him, thrusting his tongue in and demanding the response he wanted.

Brandon did not disappoint him. His hands came down to grab at Nick's shoulders. He thrust himself against Nick a few more times before his body became stiff, his head arching back as he let out a long wail, his cock erupting and filling the space between them with his release.

Nick groaned, feeling Brandon's inner muscles tighten around him. Grabbing his hips he thrust into him hard and fast until he joined Brandon in a climax, crying out Brandon's name as he filled him.

He saw stars twirl behind his eyes as Brandon's muscles milked him of all he had to give. As his vision began to clear and his breathing returned to normal, he pulled Brandon down beside him.

Wrapping his arms around him, he lightly kissed him on the head before tucking Brandon's head under his chin.

"You know it's over for us, don't you, baby? No more seeing other men. No more sleeping in separate beds. No more waking up alone. No more coming home to an empty apartment. No more eating éclairs alone on a Sunday mornings. This is it. We're stuck together."

"Yeah," Brandon chuckled against Nick's neck. "Ain't it great?"

## Chapter 10

“Hey, baby, did you remember the éclairs?”

“Like you’d let me forget them. Don’t worry, big guy, I made a fresh batch this morning just for our picnic.” Brandon chuckled as he set the picnic basket down on the red blanket Nick spread on the grass.

Nick looked a little abashed as he reached for the picnic basket. “I thought we had this whole relationship thing worked out. You cook the sweet treats, I keep us healthy.”

Brandon slapped Nick’s hand as he reached for one of the éclairs. “Yeah, and part of that whole healthy bit was eating real food before you have dessert.”

“Spoil sport,” Nick replied, rubbing his hand.

Brandon chuckled as Nick settled himself down on the blanket behind him, leaning back against him. He grabbed Nick’s arms and wrapped them around his waist, snuggling against him.

“You sure you have the whole day off?” he asked, tilting his head to look up at Nick.

“I’m sure. Miles said that the new doctor would be on call all day just to make sure we had our one-year anniversary off together. And if need be, he’d go in. Dino wasn’t too happy about that, but he gave in when I told him that he was interfering with my day alone with the éclair maker.”

“That man is ruled by his stomach.”

“And I’m not?” Nick laughed.

Brandon was well aware of Nick's weakness for anything chocolate. If he wasn't such an active man, he would weigh three hundred pounds by now. He absolutely loved chocolate.

"Yeah, but you work it off so creatively," Brandon said, wiggling his eyebrows. He started to grow concerned at the sudden serious look that crossed Nick's face.

"Nicky? Is something wrong?"

"No, baby, nothing's wrong. Have I told you how much I love it when you call me *Nicky* the way you do?"

"You may have mentioned it once or twice."

"Have I told you how much I love you?"

Brandon smiled. "Yes, but you can tell me again."

"I do, Brandon. This last year with you has been more wonderful than any that I can remember. You complete me. You make waking up every morning and going to sleep every night worth it."

"I love you too, Nicky. I hope you know that," Brandon replied, reaching up with one hand to softly caress the side of Nick's face. "I think I've loved you since the moment I saw you standing above me asking if I was okay."

Nick chuckled lightly. "I had no idea when I saw this cute little blond slip in the grass that he would change my world the way you have. You've given me so much, Bran, more than you will ever know."

"Nick—"

"No, baby, let me say this before I lose my nerve."

Brandon blinked up at Nick in surprise. Before he lost his nerve? Nick was the most self assured man he had ever met. Even when they had to deal with the whole Dr. Dennis fiasco last year, he had kept his calm.

Brandon had nearly lost it when Dr. Dennis had started throwing accusations concerning his Uncle Miles and Nick around the ethics meeting. He had been ready to jump across the room and attack the man.

Nick had been calm and collected, presenting his evidence and witnesses before the ethics board. In the end, Dr. Dennis had not only been fired from Cathedral Park Hospital, he had also had sexual harassment charges filed against him by three different nurses.

So, seeing Nick nervous made Brandon nervous. In the year they had been together, he had learned a lot about his lover. If Nick was nervous, he had something serious he wanted to discuss.

"I love you, Brandon. No one has ever made me as happy as you do, and I never want to give that up. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Would you marry me and be my husband?"

Brandon's eyes filled with tears as he stared down at the two gold and silver bands that Nick held in his hand, one small, the other larger. They seemed like simple rings, gold entwined with silver. They were perfect.

His hand trembled as he reached down and picked up the larger of the two rings. He could feel Nick's hand trembling under his as he reached over, pushed the ring onto his ring finger then held up his own hand so Nick could do the same.

"Before you agree you need to know that I want a wedding and honeymoon and everything. I want it all, Bran, the whole ball of wax. I want us to buy a house in the burbs, have kids, buy a minivan, the works. And I want you to take my name, Bran."

"I love you, Nicky."

"Then you'll marry me?"

"Oh yes, Nicky," Brandon whispered, shocked that he had any doubt.

"There is one more thing, Brandon."

"What?"

"You have to make me éclairs every Sunday morning."

"Is that a deal breaker?"

"No, but I thought as long as you were agreeing, I'd try to slip that one in."

Brandon laughed “Oh, I see how this is. You just want to marry me for my baking abilities.”

Nick quickly rolled Brandon onto his back, coming to settle between his legs. He traced Brandon’s lips with his tongue, smiling as he heard his breath come out in a rush. “You have to admit, baby, you do have the tastiest sweet treats.”

# THE END

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Stormy Glenn believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three, men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings.

When she's not being a mother to her six teenagers or cleaning up after her two 70-pound lap puppies, you can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand or her laptop, creating the next sexy character for her stories.

Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website at [www.stormyglenn.com](http://www.stormyglenn.com)



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