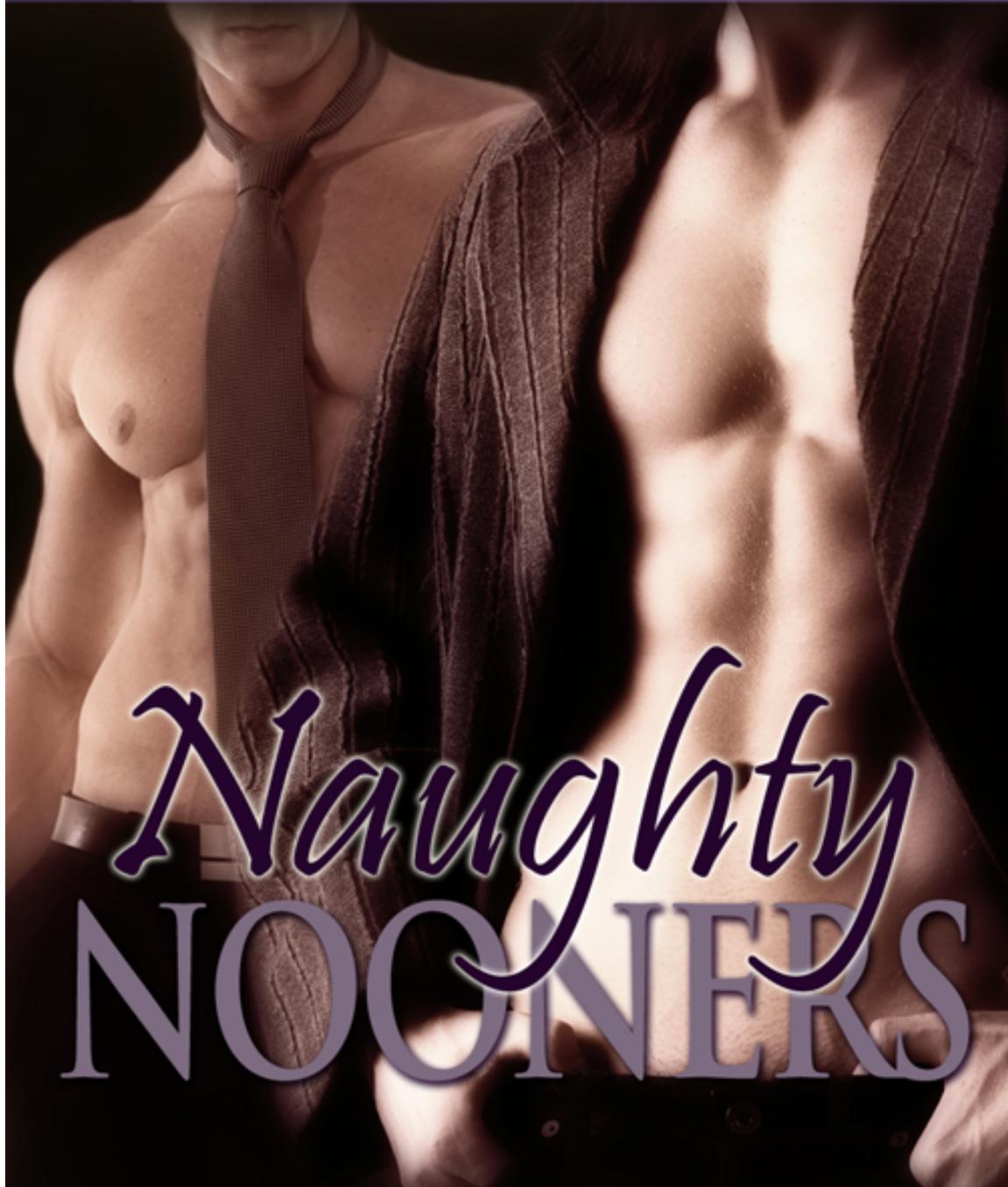




A Total-E-Bound Publishing Anthology



Naughty NOONERS

Total-E-Bound

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A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Brits in Time Anthology

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning/Total-e-melting*.

NAUGHTY NOONERS ANTHOLOGY



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INDULGE ME

Kaenar Langford



Dedication

To my dear friends at Spa Excess, the real *Indulgence*. Jean, who always has another adventure up his sleeve for me, and Robert took me into an all-male world and showed me every nook and cranny. This book is really for both of you.

To Dakota, Cindy, Jim and Carol, who thought the anthology was a great idea and wrote kick-ass stories for it. Thanks for the ride!

To Claire, who backed Naughty Nooners and made it happen.

And as always, to Janice, my incredible editor.
You bring out the best in me and I'm so very grateful.

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Elbow Grease: B. Cummins Company, Inc

Happy Together: Music and lyrics by Garry Bonner and Alan Gordon

Chapter One

Meet me at Indulgence. Noon today. I want you naked in the Wet Area.

Keane's heartbeat speeded up as he clutched the note in his hand. No need to look at it again. He knew the contents by heart. Too keyed up to sit, he strode to the door of his office and yanked it open.

"Who brought this note, Mrs. Sellers?"

Obviously startled by the unusually sharp tone of voice, his middle-aged secretary looked up from her keyboard. "I hope I didn't do anything wrong, Mr. Daniels. It was one of those bike messengers. I signed for it and he left. Wasn't that all right?"

Keane shook his head and forced a smile. "That's fine. I just wondered who'd delivered it, that's all."

"Of course." Mrs. Sellers acknowledged his acceptance with a nod of relief and got back to work.

Keane shut the door and crossed to his desk. He dropped into his chair and smoothed out the paper, wondering who had issued the invitation. No, not an invitation—a command. Who had demanded his presence at *Indulgence*? He'd only been to the place—one of the largest gay spas in Toronto—a few times, but somebody knew him well enough to be able to pinpoint his favourite spot in the luxurious bathhouse.

Could it be someone here at work? he wondered. Although he'd never hidden the fact he was gay, Keane had also never gone out of his way to advertise it. Marquette and Associates was a very well-respected architectural firm that had designed some of the more famous buildings that graced the city. The group had a world-wide reputation, their designs having won various prestigious competitions and awards. Keane enjoyed working for them, especially for Rayche Marquette, the head of the company.

Just the thought of his boss made his cock stir. The first time he'd seen him, he'd almost lifted out of his chair. He'd been afraid his erection would elevate the table, he'd been so

aroused. Mr. Marquette had been nothing but professional during the interview, never giving any hint he was aware of Keane's interest or that he returned the sentiment.

So Keane continued to secretly lust after his boss. *And what gay man in his right mind wouldn't hunger for him?* he thought.

Before he had a chance to pursue his wayward contemplation of Mr. Rayche Marquette, a couple of sharp raps at the door had him quickly shoving the note into the nearest drawer and flipping open the top folder from a haphazard pile on his desk.

As usual, Rayche walked in without waiting. Keane was never sure if that was his custom with everyone or whether the man just liked to catch him continually off guard. He sometimes imagined what might happen if Rayche dropped in one day to find him stretched out, naked, on the long couch in his office. And who could blame him for thinking like that?

'Tall, dark and handsome' might have seemed like a corny cliché, yet those were exactly the words he would use to describe Rayche Marquette. At six-foot-two, he towered over most men, and his golden skin and brown eyes spoke of his French-Canadian ancestry. He kept his mahogany hair longer than was fashionable, long enough that Keane often fantasised about running his fingers through the silky waves. Sharp cheekbones accentuated his exotic good looks and more than once, Keane had wanted to slide the back of his hand along the sexy five o'clock shadow that graced that jaw line by the middle of the afternoon. But he didn't.

The two of them had been thrown together a great deal over the past few weeks. Some wealthy patrons had commissioned the company to come up with a design for a new art museum in Atlanta. Many late night sessions were needed as the team put the finishing touches to the plans.

Those conferences were pure agony for Keane. Rayche would invariably take off his suit jacket and throw it over the back of a chair. Then he'd loosen his tie and pull it off before undoing the top button of his shirt. He'd roll up his shirtsleeves, revealing his muscular forearms with their soft, dark hair. It was all he could do not to moan when his boss would lean back in his chair, hands behind his head, and stretch. Keane was sure he could see the outline of Rayche's nipples as his shirt pulled taut against his chest.

He spent every one of those meetings with a hard-on that could have serviced his boss all night long. One particular evening, Keane had made his way to the coffee urn, hoping no one noticed his perpetual arousal. Rayche apparently had decided he needed a cup as well. Keane had tried his very best not to moan as Marquette reached in front of him to grab some cream. It had felt so good when the back of his boss' hand had rubbed against his cock in passing that he'd gritted his teeth to keep from crying out. It might have been his imagination, but a quick sideways glance made him think Rayche had an erection as well.

Sometimes it seemed like the man was doing it on purpose, teasing him, as if he knew how turned on it made Keane. But other than an occasional smile, there was no encouragement.

If the group went for a drink afterwards, Rayche would usually make an excuse and decline the invitation. Keane was never sure whether to be glad or disappointed when the head of the company didn't join them.

Unrequited lust sucks, Keane had thought. And not in a good way.

And now here was the object of that unrequited lust standing in his office. Keane could feel his cock stretching, reaching out like a divining rod.

"I wanted to speak to you before I left for lunch," Rayche said, crossing to Keane's desk to stand beside his chair. "I'm heading out in a few minutes and probably won't be back for the rest of the day."

Keane stared at the papers in the open dossier without really seeing them. He was well aware that with just a turn of his head, his gaze would fall on the fly of Rayche's trousers. There was no way he could do that and not moan. Or not reach out and trace the outline of his boss' cock, as he imagined it stiff and potent behind the soft cloth. So it was eyes forward.

"There are some things we need to go over about the commission for the Atlanta museum, and I wondered if we could do that first thing tomorrow morning," he heard Rayche say as he felt his boss move closer. A quick sizzle skittered down his arm the moment Rayche brushed against him. It was as if the contact had been skin to skin, yet they were both fully clothed. But that didn't stop Keane's body from firing up just being near him.

Again, he tried to decide if he was merely imagining an interest on his boss' part. *Am I the only one who feels this electricity between us?*

“Does the design team have some final specs they want us to look at?” he asked, finally chancing a sideways glance. *Should have kept myself ‘eyes front’.* He was certain he could discern a sizeable erection behind Rayche’s fly.

Rayche’s voice seemed completely normal, no indication that he was aroused. “Flanagan dropped the stuff off to me this morning, so I’ll go over it tonight and share it with you when we meet tomorrow.”

“Why don’t you give me a copy and I’ll check it out myself as well?” Keane asked.

His boss hesitated. “Well...I don’t have time. I’ll just give you the highlights when we get together in the morning.”

Now Keane was beginning to think Rayche had only been looking for an excuse to come and see him. *Does he know about the note? Did he send it?* He wanted to ask him, but the words wouldn’t come. *What if I’m wrong? It would be just too embarrassing.*

“I need to get going. I’ll see you later.” Rayche headed for the door.

“Okay,” was all he could think of to say as his boss opened it and stepped out. He was still staring at the closed door when it popped open and Rayche stuck his head in.

“Keane.”

“Yeah?”

“That folder on the Lazenby project you’ve got open on your desk?” Rayche said with a grin.

Keane felt a blush warming his cheeks. Busted! His boss knew the file was just a cover, a prop.

“That was all tied up last week.” Flashing a wicked smile, he disappeared and the door closed behind him.

Keane shook his head. *Well, that was certainly interesting.* He wasn’t quite sure what had just happened, but for some reason he felt Rayche had found out what he wanted to know. Too bad Keane hadn’t a clue what that was.

* * * *

A little while later there was a hesitant knock at the door. Mrs. Sellers poked her head in.

"I'm heading off to lunch a bit early today, Mr. Daniels. I'm meeting my daughter to look at wedding dresses. I mentioned it to you last week." She smiled hesitantly.

Keane checked his watch. He needed to leave as well if he wanted to catch the streetcar to be at *Indulgence* by noon.

"Yes, I remember. Take the rest of the afternoon off, why don't you, Mrs. Sellers? I'm sure you have lots to do to get ready for her special day." He grinned as he realised she wouldn't be there to notice if he took an extra long lunch hour.

She beamed. "Why, thank you, Mr. Daniels. I believe I'll do that. Are you sure you won't need me?"

"I'm sure I can make do," he said. "Have fun."

He didn't want her wondering why he was racing away early, so Keane listened for the sound of the outer door opening and closing before shooting to his feet. He grabbed his jacket, pulling it on as he crossed the room. His cock came to life just at the thought of what might happen during a noon hour encounter at the gay spa.

And who sent the mysterious note? he mused.

He couldn't wait to find out.

Chapter Two

Keane couldn't believe his eyes. Stationed at the entry to the Wet Area was Chandler, the manager of *Indulgence*. Keane knew who he was because a friend had pointed him out on one of his visits to the spa. But it wasn't the presence of the manager that slowed his steps. It was the floor sign beside the man, proclaiming the space to be 'closed for repairs'.

All the time he'd been in the locker room stripping off his clothes, Keane hadn't been able to stop thinking about the mystery man waiting for him. As he'd walked down the long hall, the music from the ceiling speakers pounding through his body, he'd felt his cock rising against the towel wrapped around his waist. It was as if an electric current had been vibrating around him, caressing his skin as he made his way to the shower area to meet the sender of the note.

Now it wasn't going to happen. All he could do was stare at the notice.

"Ah, you've finally arrived," Chandler said.

Keane looked up, startled.

"Pardon?"

"We've been waiting for you. Actually, I'm only here to make sure no one but you passes beyond the sign. Someone else is waiting for you."

"How do you know he's waiting for *me*?" Keane asked, frowning.

"His description was very precise. First off, he said you were beautiful."

Keane laughed as Chandler looked him up and down. Now he was even more intrigued to know the identity of the person who had penned the note.

"He also said you like to laugh, and you just proved that."

Keane couldn't help thinking it must be someone who knew him well, and he itched to know who that someone was.

"He also said you'd be very punctual and he was right. You arrived at the entrance to the Wet Area at precisely noon," the manager said as he moved the sign and motioned for him to enter. "This section is closed to everyone but you. My client has reserved this part of

the spa for the entire noon hour. For the two of you. He wants you to take a shower and wait for him to come to you.”

As Keane passed into the Wet Area, Chandler smiled and said under his breath, “Have a wonderful naughty nooner.”

* * * *

The moment he entered the room, Keane picked up the heady aroma of eucalyptus. The arresting scent flashed through his body, filling his senses, heightening the anticipation. That was the smell he associated with *Indulgence*, that and the smell of male arousal.

Is the mystery man close by? he wondered as he stepped into the shower area.

It was empty.

The wall to his right had showerheads placed at intervals to allow eight or ten men to shower at the same time. Keane laughed to himself. The last time he'd been here, there'd been very little showering and a lot of fucking. Slippery hands lathered with silken soap caressing slick skin. The room had been filled with the moans of men bent over as their partners moved in and out of them, the sound of flesh on flesh as wet bodies slapped together while the water poured over them.

Today would be very different. Just the man who had demanded his presence and him. Keane wondered where he was. *Is he watching from behind the darkened glass of the steam room? That's where I'd be, looking out at the shower area.*

Keane had walked in there one evening, his body embracing the smell of eucalyptus as the steam rose around the naked bodies writhing on the wooden benches. He remembered the man who'd risen from the fog, his features hidden in its depths, and reached out his hand to pull Keane to him. Those open mouthed kisses, the tender bites along his shoulder.

With the haze filling the small space, the whole scene had seemed surreal, otherworldly. But the feel of that hard body against his had been anything but dreamlike. He couldn't forget the spicy taste of his unknown lover's skin or the smooth tautness of the man's belly as he'd fallen to his knees and nipped his way to the phantom's heavy cock. But

when Keane had slipped his thumb over the smooth head, the moans he drew forth were very real. As were those first few drops of pre-cum he'd eagerly licked away.

And then Keane had done something he'd never done before. As the thick steam had swirled around them, he'd fantasised that this secret lover was Rayche Marquette. He'd imagined it was Rayche's shaft he'd encircled with his hand. With every tracing of his tongue along the heavy veins, he'd thought of those chocolate brown eyes and imagined that somehow they were looking down at him through the mist. When he felt the hands on his head, setting the rhythm, he pictured those strong forearms with the dusting of dark hair.

In his mind, it was Marquette who drew him to his feet and turned him to the bench. *His* voice that whispered to him to kneel on the hard surface, *his* fingers that slicked his tight hole with lube and *his* dick that pressed its way inside.

He fantasised it was Rayche Marquette who slid his cock so slowly, so artfully in and out, touching that sensitive gland, sending him soaring. When he'd pulled out, Keane had looked back, but all he saw was a powerful body being swallowed by the cloud of steam, like a ghost in the night.

And Keane hadn't been back to *Indulgence* since. It was Rayche he craved and no one else. But maybe this secret lover would make him forget Marquette.

As he loosened the towel from around his waist and let it fall, he thought he detected movement from behind the darkened glass of the steam room. Wishful thinking, or was the man he was to meet already watching him?

Moving to the wall, Keane grabbed one of the handles and pulled. He shivered as the cool water hit his overheated skin, and he stretched like a lion up into the stream as it began to warm. Getting soap from a nearby dispenser, he rubbed his hands together then closed his eyes as he smoothed the lather on his face and let the spray wash over him. He almost missed the quiet snick as the door of the steam room opened behind him.

Footsteps padded across the tile floor. He opened his eyes to see an arm reach past him. Muscles bunched as the hand pulled the lever and liquid soap spiralled into the large palm.

Did he recognise that sculpted forearm?

"Close your eyes," a voice whispered.

His heart gave a quick kick. *Do I know him?* Keane wasn't sure. The man spoke so quietly it was impossible to tell, but he did as he was told.

The stranger butted up behind him, rubbing his chest against Keane's back. The rough hair tickled his skin. Abruptly, the man pulled back.

"Wait," Keane said.

"Don't worry, we're just getting started," was the soft reply.

Those slick, soapy hands swept across Keane's shoulders, coming to rest at the nape of his neck where strong thumbs massaged tight muscles.

"Oh, that feels so good," he moaned.

The stranger laughed. "Then you'll certainly like this," he said, his tone remaining too low to identify.

Reaching around, he smoothed his hands over Keane's chest, pinching at the nipples as he made lazy circles on the wet flesh. Keane's knees almost gave out as the stranger bit along his shoulder blade. While the warm water cascaded down their bodies, the play moved lower. He clenched the muscles in his belly as the man skimmed his hands around his navel. And lower.

"I love this spot right here," the mystery man whispered, running a finger along the crease of Keane's leg as he slid close behind again. "And the companion one over here."

The phantom traced the groove of his other leg, and Keane pressed back against the muscular frame. A hand slid into his pubic hair.

"I love the feel of your crisp curls. But the thing I like best is this nice, hard cock."

Keane nearly jumped out of his skin as his lover-to-be seized his erection and nipped the tendon in his neck at the same time.

"Keep your eyes closed while I get more soap. I need my hands nice and slippery for what I have in mind."

Keane held his breath and waited. He wasn't disappointed. Strong arms surrounded him again and two hands grabbed his rod, sleeking their way up and down. He let his head fall back against his partner, his mind centred on nothing but the feel of those fingers as they caressed him.

For the first time in weeks, Rayche felt complete. He finally had this man right where he wanted him, in his arms and beneath his seeking hands. From the moment he'd walked into the interview and laid eyes on Keane Daniels, he'd wanted him, wanted him with his heart and his soul. But his position as head of Marquette and Associates meant he had to tread a fine line when it came to employee relations. So he'd feigned indifference and waited to see if Keane felt the same pull.

Then he started to push, just a little bit, and Keane began to give himself away. There was no way he could ignore the perpetual hard-on Keane wore as they worked night after night on the Atlanta museum project. Even with the rest of the design team around the table, Rayche found it difficult to control or conceal his own erection. He wanted Keane so badly, he found himself doing things he would have done when he was younger. Taking off his jacket and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. Or stretching so his nipples poked at the soft material of his shirt. Little enticements.

He realised he was very subtly flirting with this man. And judging from the sideways glances Keane shot at him, it was working. He just hoped Keane Daniels had as many sleepless nights as he did.

Rayche hadn't been sure what Keane's reaction to the note would be. It had been so easy to arrange to have the Wet Area to themselves, but the whole plan had hinged on Keane's curiosity and willingness to take a chance on the unknown. But Rayche had read him correctly, had been quite sure he wouldn't be able to resist the lure of the message. And now this man was his. For one whole hour. For one whole naughty nooner. And he was going to enjoy every single, decadent minute of it.

His slippery hands smoothed over the velvety skin of Keane's shaft, his thumb tracing the line of a heavy vein. He put his tongue to that sensitive spot just below the ear and licked. Keane moaned and pressed his arse back into the welcoming curve of Rayche's body. "What made you come?" Rayche asked him, keeping his voice low.

"Well, technically speaking," Keane drawled, "I haven't come yet. But if you keep that up, I won't have any choice."

Rayche lightly bit his shoulder blade at the impertinence, his hands still running the steady up-and-down cock pattern. "You know what I mean. Why'd you choose to follow the instructions and meet me here?"

Keane pushed back harder into the curl of Rayche's muscular frame and sighed. "It's not easy for me to concentrate when you're doing that thing with your hands."

"You mean this thing?" Rayche teased as he tightened his grip then included a swivel around the thick crown with his palm.

"That's exactly what I mean," Keane replied breathlessly.

Rayche smiled as Keane moved forward enough to insinuate one of his hands between their bodies. The smile vanished when Keane found his dick and took hold. It was replaced by a gasp of utter delight as Keane ran his thumb around the head, slicking the pre-cum over the taut skin.

"I'll tell you why I came. I liked the forceful tone of your message. I'm not a sub, but I liked the fact you wanted me enough to demand I come to you. That was so hot."

Rayche thought the way Keane was caressing the crest of his dick was pretty hot too.

"I came because I was curious to see who knew the Wet Area was my favourite spot at *Indulgence*."

Keane tried to turn around in his arms, but Rayche wouldn't let him. "Not yet," he said.

"Have we met here before? I feel like I know you."

Rayche could hear a trace of exasperation in the other man's voice.

"Yes, we've met here." He felt the shiver that swept through Keane's body at his words. He wondered what Keane would do if he knew he was in the arms of his boss. Would he be appalled? Would he be glad?

"There's one more reason why I had to come today."

This time Rayche could have sworn the words were spoken in resignation.

"I want my boss so badly I can't stop thinking about him, can't sleep at night. Rayche is so gorgeous and he's a really nice guy too. I'm just not sure about office romances, especially when you're in lust with the boss and he's a guy and so are you." Keane laughed. "I can't initiate any kind of relationship when I work for him, so I just try not to stare at him at the

office and attempt to will away my perpetual boner. Not that it does any good. All I have to do is think about him and I'm hard as steel for him."

Rayche wanted to howl at those words—those magic, liberating, erotic words. He'd been right all along. Keane wanted him just as much as he wanted Keane.

"So if you're in lust with your boss—and it sounds like a pretty bad case to me—then why are you here meeting some stranger for a naughty nooner?" As he spoke, he slid his hands off Keane's erection and dragged them around to his arse. "Why are you here?"

Keane's words were forceful. "Because I decided I can't spend any more time waiting for something that's not going to happen. I'm sure he has no idea how I feel about him. He's so beautiful, I bet he has a wonderful, sexy girlfriend and he'd be horrified to know another man has the hots for him." He paused. "So that's why I'm here. I need to get him out of my system."

Rayche wanted to laugh at Keane's words. He hadn't had a wonderful, sexy girlfriend since he was a teenager and that whole thing had been an unmitigated disaster. That was when he'd accepted he was gay and women made the best of friends, but not girlfriends. Now he wasn't overt about his sexual orientation, but he never tried to pretend otherwise. He preferred to fly solo at work related affairs rather than make like he was something he wasn't by taking a woman as his 'date'.

"So you think a noon hour fuck with someone you don't know will make you stop thinking about him? Well, I'm certainly willing to try." Rayche couldn't help but think about the incredible irony of the situation. He was going to fill both roles, the lover and the man Keane was trying to get over.

He could just tell him who he was.

No, not yet.

"Let go of my cock and put your hands flat on the wall," Rayche said softly.

"Do you mind if I open my eyes so I don't smash into it?" Keane asked, laughing.

"You can open them only long enough to do as I asked. Then I want them shut again." Rayche cupped the cheeks of Keane's arse as Keane stepped forward to put his hands, fingers splayed, onto the slick tile. The stream from the shower cocooned them like a tropical waterfall. "That's exactly how I want you. Keep those hands right there."

Rayche stepped back to look at Keane. While lots of men were 'dick men' – that was their favourite part of a man's body – he appreciated the subtleties of a man's back. The gentle curve of the shoulder blades, the ribbed column of the spine, that beautiful line where back met buttocks, the small of the back – those were the things he loved.

Grabbing more soap, he rubbed his hands together and let them roam over Keane's broad back then skim down his bum.

"Spread your legs for me," he said. The wider stance gave him better access to Keane's crease and his puckered hole. He ran his slippery fingers up and down, cleansing him, preparing him. Dropping to his knees, Rayche gently separated Keane's buttocks, revealing the hidden opening.

"Slide your hands down the wall a bit and bend over more. I want to get at your asshole," he commanded. An answering moan, then sweet compliance.

Rayche pushed the cheeks of Keane's arse, spreading them farther apart so he could get at his target, the little furrowed opening that was just begging for attention from his tongue. The pleasuring began with a gentle foray, tracing the rough circumference but not venturing within.

Keane pushed back against his mouth.

You want more? Delighted to oblige. He began to lick in earnest at the constricted orifice, laving the uneven skin, his voracious tongue pressing through the tight ring of flesh, sleeking its way into the snug channel.

Drawing back, he moistened one finger so he could ease it inside. Palm down, he dragged it back and forth. Palm up, he continued the see-saw motion. Two fingers replaced one. Three for two. His other hand snaked between Keane's legs and latched onto his heavy balls, strumming them, playing with them, weighing them in his palm. He was relentless in the pleasuring of his soon-to-be lover.

Rising to his feet, he reached past Keane and grabbed a condom from one of the wall-mounted wire baskets. It only took him a minute to rip it open and roll it on. Next he snatched a pillow pack of Elbow Grease. After tearing open the packet of lube, he squeezed some onto his fingers and anointed first his cock and then Keane's anus with the slippery stuff. With his dick in hand, Rayche moved into position behind him and slid it up and down

Keane's crease. Grabbing him around the waist, Rayche pulled him back to take his cock. Before he had a chance to push inside, Keane broke away and stood a few steps from him. He kept his back to Rayche.

Keane shook his head violently. "I can't do it. I just can't do it. I thought I could, but I can't."

"What's the matter?" Rayche asked, coming to stand close behind him.

"I don't want to pretend that you're Rayche. I was trying not to, but I just can't help it. He's the one I want. I'm not being fair, making love with you while I'm imagining you're someone else. That's just not right."

Rayche was stunned. "I'm sorry. This is not what I meant to happen. Hurting you was never part of my plan," he said, taking Keane by the shoulders and trying to turn him around. But Keane resisted.

Rayche heard the pain in his voice as he struggled to speak.

"You must think I'm an idiot, pining for someone I can't have, someone who doesn't even want me."

"I must say I'm flattered you feel so strongly about me," Rayche said in his normal voice for the first time.

Keane's body stiffened against him.

"Why do you think I invited you here? I'm driven to the point of distraction with wanting you. I can hardly work, I'm so hard whenever you're around. I don't sleep worth shit anymore because I want you in my bed so I can fuck you all night long. Oh yeah, I want you."

Keane turned.

Rayche almost laughed at the look of utter incredulity on Keane's face.

Keane's next words were softly spoken, certainly drawn from the heart. "I thought I was just imagining that the voice sounded so much like yours. I just figured I wanted it to be you so much that I was able to trick myself into believing it really was you."

Rayche closed his eyes as Keane reached out and stroked his jaw line with the back of his hand. A sudden jarring smack on his shoulder sent them flying open again. Keane's expression had darkened.

"You deserve that for playing such a dirty trick on me. Was this just a game for you? A little noon hour entertainment before you get back to the business of running Marquette and Associates?" he demanded angrily.

Rayche found himself aroused by that anger. He couldn't help it. The madder Keane got, the harder he got. But he needed to look at the situation from Keane's point of view. Without ever really letting Keane know how he felt, he'd tricked him into a meeting at *Indulgence*. The situation needed defusing.

Rayche put his hand on Keane's arm, pleased when he didn't pull away. "Why don't we go up to the outdoor terrace? We can talk there." When Keane sighed a reluctant 'okay', he let out the breath he didn't realise he'd been holding.

"Just let me get rid of this," Rayche said, rolling the condom off his disappointed erection. He threw it away, then as he turned, caught a glimpse of intense hunger on Keane's face. He saw the way Keane quickly masked it, but it had been enough. Relief swept through him as he realised he hadn't totally fucked up. He just needed to sort things out with his colleague.

Rayche led the way down the hall and up the stairs, chattering to Keane as they walked. "Have you been to the outside deck before? It's really beautiful. I love the way it's right in the heart of the city with all the tall buildings around but you still feel like you're somewhere exotic."

"Rayche?"

He froze at the sound of Keane's voice, then looked back over his shoulder at him. "Yeah?"

"You're rambling. I've never heard you do that before."

He tried to summon a smile. "I've never been so close to fucking up something this important to me before."

Keane said nothing for a moment. Rayche studied his face, looking for clues, for encouragement.

“Okay, let’s talk,” Keane finally said.

Rayche climbed the rest of the way up the stairs, shoved open the door and held it so Keane could pass through.

“What would you like? Something to eat, something to drink?” he asked.

“I’ll just have a coffee,” Keane said, looking around.

Rayche pointed to a secluded corner. “You grab those two chaises lounges over there by the wall fountain. That looks like a fairly private spot where no one will hear us. I’ll order the coffee. Just wait for me and I’ll be right there.”

Keane shook his head. A smile hovered. “You’re doing it again.”

“What?”

“You’re taking charge.”

Rayche had the grace to look contrite. “I tend to do that, don’t I?”

“A lot. But Rayche?” This time Keane put *his* hand on Rayche’s arm.

“Yeah?”

“I like it.”

Rayche snorted and, as Keane walked over to the loungers, went to the bar and ordered two coffees to be put on his bill and brought over when they were ready. He thanked the bartender and made his way to Keane, then stood looking down at his colleague stretched out on the recliner.

“This *is* beautiful. I’ve never been up here before,” Keane said, perusing the terrace, his eyes eventually coming to rest on Rayche’s face.

Rayche just continued to stare, his intense scrutiny having a predictable reaction on his cock. He saw Keane’s gaze drift lower, checking him out.

“Seems as if you like what you see,” Keane finally said mischievously.

“You know I do,” Rayche replied.

He watched Keane’s light smile be replaced by a frown. “Well, that’s the problem. I really had no idea about your feelings for me. And I still don’t—aside from some obvious lust.”

Conversation halted while the bartender walked between the two lounge chairs and set the coffees down on a small, round table. When he had gone, Rayche sat down on the edge of the empty lounge, looking across at Keane.

As Keane picked up one of the cups and took a sip, Rayche began to speak. "I had trouble with your interview."

Keane observed him over his cup. "What do you mean?"

"I stepped into the room planning to meet you, ask you the required questions and probably offer you the job. You were obviously well qualified and your references were excellent. Your résumé was top notch. Too bad it didn't include a picture."

Keane took another sip. "A picture?"

Rayche ignored his coffee. "If there'd been a photo, I might have been a bit more prepared for the kick in the gut I experienced when I saw you sitting there." He laughed. "The kick in the gut and the instant hard-on. Didn't you notice how quickly I sat down? I was afraid you'd see the gigantic boner I had for you."

Keane snorted. "That's not very appropriate talk for the head of Marquette and Associates."

"Well, my reaction wasn't very appropriate either. I was supposed to be interviewing you for a position in our company, but I was thinking about entirely different positions."

Keane just stared across at him. "I had no idea. I've worked for you for months, and every time I thought there might be some interest on your part, there would be nothing more and I'd just assume I'd imagined it."

"Oh, there was interest, but I didn't think it prudent to show it."

Keane set his coffee down. "So what's this noon hour tryst all about?"

"I wanted to spend time with you, play with you," Rayche admitted.

Rayche didn't like the way Keane's expression darkened at his words. Perhaps he should have chosen them more carefully.

When Keane spoke, his tone was angry. "Oh, I see. Check to see if your employee has the hots for you, have a quick nooner and get back to work. To you, it's just a game."

Rayche surged to his feet. "A game? Look at my dick and tell me I'm playing some kind of game." He set his hand beneath his now massive erection and held it up for Keane's perusal. "There's no way I could fake that and no way I could fake the way I feel about you. I never meant to hurt you. This was all for you, for your pleasure."

"You had the note delivered." It was a statement, not a question.

Rayche nodded curtly.

"Why didn't you just talk to me, ask me yourself?"

"I could have just asked you, but I wanted this whole thing to be mysterious, naughty. It never occurred to me you'd be hurt. I didn't realise the depth of your feelings for me."

"And what about you? What about your feelings for me?" Keane asked, renewed strength in his voice.

"That's why I wanted you to meet me here today. I wanted to tell you how I feel, show you what you make me feel."

"So, go ahead. Show me," Keane dared.

"Is that a command?" Rayche asked, hope surging through him.

"Not so much a command as a challenge," Keane retorted.

A flick of desire raced along Rayche's skin. "I've always loved a good challenge."

Chapter Three

Coffee forgotten, Keane followed Rayche back down the stairs and along the corridor to the Wet Area. Despite Rayche's claim this wasn't a game to him, with every step Keane found himself wondering otherwise. *How does he really feel about me? Hell, how do I feel about him?* He'd never felt so torn up inside, so unsure, so damned vulnerable. *God, I love him.* The realisation hit him like a blow to the solar plexus, knocking the breath from his body. But Rayche had made no mention of feelings or emotions. Only lust. *What had he said? 'I'm driven to distraction with wanting you.'* For some reason, Keane remembered his exact words. 'I want you in my bed so I can fuck you all night long.'

For him, it seems it's all about wanting and fucking, not love. And is it all about him and what he wants? Does he care what I want?

Wanting? Shit, there were lots of men Keane had wanted in his life. Men he'd fucked like crazy. He'd desired them, their cocks shoving their way inside him or him ploughing into their tight holes. But that wasn't love. That was just sex.

Rayche spoke about his hard-on and how he couldn't fake that. Keane never had to fake a hard-on for any of the guys he'd been with. His dick was like steel for every last one of them. But that wasn't love either. That was just fucking.

Keane knew what it was all about. Those kinds of sessions followed the same rules. It was all about getting off. Maybe with a hand while watching somebody else. Or perhaps pumping into a hot, ready body. But the bottom line was – when it was over, it was over.

And what about work? Rayche was his boss, for God's sake. How would this pan out when they were once again at the office? And thinking back, he'd never once seen Rayche in the company of another man at any Marquette and Associates functions. *What does that mean? He doesn't want anyone to know he's gay? He's ashamed to admit it? It would be bad for business relations if other corporate 'suits' find out he's not straight?*

Keane didn't want to be anybody's 'dirty little secret'. If he was going to be in a relationship with someone, it wouldn't be some kind of covert operation. He deserved better than that.

In front of him, Rayche's taut arse flexed with every step he took as they made their way to the shower room once more. Keane couldn't help but focus all his attention on it, and his trepidation and uncertainty fell by the wayside beneath his growing desire. By the time they reached the play area, Keane's head was spinning with the anticipation of what Rayche was going to show him and how he was going to show him. As they stood under the soft lights in the warm room staring at each other, Keane couldn't help thinking it was like some kind of wild fantasy – except his fantasy was right there, in the flesh.

And what beautiful flesh it was.

Who could have guessed what was hidden beneath those expensive suits his boss always wore? Rayche Marquette was stunning fully clothed, but naked and aroused, he was all golden skin and hard muscle. His dark hair was slicked back, the long waves plastered against his neck and shoulders. High cheekbones bore the flush of arousal and his eyes were bright with what Keane hoped was the promise of things to come. His chest had a light dusting of hair with a thin dark arrow that drew Keane's gaze to Rayche's cock. Keane ached to have that long, thick rod inside him, to feel that generous head pushing its way past his slick hole.

As Rayche put his hand under Keane's chin and lifted his head, Keane could see the question in Rayche's eyes. He was asking for forgiveness.

"I wish you had just told me you were interested. It would have saved us both months of misery," Keane said.

"That wouldn't have been fair to you. What if people had thought you were given the job because you were the boss' bitch?"

Keane recoiled at the harsh words.

"That's what some people would have said, and I didn't want that to happen. I wanted you from the moment I stepped into the conference room to conduct your interview. It was as if the floor had shifted underneath me when I saw you sitting there. But I knew I couldn't

do anything about it. I was the boss and the law is very straightforward in matters of employee and employer relations.”

As Rayche opened up to him, Keane found himself losing some of his uneasiness. It was obvious his boss had been very aware of Keane’s position with the firm, and his reputation. Now he didn’t know what to think. On the one hand, he was relieved that Rayche had cared enough about him to worry what people would say, but on the other, Rayche seemed to have thought more about appearances than having a relationship. So was Rayche hoping to satisfy his lust with the occasional secret tryst? And why did that kind of rendezvous seem naughty and very enticing to Keane? He just wasn’t sure what he wanted.

But he knew he really liked the feel of his boss’ hand on him as he ran the back of his fingers down Keane’s cheek.

Then Rayche continued. “So I had to bide my time until I just couldn’t wait any longer. Having you once in the steam room here wasn’t nearly enough.”

Keane realised the significance of Rayche’s words. Rayche *had* been the lover in the steam room. “I so badly wanted it to be you. That was the first and only time I let myself pretend my anonymous lover was you. That is, until today.” He shoved at his boss and realised it was a flirtatious move. “So this is the second time you’ve tried to seduce me, eh?”

Rayche’s response to his teasing statement was with action rather than words. Keane wanted to purr when Rayche ran his knuckles down his breastbone to his belly. But it was a need to howl that arose when the man dragged both hands to Keane’s nipples. It was so difficult to focus on what Rayche was saying with the clever play of pinching and pulling.

“That first time was just sheer luck,” Rayche said. “The door to the steam room opened, you walked in and I just went on auto pilot.”

Keane writhed from the tender torment of word and deed.

“You were the last person I expected to see. It was one of those little coincidences that life sometimes throws at you. I’d been sitting there thinking about the new guy we’d just hired, the one I couldn’t get out of my head, the one I couldn’t have because I’m the boss.”

Now his hand was moving over Keane’s face, tracing his lips with a thumb, down his cheek with two fingers. “When the mist cleared for an instant, I knew some deity had a

warped sense of humour, for there was the object of my desire delivered right to me. I had to have you then. And I want you now.”

Although Keane understood his motives, he was disappointed Rayche had left without revealing his identity, disappointed that, up until today, Rayche had only made subtle overtures to him.

But that was in the past. Now – no more disappointment, no more subtlety.

He put his arms around Rayche’s neck and drew him close. The kiss was meant to be gentle, but once he tucked his tongue into Rayche’s mouth, there was no room for tenderness, only fulfilment. Lips pressed, tongues duelled, teeth nibbled – not enough.

He let Rayche haul him back to face the wall. Keane put one hand to the slick surface then turned his head to look at his boss. Uncertainty be damned. With the way Rayche made him feel and the hunger in his lover’s tight gaze, he’d take whatever Rayche was willing to give. For now. He’d think about later...later.

“Now you’ve got me where you want me. What are you going to do about it?” he asked.

“I’m going to take you. So this is the last chance to tell me if this isn’t what you want,” he said to Keane as he ran his hand over his hard-on.

“I’ve wanted you since the moment I set eyes on you. I want you inside me, filling me, and I want it now.” Lust spun through Keane’s body and formed a tight knot in his gut as Rayche prepared them. Cock sheathed, lube applied, ready to fuck, Rayche pushed enough to part his cheeks, slicked his rod up and down his crease then held it at his opening.

There was no foreplay, no tender words or touches.

He gave Rayche a further invitation by bending over to put one hand on the tile floor and the other on his cock. As the thick head of Rayche’s shaft pushed against the tight ring, demanding entry, Keane gripped his dick roughly in anticipation and used that firm hold to run one hand up and down his stiff erection. His mind spun with thoughts of how much he wanted this man, how long he’d waited to make love with him.

“Damn it. Don’t make me wait any longer,” he cried.

Rayche’s voice was guttural as his thick rod stretched the tight flesh of Keane’s anus, pushing its way inside. “Jesus, you’re so tight. That feels so damn good.”

Keane flinched as the thick bulb spread the puckered opening, the tender skin pulling as Rayche forced his way in. As his lover's hands settled on his arse, Keane closed his eyes in expectation. He knew exactly what would happen. After the pain would come the pleasure—deep, dark pleasure. The dark pleasure that flashed through his body as Rayche flexed his hips and jammed his cock in to the hilt. The dark pleasure that rippled through him as the man dragged his heavy erection back, then slid in slowly, brushing that oh-so-sensitive gland.

Rayche's hands caressed his back, tracing the nubs of his spine before coming to rest at Keane's waist. His grip tightened, forcing a cry from Keane as precise jabs replaced those gentle strokes. Rayche's rhythm was relentless, pounding into Keane, his balls slapping against him, the room echoing with the slick sounds of flesh into flesh. Keane pulled his own cock, his hold more forceful, more demanding.

Rayche's voice was low, with a rough edge Keane had never heard from him before. "Shit, I love the way you grab my dick. It feels absolutely amazing. You're so slick and tight."

Rayche's words, the unremitting pounding, his own cock in hand—it was just too much. Over he went, crying Rayche's name and dragging him into release with him.

Minutes passed before either of them moved. Keane moaned as Rayche withdrew. A moan for the pleasure of the withdrawal, but a moan for the loss of the connection as well.

As Rayche pulled him upright and turned him in his arms, Keane grabbed his head and pulled him down for a passionate kiss. The hard fuck had barely taken the edge off his hunger for this man. He bit at Rayche's lower lip, tugging it into his mouth, running his tongue along it. Then he drew back, gently pulling, slowly releasing it from between his teeth. He slid his tongue into Rayche's mouth, slicking it back and forth over the sensitive palate.

"I don't think I could ever get enough of you," he said moments later.

Rayche laughed as he broke away and disposed of the condom in the small garbage can. "That's good, because I have other plans for you."

Keane looked on as Rayche pulled one of the handles on the wall and waited for the water to turn hot. "Would you like some help there?" he asked playfully, reaching out to stroke his lover's arm.

It was a very naughty grin that Rayche flashed back. "Actually, I'm going to shower and wait for you in the steam room."

"Why don't I stand here and watch?" Keane was more than happy to take the role of observer as Rayche moved under the powerful stream. Turning his back to the wall, he leaned against it, crossed his arms and bent one leg so the foot pressed flat on its glossy tiles. The water slicked back Rayche's dark hair and poured down his golden torso, over his spent cock and down his muscular legs. As Rayche soaped his hands, the steam gathering around him, Keane's cock stirred to life. Despite the uncertainty of their relationship, he still wanted this man with a vengeance. Rayche lathered the foam over his chest and Keane's foot came down and the other took its place. When Rayche took his own cock in hand and caressed it, Keane's hands fell to his sides, clenched into fists.

Maybe I can't just stand and watch, he thought. Maybe I don't want to. Reaching along the wall beside his head, he pulled the lever on the dispenser and let the soap spiral onto his fingers. Rayche's eyes were closed as he palmed his cock, his hands slipping along the now hard length and around the plump head. Keane called to him and, when he opened his eyes, Keane took a more solid stance, grasped his own hard-on and tugged it out and away from his body. Rayche's face reflected the hunger Keane felt.

Rayche spread his legs, his soapy hands taking a path in between to wash his balls. Keane's eyes followed, watching as Rayche massaged the heavy sac with his lathered fingers, using first one hand and then the other to cover it in soapy foam. Making more suds, he gave his back to Keane and slid his fingers down his crease, paying special attention to his arsehole.

Looking over his shoulder, he said, "Want to make sure it's nice and clean in case you want to put your tongue there."

Keane bounced his cock gently against his palm and held it up for Rayche's inspection. "That's not the only thing I'm going to be putting there."

As Rayche rinsed off and moved to grab a towel from a hook on the wall, Keane took his place under the spray and hurriedly soaped his body and let the warm water cleanse it. Rayche held out another towel and he grabbed it.

"I'm going to head into the steam room. Why don't you just take your time getting dried off?" Rayche said, running his fingers down Keane's cheek.

Keane snorted, a rather inelegant sound. "You mean take my time so you can watch me. No problem." He took note of Rayche's gorgeous backside as the man strode across the floor, pulled open the steam room door and disappeared into the mist. That sultry smell hit Keane's nostrils as the door swung shut. Now it made him think of hot sex with Rayche.

Knowing his lover would be sitting there watching him changed everything. Keane had never really thought about the process of drying off. It was usually a means to an end—he was wet, he wanted to be dry. He was getting ready to go out somewhere, he had a shower and dried off.

But this was different. This was about seduction, pure and simple.

Taking the fluffy, white towel by two corners, he swung it up and behind him like a matador brandishing his flamboyant cape. The images that flourishing motion brought to mind made him smile. Years ago he'd been to a bullfight in Toledo. The matador had been an absolutely gorgeous hunk of manhood packed into an incredibly tight pair of pants that accentuated his even tighter backside. A backside not at all unlike Rayche's.

When the gate had opened and the bull had hurtled into the arena, all eyes had been on it. All except Keane's. He'd watched the changes in the matador's sinuous form as he'd begun to work the enraged animal with nothing more than a scrap of red material. The fighter's graceful movements as he teased the bull had only heightened Keane's awareness of that lean, muscular body. The years of skill and training had made the dangerous dance appear effortless, but everyone in the *Plaza de Toros* knew the matador rode a thin line between life and death. Only his finely honed skills kept him from being gored by the creature. Keane laughed as he remembered how in the midst of the whole chilling scene, he still couldn't stop checking out the matador's arse.

And there were definitely a number of similarities between Rayche and the bull as well. 'Dark', 'dangerous' and 'powerful' were words that could describe the two. He'd felt firsthand the raw emotions that came from being in close quarters with such a potent creature as Rayche. And there was that old saying, 'hung like a bull'. That would certainly

apply to Rayche. He'd experienced that big cock already and couldn't wait to feel Rayche shoving it inside him again.

Holding the two corners of the towel, he slowly see-sawed it across his back, seductively wiggling his bum from side to side with each drag of the material. Letting the towel slip lower, Keane shimmied it across his arse, shifting his weight from foot to foot so he could exaggerate the movement of his hips. He certainly hoped Rayche was enjoying the show he was putting on for him. He wasn't sure what he was trying to convey to his lover. Was it lust, or desire, or love? Whatever it was, he hoped Rayche could sense his need for him.

Turning to face the darkened glass of the steam room, he gathered a hunk of the towel in one hand and dried off one arm and along his shoulder. He closed his eyes, letting his head fall back as he rubbed the soft material over his chest, then switched hands on the towel to skim it down his other arm. Belly next, then lower. He spread his legs and dipped his hand in between, moaning as the material rubbed the sensitive skin of his balls.

"I'll just take that towel from you," Rayche said, tugging it out of Keane's hands.

His eyes shot open as the voice next to his ear made him jump. He'd been so involved in his sexy stage show that he hadn't even heard the steam room door open.

His little routine had definitely produced the desired effect. Rayche couldn't stay away. Keane threw him a knowing smile. "You told me to take my time."

"I didn't know you were going to be putting on this erotic performance. You can't expect me to stay in there and watch when I could be out here with my hands and mouth all over your delectable body."

Rayche moved behind him and used the towel to wick the moisture from Keane's wet hair. Keane slowly swung his head from side to side, loosening the muscles as Rayche smoothed the towel along his shoulders and down his arms.

"Some of that's already dry, you know," he said, laughing.

"Wouldn't want to overlook any drops." Rayche planted kisses down his spine.

Keane clenched his fists as his lover's tongue began to lick randomly over his back.

"You missed a few spots," Rayche explained. Then he bit Keane's shoulder blade, galvanising him into action.

Keane whirled around, tore the towel from his hands and threw it aside. "Let's take this to the steam room," he said to a startled Rayche.

Chapter Four

When the glass door swung shut with a tight snick, the steam wrapped the men in its heady fragrance, swirling around their powerful bodies, almost as if it were trying to isolate them from the rest of the world.

Rayche smiled as Keane took his hand and tugged him nearer.

“This is going to be so much better than the last time I was here,” Keane said, brushing his hand down Rayche’s jaw, along the beginning beard stubble. “Last time, I had to pretend it was you as the fog danced around us. This time, there’ll be no pretending. I’ll know it’s you.”

He slid his fingers through Rayche’s hair and slowly pulled his head forward, his eyes searching Rayche’s as he drew him closer and closer. He gently licked the folds of Rayche’s eyelids, traced the man’s eyebrows with the point of his tongue then moved to his lips, outlining them in his sensual journey.

Rayche whispered into his mouth, “Last time I didn’t think, I only reacted. It was fairly primitive.”

Keane spoke, his words teasing. “I can do primitive.” Then he broke away and all but shoved Rayche over to the ascending rows of cedar benches. “In fact, primitive really works for me. Stand here and don’t move.”

He pushed at the door of the steam room and headed to the shelves by the entry to the shower chamber. After tearing a towel from the top of one of the piles, he strode back and yanked the door open. Rayche caught the soft cloth as Keane flung it against his chest. His voice was nothing more than a guttural whisper as he said, “Spread that out for me.”

It was obvious from the clumsy way in which Rayche tried to lay it open that he was just as turned on as Keane was.

Keane couldn’t find the patience to wait quietly. “What’s taking you so long?” he growled.

“Your caveman tactics are really turning me on. I’m hard as a rock and my hands just don’t want to obey me,” Rayche said in an uneven voice.

Keane stepped forward and helped as best he could. His hands didn’t seem to be too steady either. Finally the towel was laid out. “I’m going to get up here and lie down. Then you’re going to take care of me,” he said, flicking back a corner of the material that was still turned over. He sat down on the soft fabric and stared up at Rayche who was just standing, watching now. “What’s the matter?”

“The way you were trying to strong-arm me, I thought you wanted to be in control this time,” Rayche said.

“I am in control, sort of. I’ve decided you’re going to pleasure me. How you do it is...well, that’s completely up to you,” Keane said, shrugging. “I trust you.”

Rayche laughed, but Keane heard something more behind it, something serious. “That’s a lot of pressure. I’ll try not to disappoint you.”

Keane’s smile was tender. “I just said I trust you. You could never disappoint me.” Then he settled back on the towel.

Rayche would never know how difficult it was for him to say that. He did trust him and he knew Rayche would never disappoint him—at least right now, while they were together in the steam room. But what about when they were done, when their little fantasy was over? What then? Back to work? Back to loving a man who might not return his feelings, who might never publicly admit a relationship between them?

Keane was quite certain *he* wanted it all. A life together, people knowing they were a couple, great love-making, not just sex. Oh yeah, he was ready to throw down the gauntlet. To make Rayche realise it could work between them. He just needed to be sure how Rayche felt.

Rayche was humbled by Keane’s words. When his ‘naughty nooner’ looked like it was taking on the status of ‘colossal fuck-up’, he’d realised what an idiot he’d been. *What’s that saying about ‘the best laid plans of mice and men’? This would have been one of those cases.*

Ever since their initial interview, he’d been paying very close attention to Keane Daniels and was well aware that, despite the fact he went to great lengths to hide it, Keane liked his

boss. It wasn't until Keane had pulled away from him in the shower room that Rayche had figured out just how deep those feelings went. He was grateful that his colleague hadn't stormed off. He wouldn't have blamed him if he had.

Instead, Keane had stayed and talked to him. Now he was lying there, waiting to be satisfied. And Rayche was more than certain he was the man for the job. *I told him I love a good challenge. You could say I'm definitely up for this one*, he thought wryly.

Keane's erection lay heavy against his belly. Rayche slid his fingers underneath and cradled the solid length. The strong heartbeat pulsed against his palm. His dark eyes caught his lover's as his open fist swept to the tip and back to the base. Over the thick crown and down the solid shaft, again and again.

Keane squeezed his eyes shut. "It's too much, Rayche. Please just make me come," he pleaded.

"I'd be glad to make you come, but only if you watch me," was the answer.

Those heavy eyes languidly opened as if the lust behind them made it difficult for them to obey. But once open, they narrowed in on Rayche. Feeling the force of Keane's hooded gaze on him, he set his hand at the base of Keane's arousal and pulled it away from Keane's body towards him.

"I'd love to swallow you whole. But I don't think I can. You're just too big." His thumb slicked the pre-cum over the generous crest. "And I don't want you to come in my mouth. You're going to do that in my ass."

Keane put his arm over his eyes. "Geez, Rayche, you can't say something like that and then expect me not to come."

Rayche threw him a sexy smile. "I'm sorry, Keane. You must have misunderstood. That's not an expectation, that's a command. Remember, you said I got to decide how I was going to pleasure you. So don't you dare come until I climb up there and you stick your dick inside me." He licked off the little spurt of cream his words triggered. "That was lovely. But save the rest for my ass."

Keane lowered his arm. "Then you'd better hurry the fuck up."

From his vantage point, Rayche could see Keane's balls cradled between his thighs. They were big and heavy and all too inviting to ignore.

“On second thought, put your feet on the bench, Keane.”

His lover lifted his head slightly and looked at him. “What?”

“Bend your legs and put your feet up so it’s easier for me to get at your balls. I want to play with them first.”

Rayche was pleased at the speed with which Keane complied. His lover must have been very eager because he put both hands behind his head so he could watch. And Rayche didn’t disappoint him.

Moving to his knees, he nudged the weighty sac with his nose, taking in the unique essence that was Keane’s, making Keane’s body shake with laughter.

“Are you butting me with your nose?” Keane quizzed.

“I want to know your smell,” Rayche said. He’d never just played with a man’s body like this before, exploring the textures, the distinctive odour of his skin. He gently pushed against the sac, feeling the hardness within. There was still a faint scent of soap about it, but there was a muskiness, a richness as well. It was an earthy smell, giving Rayche thoughts of making love by the ocean or under the night sky.

He put out his tongue and tentatively ran it along the crinkly skin, feeling the coarse hair that covered the supple flesh. Opening his mouth wide, he pulled one ball inside.

“Holy shit,” Keane yelled as Rayche sucked hard while using his tongue to flick the testicle within. As Keane began to writhe in abandon, Rayche had to grip his lover’s thighs to hold him in place. He could feel the muscles bunching beneath his hands as Keane struggled against the too-much-pleasure. He formed an ‘O’ with his mouth, trapping the ball with his lips, and gently tugged. Swinging his head slowly back and forth let him pull then relax, again and again.

When he heard Keane’s head hit the towel covered bench, he knew his lover was enjoying the love play. Releasing the pressure slightly, he used his tongue to lightly bounce the wrinkled pouch against his palate. He popped it from his mouth then shifted his head to draw in the other side of the sac.

“Oh God, Rayche, nobody’s ever done that to me before. Fuck, I love it.”

If his mouth hadn’t been so full, Rayche might have smiled at Keane’s admission. There was definitely an issue of trust in letting someone put their mouth on that most sensitive part

of a man's body. It wasn't something Rayche had done very often, but he wanted to do it for Keane. He found himself thinking about a lot of things he wanted to do with Keane, and they weren't all about sex. In fact, they were about life. Keane in his life—he really liked the sound of that. But at the moment his focus was on pleasuring him.

Now as he kept his lips tight and his teeth covered, he leaned his head back, letting the scrotum gradually pull out of his mouth. But he held onto the fleshy bottom, tugging the sac away from Keane's body, gumming at the flap of skin he'd grabbed.

"That feels so fucking good," Keane moaned.

Letting go, Rayche straightened, but he wasn't finished. Palming Keane's cock with one hand, he tenderly scraped along the crinkly flesh with the fingernails of the other. Keane's back lifted off the bench, the towel gripped tightly in his fists as Rayche swivelled his grip on his shaft and teased his testicles at the same time.

"Please, Rayche. I need you," Keane pleaded.

Rayche surged to his feet, grabbing a condom from one of the containers set on the rows of benches. He threw the foil packet onto Keane's chest.

"I want to watch you put it on," he said in a low, take-no-prisoners voice.

As Keane tore the pack open and pulled out the rubber, Rayche took hold of Keane's cock at the base and held it upright for him. "Just helping out," he said, with one of those sex-in-the-dark smiles.

Pinching the very end of the rubber, Keane rolled it down his erection.

Rayche picked up a package of Elbow Grease and held it by one corner. Waving it gently, he made sure he had Keane's attention. He needn't have worried. Once he had the condom on, it seemed there was no way his lover could look away. A quick rip, a generous squeeze. He made sure Keane's cock was liberally coated and his own arsehole as well. Climbing onto the bench, he stepped across Keane. He gave a backward push at Keane's legs, and they fell over the edge of the bench, his feet hitting the floor.

"Hold that dick steady for me," Rayche said roughly. His legs bent in a squatting position, he placed his hands on Keane's chest and lowered himself, letting Keane slide his erection into place at Rayche's entry. Shifting his weight back slightly, he pressed down

harder, forcing the broad crown through the ring of puckered flesh as Keane used two hands to keep his rod in position.

He flinched as his body accepted the thick head, a head that felt so huge and engorged he knew Keane must be close to detonation. But he was going to play with him as long as he could before that happened. Sucking in a breath, he lowered himself, snatching gulps of air as the fist-shaped crest ploughed its way inside. The tight walls expanded as slick flesh gave way under the onslaught. As his body settled into the cradle of Keane's pelvis, he allowed himself a moment's pause.

"Jesus, Keane, the head of your cock is so fucking huge. I didn't think I was going to be able to take you."

Keane's body flexed beneath him, telegraphing his impatience. "Now that I'm inside you, I want you to move, Rayche. I want to know what it feels like when you slide up and down my hard-on."

Rayche took up an easy pace, keeping his hands on Keane's chest for leverage as he lifted his body only to let it unhurriedly settle back down. It was a calm, almost lulling motion, letting them both savour the glide of flesh in flesh. Then, using his powerful legs, he raised right up off Keane's cock.

Keane's shoulders lifted off the bench. "Wait, Rayche. I wasn't done."

"Neither was I," Rayche replied. Meeting his lover's eyes, he unerringly came down on his erection, forcing it through the constricted opening again.

"Oh man, that feels incredible," Keane whispered slumping back onto the towel spread out on the wooden slats.

So Rayche did it again. And again. Releasing Keane's cock from his body over and over, only to recapture it each time. The pleasure was unimaginable as that plump crown had to push its way in with each down stroke and draw back out on each upstroke. And then he managed to increase that incredible pleasure, taking on a faster pace, one that had him flexing his muscular legs over Keane, holding the cock inside as his body slid up and down Keane's rigid erection in a rapid rhythm.

He laughed as his lover took charge, surging up into him on one of his down strokes, setting a new pattern. With his feet on the floor, Keane slammed inside him, seeming to reach deeper and deeper with every forceful thrust.

His legs ached from the gruelling tempo, but he discovered that if he leaned forward, his arms could take some of the weight and that way he could hold still and just let Keane control the action. Keane must have sensed how hard it was for Rayche to maintain the uncomfortable position because he slipped his hands under Rayche's legs and helped him to lift and lower.

Rayche loved the feel of his lover's big palms on the backs of his thighs. He loved how they gripped him, secured him, powered him up and down. They moved as one, muscles pumping and shifting, sweat gleaming on golden skin, guttural moans in a hollow room.

Even their breathing found a common tempo, becoming quicker and more shallow as their release approached. With a sharp cry, Keane pulled his hands back. He arched his neck and Rayche felt his body bowing beneath him, felt the muscles tense. Rayche held himself a few inches above Keane and threw his head back as his lover shot off inside him. He could feel the pulsing of Keane's cock, propelling him to almost-release as well. But he held off, waiting until Keane had finished.

As Keane went limp beneath him, he sat down until he was cradled once more by his lover's pelvis. He wished they were making love without a condom. That way he would be able to feel Keane's essence as it seeped from his hole. He would be able to feel it pooling beneath him, slipping from the puckered opening and running down between them. That was the vision he kept in his mind as he took hold of his own erection, hard almost to the point of pain, and worked it with a tight grip.

Guttural moans accompanied the sweep of his hand. He felt the rise of his balls, his shaft hardening to steel, the head swelling to an enormous size. And he was thrown over the edge, pumping across Keane's chest, ribbons of white that flew from him and splattered onto the slick skin in a seemingly endless stream. Finally his head slumped forward and he took a quick, deep breath, trying to regain his equilibrium.

Keane's voice broke the silence. "That was pretty amazing, wouldn't you say?"

The understatement started Rayche chuckling. There was no way what they had just shared could, in any way, be called 'pretty amazing'. Incredible, unbelievable, extraordinary, mind-blowing, fuckin' out of this world might have scratched the surface of what it had been like. 'Amazing' just didn't cut it, and before he knew it, the chuckles had turned into deep laughter. It was the laughter of delight, the laughter of joy, the laughter of coming home.

He lifted his head to see Keane smiling at him, a contented, Cheshire cat kind of grin.

"I really like to see you laugh," Keane said. "But I like it a lot more when I'm inside you at the same time. Like right now. I can feel it through my whole body as if the connection is more than just physical."

Rayche's eyes opened wide as his lover put a hand down and slicked the thick cum over the taut skin of his chest and belly. He smiled as those fingers went into Keane's mouth one by one and he licked each clean. But it was a different sort of smile, not a contented cat one like Keane's. No, it was more like a 'you-belong-to-me' smile.

Chapter Five

Keane was very curious to know what imp had taken over his body when he'd smeared Rayche's cum all over his belly and chest and proceeded to lick it from his fingers. His own orgasm had been so powerful that he'd been afraid his head was going to blow off. Both heads in fact, the big one and the little one. Then he'd watched Rayche hovering on that same precipice, had seen the telltale clues, had felt the tightening of his body and had known he was so very close. Seeing that gorgeous man taking his release had been incredible.

And he still hadn't been prepared for how absolutely erotic it had been for Rayche to shoot his load all over him. He could still hear the cries of pleasure as Rayche had climaxed, could still see the torrent of cum as it had shot from his lover's dick. He could still smell the scent of his lover's ferocious arousal mixed with the earthy fragrance of the steam room, could feel his slick essence as he'd spread it over his own body. And the taste. The taste of his juice lingered still in his mouth. It was salty but rich. Musky and definitely most addictive. After what he and Rayche had shared, how could he not mark himself in that most primitive way?

The startled look on his lover's face had been priceless, but that had been quickly replaced by a smile. Now he was very curious to know what was behind that smile of Rayche's. It had all the appearance of a smile of possession, a smile of claiming. *And how do I feel about that? Like I want to go to bed every night with him lying behind me, his cock deep inside me. And wake up every morning with that same cock pressed against my backside seeking entry. How do I feel about that? I'd love it.*

Rayche was still flashing that same, avowing smile.

Maybe I'd like to fall asleep with Rayche in my arms. My cock inside that powerful body, my mouth nipping those wide shoulders. Maybe it would be my morning wood that would get taken care of first.

But Keane still felt unsure of himself, of the situation. Maybe it was happening too quickly, all these revelations from both sides. It was hard to get past the fact that Rayche was his boss. Perhaps he was misinterpreting the look, the smile.

For now he'd enjoy every minute of his time with Rayche and then just see what happened.

"I was thinking it might be good to wash off. I'm afraid we might be stuck together," Rayche said, laughing.

"And that would be bad, how?" Keane countered.

"Maybe a quick shower in the pool area and a relaxing swim. What do you think?"

"I'm at your mercy," Keane said, flexing his body beneath Rayche's, indicating his inability to move with Rayche perched on top of him.

"Ah, I see what you mean. But I really liked having you captive beneath me. I was thinking how I'd like to have that happen much more often."

"What do you mean?" Keane asked.

Rayche pushed himself to his feet and stepped across his lover. Keane sat up and watched the flex of the man's buttocks as he climbed down from the bench.

Rayche held the door of the steam room open. "We'll talk later. Let's go play in the pool for a bit."

Keane pushed to his feet. "It must be almost time to get back to work, isn't it?"

"Forget about that for now. Let's have a swim."

Eager to be with his boss a while longer, Keane led the way down the tiled hallway to the pool area. He always found it hard to believe it was a spa in downtown Toronto when one stepped through these doors. The tall pillars around the massive skylight, the stone benches scattered around the spacious room, the concrete urns full of flowers made him think of a luxurious Roman bath. It was the gigantic television screen playing man-on-man porn that definitely jarred one back to reality.

He checked out the video that was currently playing. It was more like man-*oh*-man porn. Four men were making use of a sling and doing some things he'd certainly like to try out with Rayche.

Rayche came up behind and slipped his hands around his waist. "I love the sling room here at *Indulgence*. Have you ever tried it out?"

Keane's focus blurred as Rayche nibbled along the tendon of his neck. "What?"

Rayche's laugh was knowing. "I asked if you've tried out the sling here at *Indulgence*."

"I watched some guys..."

Now Rayche was licking along his shoulder and he just couldn't think straight.

"Look at those men on the TV," Rayche encouraged. "Don't you wish you were the one in the sling?"

His hands came around and Keane melted against him as he flicked Keane's hard nipples.

"No," Keane said.

"No?" Rayche echoed incredulously. "You wouldn't want to be in the sling with those four taking turns fucking you?"

Keane turned in his arms and drew his head down for a long, slow kiss. He rubbed his hard-on against Rayche's as he spoke. "No, I want *you* to be in the sling and I'd be the one fucking *you*."

"Oh, I like the sound of that. How about we do the sling room next time?" Rayche suggested.

"Next time? There's going to be a next time?"

"Of course. There are going to be lots of next times," Rayche said, taking his hand and pulling him to the showers at poolside.

Next times just like this? Secret meetings for wild sex? Or could Rayche mean more than that? Keane longed to ask him. Not yet, too soon. He might not get the answer he wanted.

Without wasting any time, they washed off and made their way to the end of the pool. They walked down the steps together, but it was Rayche who waded out and dove in first. Keane watched his sleek strokes for only a few seconds before going after him, but his boss was already on the way back by the time he reached the far rim. He pushed off in pursuit, hoping to catch him. It was a futile effort. He couldn't even come close. The best he could do was stay as close as he could for the five or six laps Rayche covered, grabbing the lip of the

pool beside him when his boss finally stopped. Keane hung there panting, trying to recover his breath, happy to see Rayche was at least a bit winded.

“Shit, I had no idea you were such a strong swimmer. You on the university team or something?” Keane asked when he was able to get the words out. As soon as he spoke, he realised he knew very little about the real Rayche Marquette, the one who existed outside the offices of Marquette and Associates.

Rayche shook his head. “Nah, not university. When I was growing up we had a summer place, an old cottage on a lake in the Gatineau Hills in Quebec, and I was like a fish. My mother used to laugh and say I’d probably develop gills. I was on the swim team in high school, but too busy with classes to try out for the varsity team at U. of T.”

“Hey, you went to the University of Toronto? Me too,” Keane said, smiling.

“I was so glad to get away from high school. I knew then I was gay, but it wasn’t until university that I was able to actually embrace it. It’s funny. The ‘gay’ thing is such a big deal when you’re in secondary school, yet when you move on, nobody gives a shit.”

Keane nodded. “Yeah, I know exactly what you mean. I think that’s one of the reasons I stayed here after I graduated. Your sexual preference doesn’t seem to matter to anybody and there are lots of places to go to meet guys.”

“That’s why I came to the city when it was time for post-secondary education. I knew staying on in Toronto afterwards would be a good decision in terms of work and lifestyle choice.”

Now that he had an opportunity to really talk with him, Keane was curious about his boss. “So do you date much?” he blurted out.

Rayche lightly punched his shoulder. “Why? You askin’ me out?”

Keane felt himself blushing. “I’ve never seen you with anyone at work parties and get-togethers so I just wondered.”

“I was seeing somebody for a while. He’s an executive with one of the big banks, office on Bay Street.”

Keane wasn’t surprised Rayche would be involved with someone whose job was in the financial heart of the city. As head of a prestigious firm like Marquette and Associates,

Rayche would have many affluent and influential friends. Friends who were out of Keane's league.

He'd already started this line of questioning, so he might as well keep going. *In for a penny, in for a pound.* "So what happened?"

"Well, we ended the relationship. It came down to two things. My friend wasn't openly gay, so we kept our relationship discreet. The pseudo-intrigue was fun for a short while, but when I pressed him for a more public relationship, he bowed out."

"I'm sorry." Although he said the words, in his heart of hearts, he really wasn't. He was glad it hadn't worked out. It meant Rayche was available.

"Yeah, so was I. But it was for the best. I was worth it and he just couldn't see that. He should have been proud to be my lover, proud to be seen with me."

Keane wanted to yell that he would like nothing better than to be seen with Rayche, to be his lover. But he didn't. Instead he said, "That's the first thing. What's the second?"

"Oh, that's easy. We hired a new guy at work and I wanted him so badly, it spoiled me for anyone else."

Keane's mouth fell open. "New guy? You mean me?"

"It was stupid, really. I felt like I was cheating on him because all I could think about was you. You'd only been recently hired so were off-limits. I decided to wait."

"Until...?"

"Until I couldn't wait any more. So I sent the note for you to meet me here."

Keane didn't know what to say. He was almost afraid to think about what Rayche's confession might mean, that they might have a future together. Or at least a past-today relationship.

The murmur of voices from the showers near the steam room drew his head around. Chandler must have reopened the Wet Area to the public.

Keane sighed in frustration. "Sounds like other people are coming in. We're out of time. I guess we have to leave."

"Fuck, no way," Rayche growled.

"You don't care if people see us together?"

“They may as well get used to it,” Rayche said cryptically. Then he added, grinning. “We don’t really have to stay in the pool to talk, you know.”

After his boss’ revelation, talking was the last thing on Keane’s mind. He put his hands on the edge of pool and hauled himself up and out of the water.

Rayche looked up at him. “Hey, where’re you going?”

“I’m thinking that a couple of towels spread out on the floor here would make an ideal place for you to lie down so I can suck that gorgeous dick. And I was thinking you might return the favour.” He laughed at the speed with which Rayche climbed out of the water. Before he could even move to get them, Rayche had gone to the shelves near the doorway and dragged down a couple of big, fluffy towels.

“These oughtta work just fine,” he said, handing one to Keane as he laid the other out on the concrete floor.

Keane flipped his towel out and Rayche caught the end of it, placing it on top of his to make the surface a bit softer. As Rayche stood and waited, Keane made the first move. He crossed the distance to Rayche, put his arms around his waist and drew him close. They stood in silence for a few minutes, listening to the muted sounds of conversation and laughter from the shower area, enjoying the feeling of being skin to skin, cock to cock.

Keane stepped back. “I can’t wait to get my mouth on that raging hard-on. Why don’t you lie down and let me at it?”

Rayche laughed at Keane’s obvious impatience and then drew his brows together in thought. “You know, I’ve laughed more with you today than I have in a long time.” He went to his knees then moved so he was sitting.

Keane studied the thick column of flesh that rose from Rayche’s body. “That thing certainly doesn’t make me feel like laughing. It makes me feel like sucking. And fucking.” As Rayche lay down, knees bent, Keane skirted around the towel and stood at his head.

The darkness of his lover’s body stood out in such stark relief against the pristine, white towel that Keane could only stare at his masculine beauty.

And that gorgeous cock.

Keane loved the way it thrust thick and hard from the bush of dark curls, the head full and fat, the first few drops of juice showing his need. So he dropped to the floor beside him

to answer that need. Kneeling by Rayche's hip, he leaned over and seized that glorious erection with one hand. Before they dual-pleasured, he was going to give this magnificent hard-on the reverence it was due.

He ran his hand up and down, stopping when he reached the swollen crown. At first, only the shaft received his attention in strokes that went from base to cap and back again in a measured rhythm. His heart seemed to shift into double time at the sensation of his rough hands caressing the ultra-smooth, supple skin over the solid core. The hot flesh shifted with the motion of his fingers, crowding the heavy crest as they bunched beneath the pronounced ridge only to stretch taut again as he slid them back to the fluff of pubic hair.

Then his thumb swept over the engorged head, slicking Rayche's juice over the smooth, glossy skin. With his grip at the base, he held the shaft steady and lowered his head. Mouth wide open, he slid the rod over his extended tongue, swallowing until he'd taken it all. It was so exquisite, the feel of that throbbing cock filling his mouth, that he moaned. A moan dragged from deep in his throat, a moan that vibrated through Rayche's penis.

As Rayche groaned in response, a technique he'd once read about popped into Keane's head and he desperately grappled for a song he knew, something that would fit the occasion. Rayche's deep chuckle made him smile as he hummed the chorus of an old favourite tune with his mouth encasing that splendid cock.

'I can't see me lovin' nobody but you for all my life' seemed so very appropriate for the occasion, plus it had some nice, low bass notes that Keane was sure would send a sweet reverberation through that lovely, rigid dick.

It certainly worked, for Rayche bucked his hips, trying to send his cock deeper into his lover's mouth. "Oh shit. Where the hell did you learn that trick?"

There was a sound almost like a 'pop' as Keane made an 'O' with his lips and pulled back, releasing Rayche's hard-on. He gazed over his shoulder at Rayche, a teasing tone in his voice. "Do you think that's what they mean when they say 'getting a tune stuck in your head'?"

Rayche snorted and gave him a light smack on the behind. "I'm not sure. Maybe I just need more experience. Why don't you hum another number and I'll check it out?"

The love-play grew even more light-hearted as they spent a few minutes fooling around with 'Name That Cock-Tune'.

It was Rayche who ended the carefree play. His hand slid over Keane's hair-roughened thigh and took hold of his erection. He skimmed his thumb around the glossy tip, smoothing the pre-cum over the fleshy head. In unspoken agreement, Keane glided his hand between Rayche's legs, fondling his balls as he began to suck Rayche's rod in earnest, his head bobbing up and down with each stroke. Gone was any trace of frivolity.

"I want your dick in my mouth," Rayche groaned.

He was ready to call out in protest as Keane backed off—until he realised his lover's respite was only to cock one leg over his supine body, setting that splendid hard-on right above his avid mouth. The moment his penis slid back between Keane's lips, he snaked his arms up and set his hands on his lover's arse, pulling his shaft deep into his mouth. The angle was perfect, directing it down his throat.

Then Keane began to move and Rayche, with his hands on his bum, could feel the muscles flexing as Keane began to fuck his mouth. Panic gripped him, but just for a few seconds, as he worked to control his breathing with the heavy shaft touching the back of his throat. Drawing air through his nose, he willed his body to relax, and a natural rhythm took over.

A salty flavour coupled with Keane's own distinctive taste flooded his mouth, skimmed along his senses as the thick penis slid along his tongue. Firming his lips, he caught the glide of the supple skin, the hardness of the rigid core. At the same time, the tug of Keane's lips on his cock sent waves of pleasure from his groin. The sensation was so vivid, he imagined those waves hovering in the air like arcs of red neon pulsing from his body.

He slid one hand from Keane's backside and set it at the base of his lover's cock. Gripping with thumb and forefinger, he applied a subtle pressure at the same time as he pulled his head back and freed the erection from his mouth. Keane groaned as he painted a line with his tongue along the underside of the rod until he reached the pronounced ridge where the head and shaft met. Then he slid the point back and forth, back and forth under that ridge. Keane's ministrations grew more frantic as he touched the stiff point to the

frenulum, the loose patch of skin just below the crest. He ran his tongue along it, first gently then a little harder, using just the tip to carefully tug it back from the crown. By this time Keane was moaning constantly, he was so excited.

Moving his head, Rayche took only the thick top into his mouth, bathing it in his saliva, massaging it furiously. He smiled around the cock as his lover tried the same manoeuvre on him. The mirror imaging was amazing.

He licked the shaft.

Keane copied.

Thumb and forefinger, tight grip, up and down the slick cock. He particularly loved that one when Keane tried it out on him. Especially when they both put their tongues into the little slit to accompany the hand jive.

He slid his other hand from his partner's back to rest between Keane's legs, then took his balls, first in a snug grip and then with a fluttering touch like fingers on a keyboard. The rippling of his digits against the wrinkled flesh set off a shiver he felt in his own body as it passed through Keane's.

The erotic sensations had been so intense, Rayche couldn't understand what was happening when his lover pulled off his rod, felt dismay when Keane gently tugged his own shaft out of Rayche's mouth, curiosity when he rose to his feet. But he smiled as his friend went to the nearest container and grabbed lube and a condom.

"Your cock—inside me now," was all Keane said as he ripped open the pack and sheathed his lover. Normally Rayche liked to be covered in a slower, gentler manner, but this time he must have been as frantic as Keane because he found he didn't really care about the less-than-tender handling of his dick. All he wanted was to get gloved and slide into that powerful body.

The packet of lube was next, hurriedly opened to be thrown aside as soon as Keane had readied his puckered opening and Rayche's hard-on. But as Keane made to step over him to lower himself onto his erection, Rayche stopped him. "Wait a minute. Let's take it to one of the benches."

Scrambling to his feet, he snatched the towels from the floor and carried them to the nearest one. As the hard surface disappeared under the soft material, Rayche sat down and

spread his legs wide apart. He could hardly wait for Keane to insert himself into the V. As soon as Keane stood facing away from him, his hands were at his lover's waist, pulling him back.

His words were rough, impatient. "I'm going to hold my cock for you and all you have to do is sink down on it. I don't want to tell you to hurry, but I'm dyin' here."

Keane set his hands on his lover's hard thighs. "That makes two of us."

Rayche watched Keane's biceps bulge as he lowered himself into position. Once he was close enough, Rayche slicked his rod back and forth over the puckered rosette, then held it steady for Keane's descent. He was taken deep into Keane's body, so deep that Keane came to rest in the cradle of his pelvis.

Expecting his partner to slide up and down his erection, he was surprised when he began to rock back and forth instead. Keane had lifted himself up just a bit and was using his arms to get the leverage to swing to and fro in a small, tight arc. It was a delicious manoeuvre, keeping their bodies close, their thighs sometimes rubbing together in passing.

When Keane stopped, Rayche grabbed him by the waist and lifted him up a bit more. Now he was at just the right height for Rayche to slam up into him. Keeping a firm hold, he refused to let his lover move down, so every beat was an upstroke from him, a fast and furious pounding. There was no finesse, no flair, only hungry fucking.

Rayche got to his feet and turned them both so Keane had his hands flat on the bench. It was much easier to slam into him from this angle. He knew he was perched right on the edge of orgasm. His balls had risen so close to his body, his cock was like forged steel.

I have to mark him as mine, was his only thought as he suddenly pulled out and rolled the condom off. Taking his dick in hand, he covered the length with rough strokes.

As he went off, he wondered if those animal sounds were coming from his throat. Jets of thick cum splattered onto Keane's back, and all he wanted to do was throw back his head and howl, staking his claim on this gorgeous man.

Keane stood and turned around, hard-on already in hand. Moving right up to Rayche, he said, "Put your hand on top on mine."

Rayche did, fist cradling fist, and when Keane came, Rayche shared the incredible power as his partner shot over them both.

Neither moved. The sounds of *Indulgence* retreated until it was only the two of them.

Rayche wasn't even sure what to say. To say what had just happened was profound would be an understatement. The time they'd had together over the noon hour had been incredible and he didn't want it to end. What he really didn't want to do was let Keane go—ever.

"I think you should..." He realised Keane was speaking at the same time. "What did you say?" Rayche asked.

"I said I don't want to go back to work."

"Good. I don't want this to end either. Call Mrs. Sellers and tell her you won't be back this afternoon. Tell her something's come up."

Keane laughed and looked pointedly at Rayche's cock.

Rayche shrugged. "Well, it's not up now but it soon will be."

He watched as Keane's face took on a more serious look.

"I gave her the afternoon off, so I don't have to worry," Keane said, frowning.

"So what's the problem?"

"I'm not sure what's happening here. Was this just a little noon hour encounter and when we leave here, we go back to our normal lives?"

"Is that what you want?" Rayche asked, suddenly unsure.

"You organised this whole adventure, Rayche, so tell me what *you* want."

"What I want? What I want is to take you home with me right now and see how you look in my house. See how you look in my bed. See how you look in my life. I'm talking about having a relationship with you."

Keane's voice was hopeful. "What kind of a relationship are you looking for?"

"A real one. A complete one. I want to spend time together, really get to know each other. What about you?"

Keane pulled his hand away from Rayche's and stooped to pick up the towels and discarded wrappers. As he took his time, it was obvious to Rayche that he was looking for the right words to say—hopefully not words of rejection.

As Keane straightened and began to speak, Rayche let out the breath he'd been holding. "In all my wildest dreams, I could never have imagined you would have gone to all the trouble of planning this naughty nooner. I can't believe you did that for me, for us. I was so hopelessly in love with you before, at least now I know you might be able to feel the same about me. Could you, Rayche? Could you love me?"

"I already do." He grabbed Keane's free hand and pulled him towards the doorway. "Let's shower quickly then go to my place. I can't wait to start our future together."

Rayche couldn't believe how very lucky he was. It looked like his Naughty Nooner was turning into a Lifetime Commitment.

About the Author

Although born in Ireland, Kaenar Langford lives north of Toronto in rural Ontario, but that doesn't stop her from travelling the world in her mind and in her books. The love of romance and the exotic, as well as a decidedly off-beat sense of humour, are all entwined to produce stories that will not only seduce you, but also make you laugh.

Her husband and two sons have grown used to seeing the back of her head as she sits at the computer, transported to wherever the story takes her. She has become immune to the teasing of friends and colleagues who are secretly delighted with this new adventure into writing erotic romance.

Kaenar enjoys playing music and reading and has taken up the Scottish small pipes in the last few years. Of course, Irish music is what she loves to play.

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Also by Kaenar Langford

The Harder They Come

DALTON'S AWAKENING

Carol Lynne



Dedication

For Michael and Angelo.

Chapter One

Checking the address against his secretary's scrawl on the piece of paper, Dalton entered Bella Lucina's. As soon as he stepped into the cavernous restaurant, he was impressed. *Why haven't I been here before?* Oh yeah, because Cathy hadn't liked Italian food.

The thought of his ex-wife doused any chance of a decent mood for the day. Walking up to the hostess stand, Dalton waited his turn in line.

"May I help you, Sir?" the lovely blonde asked.

"Yes. Dalton Montgomery. I have a reservation at twelve-thirty."

The hostess checked her large leather-bound book. "Yes, Mr. Montgomery. Your party called to say he was running late. He asked that you please wait for him. Would you care to do that in the bar?"

Dalton gave a nod and strode across the marble tiled floor to the separate lounge. Looking around at the tables, he opted for a seat at the bar. He was impressed once again by the luxury and warmth of the décor.

"What'll you have?" the bartender asked.

"Just an iced tea, please. I'm waiting for my lunch appointment to arrive."

"Coming right up."

The bartender grinned and turned to walk to the end of the bar. Dalton watched the man's back as his muscles moved under the white tailored dress shirt. Wow, this was a fancy place. He didn't know if he'd ever been to a restaurant where the hired help could afford tailored clothing.

He refused to acknowledge the way the overhead lights played off the man's black curls, or the way the tendons in the bartender's olive skinned forearms bunched and moved with his actions. Nope, he refused to acknowledge any of it. What Cathy had claimed in court was simply not true.

Memories of the humiliation he'd been served at the hands of his wife of thirteen years assaulted him. Dalton ran his fingers through his hair, the coarse texture reminding him of his hair colour. Cathy had tried in vain for years to get him to cover the grey, but he figured

why bother. He wondered if he should give it some thought now that there was more grey than dark brown.

"Problems?" the bartender asked, setting down his glass.

Dalton smiled at the friendly face. He'd been lonely for conversation lately. When Cathy had started her campaign to discredit him, his friends had dropped off, one by one. "Life," he finally answered.

"I hear you." The bartender stuck out his hand. "I'm Sal."

Surprised by the friendly gesture, he shook the offered hand. "Dalton."

"Nice to meet you, Dalton."

When Sal didn't move away, Dalton looked around. It was then he noticed the near empty room he sat in. "Not much of a crowd," he commented.

"Nope. Lunch is pretty slow in the bar. Most of the executives don't come in to drown their sorrows until after five." Sal winked.

A wink? Was he being flirted with? Before he could dwell on it, his lawyer tapped him on the shoulder. "Hungry?" Brad asked.

Dalton nodded and Brad walked off towards the dining room. Dalton turned back to Sal. "It was nice to meet you."

"The pleasure was mine. Come by for lunch tomorrow if you can." Sal smiled, flashing Dalton twin dimples. "Or at least another glass of tea. On the house, of course."

Dalton nodded. "Thanks. I just might do that." He left his empty glass on the bar next to a twenty.

"Hey," Sal hollered after him. "You forgot your change."

"Keep it," Dalton grinned. He refused to identify the reason for his lightened mood. Sal was just a nice guy, easy to talk to, that was all.

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"Sorry, Boss. Janet's car wouldn't start," Greg related, putting on an apron.

"No problem," Sal answered, still watching the doorway Dalton had disappeared through. "As a matter of fact," he uttered, rubbing his chin. "I might switch your hours for a couple of days. Why don't you come in at one for the next week?"

Greg's eyes rounded. "Sure. Have I done something wrong?"

"Not at all," Sal stated. "I find I miss talking to the customers, without having to fawn all over them."

"You're the boss," Greg agreed, and moved to fill a drink order.

Rounding the end of the bar, Sal crossed his restaurant and peered into the dining room. He spotted Dalton immediately. The hostess had set him next to the window looking out onto the street. The man's silver hair seemed to almost sparkle in the sunlight.

Sal's cock started to harden as he thought of the cornflower blue eyes that had studied him from across the bar earlier. *Fuck. I don't even know if he's gay.*

Disgusted with himself, Sal slipped through the crowd towards the kitchen. He wanted to make sure Dalton's meal was perfect. What better way to entice a man back than with wonderful food. Sal smiled. Well, there were other ways, but first he needed to find out if Dalton was interested.

He walked up to the head chef and wrapped his arm around the shorter man's neck. "How's it going, baby brother?"

Gino looked at him and rolled his eyes. "You need to call Roberto's. They screwed up our clam order again."

"Too little?" Sal asked.

"No, too much. They'll go bad before we get them served."

Sal nodded. "I'll get in touch with Lee. See if he wants to discount 'em or come get them. If I can talk him down in price, be prepared to create something wonderful as the special for the next few days."

"Easy for you to say," Gino laughed.

Sal gave his brother a kiss on the cheek. "Do me a favour and make sure number twenty-three's meal is perfection."

Gino's eyebrows rose. "Critic?"

"Nope. Prospect," he boasted, with a waggle to his brows.

"Should've known. You're always on the make."

Sal's jaw dropped and he grabbed his chest. "Liar. I haven't had a date in almost a month." Three weeks, four days and around fifteen hours but who was counting.

Shaking his head, Gino chuckled. "I'll wow him just for you."

Sal gave Gino another smooch. "Thanks."

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Dalton pushed his plate back and rubbed his flat stomach. Usually in places like this, the food was overpriced and barely enough to feed a bird. That was definitely not the case with Bella's.

He'd listened to Brad for nearly thirty minutes and his brain was ready to explode. "So?" Brad prompted.

"What?" Dalton asked, trying his best to get back into the conversation.

"When are we going to schedule an appointment to redo your estate holdings? There's the will, the trust, the investments? Everything still lists Cathy as your beneficiary."

Dalton shrugged. "I'll have to think about it. Maybe I'll come up with a worthwhile charity. Lord knows I have no one of importance to leave the whole lot to." Sometimes he'd wished his parents had given him siblings before they died. That reminded him. He'd be alone for the holidays for the first time in fourteen years. He still remembered the first Thanksgiving Cathy had taken him home to meet her family.

The thought of losing the only real family he'd ever been around caused a lump to form in his throat. The Jones family had welcomed him with open arms. Dalton suspected it had a great deal to do with the reason he'd proposed to Cathy in the first place.

He felt his eyes begin to burn. Little did he know, on the day his wife filed for divorce she'd taken her family with her. Once again he was pretty much alone in the world. *Stop it!* He chastised himself. *Pick yourself up and move on.* That's what his lawyer kept telling him anyway.

Dalton flagged the waiter down and asked for a to-go box. He knew it wasn't usually done in upscale restaurants, but it beat the hell out of ordering pizza again for dinner.

Leftovers in hand, Dalton stood. "I'll think about what you said and get back to you."

Brad studied him for several seconds. "Are you going to be okay?"

Dalton rolled his eyes. He knew his lawyer was only after one thing and that was making sure his gravy train didn't have a nervous breakdown. "I'm fine."

He followed Brad through the dining room. If his eyes strayed to the bar on their way out, it just meant he was curious to see if business had picked up. Sal had absolutely nothing to do with it. Or so he told himself for the next twenty-three hours.

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After wiping his clammy hands on a handkerchief, Dalton opened one of the big double doors. Walking in, he acknowledged the hostess and pointed towards the bar. The same blonde haired woman who'd helped him the previous day nodded and smiled.

With his stomach in knots, Dalton entered the fairly empty room. Sal was there, behind the bar with a smile. He was on the phone, but pointed towards a fresh glass of iced tea. Dalton took a seat and drank about half of it.

"Wow, you were thirsty," Sal commented, hanging up the phone.

Dalton gestured to his half-empty glass. "How'd you know I'd show up?"

"Didn't," Sal responded with a grin. "But I hoped."

Suddenly feeling a little uncomfortable, Dalton looked around the room. "So...can I eat in here?"

"Sure," Sal approved, and handed him a menu from under the bar. "Our special today is linguine with red clam sauce."

Dalton shook his head. "Thanks, but that's a little heavy for lunch."

"I'd suggest Gino's Panzanella Salad then. The mozzarella is fresh and out of this world."

Dalton read the description under the dish, made with day old, crusty bread, fresh tomatoes, and mozzarella cheese. He closed his menu and slid it across the bar. "Sounds perfect."

Sal nodded and picked up the in-house phone. He placed Dalton's order before returning with a pitcher of tea. After filling his glass, Sal set the pitcher on the bar. "I'll keep this close in case you need a refill."

"Thanks," he said. "It's getting pretty hot outside."

"You walk over?" Sal asked.

"Yeah. My office is only about four blocks from here." Dalton shook his head. "Don't ask me why I haven't been in before. It's a long story."

Sal's eyebrows rose. "Really? Is it an interesting one?"

Dalton couldn't help returning Sal's million dollar smile. Something about the guy just made him leave his troubles behind. "Not particularly. My wife...ex wife, detested Italian food. She was the kind who lived on salads and hundred-dollar-a-plate bird food."

Sal's olive skin face screwed up. "Yeah. I know the type." Sal leaned his forearms on the bar and leaned forward. "So... How long has this wife been an ex?"

Dalton was a little surprised Sal would ask something so personal. What really surprised him was that he didn't mind telling him. He suddenly saw the appeal of telling his troubles to a man behind a bar. "Cathy left me almost a year and a half ago, but the legal crap drug out until a couple of weeks ago."

Sal held out his hand. "Well then, congratulations on being released from the bird cage."

Laughing, Dalton shook Sal's hand. He refused to admit to himself how good Sal's hand felt in his. The phone behind the bar began to ring, breaking their contact. "Hold on," Sal said. "It's probably your food."

"My food's calling you?" Dalton chuckled. He knew it was a dumb thing to say, but he was out of practice. He stopped. Out of practice at what? *Oh my fucking god. Am I flirting?*

Chapter Two

"Hi, Tanya," Dalton greeted, strolling by the hostess stand to his usual bar stool. He'd been coming in like clockwork every work day for the last two months. He grinned at Sal as he took his seat and drained half the glass of tea.

"What'll you have?" Sal asked as usual.

"Give me that thing with the shrimp in the pasta with tomatoes?" He was floundering and he knew that. He could never remember the names of the dishes he liked. Luckily, Sal always remembered.

"Coming right up," Sal replied, picking up the in-house phone.

Dalton reached over and snagged a couple of olives from the divided tray. "How's business?" he asked before popping them in his mouth.

Sal looked around the empty bar. "I can barely keep up," he finally said. Like he'd done for the previous several weeks, Sal came around the bar and sat one stool away from Dalton.

"How's work?" Sal asked.

"Hectic. This is the only break I give myself from seven in the morning when I get in, to nine at night when I finally drag myself home. It's good though, I guess. I mean, who can complain about business being good." He'd already told Sal on one of his previous visits that he owned an investment firm. "With the economy the way it is, I'm in awe that there are even a few people with money left to invest."

"People are thinking more and more about their future," Sal commented. "With no guarantee that social security will be there when we reach old age, people are finally learning to take care of themselves."

"Yep, and thank god for that," Dalton agreed. It was always so easy to talk to Sal. For a bartender, the man was damn smart. Dalton often thought about offering him a job in his company. Sure Sal would have to start towards the bottom, but with a mind like he had, it wouldn't take long at all for him to move up the ranks.

When Sal didn't say anything, Dalton looked over. Sal was looking at him in a way Dalton couldn't interpret. "What?"

"Can I ask you a personal question?"

Dalton smiled. "You can ask, doesn't mean I'll answer."

"Fair enough." Sal grinned back at him. "What happened between you and your wife? I mean, whose idea was the divorce?"

Dalton's brows shot up. He hadn't really expected that question. Sal was the closest thing he had to a friend. Bella's had become his one and only sanctuary. "She left me."

"Why?" Sal prodded.

Dalton shrugged. He didn't want to lose Sal like he'd lost the rest of his friends. "She said we weren't compatible. She wanted more than I was able to give her." He hadn't lied. Cathy did say those things about him. Of course she'd said a hell of a lot of other things as well.

Sal put his hand on Dalton's shoulder and gave it a slight squeeze. "Do you still love her?"

His first thought was that no one had touched him with so much caring and concern in years. And Lord help him, but it felt good. Damn good. His second thought was why was Sal asking him these questions?

Dalton weighed his options. He could refuse to answer, but would that break his new friendship with this man? "No. I don't know that I ever was truly in love with her."

Sal released Dalton's shoulder and covered his hand which rested on the bar. "So why do you seem so sad about it?"

The touch of Sal's hand on his was like a brand making him feel things he had no business feeling. He withdrew his hand from under Sal's. "Can I get my order to go? I just remembered a meeting I need to attend."

Sal stood and looked into Dalton's eyes. "I didn't mean to push."

He shook his head. "It's not that. Really. I just have something I need to do."

"Will you be back? Or have I screwed everything up?"

Looking into Sal's eyes, Dalton could see that his answer was genuinely important to his new friend. "You've got the best food in town. How could I stay away?"

Then Sal did something that surprised the hell out of him. He leaned forward and gave Dalton a hug. After a few seconds, Sal thumped Dalton on the back. "I'm glad I didn't lose a friend today."

Dalton's throat was in a twist of knots. There was no possible way he could've replied to either the embrace or the statement. All too soon, Sal's arms released him. "I'll go to the kitchen and prepare your food to-go."

"Thanks," Dalton was able to mutter.

He watched Sal walk from the bar towards the back of the restaurant. *What is it that I'm feeling?* Everything Cathy accused him of slammed him in the face. Dalton rocked back on his heels and held on to the bar, afraid he'd fall on his ass. With a shake of his head, he turned and practically ran from the restaurant.

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Stomach rumbling, Dalton leaned back in his executive's chair and tossed his pen onto the desk. It served him right for running out of Bella's like a scared schoolgirl.

He hadn't been able to get Sal off his mind or his attraction to the handsome Italian man. Pushing his thoughts aside once again, Dalton picked up the phone and called Ben.

"Hello?"

"Ben, it's Dalton. How the heck are you? I haven't talked to you in a while."

"I'm good, good."

Dalton spun his chair around to look out the window of his twelfth floor office. "Look, I was hoping you might be available for dinner this evening. I thought we might catch up on what we've both been up to?"

Ben cleared his throat. Clearly, he was trying to come up with an excuse, just like he'd done every other time Dalton had called. "Um...I already have plans, Dalton."

Dalton's heart dropped. Ben had been his closest friend before the divorce. He knew in his gut this would be the last time he ever talked to him. "Okay. Sorry to have bothered you. Ben?"

"Yeah?"

Dalton sat there for several seconds gripping the phone so tightly his fingers started to ache. "Take care," he managed to get out. He hung up the phone without waiting for a reply.

As he rocked back and forth in his chair, he thought about Sal. *Why did I run away like that?* The answer came to him in a burst of realisation. *I don't want to lose him too. And if he*

finds out that I'm attracted to him, he'll push me out of his life. Dalton vowed he'd do everything in his power not to let that happen.

Glancing at the clock, he decided he still had a few more hours in him. He picked up the phone again and called for a pizza.

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"What!" Sal screamed, stalking into the kitchen.

"Go home," Gino commanded. "You're scaring the customers."

Sal narrowed his eyes. "I am not."

"Well, you're scaring me then," Gino replied.

Sal exhaled and ran his fingers through his hair. When he'd returned to the bar earlier in the day to find it empty, he'd lost it. Hell, he'd actually thrown the takeout container across the room.

He knew his brother was right. *Dammit.* With a nod, he walked out of the kitchen and out the front door of the restaurant.

Maybe he should've gone home, but Sal knew he'd just drive himself crazy if he was alone. He turned right at the end of the block and hailed a cab. Sliding onto the cracked vinyl seat, he looked at the driver. "The Hole."

Stepping into The Hole was like entering a gay man's fantasyland. There were available men for what ever your type happened to be. Sal surveyed the room before moving towards the bar. "Hey, Jack," he greeted the bartender.

"Haven't seen you in here in a while."

"Nope, had my mind on other things. Give me a double shot of tequila." He saw Jack's surprised expression. Sal rarely drank when he came to The Hole, preferring to keep his wits about him. But he knew it would take a hell of a lot more than a double shot of tequila to get Dalton off his mind.

His cock hardened. *Damn.* Even the thought of the six-foot-two grey haired man had him aroused. *Shit.* How had he let himself get into this mess? Never in his adult life had he wasted more than two dates trying to get into a guy's pants.

From out of nowhere, a hand slid across his thigh to cup his erection. Sal glanced to the side and grinned, spreading his legs wider. "Hey, Manny."

"I've missed you," Manny cooed. The thin, light-skinned Mexican ran a nail down Sal's zipper. "Wanna play?"

Manny didn't wait for a reply before he unfastened Sal's dress slacks and slipped his hand under the waistband of Sal's underwear. Sal wanted to moan at the delicious feel of the soft hand wrapped around his erection, an erection that Manny hadn't caused.

Sal tried to look away from the chocolate brown eyes of one of his oldest fuck buddies. All he could think about was how the colour was wrong. The man slowly jacking him off should have cornflower blue eyes. With a shake to his head, he reached down and removed Manny's hand. "Sorry, not tonight."

Coming here had been a mistake. He zipped his slacks and pulled out his wallet, tossing a twenty on the bar. When he got up to leave, Manny put a delicate hand on his arm. "If whoever you're thinking about doesn't work out, give me a call."

Sal leaned over and gave the smaller man a brief kiss. "Thanks." He felt better after Manny smiled. Hurting his long time friend wasn't on his agenda, and he was glad Manny seemed to understand.

Hailing another cab proved a little more difficult. Not many taxis sat outside places like The Hole. He walked the four blocks to a busier section of town and finally was able to get a ride.

The driver dropped him off in front of Bella's. Instead of going back inside, he walked to the building next door and entered the lobby. "Hi, Thomas," he greeted the security guard.

"Good evening, Mr. Lucina," the guard returned.

Sal walked to the express elevator and keyed in his code for the penthouse. As the luxurious elevator took him towards home, Sal tried to hold himself together. He knew Thomas would be watching from the security camera on his console, and didn't want to give the man something to gossip about. Not that Thomas was known to do such a thing, but Sal knew he definitely wasn't himself at the moment.

When the doors swooshed open, Sal walked to his door and unlocked it. He shared the top floor with his brother and another tenant, some guy who was never there.

Sal tossed his keys onto the small antique table his nonna had given him before her death, and walked into the living room. He'd always loved his apartment, the floor to ceiling windows gave a breathtaking view of the city, but just then he wanted the prying eyes of the

world shut out. He walked over and hit a switch. A soft whirring sound was heard as elegant tapestry Roman shades slid down into place.

Satisfied, Sal walked to the bar and fixed himself another drink. Slumping onto his kid-skin sofa, he drained the glass in one gulp. *What the hell is wrong with me? Why the hell did I push Dalton like that?* The answer was obvious now that he really thought about it. *I'm falling in love.*

The realisation almost caused him to throw the crystal tumbler across the room. He stopped himself at the last second, remembering the glass in his hand was also a family heirloom.

He'd never, in his thirty-three years, been in love. Why the hell did it have to happen now? Especially with a man who didn't seem to be aware he was gay. "Fuck."

Sal looked down at his tented slacks. As usual, the thought of Dalton had given him a hard-on. In a split second decision, Sal dug out the card Dalton had given him a few weeks prior. He ran his thumb over the embossed script. "Montgomery Investments," he whispered to the quiet room.

Picking up the phone, he dialled Dalton's cell phone number he'd written on the back of the card. *This could be the stupidest thing I've ever done in my life.*

Chapter Three

Tossing the half-eaten piece of pizza back in the box, Dalton sighed. He'd been so hungry when he'd ordered the darn thing, but he wasn't even able to finish his second piece. It had always been like this with him. The moment his nerves started acting up, he began to lose weight.

Knowing the situation with Sal wouldn't end anytime soon, Dalton picked up the slice again. Unless he wanted to make himself sick, he knew he needed to force himself to eat. He took a bite and tried to concentrate on chewing, jumping when his cell phone started simultaneously ringing and vibrating across the edge of his desk.

Tossing the slice back into the box, he picked up his phone and looked at the display. *Unknown*. Dalton rolled his eyes. "Probably just a telemarketer." No one he knew ever called him at night. Still, it was someone to talk to. *How pathetic am I?*

"Montgomery," he answered.

"Dalton?"

Dalton choked trying to swallow the food in his mouth. He coughed several times before he dislodged the gummed up pizza crust. "Yeah, sorry. My dinner went down the wrong pipe." Real smooth.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes. It was only a temporary glitch in my otherwise brilliant swallowing ability."

He heard Sal coughing on the other end of the phone. "That's not really what I was asking, but good to know. Look...I'm sorry about earlier. I shouldn't have pried."

"No. I'm sorry for running out on you. I've been kicking myself all afternoon over my behaviour," Dalton confessed.

He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. It felt like a huge boulder had been lifted off his shoulders. Sal didn't appear to be mad. Hopefully he hadn't lost the only friend he seemed to have in the world.

"I pushed," Sal pointed out. "It was wrong. Can you forgive me?"

"Of course. I'm just not used to talking about my feelings. I guess no one's ever asked me about them before." He wondered what that said about the people in his life up to that point.

"That's a shame," Sal whispered.

The softly spoken words wrapped themselves around Dalton like a blanket. Was it so wrong to open up to this man? Sal seemed genuinely concerned. If he was going to lose Sal's friendship, better to do it now. "My ex-wife claimed to the judge and anyone else who'd listen that I'm gay." There. He'd said it. He braced himself for the fallout.

"Are you?" Sal asked.

"No. I've never in my life touched a man in a sexual way." *Please don't ask. Please don't ask.*

"Have you ever thought about it?"

Only with you.

Before Dalton could analyse his immediate thought, Sal continued, "Sorry. Forget I asked that. Once again, I'm sticking my foot into my mouth."

"Okay," Dalton said. He was ashamed of his earlier thought. What would his therapist think if he told the man he was having inappropriate fantasies about a bartender he'd only known for a couple of months.

"So, will you be by for lunch tomorrow?" Sal asked.

"Sure." Regardless of the outcome, he knew he couldn't stay away from Sal. He was quickly becoming like a drug to Dalton. Being with the good-looking man was the only thing in his life that made him feel good.

"Great. I'll see you at noon then."

"I'll be there." Dalton hung up and dug into the box of pizza, suddenly starving again. He wasn't about to acknowledge the reasons for his renewed appetite. *Go with the flow, Dalton.*

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Sal hung up the phone and looked down at the dick in his hand. He grinned. He hadn't even remembered unzipping his slacks. But here he was, half naked with a stupid smile on his face, stroking his throbbing erection.

Tossing the phone to the sofa, Sal closed his eyes and enjoyed the feel of his own hand. Remembering Dalton's deep voice, he kicked his pants off and brought one leg up on the soft leather couch.

He stroked himself from root to crown, running his thumb over the tip, gathering pre-cum. "Oh, Dalton," he moaned, moving his fist faster, pressing against his slit and then down again. How good would it feel to pump himself in and out of Dalton's virgin ass?

No. Maybe Dalton would prefer to top him. Spitting on his fingers, Sal used his free hand to push two fingers into his own ass. "Yes." He could imagine a powerful man like Dalton plunging into him to the hilt.

He gave himself over to the dual pleasures. In too short a time, his cock erupted, squirted his hot seed all over his white dress shirt and new tie. *Hell*. That was a two hundred dollar climax, but well worth it.

Sal knew anything would be worth getting Dalton into his bed. He knew he needed to give the man time. There was no longer any doubt that Dalton was a closeted gay man. Dalton was so deep in the dark recesses not even he knew what he needed.

Sal knew though, and he planned to charm the pants right off of one Dalton Montgomery.

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Dalton chewed his lower lip as he walked towards Bella's the following day. The dream that had awoken him at an ungodly hour was still on his mind. Why was he having sexual dreams about Sal? He'd never had an x-rated dream in his adult life. Well, not one that had gone so far as to make him cum all over his sheets like a fourteen-year old kid.

Stepping into the bar, he was surprised to see Sal arguing with someone Dalton assumed was the chef.

"Butt out," Sal ground out between clenched teeth.

The chef leaned forward until he was only inches away from Sal's face. "I won't watch you do this to yourself."

Sal turned away from the man in apparent disgust. He looked up and met Dalton's eyes. "There you are," he greeted with a smile.

Turning his back on the chef, Sal gestured him over. "It's okay. My brother was just leaving."

"Your brother?" Dalton asked, taking his regular seat. Now that he was closer, he could definitely see the family resemblance. Both men had the same shining black hair, although Dalton couldn't tell if the chef's was curly or not under the hat. The slight hook to their noses was the same as well.

The chef seemed to be eyeing Dalton up and down before thrusting his hand out. "Gino."

"Dalton. Nice to meet you." He turned to Sal. "I didn't know your brother worked here."

Sal looked momentarily uncomfortable. "Yeah. I need to talk to you about that." Sal turned back to his brother. "Go back to the kitchen, Gino. Make yourself useful and prepare a bowl of today's soup for Dalton."

After one last glance at Dalton, Gino spun on his heel and left the bar. "Sorry if I came in at a bad time," Dalton apologised.

Sal shook his head and took a seat. "I need to talk to you about something."

"Yeah, you said that. What's wrong?" Dalton asked. He was afraid Sal had begun to get into trouble at work because of Dalton's daily visits. The last thing he wanted was for Sal to lose his job.

Sal rested his forearms on the bar and scrubbed at his face with his hands. "Sal?" Dalton could tell that whatever it was, Sal was definitely having trouble. "Is something wrong?" he asked his friend.

"I wasn't intentionally trying to keep this from you. It never seemed like the right time to bring it up, but my brother's complaints have brought things to a head."

Dalton jumped in before Sal could continue. "If me coming here is in any way jeopardising your job, I can find somewhere else to eat."

Sal reached out and put his hand on Dalton's shoulder like he'd done the day before. "No. My job is secured, but thank you." Sal looked around the room. "I don't simply work in this restaurant. I own it."

Dalton's jaw dropped. What? Why would the owner of an apparent affluent restaurant be working behind the bar? "I don't understand. That first day..." Dalton gestured to the area behind the bar.

"I was filling in for an employee who was late for work. I'm sorry. I should've told you earlier."

Needing a little space to think things through he stood. "I'm going to wash the city grime off my hands. I'll be right back."

"Please don't leave this time," Sal begged, when Dalton started to walk off.

Dalton shook his head. "I'm just going to use the restroom."

He strode towards the men's room just off the vestibule in a daze. He was happy to see the room empty as he turned on the water and studied himself in the mirror. Why did he feel so upset? It wasn't like Sal had out and out lied to him.

The door opened and Sal came in the room. "Dalton?"

Dalton looked into the mirror as Sal stood directly over his shoulder. They were nearly the same height, but Dalton could see he had about two inches on the dark haired man. Sal was so close that all Dalton had to do was take a step back to be pressed against him. The dream of the night before flashed through his mind.

They stared into each other's eyes in the mirror for several long moments. He didn't know what Sal saw when he looked at him, but before he could stop it, the two of them were touching. No. Not merely touching. Sal's body was pressed against Dalton's back so completely that he felt the other man's erection against his ass.

His eyes began to drift shut as Sal's arm wrapped around his chest. Dalton was mere moments away from giving in to his needs, when the restroom door opened. Sal quickly stepped away and to the side before the intruder rounded the corner.

"I think I need to go," Dalton uttered softly.

"Please don't," Sal pleaded.

"I'll be back," Dalton assured, and left the restroom.

He didn't know how he made it back to his office, but one foot inside the door and he knew he couldn't stay. Picking his briefcase up from the credenza he piled his needed files in it and snapped the dark leather case shut.

As he passed by his secretary, he didn't dare look at her. What if she saw in his face what he'd seen in the mirror at Bella's? "Cancel my appointments. I'll be working from home for the rest of the day."

He was thankful he didn't meet anyone in the elevator on the way down to the parking garage. Once in his car, Dalton rested his head against the steering wheel, praying like hell that he didn't throw up.

He'd seen the look in Sal's eyes before focusing on his own reflection. The love and need he projected back to Sal was right there, right on the surface for anyone to see and make fun of.

Dalton thought of all the ugly accusations flung at him during his drawn-out divorce. Had Cathy been right all along? No. He shook his head. He knew in his heart he wasn't attracted to men, well, most men. *So why am I falling for one in particular?* Was it because he was lonely and Sal was the only person who'd taken an interest?

As he drove out of the garage, one thing he was certain of. He couldn't see Sal until he figured out what he wanted. To give in to the temptation Sal offered was to concede that his friends had abandoned him with good reason.

No. It would take some time. He just hoped Sal wouldn't give up on him.

Chapter Four

"Why are you doing this to yourself?" Gino asked. His brother was draped across the sofa in the small restaurant office. "Do you realise how many men in this city would kill for a night with you?"

Sal continued to run his fingers through his hair. He could tell by the grin on Gino's face that his curly mop was a fright to look at. "I tried. I went to The Hole thinking I'd get my freak on and Manny was there, but I couldn't do it."

Gino sat up and swung his legs to the floor. "What? You turned down Manny?" Gino whistled. "You really do have it bad. Manny's always been your favourite bed buddy."

Sal nodded. *Yeah, I really do have it bad.* "The really stupid thing is that I know Dalton feels it too. I saw it in his eyes."

It had been a week since that moment in the men's room. Seven days since he'd looked into the blue eyes of the man he'd fallen in love with. He'd tried to be patient. His fingers itched to call Dalton and ask him if he was okay.

Gino stood and walked towards him. Stopping in front of his desk, his brother leaned over and kissed the top of Sal's head. "The question you have to ask yourself is, is he worth it?"

That was the question. He knew he'd continue to wait if he had a sign that Dalton wouldn't run away from his own feelings. But feelings were one thing, and sex was another. Even if Dalton did love him, would he ever allow himself to have a physical relationship with another man?

A kiss. That's what he needed. If Dalton could return a kiss given in love, then Sal knew he could wait for the rest. He looked up at his brother. "Do me a favour. Pack me a picnic lunch for two."

Gino's eyes narrowed. "What are you planning?"

Sal grinned. "If Dalton won't come to me, I'll go to him. I don't think he's likely to throw me out of his office. He wouldn't dare cause a scene like that in front of his employees."

Gino nodded. "I'll pack a basket, but I hope you know what you're doing. I'd hate to go over there and kick his ass for hurting you."

"I'll be fine, baby brother."

Gino shook his head and walked out of the office. "It'll be ready in thirty minutes."

"Excellent, that'll give me time to call Greg and have him come in early to tend the bar."

He picked up the phone, feeling lighter than he had in a week. *Prepare yourself, Mr. Montgomery.*

* * * *

"Mr. Montgomery? There's a man here to see you. He says he's delivering your lunch from Bella's and insists he speak with you about it," the security guard announced into the phone.

Dalton's stomach dropped. *Oh shit.* He'd practically tied himself to his desk for the last week trying to stay away from Sal and now he was here? *Shit. Shit. Shit.* "Okay, send him up."

He spread out some of the files on his desk. He'd use the excuse that he'd just been too busy to take a lunch break. Yeah, that would work. He knew he looked like hell. His secretary had pointed that fact out a little earlier in the week. It wasn't his fault he couldn't sleep without dreaming of Sal. In the end, it had become easier to just stay up as late as he could and fall into an exhausted sleep.

His secretary's voice came over the intercom. "There's a Mr. Lucina here to see you, Mr. Montgomery."

"Send him in," he said, pushing the intercom button.

He started to stand, but thought better of it. Things would go much easier with the desk between them. He quickly looked back down at his computer pretending to work.

The door opened and he could honestly *feel* Sal's presence in the room. He spoke before looking up. "Hi, Sal. What brings you down here?"

The minute he made eye contact with his visitor, he was caught. Sal's dark eyes bore into him like brands upon his soul. Dalton closed his eyes, trying to keep his emotions in check. *What's happening to me?*

Hearing a thump, Dalton opened his eyes to see a large box on his desk. The smell of red sauce and garlic was overwhelming in the room. "You look like shit," Sal grunted.

Dalton looked up. He refused to meet Sal's eyes, but he stared at the heavy five o'clock shadow on his friend's jaw. "I've been hearing that a lot lately. Thanks for noticing."

Sal slumped into the chair in front of Dalton's desk. "What's going on with you, Dalton? I can understand you staying away if it's what you want, but from the looks of those bags under your eyes, I'd say it's not."

"I just need... Oh hell. I don't know what I need anymore."

Sal pushed the box closer to Dalton. "Let's start with a picnic." Sal stood and pulled the white table cloth out of the top of the box. He gestured to the small conference table in the room. "May I?"

Dalton nodded. He watched as Sal expertly set the table with real dishes and silverware. The guy had thought of everything. He was touched that Sal had gone to so much trouble for him. It would be rude not to accept his friend's generosity.

Standing, Dalton wiped his hands on his slacks, before rolling up his sleeves. "It looks good."

Sal eyed Dalton up and down. "You've lost weight."

Dalton shrugged. "Not much of an appetite lately." He took a seat and looked at the spread of food on the table. "How many people did you think you were feeding?" It didn't slip his attention that Sal had brought all his favourite dishes.

Sal chuckled. "I'd love to take all the credit, but actually, Gino packed the lunch."

That surprised him for some reason. Dalton tilted his head in thought. Is that what it was like having family? "I got the feeling your brother didn't like me much," he finally said.

"He just worries about me." Sal shrugged in that adorable Italian way. "He loves me, what else can I say."

Dalton knew he'd probably kick himself for this later, but he had to ask. "What's he worried about?"

Sal began dishing food onto Dalton's plate. Dalton didn't know if he was ignoring him or just choosing not to answer. The answer was suddenly more important than ever. "Sal? Why is your brother worried about you?"

Putting down the serving spoon, Sal studied his plate for several moments. "Because he knows that I've fallen in love with you."

Even though he'd seen it in Sal's eyes the previous week, the verbal announcement shocked him. His breathing picked up as his blood pressure sky rocketed. What should he say? "I'm not gay."

Sal leaned across the table and grabbed the back of Dalton's head, crushing their lips together in a kiss. Dalton closed his eyes. The feel of Sal's tongue running over the seam of his lips felt like heaven. His body's instincts kicked in and he parted them, letting Sal's tongue inside to plunder the interior of his mouth.

The moan that erupted from him brought Dalton back down to earth. His eyes opened and he pulled his head back. "Why did you do that?" His lips still stung from the sweet pressure of Sal's kiss.

Sal looked into his eyes. "I'm not going to decide for you whether you're gay or not, but you can't deny you have feelings for me. I won't let you."

Dalton stood and began to pace the room. "If I give in to those feelings, it proves that everyone was right about me. I tried damn hard to keep my wife happy. When she started spreading her vicious lies, I lost my home, my friends, everything."

He shook his head in frustration and held up his finger. "One time. One fucking time, I asked her if she was interested in trying anal sex. She used that against me. To admit that I have feelings for another man proves I've spent my life lost in a fantasyland of my own making."

Dalton stopped talking and knelt beside Sal. "I have fallen in love with you, and it's tearing me apart."

Sal cupped Dalton's face in his hands. "Have you ever been truly happy?"

Happy? He hadn't thought about his own happiness in years. He was too busy following the plan he'd set for himself. Until lately, he couldn't even remember the last time he'd laughed. The realisation shocked him. "No," he whispered. He felt the sting of tears as he relived the previous twenty years of his life.

Sal leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on Dalton's lips. "Don't you think it's about time you were? I won't push you for more than you're ready to give, but I want you in my life. No. I *need* you in my life."

"You'll get tired of waiting for me," Dalton whispered.

"I might get frustrated, but it won't change my feelings."

"Are... Do you expect us to date? Because I'm not sure I'm ready for that. What if I see someone?" Dalton felt like an idiot. He didn't know how any of this was supposed to work.

Sal smiled, flashing those too white teeth and those delicious dimples. "We'll keep it strictly to our regular schedule, for now. As long as you promise me that I can hold your hand and give you the occasional kiss. I wasn't lying when I said I'd wait."

He thought about it. Seeing Sal for lunch had been the highlight of his day for the previous several months. Yeah. He thought he could continue their relationship as long as Sal knew the boundaries. "Okay."

"Good," Sal gave him another tender kiss. "Let's eat. You look like you've missed a couple of meals."

Dalton felt the blush creep up his neck and stood. "I don't eat much when I'm upset," he confided, taking his seat. He picked up his fork and dove into the quickly cooling food.

"Luckily I'll be around to at least make sure you eat one good meal a day."

* * * *

Sal boxed up the remnants of lunch and set it on the table. "Do you have a fridge or something you can put these in?" He winked. "That way I can make sure you get two good meals a day."

Dalton nodded. "We have one in the break room."

Looking at his watch, Sal saw it was almost one. "I'd better get back to the restaurant," he said, hooking his thumb towards the door.

"Oh. Okay."

God, Dalton was cute. Sal would venture to guess the man in front of him never showed signs of weakness in his everyday life. It was nice to see that Dalton could let his guard down when they were together. He'd seen the man tear up for god's sake.

Unable to resist the lure of those sweet lips, Sal walked over and stood in front of Dalton. "Would I be pushing if I asked for a goodbye kiss?"

Dalton looked nervously over Sal's shoulder towards the door. "Quick one," he answered.

Sal watched Dalton tense up the closer they came to touching. "Please don't," he whispered against Dalton's mouth. "I'll never hurt you."

The sigh that escaped Dalton's lips was his signal. Sal moved in and licked at Dalton's mouth for a few seconds before he was allowed entry. His tongue swooped in and tasted the man he loved.

The deeper the kiss became, the more relaxed Dalton felt in his arms. Before he knew what was happening, Sal found himself grinding against Dalton's tented slacks. Knowing he was pushing, he ended the kiss and pulled back. "Sorry. It's hard to control myself when I have you in my arms."

Dalton blushed a deep crimson. "It's okay. I didn't exactly push you away."

"No, you didn't," Sal observed. "It's a start." He turned and walked towards the door. "I think it might be best to eat at Bella's from now on. I can tell it makes you nervous for me to be here."

"I...I..."

Sal waived off Dalton's excuse. "It's okay. I understand." He left the office and nodded to the prim woman seated behind the desk. "Have a good afternoon."

The woman smiled and nodded knowingly. On his way back to the restaurant, Sal decided he liked Dalton's secretary. "That's one sharp lady."

Chapter Five

"Did I call at a bad time?" Dalton asked.

"No, not at all. I just stepped out of the shower. I had to rinse off the stink from my nightly run," Sal answered.

"You run at night? Why didn't I know that?" Dalton was sure there were a lot of things about the man he loved that he didn't know. They'd talked non-stop during their lunches for the past month, and never seemed to run out of topics.

"I like the city at night."

"How far do you normally go?" Dalton sat back on his couch and took a drink of his beer.

"Seven usually, but I've been a little keyed up lately, so I've been pushing myself to nine or ten."

Dalton knew he was the reason for the extra miles. He knew in his heart that he was going slower than either of them wanted, but it was a huge step. Better to be sure than to enter into a sexual relationship he wasn't ready for. He heard a noise in the background that sounded like...

"Sal? Are you doing what I think you're doing?" Even though he was alone, he felt the blush creep up his cheeks at the thoughts going through his mind.

Sal moaned softly. "Depends. Do you think I'm touching myself? Because you'd be right. It's you. Just the sound of your voice has me hard in no time."

Dalton swallowed, not sure of what to say.

"Does that embarrass you?" Sal asked.

He realised it didn't. "No." Looking down, he saw his hard cock pressing against the front of his boxer-briefs. Even though he couldn't bring himself to physically go after what he truly wanted, Dalton hoped he could at least give Sal what he needed verbally. "I bought something last weekend."

"Mmmm," Sal moaned into the phone. "What'd you buy, babe?"

The pet name caused an almost painful twitch of his cock. Dalton reached down and pushed his briefs down below his balls. "I don't think I can say it. I wanted to see what..."

The sounds on the other end of the phone increased. "Dalton? Please tell me you bought something to help fill that sweet ass of yours," Sal groaned.

Dalton's hand crept down his torso to circle his cock. *Dare I?* He'd never done anything like this before. Of course he'd jerked off, what man didn't, but usually he satisfied his sexual urges in private.

"Babe, you gotta answer me. Did you buy a plug?" Sal asked again, his breath coming in short pants.

"Mmm hmm." Dalton gathered some of the pre-cum from the tip of his cock to smooth his strokes.

"Have you used it?"

"No," he whispered. He couldn't tell Sal that admitting he wanted the plug in his ass was the same as confirming to himself that he was gay. He'd come close to using it the day he'd brought it home, but so far it sat unused in his bedside drawer, taunting him.

"What are you doing right now? Are you touching yourself?"

"Yes." Dalton bit his lip as he picked up speed.

Sal's breathing was becoming more laboured by the second. "Dalton!" Sal cried.

The sound of Sal calling his name while he came was almost enough to tip Dalton over the edge. He sat on the cusp between pleasure and pain, needing something, anything.

"I love you," Sal sighed.

That did it, as Dalton's cock shot in thick strands of white cream. The noises erupting from his throat were more animal than man. He should have been embarrassed, but before he'd had time to analyse his behaviour, Sal spoke again.

"If you sound that sexy coming over the phone, I can't wait to be in the same room."

Reaching over to the end table, Dalton pulled several tissues out of the box and began to clean himself. "I can't believe I just did that," he mumbled.

Sal chuckled. "I think it's sexy that you're willing to step outside your comfort zone with me."

"I'm way out," Dalton chuckled back. He heard Sal yawn and smiled. "Why don't you hit the sack? I'll see you in about twelve and a half hours."

"I'm already counting the minutes," Sal confessed. "Goodnight, Dalton."

"Night, Sal."

Hanging up the phone, Dalton locked up and practically floated to bed. Never had an orgasm felt more right. Maybe he was over thinking things? He was a thirty-seven year old man with absolutely no one to answer to. Perhaps it was time to live his life for himself.

* * * *

Sal felt his cock harden the second he spotted Dalton walk into the room. *Damn*. How could a man so incredibly gorgeous be so unaware of his own sex appeal? He set Dalton's glass of tea down and went around the bar to greet the man he loved.

He walked straight up to Dalton and stood toe to toe. "There's no one in here."

"I see that," Dalton chuckled.

"Can I kiss you?" Sal asked, already scooting closer.

"Yes, please."

Cupping the back of Dalton's neck with his hands, he pulled the taller man's head down for an all consuming kiss. Their mating of tongues progressed and soon Sal found himself rubbing his erection against Dalton's hip.

Breaking the kiss, he looked up into Dalton's blue eyes. "Please tell me we can eat lunch upstairs in my apartment."

Dalton's eyes rounded. "Um...upstairs?"

"Forget it," Sal said. He'd promised Dalton he wouldn't pressure him and Sal knew that's exactly what he was doing.

Dalton still looked a little shocked. "Actually, as long as we take things slow, I might enjoy spending some alone time with you."

"Excellent." Sal grabbed the iced tea glass from the bar and gestured to the restaurant lobby. "Just outside and to the right."

"I'll follow you," Dalton reassured.

Sal wanted nothing more than to take Dalton's hand and whisk him upstairs, but he knew better. Dalton was still uneasy about showing any public displays of affection. He waved to the security guard and pushed the elevator button. When the doors opened, he ushered Dalton inside and punched in the security code.

As soon as the doors closed, Sal reached out and took Dalton's hand in his. "Oh, here's your tea," he said, handing over the glass.

Dalton smiled and looked at the tea. "I hate to say this. I mean you've been very attentive to my beverage needs, but I also like other things to drink."

"Shit, I'm sorry," Sal suddenly felt like shit. He hated when people assumed things about him, and here he was doing the same damn thing.

Dalton started to chuckle. "I was just teasing you."

Then Dalton did something he'd never done before. He bent down and initiated a kiss. Just as Sal was taking it to the next level, the elevator stopped and the doors opened. Dalton grinned. "I guess we're here."

"Yeah. I guess we are." Sal took Dalton's hand and led him to the door of his apartment. "Gino lives in that one," Sal offered, pointing to the door across the hall.

"Must be nice having family so close when you need them," Dalton mumbled.

"Sometimes," Sal agreed, unlocking the door. He stepped back and let Dalton enter first. The low approving whistle warmed him. "You like it?"

"Are you kidding? It beats the hell out of my fourth floor condo," Dalton claimed, walking towards the wall of windows. "It's almost like being outside."

Sal walked up behind Dalton and wrapped his arms around him. "You should see a thunderstorm sweep into the city. It's breathtaking."

When he felt Dalton lean back against him, Sal let his hands roam freely. "You feel good." He ran his hand down to cover the tented fabric of Dalton's dress slacks. "May I?"

After several long moments, Dalton nodded. Sal held his breath as he unfastened the black slacks. The soft material fell to Dalton's ankles, leaving him standing in only a pair of boxer-briefs.

Sal's hands shook as he burrowed under the tight black underwear to touch Dalton's cock for the first time. When feeling the large erection wasn't enough, he pulled his hands away and kissed the side of Dalton's neck. "I need to see you," he whispered.

Kneeling in front of the taller man, Sal gripped the waistband of Dalton's briefs. "Is it okay?"

Dalton's mouth opened and shut several times before he actually spoke. "I feel like I'm about to embarrass myself."

"Why?" Sal asked, as he pulled Dalton's underwear down to his thighs. Damn. His first look at Dalton's thick length didn't disappoint. "Beautiful." His mouth was drawn to the plump wet head.

Sal wrapped his fingers around the base of Dalton's cock as he swallowed the pretty dick as deep as he could.

Dalton's hands landed on his shoulders. "I'm not...I can't..."

Sal pressed his tongue against the underside of Dalton's crown. His lover thrust forward and the first shot of cream hit the back of Sal's throat. Pulling back enough to swallow, Sal relished every jet of Dalton's cum.

After cleaning Dalton's cock, Sal pulled up his lover's briefs. Standing, he wrapped his arms around the taller man. Dalton bent and buried his face in the space between Sal's neck and shoulder. "I can't believe I went off like that. I'm so embarrassed," Dalton mumbled.

Smiling, Sal held Dalton closer. "Don't apologise. It's quite a compliment that I make you that excited."

"Next time will be better. I promise." Dalton suddenly seemed to realise what he'd said and blushed. "I mean..."

Sal cut off his lover's words with a kiss. "I can't wait for next time."

Dalton's hand travelled down to press against the hard ridge of Sal's erection. "Would you like for me to help you with this?"

What he really wanted was to bury his cock deep inside Dalton and stay there for the rest of his life, but he knew his lover wasn't ready for that. "I'm okay," he finally said. "Maybe I can get you to stop by later and help me with it."

"I have a meeting until late. What time do you usually finish at the restaurant?" Dalton asked.

"Whenever I want," Sal replied, with a wink. "Give me a call after your meeting. I'll try to stay downstairs until then."

"It's a date," Dalton replied, pulling up and fastening his dress pants.

* * * *

They ate a quick lunch of sandwiches and chips before travelling back down in the elevator. Dalton felt like he was floating. He'd never enjoyed sex like he had earlier. Memories of Sal's mouth wrapped around his cock threatened to give him another hard on.

He looked over at Sal and smiled. The more he was around the gorgeous Italian, the more he thought he was ready for a deeper physical relationship. Holding hands, they

stepped off the elevator together. Walking through the front doors, Dalton turned to Sal. "So, I'll see you later?"

"Definitely," Sal leaned in to give Dalton a kiss.

Dalton closed his eyes and bent to meet Sal half-way when he heard his name. Springing away from Sal, Dalton saw one of his clients walking towards them. "Shit," he spat.

He automatically stepped several feet away from his lover and turned to greet his client. He chatted with the man for several minutes before he waved the guy off. Dalton turned back around and found he was alone on the street. "Shit."

Dalton walked back to his office feeling like he wanted to throw up. Who did he think he was fooling? No way could he ever openly have a relationship with Sal. Hell, just a few minutes earlier, he'd ignored the man he loved for a fucking client.

Walking past his secretary, he slammed the door to his office. He had a hell of a lot to think about between now and his planned date with Sal.

* * * *

At ten o'clock, Sal decided to take pity on his staff and leave. He went up to his place and quickly changed into his running gear. It definitely wasn't the way he'd hoped to spend the evening, but it was better than sitting around waiting beside the phone. He may be slow about some things, but he knew damn well a business meeting didn't last past ten o'clock in the fucking evening.

Once again he'd been stood up. Sal stopped by the security desk on his way out of the building. "Hey, can you hold onto these for me?" Sal asked, handing over his keys.

"Sure thing, Sir."

Stepping out into the cool night air, Sal spent several minutes stretching against the wall of the building. Once his limbs were loose, he took off at a brisk jog. The episode earlier weighed heavily on his mind. He'd admitted to himself that he'd been hurt by Dalton's brush off on the street that afternoon.

Sal sped up as he finished his second mile. At the time, he'd seen Dalton's visible discomfort with the situation and had decided to help his lover by going back to work.

Stupid him. He thought Dalton would at least come into the restaurant and say goodbye before he headed back to his office.

Not only hadn't he come in, but he hadn't called either. To top it off, here he was running when what he'd rather be doing was holding Dalton. He was rounding a corner when pain hit him head on.

Falling to the ground, Sal's hands immediately went to his chest. The ability to breathe was currently his main priority. The two large men standing over him didn't garner as much concern as getting his lungs to once again fill with life-saving oxygen.

"Wallet," the taller man yelled, holding a baseball bat in his hands.

Sal shook his head. He tried to talk, but the words wouldn't come. He shook his head, trying to get the thugs to understand his inability to speak. The men evidently took this as a sign that he was being uncooperative. Fists slammed into his face and stomach before he was unceremoniously rolled over and patted down.

When the muggers found no billfold, they cursed and hit Sal a few more times before running off into the darkness. Sal remained on the ground for several long moments before crawling towards the wall and pulling himself to his feet.

Blood from the cut over his forehead dripped into his eyes as he tried to find a taxi on the empty streets. He wasn't sure how long it took him, but he eventually made it to a busier section of town. Lifting his arm as high as he could, he managed to catch the attention of a cab driver.

Falling into the back seat, he gave the driver his address. The last thing he remembered was the guy asking if he needed to go to the hospital.

Chapter Six

After driving around for what felt like hours, Dalton managed to find a parking spot just down the block from Sal's building. He knew he had a lot of explaining to do, and a phone call wasn't going to cut it.

The episode on the sidewalk earlier in the day had left him confused. He'd cancelled his meeting and had driven to the coast. Since he was a boy, the sound of the ocean had soothed him. As he sat in the gritty sand, Dalton realised he had to make a choice. It wasn't fair to Sal to continue the relationship if he couldn't put everything into it.

Four hours later, here he was, standing in front of his lover's building. Dalton shook his head. His lover. He still wasn't used to applying that term to a man. Stepping into the well-lit lobby, he took a deep breath and walked up to the security guard.

"May I help you, Sir?"

"Yes. I believe Sal Lucina is expecting me?" Dalton knew it was only a partial lie. Sal had been expecting him. He looked down at his watch and couldn't believe the time. He hoped Sal didn't mind visitors at ten-thirty at night.

The guard shook his head. "He's not here. Mr. Lucina went out for a run. Are you sure he's expecting you?"

Dalton nodded. "He was. I'm late." He looked around the lobby. "Do you suppose I could wait for him?"

The guard looked Dalton over thoroughly before finally gesturing to one of the leather benches. Dalton felt like he was being sent to the bad boy chair. As he took a seat, he hoped he hadn't totally screwed up his chances with Sal.

Although it had taken him several hours of tough soul-searching, Dalton realised what he wanted out of life. He'd spent years trying to be the man others expected him to be, and had nothing to show for it except a broken marriage and a lack of friends. At the end of the day, the only thing Dalton Montgomery had was his business, and that no longer held the appeal it once had. It was time he grabbed for the brass ring, and he knew that shiny piece of metal was Sal Lucina.

A commotion outside the large glass doors caught his attention. A taxi was honking his horn repeatedly. The security guard gave Dalton a look that told him not to move, before going to check out the trouble.

Standing, Dalton took a step towards the front. His gut clenched as he saw the guard lift a battered body from the backseat of the cab. The driver started gesturing wildly with his hands, and Dalton assumed the man was yelling to get paid.

Practically running, Dalton made it through the entrance and shoved a twenty into the man's hand. He turned back towards the security guard and almost vomited. It was then he recognised the beaten man as his Sal.

"No," he screamed.

The guard paid no attention to Dalton, and instead turned to take Sal inside the building. Dalton was hot on the man's heels as Sal was laid on one of the benches.

"Call 911," Dalton shouted. He fell to his knees beside the bench and reached for his lover's limp hand. "Sal?"

Sal's swollen eyes opened a crack. "We're getting you help," Dalton comforted, leaning down to rest his forehead on Sal's. God, it was his fault. Had he come over earlier, Sal would be upstairs in bed with him instead of lying here bleeding.

"I called the police," the guard said. "I'm going to run next door and get Gino."

Dalton nodded but didn't take his eyes off Sal. "Where does it hurt?" he asked.

The corner of Sal's mouth twitched. "Everywhere, but I don't think anything besides my nose is broken." Sal looked into Dalton's eyes. "I didn't think you were coming."

Dalton shook his head. "I know. I'm so sorry. I was confused, but I'm not anymore. I love you."

Sal's eyes drifted shut. "Good."

Should I let him sleep? Dalton looked towards the door hoping the police would get there soon. He'd never been good in this type of crisis. Give him falling stocks and he was a rock, but this...this was personal.

Gino burst through the door, apron still in place, and ran over to them. "How is he?"

Dalton shook his head. "He said his nose was broken, and then he went to sleep, I think. I mean, I don't think he passed out. Hell." Dalton ran his fingers through his hair. He hated feeling helpless.

Gino's hand landed on his shoulder and moved him to the side. "Take it easy. Let me have a look at him."

Dalton nodded and sat on the bench at Sal's feet. Gino lightly ran his hands over Sal. "I think he's okay," Gino assured Dalton.

The front door opened and the guard ushered in the EMTs followed by two uniformed police officers. Dalton stood and stepped back to let the technicians do their job. A comforting arm was wrapped around his shoulders, surprising him.

Dalton looked into Gino's eyes. "I should've been here. None of this would've happened."

Gino shook his head. "Don't go there. Sal wouldn't want it."

"Can someone tell me what happened?" one of the officers asked.

"He went out running," Dalton answered. "I...that's all I know."

"And you are?" the man asked, pen poised above a small tablet of paper.

This was it. The moment he'd both dreaded and longed for. *Can I do it?*

"Dalton," Sal called.

Looking at the man he loved as the technicians continued to check him over, Dalton smiled. "I'm Mr. Lucina's boyfriend."

* * * *

"You're gonna be late," Sal taunted, running his hand down Dalton's naked torso.

Dalton captured Sal's hand and moved it to his cock. Since the attack, they'd spent every lunch hour in bed together. Those stolen moments, along with their long evenings together just weren't enough anymore. He craved more, more time, more Sal.

Sal's hand wrapped around Dalton's shaft and started a slow stroke. "Again?" Sal teased. "We just did it. How can you recover so fast?"

"I have a lot of time to make up for." Dalton thrust into Sal's fist.

Sal looked at the clock. "It's almost one. Don't you need to get back?"

Dalton shook his head. "Maybe I'll take the rest of the day off, and make you my love slave."

Sal chuckled and climbed on top of Dalton. He started to reach for the lube but stopped. "Guess we don't need that since I've still got your cum dripping from my ass."

"Gonna fill you again," Dalton crooned, pulling Sal down for a kiss. "I hate being away from you."

"Me, too," Sal grunted, easing back on Dalton's erection.

Those familiar shivers travelled across Dalton's skin as his cock plunged in and out of Sal's hole. His hands were drawn to the dark brown nipples he loved so much. Dalton pinched and twisted the sensitive nubs as Sal bucked above him. "So fucking sexy," he whispered.

"You are," Sal panted, bracing his hands on Dalton's chest. Using his legs, Sal rose enough for Dalton to take over.

Wasting no time, taking charge, Dalton thrust up into his lover's heat. The sound of skin slapping was almost deafening in the room. His hands slid once again, this time one wrapped around Sal's cock while the other travelled under his Italian god to the pretty hole, stretched around his cock.

Dalton looked into Sal's dark brown eyes. "I love you."

His lover's brows drew together in concentration. Dalton knew that look. It signalled Sal's impending climax. Picking up his pace, Dalton fucked Sal even harder, jerking his lover's cock.

"Gonna," Sal panted, head thrown back.

The first shot of warm seed landed on Dalton's chest and neck. He lifted his head and opened his mouth. "Come on, babe, give it to me," he pleaded, sitting up until his mouth was only a few inches from Sal's erupting cock.

He was rewarded with a splash of the salty fluid on his lip and tongue. The taste of his lover sent him over the edge. Dalton buried himself to the hilt and cried out Sal's name as volley after volley of cum jetted from his cock to mix with his earlier seed.

Sal collapsed on top of him as they both tried to regain their breath. Dalton's arms slid up and down Sal's sweaty back. He wished they could stay like this forever.

Since officially coming out of the proverbial closet, Dalton's life had actually become easier. He'd lost a few clients, and his ex had taken great joy in ridiculing him, but he no longer cared. The love and support he gained from Sal and Gino far outweighed any trash talk others threw at him. For the first time in his life, he knew who he was, and where he belonged.

"What're you thinking about so hard?" Sal asked.

Dalton looked down at Sal, the scar on his lover's forehead, the only physical reminder of the attack months earlier. The police gave them little hope of finding Sal's attackers, so they were trying to put it behind them. Dalton had taken up jogging as a way of keeping his man safe.

"How happy I am," Dalton declared with a smile.

"Good. Does that mean I get to keep you?" Sal asked.

Dalton rolled them both until he was on top of Sal. "You'd better. You've spoiled me for anyone else. Besides, I'd probably starve to death without Gino's cooking."

"No regrets?" Sal asked.

They'd had the same conversation over and over. Sal felt horrible that Dalton had lost several big-moneyed clients. No matter how many times Dalton tried to soothe his lover's guilt, he knew Sal still worried.

"My only regret is that it took so many years to learn to appreciate a nooner. I'd always heard about them, but never understood the appeal. Until you."

"Move in with me," Sal begged. "Now, tonight, tomorrow, whatever. Just say you will."

Dalton swallowed around the lump in his throat. He'd hoped their relationship would progress to this point, he'd longed for it. "I don't have much to move actually. Once Cathy was awarded the house and everything in it, I bought the first furnished condo I could find. I've got a couple boxes of personal stuff and my clothes, but that's about it."

Sal's mouth turned down. "Your lawyer sucked."

"Yeah." Brad was one of the first people to desert him once Dalton came out. It had been time anyway. Dalton knew the lawyer didn't have his best interests at heart. Since then he'd found a new and improved attorney.

Sal put his hand to the back of Dalton's head and pulled him down for a kiss. Sal's tongue thrust into Dalton's mouth in a possessive claiming. Dalton chuckled into the kiss as he felt the first stirrings of a renewed erection. Was it even possible? Hell, he didn't think teenagers could even get it up three times in less than ninety minutes.

Sal must've felt the evidence of Dalton's desire. "God, Gino's gonna kill me," Sal groaned.

"Someday he'll understand."

"Understand what exactly?" Sal asked, wrapping his legs around Dalton.

“That an hour isn’t enough when you’re hungry for something other than lunch.”

About the Author

An avid reader for years, one day Carol Lynne decided to write her own brand of erotic romance. Carol juggles between being a full-time mother and a full-time writer. These days, you can usually find Carol either cleaning jelly out of the carpet or nestled in her favourite chair writing steamy love scenes.

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Corporate Passion

LUNCHEES IN LAGUNA

J.P. Bowie



Dedication

For Phil

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Jaguar: Jaguar Cars Limited Corporation

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Chapter One

One thing among the thousand things I love about living and working in Laguna Beach is the perfection of the weather on a day-to-day basis. Sure, there's the occasional gloomy day when a cloud bank from the Pacific Ocean rolls in, but by noon the sun has usually burned through and the temperature is, as I said, perfection.

So it's no surprise that I love taking my lunch outside the office, strolling through the streets lined with art galleries, restaurants and gift shops, grabbing a sandwich from the bakery and finding a quiet spot on the beach where I can watch the boys play volleyball, shirtless on the sand.

Another thing I love about Laguna—the plenteous supply of eye-candy. Some of the most beautiful men in the world either live here or flock to this quaint little town for vacations or weekend breaks. During the summer, there are more recorded fender benders than most anywhere else in the US. The reason? Eye-candy, so distracting to male and female drivers alike. The heavenly vision of a tall, tanned and lithe body clad only in shorts slung so low you can see the crack of a delicious ass has been the cause of many a rear-end bump—pun intended. Fortunately, the only resulting casualty is usually the red face of the driver. I know—I've almost been there, done that myself, on a couple of occasions.

Anyway, there I was, Scott Stevenson, twenty-nine years old, single and without a date in almost five months, strolling down Forest Street just before the noon hour, when I spotted him, and *boing!*—I stopped dead in my tracks. Gawked is the word used to describe what I did at that moment—I *gawked* at the man standing in the doorway of an art gallery talking with an older couple. It was his smile that got me first, radiant and lighting up his face. Wreathed in that high wattage smile, he was simply stunning.

I stepped back, pretending to look in the window at the art studies displayed there. All the while, I watched him from the corner of my eye, taking in the whole package—tall, wide shouldered, wearing a pale blue dress shirt open at the neck and white linen pants.

How'd that old bossa nova song go? *Tall, and tan, and young, and lovely...* That was him to a T. His dark brown hair was crisply curled, and as I stood there, *gawking*, trying to

determine the colour of his eyes, he turned and looked at me. Like a ninny, I jerked my head away and almost banged my nose on the plate-glass window.

He said goodbye to the couple, then he hesitated for a moment in the doorway. Next thing, he was standing next to me.

“See anything you like?” he asked, his voice matching the beauty of his face. Husky and melodious.

Silly question, I thought, turning to look at him.

Grey. His eyes were grey, flecked with blue. Unusual and totally mesmerising. I found myself atypically tongue-tied – and still gawking for Chrissakes.

“We have much more inside,” he said. His fingers touched my arm. “Would you care to see our latest acquisitions?”

“Yes,” I croaked then cleared my throat. His touch had been electrifying. “Yes, I’d like that.”

I followed him into the gallery, my eyes glued to the round swell of his butt as he moved ahead of me with the grace of an athlete. He pointed out some of the exhibits hanging from the gallery walls, mentioning artists I’d never heard of and sure as hell couldn’t afford.

“Are you an artist?” I managed to ask finally. I’d been so enthralled just standing near him and listening to his sexy voice that I had almost forgotten I didn’t know the first thing about art or sculpture.

“Not in the same class as some of these,” he replied, smiling at me. His eyes flicked towards the door as some people entered. Was it my imagination or was it regret that clouded his expression for a tiny moment? “Excuse me one second,” he murmured then went to greet the prospective customers.

I pretended to browse but took delight in checking him out as he stood chatting with the people. At one point, he turned and looked at me with an apologetic smile then he quickly crossed to where I waited.

“I’m so sorry...uh...”

“Scott,” I told him.

“Scott.” The way he said it made me like my name. “I forgot I had this appointment today. I usually take lunch around now, but –”

"Actually, I'm on my lunch break myself," I interrupted. "I was going to ask if you'd care to grab a sandwich with me."

"I'd love to, but..." He gestured to the people who were now avidly gazing at the paintings. "Perhaps tomorrow, around noon?"

"That'd be great," I said, enthused. "Tell you what, why don't I pick us something up on the way over and we could take it down to the beach?"

"Sounds wonderful." He flashed me that killer smile again, and I had an almost overpowering need to plant one on his wide full mouth. "Here." He handed me his card. "Call me in the morning just to make sure I can get away. Sometimes, I'm at the mercy of last minute customers."

I looked at the card. Michael Taylor. "Okay Michael, I'll call you before I leave the office and get your order then."

"My order?"

"You know, ham and cheese, roast beef on rye, that kind of thing."

"Oh, yes." He chuckled and held out his hand. "Very nice meeting you, Scott."

I took his hand. It was warm and strong, and the way his fingers curled around mine made me want to never let go. Our eyes met, and we smiled, and I felt the start of an erection growing in my briefs.

"Yeah, nice meeting you, Michael," I said, my voice sounding a bit breathy. "See you tomorrow, hopefully—Oh, here's my business card, in case you need to call me about tomorrow."

He took it, another smile flitting across his face, and tucked it into his shirt pocket. I fled from the gallery, the heat in my groin making my face burn, not so much with embarrassment, but with the frustration of not being able to do anything about it right then. I walked smartly to the corner bakery, ordered my sandwich to go then headed for the beach and the volleyball courts.

Funny, but on that particular day, the tanned and shirtless guys who were usually guaranteed to arouse more than just my interest all looked kinda ordinary.

* * * *

I wouldn't really call myself a clock watcher, but the following day, I must have glanced at the office clock or my watch a hundred and fifty times, and as hard as I tried, I just couldn't make the darned time go any faster. Not to mention the fact, I had thought of him a hundred times since first seeing him at the gallery – even dreamed about him...

"Whatsamatteryou?" Debbie, our office secretary asked as she caught me looking at my watch for the umpteenth time. "You got a hot date or something?"

"Something," I replied. I love Debbie. She's kinda overweight, blonde, divorced with two kids and the greatest sense of humour of any woman I've ever known. And she knows me. "Lunch with a guy I met yesterday," I told her.

"You got a condom on you?"

"Debbie, I'm having *lunch* with him. Why would I need a condom?"

"Because you haven't been laid in months, is why," she said, laughing.

"True, but..." At that moment, I was glad she and I were the only two in the office. The rest of the staff knows I'm gay, but I don't usually discuss my sex-life with them – by usually, I mean never.

"Here..." She dug in her purse and threw a foil wrapper onto my desk. "I bought some for Patrick – prom night."

Patrick is her eldest son and has to be the luckiest son-of-a-bitch teenager to have Debbie for a mother.

"It's lubed too," she said.

"Debbie..." Sometimes she leaves even me speechless.

At eleven-fifty, I called Michael's number.

"Art by Design. This is Michael. May I help you?"

My toes curled on hearing that sexy voice. "Hi, Michael. It's Scott – from yesterday?"

"Scott. I've been waiting for your call."

"You have?" Jeez, but his voice was making me hard. "I mean, that's great. Uh...I get off in about five minutes. Did you decide what you'd like...uh, to eat?"

"Why don't you come here first, then we'll decide together?"

"Oh, okay," I said. "There's a really good bakery on the corner."

"I know, I have their menu here in the gallery."

"Great. I'll see you in a few, then."

“Look forward to it, Scott.”

“Me too.” I put the phone down and caught Debbie’s eye. She was grinning from plump cheek to plump cheek.

“What?” I gave her a raised eyebrow look.

“You’re gonna get laid,” she crowed. “It is definitely in the cards.”

I stood up, smoothing the front of my pants, pressing down the erection that just talking to Michael had given me. “You have a vivid imagination,” I said, sniffing.

“And you have a vivid hard on,” Debbie countered, laughing as I reddened. “I want to hear every detail when you get back from *lunch*.”

“Right. Like I’m going to tell you how he likes his meat – open face or between buns.”

“Woo hoo!” Her laughter followed me to the door. “Don’t worry – I’ll be able to tell by the way you walk back in here!”

Chapter Two

Even though Michael had said we could choose our lunch together, I wanted to bring him something—if not to eat, maybe just...something. There was a flower stall at the corner of the block before Michael's gallery. I stopped and bought him a single, long stemmed rose, hoping all the time that he wouldn't consider it dumb, or way too much, or...*pushy*. It felt good to me.

The door to the gallery had a sign that said, *Out to Lunch—Back in One Hour*, so I knocked, praying that he hadn't really gone to lunch without me. A few seconds later and that smile was visible behind the glass door. He swung the door open.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi." I stepped in and presented him with the rose. For a moment, he hesitated, and I thought, *Oh shit, too much*, then he took the rose, locked the door, grabbed me by the arm and hustled me to the back of the gallery.

"That is so sweet of you," he murmured, laying a kiss on my lips. I leaned forward hoping to keep the kiss going, but he'd stepped back, effectively breaking off the smooch contact factor.

"Let's go into my office," he said, leading the way. Today, he was wearing a white dress shirt that set his golden tan off nicely, and a pair of khaki pants that fit neatly around the curve of his ass. The temptation to place my hands on that part of his anatomy was almost too much to resist, so I stuck them in my pockets and gave him an innocent grin as he turned to smile at me again.

"I'll just find something to put the rose in," he said, opening a couple of cabinets before finding a long narrow vase he filled with water and set the rose in. "Do you like white wine?" he asked, pulling open a small refrigerator.

"Uh...yeah."

"Good. I have a bottle of Pinot Grigio here that a client brought me last week. I thought we could sample it together."

I watched his every fluid move with admiration. Here was a guy with the kind of assurance I envied. Not only was he gorgeous to look at, his demeanour told me he was certain of his place in the grand scheme of things. I imagined that each and every day of his life was a pleasant one, filled with the satisfaction of having done a good job here in the gallery, and the knowledge that at the end of the day, good friends and a very nice home awaited him. I couldn't help but wonder if there was a boyfriend to go with that nice home.

"Penny for them," he said suddenly as he poured the wine into two very expensive-looking, crystal glasses.

"Huh? Oh, sorry. I was just daydreaming for a moment." But in truth, I was beginning to feel a little out of my element. I'm a bit of a rough and ready guy, pizza and beer with friends on a Friday night, while Michael was the kind of guy I would see occasionally in one of the better bars in town, surrounded by good looking men, sipping martinis and talking high power finance. I was not in that league at all. I worked in an insurance office, earned fairly good money, but not enough to afford my own house or a fancy car like the one I could see through the window parked in the small lot behind the office. A Jaguar convertible – hot. I drive a Saturn.

Get a grip, I told myself. You're here now – enjoy it. It's not like you're making a life-long commitment.

Michael handed me a glass of wine and his closeness set off a need inside me – a physical need combined with a longing to be more like him. To be this assured, this capable. He clinked his glass against mine.

"Cheers." His smile was just so engaging, so warm, that I couldn't help but return it.

"Cheers," I repeated, and we took simultaneous sips of the cold wine. "Mmm," I voiced my appreciation. "Good."

His grey eyes studied me for a moment, then he said, "Are you all right, Scott? You seem a little on edge."

"Oh no, I'm fine," I muttered, taking a longer swig of the wine. It went straight to my head. "Whoa. Better take it easy," I chuckled. "Have to have a clear head when I get back to work."

He smiled. "Yesterday, you asked if I was an artist. I brought an example for you to look at."

"You did? That's very nice of you."

"I hope you still think so after taking a look," he said, chuckling. He walked to a corner of the room and bent slightly to pick up a board leaning against the wall. That action gave me an even better view of his pretty ass, and that, plus the buzz I felt from the wine made me dizzy with desire.

He turned and held up an oil painting of a naked man posed against a green background of lush trees. At least, I think they were trees—the foreground of the painting was much more interesting, depicting a tall, slender but sleekly muscled young man, his arms outstretched, his head thrown back as if worshiping some unseen god or something.

"Wow, that's terrific," I murmured. "Really beautiful, Michael."

"Yes, he is—but what about my work," he teased.

"Michael, I don't know a thing about art, I'm afraid. All I know is that the painting is beautiful to look at." And it was. The model's defined musculature was, in a word, breathtaking, and even I, dummy that I was about such things, could see that the craftsmanship involved was of an excellent standard.

"You've made his body seem alive," I added, my fingers itching to touch the man's silk-like skin. "Like his flesh is real..."

"Then that is a great compliment. Thank you, Scott."

"Are you going to have your work exhibited in this gallery?"

He nodded then placed the painting against the wall. "One of these days..."

I grinned at him. "That one deserves to be in the window right now. It would sell in a flash. Who's the model by the way? A friend or someone you dreamed up?"

"My ex-boyfriend, Julian..."

"Wow..." That answered the boyfriend question. I took another look at the painting and had a quick vision of how the two of them would have looked together—Michael and Julian—pretty fantastic.

"I'm sorry," I said. "About him being your ex, I mean."

"Don't be. We're still friends, although recently—" He broke off and cleared his throat, clearly not wanting to continue. "Have you ever modelled?" he asked, picking up his wineglass and taking a small sip.

"Me?" I laughed. "Hardly."

"You're certainly handsome enough," Michael said with a flirty smile. He ran his hand over my dark brown hair. "And from what I can see, I think that under that shirt is a very nice body."

"Thanks. I work out now and then."

"I'm serious about the modelling. Perhaps you would pose for me?"

I gulped. "You mean, in the nude like him?"

Michael chuckled. "Scott, I have every intention of seeing you 'in the nude' any moment now."

He took my wine glass, set it on the desk and put his alongside it. I shivered with anticipation as I guessed what his next move would be. He stepped closer to me and put his hands on my waist. I gripped his arms, and we pulled each other in for a kiss that set my senses spinning.

The feel, the taste, the scent of him had me wrapping my arms around his hot hard body and grinding my crotch against his in a near frenzy of carnal lust. I'm glad he had the presence of mind to pull the window blind closed, for in five seconds flat, we had each other's shirts off, and he was licking my nipples while we fumbled with each other's belt buckles. In no time, our pants were down around our ankles and I was down on my knees worshiping the god Phallus.

And what a phallus it was. Long and thick and elegantly curved and made to fit perfectly inside my waiting mouth. He groaned as I ran my tongue around the swollen head, licking at the pre-cum oozing from the slit—nice. His pelvis arched forward, coaxing me into taking some more. I ran my hands up his thighs, stroked his butt and pulled him in, laving the underside of the hard flesh with the flat of my tongue.

"Jesus..."

I heard what sounded like a murmur of complete satisfaction escape his lips and gloated that he was enjoying this as much as I was. His cock slid in and out of my mouth until I captured it by clamping my lips firmly around the base, gently nibbling and scraping my teeth over the throbbing flesh. He moaned now, his hips undulating, his fingers ruffling through my hair, his cock leaking down my throat. I fingered the crack between his butt cheeks, teasing his sphincter by pressing gently against the puckered hole. His moaning

increased and I looked up at the solid wall of sleek muscle that was his torso, arched back as he gave himself up to his ecstasy.

Suddenly, he pulled out and dropped to his knees in front of me. "You're too good," he whispered, taking my mouth in a kiss that left us both panting and breathless. I kissed him right back, my tongue swirling over his, our bodies crushed together in a bone-popping embrace, our cocks gliding as one over the heated skin of our torsos. I fell back, pulling him with me so we ended up lying on the floor, Michael on top of me, our lips still working each other over. He was a great kisser, using his tongue to lightly caress the inside of my mouth, not immediately stick it down my throat like some guys do. He used slow, sensuous licks over the roof of my mouth, then down under my tongue, pulling back just a little to flick at my gums with the tip of his tongue. It was like he was tasting all of me, and I could only hope I tasted half as delicious as he did. He nibbled my chin, ran his lips up and down the length of my throat, sucked on my Adam's apple, before sinking into the hollow just below, and driving me completely out of my mind with lust.

"You're so hot," he whispered, taking my left nipple between his lips and pulling on it, making me writhe under him.

I'm hot? If I was hot, he was a billion watt firecracker! Our pants were still hooked round our ankles, definitely getting in the way. He took a moment to shuck his off, along with his shoes and socks. He helped me with mine, then he was moving south, and my body practically vibrated in anticipation of feeling his mouth on my cock. His tongue skated over my suddenly ultra-sensitive skin, setting every nerve ending on fire. He sank the tip into my navel, I groaned, my hips arching with need, my cock aching to feel the moist heat of his mouth—and then, oh God...*yes*. His soft lips closed over the head of my cock, his tongue lapping at the slit, and from his throat came a deep rumble of appreciation. He slipped his hands under me, cupping my butt and pulling me deeper into his mouth.

"Oh yeah," I sighed on a long breath, losing myself in the erotic heat he brought me. His lips slid up and down the length of my dick, long slow strokes from base to tip that had me scrunching up my eyes with the effort of controlling the orgasm gathering in my balls. I clutched at his shoulders.

"Oh, wait, wait..."

After another long lick around the head, he released my cock from his mouth and smiled up at me. As he leaned over me, he dragged his fingertips up my stomach and my chest, lightly circling each nipple, then placed his forefinger on my lower lip. I sucked it into my mouth.

"You have a lovely cock," he murmured. "I think I'd like it inside me."

I stopped sucking on his finger. "I'd like that, too," I said, then added shyly, "I brought a condom."

He smiled. "I like a man who's prepared," he said then lowered his head, taking my lips again in a long, deep kiss.

I reached inside my pants and pulled out the foil-wrapped condom.

"I have some lube in my desk drawer," Michael said, springing to his feet.

How convenient. He was back in a second, standing over me, smiling down at me and for a moment, I was content just to stare up at his Adonis-like body, my eyes taking in every smooth plane and cleanly cut muscle of his torso.

Then he was sitting astride my thighs. "Here, let me put in on you," he whispered, taking the condom packet from me and tearing it open with his teeth. Just that one little act almost took me over the edge. This guy was sex on wheels. Almost every move he made seemed to be a thing of sensuous grace. Had he been a dancer? I wondered. I watched, fascinated as he put the condom between his lips then went down on me, slipping the latex over my raging erection with one long fluid movement.

My hips bucked as he held me in his mouth. His tongue seemed to have a life of its own as it danced around the head of my dick. He raised his head and smiled at me as he smeared lube over his fingertips, then lifting his hips slightly, got himself ready, inching forward slightly so that his butt hovered over my all-too-ready cock. He lowered himself slowly onto me, and I lay still, letting him take my throbbing flesh at his own pace. I ran my hands over the smooth skin of his torso to reach his nipples which I gently teased between my thumbs and fingers. He writhed slightly, sinking lower onto me, a small startled intake of breath escaping his lips as my cock passed his resistance and slid deep inside him.

"Yes..." He gave a long sigh of satisfaction and leaned over me, bringing his face to mine. We rubbed cheeks then his lips brushed my mouth, his beautiful eyes glimmering with pleasure as they locked on mine. I wrapped my arms about his neck and held him there for a

long hungry kiss while our bodies began to rock together. I raised my hips, burying myself deeper inside him, and he groaned, his lips fluttering on mine before taking them again in another searing kiss. That kiss was longer than any other I could remember. Our parted lips moved together, and we sucked on each other's tongues like they were the sweetest things we'd ever tasted. He moaned into my mouth as the rhythm our bodies had created intensified.

Carefully, without pulling out of him, I rolled him onto his back. He wrapped his long legs around my torso, holding me a very willing prisoner as I pounded into him, fucking him hard, bringing murmured sounds of satisfaction from his parted lips.

"Oh yes, Scott," he breathed. "Just like that. Fuck me...mmm..."

His cooing encouraged me to quicken the pace. Propping myself on one hand only I used the other to grasp his hot erection and pump it to the rhythm of our bodies. Our breathing became harsh and laboured as we both neared climax.

"Michael," I groaned, feeling the tightening in my scrotum as my orgasm built inside me. "Oh, Jesus..." I came in great, gushing spasms, and my whole being seemed to shudder in the ecstasy of my release. A moment later, his body arched against mine, and he let go a shower of semen that splattered across his chest and shoulders. I lowered myself, lying over him and his arms encircled me, holding me tightly pressed to him, his lips taking mine in a kiss that took what little breath I had left.

We lay on the floor, side by side, arms and legs intertwined, his lips just touching mine, his breath warm on my mouth. If it had been up to me, we would have stayed there for the next eternity or two, despite the roughness of the industrial carpet under us. I was still hard, and still inside him, and the occasional squeeze his ass muscles gave my cock told me he was enjoying it as much as I was. Gently, he stroked my hair and kissed my lips. He was just about to say something when there came a rapping on the glass door at the front of the store.

"Damn," he muttered looking at his watch. "One o'clock already." He eased me out of himself and jumped to his feet pulling me along with him. "Sorry, Scott. Clients. Have to go let them in."

"Oh, sure." I ran into the small washroom to dispose of the condom, and he joined me, using a washcloth to wipe away the vestiges of his semen that clung to our chests. I started

dressing in a hurry alongside him. I gave myself a quick check in the mirror, smoothing my hair into place, making sure my shirt buttons were all fastened.

He grinned at me and patted my bottom. "Call me," he whispered. "We still have a *lunch* date, remember."

"Tomorrow?" I asked, mentally crossing my fingers.

"That'd be great," he said. He planted a brief kiss on my lips then stepped back. "Do I look presentable?"

"You look...sensational," I blurted.

He chuckled, winked at me then left his office to answer the door. I waited 'til I heard the sound of voices, then I slipped from his office and wandered slowly down the length of the gallery, browsing my way to the door. Just before I left, I turned to look at him, and he smiled and nodded. I gave him a little wave then practically skipped my way along the crowded sidewalk back to my office.

Chapter Three

Debbie was all smiles as I waltzed into the office, hungry but happy. “So?” She raised a quizzical eyebrow at me. “How was *lunch*?”

“Fantastic,” I told her. I took a quick look round the office. Nearly everyone was busy taking calls so I leaned over Debbie’s desk and whispered, “Best lunch hour I’ve ever had, bar none – ‘cept I’m starving!”

We giggled together, then she handed me a package wrapped in foil. “Here, I figured you’d be famished. Just tuna on rye.”

“Thanks.” I kissed her cheek and retreated to my desk ready to wolf down the sandwich and relive that terrific time I’d spent with Michael. I think what had impressed me most about him – apart from his killer good looks and hot body – was his innate niceness. Here was a guy who was able to transmit genuine caring in his lovemaking. Not for one second did I think there was an ounce of phoney-baloney in the way he’d acted and reacted during our time together.

What a find, I thought, feeling my toes curl at the memory of how he’d felt in my arms. I got a hard on just thinking about him, and what was great about it all – he’d said he wanted to see me again. I just hoped he didn’t call and cancel.

* * * *

The following day, I made my happy way to Michael’s gallery and was surprised to see him standing outside, the *Out to Lunch* sign already on the door.

“Hi,” he said, looking as yummy as I remembered and flashing that one-in-a-million smile. “I hope you don’t mind, but I’m really famished.”

I grinned. “You mean we’re actually going for lunch?”

“If you don’t mind. There’s a little restaurant, Angelo’s, round the corner.”

“Oh yeah, I know it.” I fell into step at his side.

His hand brushed mine as we walked. "I got so busy last night, I went to bed without dinner, then I had an early morning appointment, so no breakfast."

"You *must* be starving," I said. I was hungry, too—for his kisses—but pasta would have to tide me over until we were alone again.

We got a table by the window overlooking the blue Pacific. Lunch in Laguna provides the best scenery, if not the best food, in California. Angelo's is okay, but it's kinda hard to destroy a pasta dish. Michael ordered a salad and chicken picatta while I had salad and a single serving of pizza.

"Like a glass of wine?" he asked.

I don't usually drink at the lunch hour, but being with him seemed festive so I said "Sure." He ordered two glasses of Cabernet and coffee.

"Rough night?" I asked, noticing slight traces of shadows under his eyes.

"Busy, dealing with artists and agents and late orders. Nothing out of the ordinary though. Just kept me up late."

Something was bothering him, but it was obvious he didn't want to talk about it so I let it go. I didn't know him well enough yet to pry.

"So Scott, you have family in Laguna?"

"LA. My mom and dad live in Pasadena."

"Nice town."

We threw the small talk back and forth for a while, learning more about one another, and he seemed as genuinely interested in me as I was in him. He told me his folks lived in San Clemente, and that he'd lived on his own since his breakup with Julian, the guy in the painting. Our conversation stalled only while we ate. I could tell he was really hungry by the way he wolfed down his food—kinda cute, especially when he got some sauce caught on his upper lip. I wanted to lean across the table and lick it off, but propriety reigned supreme.

After lunch, we strolled on the boardwalk at Main Beach before heading back to his gallery. "Come on in," he said, looking at his watch. "I don't have to open for about another five minutes."

We walked back to his office, and he closed the door before pulling me into his arms. He studied my face for a moment.

"What's wrong?" I asked self-consciously. "Do I have lettuce stuck in my teeth?"

He chuckled. "No, I just like looking at you, Scott."

Wow. So we just stood there for a long, long moment, looking at one another. I grew harder by the second, but we only had a couple of minutes, so I moved in for the kiss, and oh, but it was grand, with his sweet lips on mine, the moist warmth inside his mouth, our tongues gliding over one another, probing, caressing. I felt as if I would come in my pants at any second. We broke apart, breathing hot and heavy, and from the way we clung to each other, neither of us was ready to say goodbye. But goodbye it had to be.

"See you tomorrow?" I asked, still fighting for breath.

"Tomorrow," he said.

* * * *

Being back in the office seemed like too much reality, and just before five, my cell phone buzzed.

"Scott Stevenson," I said, all business like.

"Scott, it's Michael...from the gallery."

"Hi. How're you?"

"Good. Listen Scott, I totally forgot that tomorrow I have a lunch appointment with Julian—you know the guy in my painting?"

"Your ex," I said, trying not to sound pissed, which of course I was.

"Right. We planned it some time ago, and I really can't cancel. We have some...um...*personal* things to discuss. I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, not at all." *Liar*. "Some other time then."

"Well, yes. I was thinking the day after tomorrow."

"Okay..."

"You don't sound too sure," Michael said. "You have other plans?"

"No. Let's see, that's Thursday, right?"

"Yes, Scott," he replied with humour-filled and studied patience. "The day after tomorrow is Thursday."

"Yeah...looks like I'm free for lunch."

His deep chuckle vibrated in my ear, giving me goose bumps. "You're mad, aren't you?"

I sat up straight in my chair. *Don't fuck this up now by acting like a petty queen.* "Oh no, of course, I'm not mad. I'll look forward to seeing you on Thursday."

"Good...and Scott?"

"Yes?"

"I had a really nice time today."

"Thanks, me too."

* * * *

Now here's where I did something I really shouldn't have. I spied on Michael and his ex. I just couldn't help myself. I know it sounds weak, sneaky, and just plain *wrong*—but I did it anyway. I figured *Julian* would meet Michael at the gallery, and I was right. As I hovered in a doorway on the other side of the street I watched Michael lock up the gallery and the two of them stroll away down Forest Avenue—me following at a discreet distance. Julian was just as he looked in Michael's painting—tall, slim, with beautiful blond hair that hung to his shoulders in golden waves. In other words, drop dead gorgeous. The two of them made a marvellous pair, and it was obvious that my opinion was shared by most of the passers-by who did their own share of *gawking*, just as I had the first time I laid eyes on Michael.

They crossed Coast Highway at the traffic lights then walked up the hill towards the Hotel Laguna. *Looks like they're going there for lunch*, I thought, slowing my pace. No way was I going to follow them in there. Of course, I could just stroll by their table and say, 'Oh my, what a coincidence. Fancy seeing you here', but I wasn't about to do that. Even my crassness has its limitations. So, by now feeling totally stupid, I bought a sandwich from the corner bakery and went to watch the young studs play volleyball. It didn't help, because as I sat there I convinced myself that the personal things Michael and Julian were discussing would culminate in them realising what idiots they were for breaking up. They would go back to Michael's place, have mad passionate sex—and the result would be the cancellation of my lunch date with Michael on Thursday.

After thoroughly depressing myself, I disposed of my half-eaten sandwich in a nearby garbage can and walked slowly back to the office. At least, Debbie would be there to say all the right things to ease my sorrow.

* * * *

"Whoa!" Coming back from her lunch break, Debbie took one look at my woebegone expression and hustled over to my desk. "You lose a commission, hon?"

"No." I looked at her concerned expression and felt foolish. "Don't worry. I'm just being a dope."

"About?"

"The guy I had lunch with yesterday." I whispered, not wanting anyone else in the office to hear. "He cancelled. Said he had a prior engagement with his ex. They had to discuss personal stuff."

"So? Lotta times after a breakup there's stuff to discuss."

"Yeah, I know." I gave her my dejected puppy dog face. "But you should've seen them together, Debbie. Fantastic."

"But not right for each other, else they wouldn't have broken up."

"Hard to believe," I sighed.

Debbie tsked impatiently. "What's hard to believe is you sitting there moping over a cancelled lunch. There'll be plenty other luncheon opportunities, you know."

"Oh yeah, I know. He said tomorrow lunch is on him."

"Well then, for Pete's sake, Scott, what're you thinking? Get a grip!" And with that, she swept off to her desk at the front of the office. So much for her saying all the right things to ease my sorrow.

Of course, when sanity set back in, I realised she was right, and I was being a ninny. Michael and Julian had been lovers – probably for years – and here was I, trying to lay some kind of claim on Michael after only one bout of sex. Of course, the sex had been truly fabulous – unforgettable really – but it had been just sex. We were not having a relationship, not like he'd had with Julian – damn him.

* * * *

Thursday lunchtime came around, and I was a nervous wreck. Try as I might, I just couldn't erase from my mind the fear that Michael and Julian might have reunited. The previous night, I had laid in bed thinking about them—those two hot guys, their smooth bodies sliding over one another while they whispered vows that they *'would never more be parted'*. Being the romantic that I am, I've always loved that line from E.M. Forster's novel, *Maurice*. I just hoped I was wrong about it applying to Michael and Julian.

Debbie gave me a thumbs-up as I left the office at eleven fifty-five. I hadn't heard from Michael, and I had deliberately not called him, preferring to just show up on his doorstep rather than give him the chance to tell me he'd changed his mind. I tried to calm my nerves by telling myself if he really wanted to cancel—all he had to do was pick up the phone. When I got to the gallery, it was still open and there were one or two people inside, while Michael chatted with some older guy. When he saw me enter, he frowned.

Oh, oh...

Then he glanced surreptitiously at his watch, and I saw him raise one eyebrow as if in surprise. Excusing himself he walked over to me and shook my hand.

"Sorry, I'm running a little late," he said with an apologetic smile. "Would you mind waiting for me in the office? I'll just be a moment or two."

"No problem," I replied, my hand tingling from his touch. I walked to the back of the gallery and slipped in through the office door. I kept the door open so I could look at Michael as he wrapped up his conversation. *What a hunk*, I thought, drinking in every aspect of his profile and the delicious curve of his butt. My eyes hovered over the more subtle bulge in front of his khakis. I now knew just what lay hidden there, and how I could awaken it from its repose with the touch of my lips. Leaning back on his desk, I felt my own dick harden inside my briefs. Just the thought of what the next hour or so might bring was enough to get me going. Within a few minutes, he escorted the man and his two companions to the door, then he locked up and pulled down the blind.

"Scott, I am so sorry," he said as he strode towards me. "I completely lost track of the time." He gave me a slightly forlorn smile along with a peck on the cheek then reached behind to close the window blind. "And I had planned on this being a special lunch for us."

"Just being here with you is special enough for me," I murmured, pulling him into my arms. We were both roughly the same height, I may have had a quarter inch on him, and our mouths were exactly aligned. As they came together in a long, hard kiss I felt like someone had just zapped me with ten thousand volts. I think he must have felt it too. His body jerked in my arms, and he made a little startled noise inside my mouth.

Oh, baby.

The feel of his lean hard body pressed so tightly against me, the way his crotch ground into mine making me harder than I had ever been, was just pure heaven. Any doubts I'd had about whether he'd be pleased to see me were quickly dissolved by the obvious pleasure he took in holding and kissing me. And believe me, the feeling was entirely mutual.

"Are you hungry?" he whispered, his lips tickling my ear and making me weak at the knees.

"For you only," I replied, tightening my hold on him.

"Don't lose that thought." His eyes twinkled as he gently released himself from our embrace. "Do you like caviar?"

"Uh...yeah. It's okay." Truth was I really didn't care for it that much, but I wasn't about to spoil the moment.

He smiled and opened the fridge, taking out a small dish of the stuff along with a bottle of champagne. Now he was talking! I love champagne and figured it would make the caviar a lot more palatable. I put my arms around his waist and nuzzled his neck as he uncorked the champagne bottle. We both gave a satisfied chuckle as the cork popped. He poured out two glasses then turned in my arms and kissed me.

"Here," he murmured. "Here's to our lunches in Laguna."

"And many more," I said, accepting the glass and in what I hoped was a sexy, sultry tone.

"Yes, many more," he repeated, making my heart beat faster. We sipped the champagne, our eyes locked on one another. He dipped his finger into the caviar dish and held it to my lips. I sucked his finger into my mouth, savouring the saltiness of the caviar.

"Mmm, nice..." I really meant the way it was being served to me.

His smile was beguiling as he opened his shirt, dipped his finger in the caviar and smeared some over his left nipple.

I did not need an invitation, but dived in, licking up the caviar with the tip of my tongue. I closed my lips over his hard hot nipple and nibbled on it gently, loving the sweet sounds of delight that escaped his lips. Never had caviar tasted so good. I lapped my way up over his throat to his lips and claimed them with a long, lingering kiss.

"You are so fucking sexy," I panted as I pulled back a little. "You should be patented, so no one can steal you."

"Would you like to steal me, Scott?" he teased, his lips brushing mine, making me harder than an iron rod.

"Fuck, yes..." I kissed him again. "Steal you and hide you away so no one would ever find you. You'd be mine, just mine."

He chuckled. "I like that idea." He unbuttoned my shirt front and slipped his hand in, gently teasing my nipples with his fingers, his eyes never leaving mine. His hand slipped down the side of my torso, his fingertips leaving a trail of fire and ice on my skin. "Do you have somewhere in mind?" he murmured, nuzzling my neck.

"Uh...somewhere..."

His lips caressing my skin numbed my mind to the point that I could barely think, never mind answer questions.

"I'll think of somewhere."

That was the best I could come up with at that moment, and I decided that the old axiom, 'actions speak louder than words' was more appropriate right then. I pulled off his shirt, revealing all of that perfect chest with its perky light brown nipples, just waiting for my lips to tease them again into small hard nubs. He groaned as I set about accomplishing this delicious task, his hands busy at tearing my shirt from me and unzipping my Dockers. He knelt before me, pulling my pants down over my hips, his lips nuzzling at my already aching erection. God, but the touch of his lips on the head of my cock was enough to make me come right there and then. I gazed up at the ceiling starting to count backward from ten million.

"Michael," I gasped. "Oh, my God."

His tongue was doing things guaranteed to bring an explosion from me, and I wanted this incredible sensation to last and last. He took me in all the way to the back of his throat while his tongue swirled up and down the length of my throbbing flesh. I leaned back against his desk, arched my back and let myself give in to all the sensations this man brought

me. His hands, cupping my butt, pulled me in even deeper. I could feel his throat muscles clenching over my cockhead. I ran my fingers through the dark tight curls that crowned his head. I was moaning, and with each sound of pleasure that escaped me, he sucked harder, pulling my orgasm from me in a series of mind blowing, brain melting spasms that had me at near collapse. As the spinning room finally came back into focus, I gazed down at him and stroked his face with my fingertips. His eyes gleamed as he smiled up at me, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I love the taste of you," he said softly, standing up and kissing me tenderly on the corner of my mouth.

"Let me take care of you now," I whispered against his lips.

"No need. I came when you did." He held up the palm of his hand that glistened with his spent semen. I took his hand and brought it to my lips, licking at the sweet saltiness of his essence.

"Scott," he murmured, and the kiss that followed was the most intoxicating of them all. As we clung together and plundered each other's mouths, tasting one another in that kiss, my heart soared with a happiness I could never recall experiencing before.

* * * *

Later, as we sat side by side on the small love seat sofa, sipping our champagne, his head resting on my shoulder, I asked, "How was lunch with your ex?"

Why I had to ask that particular question, I don't know. I'm just a glutton for punishment I guess. He stirred uncomfortably, and I could have kicked myself at that moment.

"Not the most pleasant hour I've spent recently," he said, kissing my neck.

"Sorry," I mumbled. "Pretend I didn't ask."

"That's okay. It's just that we seem to have grown apart recently. He has some family issues he wants to involve me in, and to be quite honest, I don't want to have to deal with it. He has a rather overbearing brother I have never liked, and now he wants a favour from me—a rather big favour—and Julian seems to think I should go along with it." He sighed

quietly. "But I don't want to spoil a perfect lunch hour with you talking about it. It'll work itself out, I'm sure." He looked at his watch.

"I know," I groaned. "It's time to go. Why is it this hour goes faster than any other?"

He kissed my cheek. "I think we need to graduate from lunch to dinner," he said, his eyes twinkling. "A nice long dinner."

"I'm up for that," I chuckled.

"You're up for most anything," he teased, his hand reaching for my cock and squeezing it playfully. "Lunch tomorrow?"

"You bet."

"And we can fix a dinner date for over the weekend."

"Wonderful. See you tomorrow lunch time," I whispered.

As I left the gallery a few minutes later, I couldn't help thinking that the world sure looked a lot rosier than it had just a few days before.

Chapter Four

The following day, I was outside his gallery at twelve noon on the dot, but as I passed the window to the right of the door, I had a sudden feeling of misgiving. There were no lights on inside the gallery. The sign on the door was a stark *Closed*, not the chirpy *Gone to lunch, back soon* I was used to seeing. I rapped on the door anyway, and waited and waited.

Shit. He wasn't inside. I stepped back from the door and looked left then right, wondering what my next move should be. I pulled his card from my pocket—no cell number.

Damn. Now what? I walked over to the store next to his gallery. A young man was stacking yummy smelling candles on a table near the door.

"Hi," I said, smiling at the guy.

"Hi there. Can I help you?"

"Yeah, I'm looking for Michael...you know...at the gallery next door?"

"Oh yes, Michael. No, I haven't seen him today. He didn't come to open his gallery."

"Right, we had a lunch appointment. D'you happen to have his cell number?"

The young guy shook his head. "No, can't help you there."

"Gee, well I'm just hoping he's not sick or anything. Well, thanks anyway." I started to turn away when the guy said, "Oh wait a minute, he did tell me he lived on Loma Way."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. Said he was late the other day because of the road works they were doing up there."

"Thanks." I took off smartly, jogging back to the office, where my car was parked.

Loma wasn't too long of a street, and just maybe his Jag would be parked outside where he lived. It was worth a try. I was worried. Michael didn't strike me as the kind of guy who just wouldn't show up for work, or if he was sick, wouldn't call me to cancel our lunch. Why the hell hadn't I asked him for his home number or his cell? Why did I always have to be so 'backward in coming forward' as my grandmother used to accuse me of? Jeez, after all

these years, you'd think I'd have some confidence that a guy I'd had hot sex with wouldn't want to withhold his phone number from me if I asked for it.

I careened up Forest towards Loma, ignoring all the posted speed limits and yield signs that dotted the street. Loma is a crazy mix of houses, condos and apartments, some with incredible views of the ocean—but with mostly street parking. I spotted Michael's red Jaguar almost immediately parked outside a white stucco three story building. I parked behind it, hopped out and ran up to the front door. Scanning the doorbell plates I saw one marked, M. Taylor. I punched the bell, and waited and waited.

Shit. Come on, Michael.

I stepped back and looked up at the third story balcony, guessing that was his. "Michael!" I yelled.

Nothing. Either he just wasn't home, he'd had an urgent call—too urgent to call me and let me know—or he'd simply had the day off and gone off to enjoy it, again without letting me know. I didn't like any of these scenarios. Innately, I knew Michael just would not have gone off somewhere without calling to apologise first. Besides, his car was there.

What now? I scanned the doorbells again. No manager. Okay...first bell. I pressed it firmly and waited. Second bell...

"Yes?" The old-lady disembodied voice made me jump.

"Uh, I'm trying to reach Michael Taylor. I'm a friend of his, and he didn't come to work today—"

A loud buzzing noise was my answer, and the door clicked open. "Just don't try any funny business, or I'll call the cops!" came the warning as I pushed my way inside.

I tore up the stairs and pounded on Michael's door. No answer.

"Michael," I yelled. "It's Scott. Are you okay? Michael?"

I pressed my ear to the door and thought I heard a groan. "Michael!" I yelled again, putting my shoulder to the door. Of course, it didn't budge, so I gave it a good hard kick right over the lock.

"What's going on up there?" The old lady was checking up on me.

"I think he's hurt," I answered.

"Oh...should I call nine-one-one?"

"Let me see if I can get in first." I kicked the door again, and it bust open splintering the wood frame.

He was huddled, naked, face down in the hall. "Jesus, Michael..." I rushed inside and knelt by him, turning him over onto his back. I gasped as I saw the bruising on the right side of his face.

"I...I fell," he panted, looking up at me through stricken eyes. "Don't call anyone. I'll be all right."

I knew he was lying, but I took his hand and whispered, "Okay, let me help you to bed." He let me lift him to his feet then. With him leaning heavily on me, I half-carried him into his bedroom and laid him on top of his bed. I ran back onto the landing and peered down the stairs. "He's all right," I lied. "Just slept in."

The old biddy looked disappointed but shrugged and disappeared. I went back into Michael's apartment and got some ice from the freezer which I put in a plastic bag and brought to the bedroom.

"Here," I said gently, placing the bag to his cheek. "This will bring down the swelling some."

"Scott..." He gazed up at me through pain filled eyes. "How did you know where...?"

"I'm a sleuth as well as an insurance agent," I kidded him. "See, you can't hide from me."

"Scott," he whispered and took my hand.

"What happened, really?" I asked him, lifting his hand to my lips.

His eyes filled with tears as he shook his head. "He didn't mean to..."

I felt a deep anger burn inside me. "Julian?"

He nodded. "But it wasn't his fault. I did fall...after..."

"And he left you like this?"

"He had no choice. He —"

"Had no choice?" I sneered. "He beat you up then ran for it!"

"No, no. Julian didn't do this. His brother, Mark, threatened me a few days ago, but I really didn't think he'd go this far."

"Threatened you? But why?"

“Julian told me Mark got into some kind of financial bind when investments he’d made for his clients went south. He wanted Julian to bail him out, but the money is in a joint account Julian and I opened when we lived together. We’d always had an understanding that we’d just leave it there until one or both of us really needed it. That’s why Julian came to see me the other day. He wanted me to sign the account over to him so he could give Mark all the money. I refused and they showed up here this morning. I said I would give them Julian’s share, but Mark said that wasn’t enough. He needed it all. I don’t think Julian had any idea that Mark would get violent.”

“Christ,” I muttered. “He beat you up over *money*?”

His swollen lips twisted in a wry smile. “The lack of it does strange things to people, Scott.”

“And Julian couldn’t stop him?”

“He tried, but Mark’s a maniac when he’s in a rage. He’s been in trouble with the police before for beating his wife.”

“The bastard – but I still can’t believe Julian just up and left you like this.”

“He was scared, I guess.”

“Not scared, Michael.” The voice from behind us made me jump up from the bed and whirl round. The tall blond man standing in the doorway gave me a hostile look. “I was trying to protect you,” he said, his eyes moving to Michael’s naked body.

“You did a lousy job of it,” I snorted.

“Who the hell are you?”

“A friend of Michael’s.”

“Well, you can go now.” He waved a dismissive hand at me as he walked towards the bed. “I’ll take care of Michael.”

“Like you did before?” I stepped between him and the bed. “I don’t think Michael can handle any more of your ‘care’.”

“Get out of my way,” he snarled. “You have no right being here.”

“Yes, he does, Julian.” Michael took my hand as he spoke. “Scott cared enough to come find me when I didn’t show up at the gallery. He knows why Mark did this.”

“You told *him* about our personal affairs?” Julian looked shocked.

"Your look of horror would have been a bit more apropos when you saw what your bro did to Michael's face," I said, not getting out of his way. "If you've come here to try to change Michael's mind about him giving Mark his money, you're outta luck, buster."

"Mind your own business," he snapped at me.

"I'm making it my business," I said, squeezing Michael's hand. "And how d'you think this is going to look if I call the cops and report an attack on Michael in his own apartment? You and your scuzzball brother would have a lot of explaining to do."

He controlled his fury long enough to appeal to Michael. "Please Michael," he whined. "Mark's going to jail if he can't raise the capital."

"Where he belongs if you ask me," I said nastily.

"I'm sorry, Julian." Michael raised himself up onto an elbow as he spoke. "I told you I'd give you your share – and that's where it stands."

"Take it or leave it," I muttered under my breath. I swear if looks could kill, I'd have been toast at that moment. Julian's eyes filled with venom, turning his rather beautiful face into a mask of ugliness. I guess it's true what they say – beauty is only skin-deep!

"All right," he hissed. "Just make sure it's deposited in my personal account by the end of the day."

"Hey, you think Michael's going anywhere the state he's in?" I exclaimed.

"Don't worry, Scott," Michael said through his puffed up lips. "I can do it over the internet."

Julian glared at the two of us for a moment then he turned on his heel and swept out. It must have galled him that the broken front door gave a mere sloppy thud instead of the dramatic slam he had probably hoped for. I knelt by the bedside and kissed Michael's cheek.

"Thank you for being here," he whispered.

"And I'm not going anywhere," I told him. "Your door needs repair, and I'm going to make sure you're not alone, in case those creeps come back."

He fell back on his pillow, tears filling his eyes. "I know none of this is really Julian's fault," he said quietly. "I just didn't think he'd sacrifice our friendship for his sleazy brother."

"Yeah, sometimes it's too bad that blood is thicker than water." I opened my cell and punched in the office number. "Hey, Deb," I said when she picked up. "I'm taking the rest of the afternoon off."

"Wow," she said with approval in her voice. "That must have been some lunch!"

"Yes, it was – details later, hon. Do me a favour?"

"Of course."

"Call Joe, your handyman, and ask him to come up to 111 Loma, Apartment three. He'll need a piece of door framing and a new lock – dead bolt."

"Okay. Guess I won't ask any questions right now."

"Thanks, Deb. I *will* explain everything when I see you. Ciao."

Michael stared up at me as if he were seeing me for the first time. "You're so calm and organised, Scott," he said sighing.

"You bring out the best in me," I chuckled. "Now, just lie there and rest." I covered him with the comforter. "You have some aspirin or something?"

"Yes, in the bathroom cabinet."

I brought him the pills with some water, and after he'd taken them, I removed my shoes and lay alongside him, holding him gently in my arms.

"Try to get some sleep," I murmured. "I'll stay as long as you want me to."

"Thank you, Scott." He took my arm and pressed it to his chest. I kissed the nape of his neck and snuggled in behind him. I must have dozed off for the next thing I knew the doorbell was buzzing. I rolled off the bed and ran to the intercom.

"Yes?"

"It's Joe, Scott. Debbie said you have some repairs here."

"Okay, Joe. C'mon up." I buzzed him in and waited at the top of the stairs for him. Joe was a cute young guy, straight, a friend of Debbie's family and a whiz at repairs. He regarded the damaged door and whistled through his teeth.

"In a hurry to get in were you?"

"You could say that. Can you fix it today?"

"Piece o' cake."

"Great. I'll leave you to it."

When I went back into Michael's bedroom, he was sitting at his computer, no doubt transferring funds to Julian's account. I stood behind him and rubbed his shoulders. He'd put on a pair of shorts and a tee. He looked up at me and gave me a lopsided grin, then winced.

"Ouch...no smiling for a couple of days I guess."

"I promise I won't make you laugh," I said, bending to kiss his neck. "The repairman's here fixing your door. Want me to hang around?"

"If you have nothing better to do."

"I have absolutely nothing better to do. How's the face feel?"

"Good."

"Liar."

"Well, it aches now and then, but the ice helped."

"You take care of Julian's money?" I asked, knowing it was none of my business.

"Yes, it's in his account." He sighed long and hard. "I never thought we'd finish like this. Even after we broke up we stayed friends, but now... I just don't think I could stand being alone with him again."

"That's rough," I agreed. Despite my feelings of loathing towards Julian, I had to admit that I had most likely seen him at his absolute worst. There must have been something cool about him, apart from his good looks, if Michael had loved him.

"Anyway..." He looked up at me and took my hand. "Again, I can't thank you enough for being here for me. Julian obviously came back to try and coerce me into giving Mark the money. He probably thought in my weakened state I'd cave. The last thing he expected was to find you here, being all protective."

"Yeah," I chuckled. "Scott the Protector, that's me, all right." I dropped to my knees in front of him and slipped my arms around his waist. He cupped my face in his hands and leaned forward to kiss me lightly on the lips. I resisted the urge to draw him in for a long, hard kiss. His lips still looked tender. I'd just have to curb my lust 'til he got better. He stroked my hair and pulled me close so I could press my face to his chest. I was getting hard, but what with the condition Michael was in and Joe hammering away outside, I figured I'd just have control myself for the time being.

Chapter Five

Around five o'clock, Joe finally announced he was through and gave me the two keys for the new lock.

"Come by the office tomorrow, and I'll take care of your bill," I told him. "And thanks Joe, for being right there."

"No problemo," he said, running down the stairs. "See you tomorrow."

When I re-entered the apartment, Michael was sitting at the kitchen counter nursing the martini I'd mixed for him. I placed the keys in front of him.

"New state-of-the-art dead-bolt," I said, grinning. "It's totally guaranteed to keep all uninvited creeps off the premises."

He stared at the keys for a moment, then, without a word, pushed one towards me. I swear I felt like bawling like a baby at that moment.

"You really want me to have this?" I croaked.

"If anyone deserves that key, it's you," he said. His eyes met mine, and my heart turned over. Regardless of his swollen and bruised face, in my eyes he was still the most beautiful man I'd ever seen. "I know this has all been an emotional roller coaster for us both," he continued, "and maybe my brain is in an uproar right now, but Scott...I really think I'm falling in love with you."

My eyes must have widened with shock, for his gaze fell away from my startled expression.

"Sorry, if this is all too soon," he muttered.

"No, no," I grabbed his hand, "no, it's not too soon. I feel the same way about you. I just didn't think that...that you would...you know...feel that way about me."

His free hand caressed my face. "Why on earth not? Haven't you noticed what you do to me whenever you kiss me or hold me?"

I laughed weakly. "I should ask you the same thing. I just think about you and I'm hard." We smiled at one another then leaned in for a kiss. I was still being careful not to press too hard, but when he opened to me, I was lost.

"I need you to make love to me," he whispered, his lips on mine.

"Won't it hurt?"

"It'll be worth it, Scott. Now come on," he said, slipping off the barstool. "I'll just have a quick shower first—care to join me?"

"I don't need an engraved invitation." I was out of my clothes in a flash and following him into the bathroom. What is it about a soap-slicked body that brings an extra *je ne sais quoi* to a fella's libido when said body he's ogling is perfect anyway, wet or dry? There I was, *gawking* again as he lathered his sun-kissed skin, his every fluid movement one of athletic grace.

He handed me the soap. "Wash my back?"

With my tongue if he asked. I took the soap and passed it over the supple muscles, down his spine and into the cleft between his buttocks. Of course I had to linger there, my fingers teasing his hole, my middle finger pushing gently at the knotted muscle 'til it slipped inside his silken heat. His head fell back onto my shoulder as he sighed his surrender to the ecstasy I brought him. I encircled him with my left arm, my hand caressing his chest, then moving slowly south to reach his hard and ready cock.

"Scott..." My name slid from his lips on a breathy sigh, and he turned in my embrace, his glistening eyes meeting mine for a long moment before his kiss rocked my world. We clung to one another under the hot spray, our mouths locked together, our tongues searching out every corner of each other's moist warmth.

Then he whispered in my ear, "Bed."

"Oh, sure," I said, thinking the trauma of the day had caught up with him, and he needed to lie down. He must have heard the disappointment in my voice, though I tried to mask it, for he grinned as he turned off the water and reached for a towel. He started to pat me dry, laying lots of little kisses along my jaw as he did so.

"I'm not tired," he said, "I just want to feel all of you on top of me. Shower's too small for that."

Aah... No argument from me as he took my hand and led me back into the bedroom. He pulled back the comforter and lay on his back on the sheets, smiling up at me and opening his arms wide. God, but he was so adorable. Even with his face slightly mashed he looked irresistible.

"You're hesitating," he said. "Do I look awful?"

"No." I leaned over him and kissed his lips gently. "I was just thinking how incredible you look." I kissed his swollen cheek. "How does it feel?"

"Better for that." His arms closed about me, and he pulled me down on top of himself, holding me pressed tightly to his nakedness. "You feel so good, Scott," he whispered. His hips moved under mine, causing our erections to glide together, the slickness of his pre-cum coating my stomach. He ran his hands down my sides and across my back, his fingertips leaving little electrical charges on my skin.

When does simple lust turn to love? When does the thrill of spending an hour or so with a gorgeous man you've known for less than a week become a wish, a longing for a lifelong commitment? In that spellbinding moment, when his beautiful eyes gazed up into mine with an intensity that took my breath away, I wanted nothing more than to be a part of him, and he a part of me. If I could have crawled inside him, lived inside his skin, I would have. So overwhelmed was I by this unexpected emotion, that I felt myself come close to tears. I tightened my arms about him and pressed my face to his chest, hoping to hide my scrunched up eyes which I figured would not be a pretty sight. But I couldn't prevent the muffled sob I choked on.

"Scott..." He stroked my hair gently. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," I whimpered. "I'm just a bit...uh...*verklemt* at the moment."

He placed a hand on either side of my face and raised me up to look at him. "Scott," he whispered. "You're crying."

"No. Well, if I am, it's tears of happiness." I pressed my face to his—the unbruised side. "I love you," I mumbled into his warm skin.

He breathed out a long contented sigh. "And I love you," he murmured. "So, let's seal it with a kiss." And we did, mindless of how his poor lips could stand all that pressure I was exerting on them. The soft moans that came from him were sounds of pleasure, not pain, and the hardness pressing against my own erection was a sure sign he was enjoying all this as much as I was. I raised myself slightly so I could kiss and lick him all over—he had the most lickable body I had ever seen on any man and I wanted to savour every inch of him. Especially the inches that lay hard and throbbing in my hand. I lowered my head to take the glistening crown into my mouth, working my lips over the moist velvet-like flesh, sinking

the tip of my tongue into the slit to relish the saltiness of his pre-cum. I fondled his balls, separating them and squeezing each one gently, loving his little gasps of pleasure and the way his body writhed under my touch. I sucked on my middle finger then worked my way under his balls into the sweet cleft between his butt cheeks still damp from our recent shower. My probing finger circled his sphincter, then pushed its way into his hot depths. As he groaned his pleasure, I took all of his cock into my mouth, my lips moving up and down his pulsing shaft. His hands caressed my head, my shoulders, soft moans and sighs escaped his lips as he gave himself up totally to the pleasure of the moment. His body spasmed under me, and I knew he was close.

"Fuck me," he whispered, his fingers roaming through my hair. I released his cock from my mouth after another tease at the slit with my tongue, then I licked my way up over his torso, pausing to give each nipple attention before taking his mouth in a tender kiss. He reached behind him and pulled a tube of lube and a condom from the nightstand drawer. Smearing the lube over my fingers I inserted them, one, then two inside his tight, hot hole. He squirmed under me, his ass muscles clenching around my fingers as he reached to tease my nipples between his thumb and forefinger. My middle finger found his prostate, and his cock jumped and leaked pre-cum over his stomach in response to my gentle caress of his sweet spot.

"Oh yes, Scott," he murmured, his eyes glazed with desire. "Feels so wonderful."

He lubed both our throbbing erections, then slipped the condom over mine. I pulled my fingers from him and lifted his legs, wrapping them round my waist, then eased myself between his thighs, my hard cock pushing into his slick heat. He gripped my shoulders as I drove forward, taking him with one long hard stroke. I leaned forward, a hand on either side of his face and started a strong steady rhythm. His legs and arms encircled my torso, holding me to him as he matched my every thrust with his own. The heat and friction our bodies created together brought us quickly to the brink, our breathing becoming harsh and laboured, hissing through clenched teeth. A groan escaped him as I grasped his hard as steel erection and urged him on to his climax.

His body arched, taut as a strung bow, then a gasping cry accompanied the veritable torrent of semen that surged from him, spraying both our torsos with its creamy heat. His arms slid around my neck, and he brought his mouth to mine in a long soul searing kiss just

as I exploded into the condom buried deep inside him. Our bodies bucked and shuddered together, caught in our post orgasmic ecstasy. I collapsed on top of him, totally drained and spent, and sublimely happy.

“Holy shit,” I murmured when I had finally regained control of my vocal abilities. “That was fucking incredible.”

He chuckled and kissed my cheek. “I couldn’t have said it any better.”

“Yes, you could, and it would have been more eloquent.”

“But you summed it up very succinctly, Scott. It was fucking incredible.” He kissed me. “And furthermore, you have turned what started out as a really shitty day into something quite wonderful.” He kissed me again. “I love you, Scott.”

And damn if I wasn’t ready to shed some more tears — of happiness, of course.

Chapter Six

And so our lunches in Laguna continued, as well as our dinners and the nights we spent together, either over at his apartment or my more modest abode. Michael actually said he preferred mine to his, and I had to agree it had more privacy with a nice secluded patio where we could do some lovin' al fresco.

All was well for about a month. Personally, I had never been happier, and I was pretty certain Michael shared that feeling. But one night, he came over to my place looking decidedly depressed.

"What's wrong?" I asked after he'd given me a perfunctory kiss and hug—nothing like the long and dreamy smooches I'd become so used to and was so crazy about.

"Julian's brother, Mark," he sighed, pecking my cheek. "He just won't give up badgering me about the money. He says I owe it to Julian to get him out of this mess."

"I don't get it," I said. "Why should you get Mark out the mess he got himself into? He wasn't your lover. Julian was."

"He says if he goes to jail, it'll kill their parents."

"So let them bail him out."

"Scott..."

I stared at him for a moment or two. "So, you're going to give him your money, *your* savings, knowing you'll never get it back. Why?"

"Julian's parents are really nice people. During the time he and I were together, I got close to his mom and dad. They don't know anything about Mark's nefarious dealings—I don't think Julian did 'til the shit hit the fan."

"This is still not a valid reason, Michael. Look, I know what you do with your money is really not any of my business, but I sure as fuck hate to think of you throwing it away to help some low-life sleaze ball with criminal tendencies!"

He chuckled and pulled me into his arms. "Now, tell me what you really think," he teased me. I was momentarily shut up as his lips took mine in one of his long and dreamy

kisses. God, but he could do it to me like no other. I was hard as a rock, but I figured we had to talk this through before indulging in any pleasures of the flesh.

“Okay,” I panted when he finally let me go. “But what are you going to do?”

“I have to admit I’m conflicted,” he said as I made for the bar to mix us both much needed martinis.

“How much money are we talking about?”

“A hundred thousand—and that’s not going to take care of it all. It’s just enough to appease the investors into giving him more time.”

I almost dropped the vermouth bottle. “A *hundred thousand* dollars? Michael, you cannot be serious about this. You mean Julian’s share was that much too—and it still isn’t enough?”

He nodded sadly.

“*Then* what’s he going to do?” I ranted. “Tell his folks to sell their house, just to keep his sorry ass out of jail? And you think he’ll be grateful for this and promise to never do it again? His kind only gets worse, especially if they find someone to get them off the hook.”

“I know, I know,” he said, accepting his martini. “Mark isn’t the kind to show gratitude or change his ways.”

“Then, don’t do it, Michael. Have Julian call his parents and square it with them. It’s a family affair—and you’re not a part of it anymore.” I paused as a shadow crossed his handsome face. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to be so blunt—but you must see that you’re being taken here. And sorry again, but Julian shouldn’t be involving you in this, either.”

He sighed then took a long sip of his martini. “You’re right, of course. I just hate the thought of what it’ll do to Robert and Diane—his parents—when they find out.”

“Maybe they already have some kind of inkling about Mark and his double dealing,” I suggested.

He shook his head. “Not about his bad investments. They did know about him beating up Susan, his wife. His dad was furious about that and even paid Susan’s fees in the divorce.”

“So they know he’s a scumbag, right? This newest revelation might not come as much of a surprise.”

His eyes gleamed as he looked at me. “I’m just glad I have you to talk to about all this.”

“Does that mean you’re changing your mind about handing over your life savings to Mark?”

He nodded. “Doesn’t seem like a very bright thing to do anymore.”

I sidled over to him and hugged him round his waist. I clinked his martini glass with mine and smiled into his eyes. “Give me a martini kiss,” I murmured, my mouth brushing his. His tongue, cooled by the iced vodka, slipped between my parted lips. His hand cupped the back of my head and held me as our kiss deepened, the coolness inside our mouths warming to a dizzying heat. We broke apart only long enough to put down our glasses, then we were all over each other—Mark and his needs forgotten as our own desire and needs became much more important.

* * * *

The following day, when I got to thinking about Mark and how he was trying to con Michael out of a heap of money, I got a little miffed about the whole thing. Yes, I had talked Michael out of handing over his hard-earned savings, but there was just something so mean and crass about Mark’s demands that I felt I had to do something more about the situation.

None of your business, I kept telling myself, but loving Michael had made it my business, and I sure as hell hated that creep Mark for putting Michael in the position of having to say no in the first place then getting violent when he was turned down.

Mark Palin Investments was in the yellow pages, along with a phone number and an address in Santa Ana, but when I called the number, I was told it had been disconnected. No surprise there. Maybe he was already in jail—or on the run from furious investors. I had a sudden vision of little old ladies pinning him down with their walkers and beating the shit out of him with their walking sticks. I laughed out loud, and Debbie, filing her nails at her desk, gave me a raised eyebrow look.

“You’re just way too pleased with yourself these days, Scott Stevenson,” she said, pausing over her pinkie nail. “When do I get to meet the hunk who’s making you so annoyingly happy?”

“Today if you’d like. I’m meeting him at Angelo’s on Coast Highway.” We had graduated to actually having lunch at the lunch hour instead of fucking each other’s brains

out in his gallery. We now saved that action for later in the day—although, we had been known to break that rule every now and again.

“Shoot, I can’t today,” Debbie said, pouting. “I’m meeting my sister for a shopping spree we’ve been promising each other for weeks.”

“Never mind,” I consoled her. “There will be other opportunities. I’ve told him all about you—and he still wants to meet you.”

“Ha, ha.” Debbie pointed her nail file at me. “That means you pay for lunch, Mr. Annoyingly Happy.”

* * * *

Debbie couldn’t have been more right—I was happy and probably annoying. I have a tendency to be a tad volatile in my emotions—something Michael mercifully hadn’t complained about, so far. Of course, around him I was nothing but sweet-tempered—and happy.

So, this day as we entered Angelo’s restaurant, I of course smiling happily, I felt him stiffen at my side—and not the kind of stiffening I like. He let out a groan of apprehension.

“What?” I asked, looking at him with concern.

“Over there, by the window,” he hissed. “Julian and Mark.”

“Really?” I stared over at where the two brothers were sitting, looking at one another—and they were most definitely *not* happy. “Well, well,” I whispered. “Shall we go over and say hi?”

“No. Mark will cause a scene. Let’s go somewhere else.”

“But I like it here,” I protested.

“Scott...”

“Oh, okay.” But it was too late. Julian spotted us, said something to his creepy bro who turned and looked at us, his face like stone. He got up from the table and walked over to where we stood, menace in his expression. One might be tempted to call him handsome, on a good day, but this was not one of those days. Like Julian, his good looks crumbled under the pressure of his anger.

“Michael,” he said softly, his voice giving me the creeps. “I’d like a word with you, outside and *alone*,” he added, clearly for my benefit.

“We have nothing to talk about, Mark,” Michael said, standing his ground.

“I think we do,” the asshole muttered.

“Well, we all know where talking to you leads,” I said, naturally having to put my two cents in. “And anything you have to say to Michael, you say right here, right now.” I grinned at him. “In front of a lot of witnesses.”

“*Fuck. Off.*” Mark got in my face, and I pushed him away. His face dark with rage, he swung at me but missed by a mile. His fist crashed into a tray piled high with drinks and food being carried by a female server who shrieked at the top of her voice as everything went up in the air, showering several patrons sitting at a nearby table with nice sticky drinks and hot food. *Oops.*

I almost took advantage of the ensuing chaos to pop Mark one on the nose, but I didn’t have to bother. A large irate woman rose from the table, shaking pina colada residue from her hair, and punched Mark right in the gut.

“Asshole,” she yelled as he doubled over, gasping with pain. Then she kicked him in the balls – a lucky shot, but not for Mark.

Management, in the shape of a young man and girl barely out of their teens rushed to restore order, but it was all over for Mark. Julian, looking suitably embarrassed and avoiding our eyes like the plague, helped his whimpering brother to his feet and led him out of the restaurant. I thought for a moment that his female assailant was going to follow them outside and put paid to Mark once and for all, but as the young managers handed her towels and assured her the meal was on the house, she sat down again, amid some applause.

Acting as if it had nothing to do with us, Michael and I took a table by the window, looked at one another over the tops of our menus then burst out laughing. As our lunches in Laguna went, this was one we’d remember for a whole different set of reasons.

About the Author

J.P. Bowie was born in Scotland and toured British theatres in numerous musical shows including Stephen Sondheim's Company.

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RAVEN

Dakota Rebel



Dedication

For Kaenar, Brynn, and Cindy, without whom this story may never have happened. Thank you so much for being my friends, colleagues and partners in this anthology.

XoXoXo

Dakota

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Prada: Prefel S.A. Corporation

Popsicle: Lipton Investments, Inc.

Chapter One

"I fucked the most amazing guy tonight!"

Kennedy came strolling into Raven, our nightclub, about fifteen minutes to ten p.m. He reeked of sex and whiskey, the same as every Friday night for as long as I'd known him. Buying Raven hadn't done anything to change him. If anything, it had made his addictions worse, because now the boys and the booze were even easier to come by.

Not that he had ever had a problem getting men. At six foot two inches with short black hair, bright blue eyes and not an ounce of fat on his forever twenty-seven-year-old body, there wasn't a gay man on earth that wouldn't gravitate towards him.

Except me. I mean, sure, he's sexy as hell. But I'd never been interested in Kennedy's bullshit. He talked a big game, but I was never really sure if the truth was as good as his stories.

"So who was it this time?" I asked, barely looking up from the liquor inventory sheet at the bar.

"Samson, that adorable twink who's been following me around the club for the last few months. You know, the short blond kid?"

I nodded, half listening, half thinking about gagging. Yeah, I knew Samson. He had pretty much given up on Kennedy last I knew. He'd even offered to blow me two nights prior, as if I was runner up to the King of Raven. I'd politely declined.

In fact, lately, I was politely declining more advances than I was used to. Don't get me wrong. I'm an okay looking guy. Five-foot-ten-inches tall, grey eyes, light brown hair, and, thanks to a pissed off master, I had the perpetual five o'clock shadow I'd been sporting when I was turned into a vampire ninety years ago. Thank goodness, I still looked twenty-four or I wouldn't even be getting offers from Kennedy's cast-offs.

"Do you want to hear about it?" Kennedy asked, propping his hip against the rail of the bar.

"Not especially. We open in ten minutes, and since you aren't going to do any actual work, that leaves me to do it all." I slammed shut the inventory ledger. He tried to grab my arm as I walked past him, but I jerked away, heading for the DJ booth.

The DJ was the one part of the business Kennedy had taken any interest in choosing. So of course, he was the worst spinner on the planet. Brock had been hired not so much for his musical talent or experience with DJ-ing in general. Instead, Kennedy had chosen him because he had been very enthusiastic at the interview. On his knees. Like everyone else Kennedy had hired and I had ended up firing in the last six months.

Every weekend, I went over a list of songs Brock was not allowed to play. If I didn't, he would inevitably play garbage, and the customers would disappear faster than size tens at a Prada men's shoe sale.

"I already talked to Brock," Kennedy called after me.

I turned slowly, one eyebrow cocked in disbelief. Kennedy was a good business partner. He had money and he brought in the guys. But he wasn't big on the labour aspect of work. He was more of a 'here's a load of cash, I'll be in the back getting sucked off' kind of partner.

"Don't look at me like that. I do know what goes on around here. I told him if I hear Donna Summers one more time, he's gone. He understood and promised to do better. In fact, we're starting a request sheet tonight." Kennedy walked past me to the booth and picked up a clipboard. It had a pen attached and columns for song and artist. I was impressed.

"Why the sudden interest in doing actual work?"

He put down the board with a huff. "I do actual work."

"Yes, you keep the condoms stocked for the customers. And you, um, *interview* employees."

"Don't get all high and mighty on me, Patrick. You used to, um, *interview* employees, too. Now, you just keep your nose in the books. Why the sudden lack of interest in fun?"

He had me there. When we'd first opened Raven, I'd been just as guilty as he was. Using my position to get men way out of my league, fucking all night long, then meeting Kennedy at the bar for one last drink to swap stories. But lately, it had stopped being entertaining. I wasn't as interested in fucking everything I could get my hands on, and I was sick of hearing about all of it from Kennedy.

"Fuck, you're not turning straight on me, are you?" The look of horror on his face made me laugh.

"Don't worry, darling. My flame still shines as brightly as ever."

"I didn't step on your toes, did I?" He moved closer, watching my face as he put his hand over mine. "I mean, you weren't after Samson, were you?"

"No, I wasn't cruising him. In fact, I turned him down already." I tried not to be offended by the surprised look on Kennedy's face.

"Why would you turn that down?"

And there it was. My biggest problem with Kennedy. His conquests never seemed to mean anything to him. Every guy was either one he'd fucked or one he was going to fuck. I had spent too many years being like that. I just couldn't see myself doing it anymore.

"First of all," I said, wrenching my hand away from his. "He is not a *that*. He is a person. And second, Samson isn't exactly my type."

Again, I received the surprised look. "Not your type? I didn't realise you had a *type*. When did this start? Because last time I checked, we had opened this club so we could get as much ass as possible. Suddenly you're typing?"

"Damn it, Kennedy! Don't you ever get sick of fucking boys who have so little self esteem that they show up at Raven every night waiting for one of us to take them home? They come here because they know that someone will want them, even for one night, and they don't think they deserve any better."

"That's great coming from the hundred-plus-year-old self-esteem poster child."

"Just because I no longer feel the need to fuck everything that moves to prove my self-worth doesn't mean I don't have any. It means I have self-control. And standards."

"Hey, I have standards!" Kennedy actually had the decency to look offended.

But I wasn't in the mood to let up. "What? A valid ID?"

"Dude, what is your fucking problem? We're vampires, Patrick. We feed off people, and we feed off sex. I can't change that, and you know what? I don't want to. I like my life, I like fucking, and I don't need your fucking approval."

He was right, and that just pissed me off more. I couldn't explain to him what had changed. I think it was gradual. I mean, I don't remember waking up one morning and thinking that I was done feeding off the sex one-on-one. But as I spent more time in the club,

more time around all these men, feeling their sexual energy bouncing off the walls and into me, I realised that I didn't have to fuck them to feed. They could fuck for me so I could keep my attention focused elsewhere.

And it bothered me that Kennedy hadn't followed suit. He was still out there every night, sucking the energy off man after man then blasting it through the club, the patrons, the staff. Sharing his bounty with everyone. Everyone but me.

I opened my mouth to start screaming at him, knowing that when the fight was over, he was going to take off again, and I wouldn't see him for hours, but the thumpa-thumpa of the bass started beating, and I realised the doors had opened. Men flowed in through the doors, walking towards the bar, heading for the dance floor or straight to the back room to suck off the guy they'd met standing in line out front.

I glared at Kennedy, hoping he was still paying attention to me, but of course, his attention had already wandered to the dance floor, apparently searching out his next fuck of the evening.

Just another Friday night at Raven.

* * * *

I was still sulking an hour later when Kennedy caught up with me again. He found me standing at the end of the bar, nursing a beer. He made a crooking gesture with his finger, and I followed, even though I had no real desire to.

He led me to our office in the back of the club and shut the door behind us. Leaning on it, he stared at me while we adjusted to the quieter atmosphere. The room wasn't completely soundproof, but we had insulated the walls enough that the music wasn't as deafening as it was outside.

"Patrick, I need to talk to you about what happened with Samson earlier," he said.

"Why?" I sat on the desk with my arms crossed over my chest. "Why can't you go share your tales with someone else for a change?"

"Why don't you want to hear it? It wasn't that long ago that we would sit in this room for hours and talk, in great detail I might add, about what we had done. I don't understand what's changed."

"I've changed, I guess. It's not as fun as it used to be." I stared into those blue eyes, feeling a crushing weight at the pain in them. Pain I didn't understand but knew I had somehow caused. "Kennedy, what is it?"

"I suppose I'm just being stupid. I mean, I knew it couldn't stay like that forever. But that was our thing, you know? Fucking and talking and bonding over it. I don't know what's going to keep us together since we don't have anything else in common. I feel like I'm losing you."

I wasn't aware that he had ever *had* me. All I knew was that I had to get that look out of his eyes. I couldn't bear to watch him stand there in so much pain and not do anything about it. But I had no idea what to say to him that would make it better. So I did the only thing I could think to do.

I walked over to him, running my thumb along his jaw then behind his neck. With every intention of being chaste, I pulled his face down to mine, softly kissing him on the lips. He smiled before kissing me back, harder and more deeply than I had expected. His tongue urged apart my lips and opened my mouth to him. His hands gripped my hips tightly, fingers pressing so hard into me that I knew I would bruise even through my jeans.

He shifted against me so I could feel his erection pressing against my stomach. I gripped his hair in my hands, tugging slightly as he had once told me he liked. He groaned into my mouth so I pulled harder while he continued kissing me.

He stepped back so abruptly I almost stumbled. I looked up at him to find he looked as confused by what had just happened as I felt. He and I had never kissed before. We had never really shown any interest in each other at all. But right then, I would have dropped to my knees for him as so many men had in the past.

There was something about him tonight, something that made me want him beyond all reason. I reached out to touch his face again, but he backed away, shaking his head.

"Patrick, I can't do this. Not now."

"What? What are you talking about? You can't fuck me right this minute? Or you can't fuck me at all?"

He smiled. "Not right this minute. We need to talk." He hesitated for a minute, looking down at his feet as if in concentration before continuing. "Do you trust me?"

"About as far as I could throw you."

“Well good, since you are the strongest son-of-a-bitch I’ve ever met, I’ll take that as a yes. I know you said you don’t want to hear it, but I have to tell you what happened with Samson.”

I nodded, smiling as his shoulders sagged in relief. I had no idea what was going on, but if it were that important to him, I would listen. Something about it had him seriously freaked out, and I have to admit I was curious as to what had happened.

“Well, you know I have been avoiding Samson. I mean, yes he’s cute, but contrary to popular belief, I don’t just fuck anyone who will have me. In fact, though it has obviously escaped your notice, I have cut back drastically on one-on-one feedings in general lately. Like my prudish best friend, I have grown weary of the chase.”

I looked at him, slightly amused. As if Kennedy had to chase anyone. The men chased him. They always had. But I kept my mouth shut, nodding to encourage him to continue.

“I got to the club early tonight, but Samson was already skulking outside, waiting for me. As usual, he looked amazing. We talked for a few minutes, and I swear I was going to walk away, but he caught me off guard. He dropped to his knees in front of me, rubbing his chin over my crotch, blowing hard enough against me that I could feel his breath through my jeans. I looked down at him, and seeing him like that, I don’t know...I just had to have him.”

He looked so lost, standing there telling me that some little twink had taken away the self-control I wouldn’t have believed he possessed anyway. I reached out to touch his arm, but he backed away, shaking his head.

“No, don’t touch me right now. Please.” He sat on the arm of one of the chairs, rubbing his hands on his jeans. “Samson only lives about a block away, so we went back to his place. As soon as the door shut behind us, we were all over each other. Our clothes went flying, but I barely remember how. I just know that, within a minute, I was naked and laying on the floor, and he had my cock in his mouth.”

I held a hand up to stop him for a minute, something was happening outside in the club, but I wasn’t sure what. I just realised that something had changed.

“I thought you said you’d listen,” he said, obviously angry at the interruption.

“Shh. Don’t you hear...”

“Damn it!” He jumped to his feet, racing me to the door. “I’m going to kill Brock.”

Chapter Two

The crooning sounds of the seventies smacked us in the face as soon as the door opened. I started towards the booth, but Kennedy caught my arm.

"I'll take care of Brock."

"I'm going to do a walk through. We'll meet up later, okay?"

Kennedy nodded before heading for the DJ booth. I watched him for a minute before I turned away to make sure everyone was getting along in the back room. Our patrons were pretty good boys for the most part. We hardly ever had to deal with fights here. I think that for many of them, Raven was an escape from the violence and anger of the outside world. We had created it to be, not only a perfect feeding ground for us, but a haven for gay men to break away from societal judgement and feel free to be who and what they wanted, even for just a few hours. They seemed to respect that, about our club and about each other, so problems were minimal.

Before I reached the back room, I could hear the muffled moaning and sighing of the men. Another thing Raven offered was a place to have sex, most often anonymous, in a safe environment. We kept the club stocked with condoms, hoping to urge the men to continue the safety theme of the place. It seemed to work since we went through more condoms than drink umbrellas.

The back room was painted blue, spattered here and there with graffiti, and lit by black-light. It was bright enough that one could avoid running into walls, or fucking couples, but dark enough to provide semi-anonymity for those who wished it. At least from other mortals. My vampire powers gave me the ability to see clearly no matter how dark the place was.

I had been spending more time in the back since I'd given up direct feedings. There was so much sexual energy wrapped up in this section of the club that I could absorb enough sustenance for a week in the span of an hour.

It was early still, so there wasn't a large crowd yet. By two a.m., the small room would be so packed with naked, sweaty men that there would be no floor space left to walk around them all. But before midnight, there were just a few sets of men spread out in the room.

I caught a glimpse of blond from the corner of my eye. I turned to find Samson with his back against the wall, and a bear attached to his crotch. He caught my eye, winking before dropping a hand to the older man's head, tugging his hair to slow him down. The bear did, taking his time sliding Samson's cock in and out of his mouth. But Samson's eyes never left mine.

I wasn't normally a voyeur. Sure, I hung out in the back and absorbed energy as the men released it around me, but I didn't stand around watching them fuck and suck each other. I had never gotten off on watching.

Besides, guys like Samson never did it for me. I was more likely to go for the bear on his knees. But tonight, I couldn't take my eyes off the twink. He was outweighed by at least fifty pounds, but there was no doubt who controlled the action. Samson was in full control, and my cock twitched in response to the sight of it.

"Did Kennedy tell you he fucked me tonight?" Samson asked, his voice much calmer than mine would have been if someone were sucking my cock.

"Yes."

"Did he tell you what happened?"

I shook my head, glancing down at the man's mouth and watching him greedily sucking like it was the world's tastiest popsicle.

"I met Kennedy outside the club tonight," Samson began, his hand moving from the man's head to rub the stone wall behind him. "He looked so good, like he always does. I've been cruising him for weeks, but he's never shown any interest. Hell, that's probably what made me want him so badly."

I shifted, trying to ease the pressure of my zipper against my now fully erect cock. I knew I should be letting Kennedy tell me the story since he had wanted to so badly not ten minutes earlier, but I couldn't seem to make myself leave the room. I had to know how the story ended, and I had to hear it from Samson while I watched these men in their flawless routine of giving and taking. It was as if my free will had been taken, and I would just have to hold on for the ride.

"He agreed to come back to my place. As soon as we got there, we started at each other like it was our first times. We fumbled with buttons and zippers, clumsily kissing each other while we pulled off our clothes." Samson moved his hands back to the man's hair, slowing him down again. Apparently, I wasn't the only one getting turned on by what was going on. The man on his knees had started sucking faster while Samson talked, but Samson wasn't ready yet. I think he wanted to come at the climax of his story.

"I sucked his cock first," he said. "Hopefully better than this guy is doing." He gave the man a soft slap on the cheek. "Slow the fuck down."

My cock stirred again, I used my hand to shift it to the side as the zipper was now painful against me. I watched for a reaction from the man being insulted, but there wasn't one. He slowed his sucking, never letting Samson's shaft fall from his lips.

"He begged me to stop, his voice so ragged, so close to losing control. I love that voice. I love it from any man, but for some reason, it meant more that I had made Kennedy sound like that. He's been with so many men, had so many lips against that cock that surely there have been better than me. But it didn't matter, right then he wanted me more than anyone else. And I wanted him, too. I wanted to feel him inside me. When I told him that, he actually growled. It was so loud and deep, I felt it in my chest like the bass of the music. If my cock hadn't already been rock hard, it would have been at that noise he made."

Samson rubbed his hands up his chest, pinching his nipples with a long sigh. I heard the man on the floor moan softly, muffled by the cock in his mouth. I don't know if Samson so much heard it as felt the vibration against his skin, but he finally showed a reaction that was not disdain towards the man. It was small, a little hiss, but I knew the man was having at least some effect with his mouth.

"I may not have been with as many guys as Kennedy, but I've had my fair share. I don't usually bottom for anyone, but for him, I would have done anything. I expected him to be a strong top, a selfish one, taking what he wanted and walking out the door. But it wasn't like that at all. He surprised me, and I don't surprise easily. He was so sweet to me. He rolled me onto my stomach, my own weight pressing my cock into the floor, but I didn't say anything. I just let him start kissing my back, licking his way down my spine, his fingers gripping into my skin. By the time he started prying my asshole open with his tongue, it didn't even hurt anymore. I was completely lost to the feel of his hands and his mouth on my body."

I wondered momentarily where Kennedy was. The music had gone back to normal minutes after we had parted, but I wasn't sure what had happened. I didn't want him to walk back here and hear Samson telling me what he had been trying to earlier. Pissing him off was never a good idea, but I was more worried about hurting him. It had seemed so important to him that he tell me. Would he mind that I had let the twink do it instead? Would his story have been different from the tale Samson spun for me now? I wasn't sure I cared.

All I knew was that I couldn't walk away now, and I was so horny my cock had started dripping pre-cum into my jeans. I wanted to touch myself, to ease the painful pressure, but I wouldn't do it in front of Samson. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

He was already acting far too smug. He was just another in a long line of men to get fucked by Kennedy. If he didn't finish soon, I would force that arrogant attitude right out of him.

"But he must have known I was uncomfortable. He got up to get me a pillow, lifting my hips up and sliding it under me so I wasn't pressed against the hard wood floor anymore." Samson sighed again, looking down at the man still slowly, deliberately, sucking his cock and gave him another one of those 'good boy' pats on the head.

If he had done that to me, I probably would have bit off his dick and walked away. But then, I'm not a very good bottom. This bear seemed to be just fine with the situation.

"See, that's important. Because from what I'd heard about Kennedy, he isn't a very thoughtful person. He is very wham-bam-thank-you-sir. But he wasn't like that at all with me. I thought maybe he really liked me. Maybe, just maybe, I was the boy he had been waiting for."

"How did that work out for you?" I asked, my voice more strained than I would have liked.

"If you will shut up and listen, I'll tell you. In fact, I was hoping I would get to see you tonight. To tell you about Kennedy and me. All the boys who come here know how you feel about him. We all know you can't have him, and that it pisses you off. That's the real reason you've stopped fucking around, isn't it, Patrick? You're hoping if you're a good boy, maybe Kennedy will throw you a bone, so to speak."

I stared at him, the shock of his words causing my erection to soften almost instantaneously. I wasn't sure what he was talking about, but I knew it pissed me off.

"So rather than believe that none of you hold any interest for me, you've all gotten together and decided I'm after Kennedy?" I laughed. I couldn't help it. The idea was hilarious. Just thinking about all these twinkles huddled up, talking about me, was ridiculous. "Listen up, kid. I have known Kennedy longer than I would care to admit. And since you are all aware of what a fucking whore he is, wouldn't you think that if I wanted him that badly we would have fucked ages ago?"

"Trust me that argument has come up." Samson looked down at the man on his knees, the man I had completely forgotten for a moment, and tugged his hair more violently than before. "Slow the fuck down or go away."

The man flicked up his eyes to look at Samson then slowed his rhythm again. Samson had to have some massive control. Or maybe he wasn't as sensitive as he would have been if he hadn't been fucked a few hours earlier by an actual pro. If a man had been sucking my cock like that for fifteen minutes, I wouldn't have sounded so calm. Hell, I probably would have come five minutes earlier.

"Where were we?" Samson asked. "Oh yeah, you were arguing about wanting Kennedy. Well, whatever you need to tell yourself, feel free. But I have been watching him for a long time, and every time I see him...you aren't far behind. Maybe you just haven't realised it yet. But you will, and so will he. I just wanted to get him before you did. I made it my personal mission to get fucked by him before you fucked him. It will happen, it's only a matter of when. I thought that if I could show him what I could do for him, he would stay with me. He would want me."

I fought the laughter again. It shouldn't have been funny, in fact, it was kind of sad. It was usually heartbreaking when the kids figured out that Kennedy didn't want them more than once. They moped around the club for a while, trying to catch his eye, taking solace by fucking each other, but eventually they moved on. Those boys never came back to the club when they left. Like Samson, they spent their last night at Raven in the back room, fucking anyone who would have them, then they disappeared.

This *would* be Samson's last night at Raven. Whether he knew it or not, he was gone. I had never been much for tolerating him anyway. He was a total drama queen. Letting him

stay defeated the purpose of the club. Having him here made it difficult for everyone else to avoid that scene.

“Tonight, he did want me, only me. Or that’s what I thought. It’s how he made me feel. He was so slow, so kind. Kissing me and touching me, whispering to me how glad he was that I had come to him, that I had taken him home, that I had wanted him. It felt so good to be under him, to finally be wanted by him. And when he pushed himself inside of me, he didn’t try to rip me apart. He slid in so slow, making sure I relaxed against him. Every time I tensed up he stopped, letting my ass adjust to his size.”

I may not have ever had sex with Kennedy, but I had seen him naked plenty of times. And he was big, not just long, but thick. I had often wondered to myself how he had fucked these kids with a cock that big and made them want. I guess I knew now. I should have known anyway. He slept around, but he was a kind person. Not at all the sort of man who would intentionally hurt someone. Of course, he was slow and gentle. Most of these kids weren’t experienced enough to get rammed by a cock that big.

“He fucked me so slowly. Letting me feel every inch as he slid in and out of me.” Samson’s voice started to crack, whether from the memories he shared or the lips wrapped around him I didn’t know. But he didn’t sound like he could last much longer.

“My nails dug into my floor, and I came, my cock still pressed into the pillow at my waist. But Kennedy kept going, picking up speed once I was stretched wide enough that he was sure he wasn’t going to hurt me. And he talked to me the whole time, telling me what he was doing, how hot my asshole looked stretched wide around his big cock. I thought I might come again just from his words.”

The man with Samson’s cock in his mouth had sped up again, but Samson didn’t slow him down. He was apparently ready to finish the story and the blow job. My cock grew hard again. It was all too much. The wet sounds coming from the bear’s mouth. Samson’s words. The way his breath had sped up.

“And when Kennedy came—” Samson clawed the wall behind him, crying out as cum dripped out of the man’s mouth and down his chin. Samson looked over at me, and his voice was ragged as he finished his story. “He screamed out your name.”

Chapter Three

I stood there, unable to move or even speak for a full minute. I just watched like an idiot as Samson helped the bear to his feet, licked a drop of his own cum off the man's lip and patted his head again, sending him on his way.

I wasn't sure how I was supposed to react. I was stunned, and it was probably obvious, but what did Samson expect me to say?

"Don't worry, Patrick. I'm sure it didn't mean anything," Samson said, wiping sweat from his forehead. "You're right. If you and Kennedy were interested in each other, it probably would have happened by now."

"You arrogant little prick!" My hands balled into fists at my side as I took a step towards him. "What did you expect to get out of telling me that story? Am I supposed to feel sorry for you? Sorry that you didn't get exactly what you wanted from Kennedy? 'Cause I don't. In fact, I think you got exactly what you deserve. Nothing."

"Oh Patrick, I got something. I got exactly what I wanted from Kennedy, and I'll get what I want from you, too." He stepped towards me, wrapping his hand behind my neck, and, as I had done to Kennedy earlier, pulled my face down to kiss me.

I stepped back from him, too shocked to react quickly. I might have let it all go, might have walked away and left him to whoever was next in line, but the little fucker smiled at me. It was so smug, so defiant, so much like the selfish top he had accused Kennedy of being that I wanted him embarrassed. I wanted that look off his face so bad I shook with the need to do something to him.

"What is it you want from me exactly?" I was impressed that anger was not yet evident in my voice. Perhaps Samson wasn't the only one in the room with steel resolve after all.

"I want to fuck you." He stepped towards me again, that smile still twitching at his lip. "Kennedy fucked me, and now I want to fuck you. Don't you want me?"

I put a finger to his chest and shoved him hard, pressing him against the wall and following with my body to pin him there. His eyes widened in surprise, and that stupid grin

was completely gone. I wasn't sure what was in his face now, fear, excitement, maybe even a mixture of both. Fine with me. I wanted him scared. He should be scared.

"What makes you think I would let a twink like you top me? I'm not some simpering bottom to be fucked or fucked with, Samson. You may think you'll take Kennedy's spot someday, but you won't. That's what really pisses you off, isn't it? You want to be the whore of Raven, but that title has been claimed with no runners up. So now you're just fucked."

He struggled to get away from me, but I held him tight. I could smell the fear now, much closer to the surface than before.

"Let go of me."

"No. No, I think you and I still have a conversation to finish."

The back room was filling up now, but no one paid much attention to us. Our voices were low, and to the casual observer, we could have been making out against the wall.

"I thought we were done," Samson said softly.

"You didn't really get what you wanted tonight, did you, Samson?" I sighed, shaking my head in disgust. "How long ago did you figure us out?"

His eyes widened, but he didn't answer. He understood that I knew more than he thought I would figure out.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Now it's my turn to tell you a story. You told me the end, so how about if I tell you the beginning."

He was struggling again. I pressed him harder against the wall, my knee between his legs as a warning to stand still or he was going to get a very unpleasant jolt next time he tried to get away.

"You've been cruising Kennedy for a long time. But not to get him to fuck you. You wanted something from him all right, but unlike the other boys, it wasn't just a hard cock in your ass. No, you found out something quite interesting about Kennedy, and you wanted it. Bad. But Kennedy didn't want anything to do with you. Maybe he understood what you were looking for. Or maybe he just wasn't interested in you at all. But whatever it was, you weren't getting what you wanted, so you came looking for me. You figured that since I don't fuck everything that moves, I would be an easy target. A little flattery, a little suck and fuck, and I would play right into your hands. Am I getting warm here?"

He nodded. It was slight, but I saw it. I shook my head. What an idiot.

"You must have been shocked when I turned you down, too. So you went back to Kennedy, doing your very best to seduce him. You believed that, once you had him alone, he would want to keep you forever and ever. And the only way to do that would be to turn you into one of us. Right?"

He nodded again, swallowing hard and starting to shake a little. I don't think he had expected me to be smart—or to be dominant. Whatever it was, he didn't like it, and I was liking it a bit too much. My cock had grown hard for a third time, and, this time, it was pressed up against a hard, twink body. Unfortunately, it wasn't the boy who was turning me on, but the situation and the fear fed me in a way that normally only lust could.

"But then Kennedy screamed out my name not yours, and you knew your plan was fucked. You knew you were going to grow old and probably die of a communicable disease in the back room of some club. If not Raven then somewhere else. Alone, old, no longer an adorable twink. Just some hollow shell of a fag. How am I doing so far, Samson?"

"You're an asshole. You and Kennedy. You're so high and mighty. You think you're better than everyone else, but you haven't earned it. Just because you're older than dirt doesn't give you the right to treat people like cattle."

"We don't think we're better than everyone else, but we sure as hell are better than you." I let him go, turning to walk away, but he caught my arm.

"Please. Patrick, don't go. Not yet. If you don't want to make me like you, fine. But at least fuck me. Please?"

I thought about it for a moment. I knew I shouldn't, knew it was wrong and immature. But if anyone deserved to be punished it was this kid. I turned back to him, placing my hand on the side of his face, and released some of my energy into him.

He fell to the floor, writhing and screaming in ecstasy, and possibly a little pain, as lust washed over him again and again. He would be stuck in a metaphysical orgasm for the next five to ten minutes.

"There," I said. "Now you're fucked." And I walked out into the club to find Kennedy.

It was petty, I knew it was, but I had done it anyway. And damn had it felt good. I would have liked to have slammed my fist through that perfect, WASP face instead, but this seemed the safer of the choices. There were too many witnesses to attempt murder. Besides,

it would be a better punishment for him to remember forever the pleasure that only I could give him and know he would never experience it again. Yeah, still petty, but oh so satisfying.

I walked around the club looking for Kennedy. He wasn't at the bar or on the dance floor or back in the office. I'd begun to wonder if he had left, when his voice came over the speakers.

"Patrick, get me a beer and get your ass up here."

I looked towards the DJ booth as the music started up again. He stood there with his arms crossed, glaring down in my direction.

I grabbed two beers from the bar then walked to the DJ booth. I knew he had to have noticed how long I'd been in the back room, and I wondered what I should tell him. The truth seemed too embarrassing, but I couldn't come up with a decent lie. I started to think that even in the condition I had left Samson in, I was going to be the one who ended up fucked.

"Where's Brock?" I asked, handing Kennedy his beer.

"I fired him. He sucked anyway. But I've been stuck up here for almost an hour. Where the hell have you been? I told you I needed to talk to you."

I took a swig of my beer, glancing out at the crowd and stalling for time. When I looked back at him, he was still staring at me, anger flashing in his eyes.

"Look, Kennedy –"

He cut me off. "Did you fuck Samson in the back room?"

"Not exactly." It sounded lame, even to me. "I walked back there to make sure everything was okay. And yes, Samson was there, getting a blow job. He started talking to me, and I didn't want to just walk away."

"What did you two talk about? Did he tell you what happened tonight?" He was pissed, and he had every right to be.

I had known all along he had wanted to be the one to tell me. I wasn't sure how I'd explain why I had screwed that up for him.

"Yes." I held up a hand to stop him from interrupting again. "But I didn't seek him out. He just happened to be back there, and he started telling me. I know you wanted to be the one to tell me, Kennedy, but it was a very strange situation. I couldn't walk away."

"What do you mean you couldn't walk away?"

"I don't know if I can explain it. There was something about listening to him tell me about you fucking him while that guy was sucking his dick. I was transfixed."

Kennedy set down his beer, flipped a couple of switches to keep the music going then turned back to me.

"Did it get you hot?"

"A little," I admitted.

"Did you touch him? Did you touch yourself? God, Patrick, did you fuck him?" His voice was low and thick with emotion. I wasn't sure if he was still angry or if he was getting turned on by the thought.

"No, I did not fuck him. But I did teach him a lesson about fucking with us. I am sorry I didn't let you tell me. Do you want to tell me now? Maybe your version is different from his. He is a lying little cunt after all. He may have exaggerated."

"Tell me what he told you."

I took another drink then set down the bottle, leaning against the rail to look at Kennedy while I talked. I told him everything Samson had said to me. While I talked, I watched his face for some reaction, but he kept neutral, occasionally pushing a button or drinking his beer, but mostly just watching me watch him.

"It sounds so much hotter when you say it than it felt when it was happening," Kennedy said when I stopped talking. I hadn't told him all of it. I hadn't mentioned the part about him screaming my name. I just stopped. "I mean it was good, and that kid was giving me so much of himself that I don't think I'll need to feed again for days. Seriously, it was like he opened himself up and offered his lust like a gift. It was amazing."

"Yeah, Samson was pretty impressed with you, too," I said cautiously. I wasn't sure if I should finish or let him tell me the rest. I wondered briefly if he would tell me the rest, if he would admit to calling out my name when he came.

"Patrick, there's something else I need to tell you. Something that happened with Samson. And I don't really understand it. I mean, I understand it, but I don't know why it happened. I just...oh hell."

He drained his beer, looked at me, pushed some more buttons, grabbed my beer and drained, it too. Then he just stared out at the crowd for a while. I watched emotions fly over his face as if his thoughts were visible. I couldn't stand it, watching him struggle like that.

"I know the rest," I said softly.

He turned to me, eyes wide. I touched his cheek, rubbing my hand down the smooth line of his jaw, tracing my thumb over his lower lip. He walked closer to me, leaning down to kiss me again.

I met him halfway, up on tiptoes to reach him. My hand curled into his hair, pressing our heads together as I forced his lips open with my tongue, and Kennedy gripped my waist. It was a more violent and desperate version of what had transpired in the office earlier.

So much had happened in such a short time. It was barely midnight, and our lives had just changed forever. At least, mine had. I wasn't sure what would happen to Kennedy later, and, for the most part, I didn't care. I just wanted him. I'd wanted him for so long. It may have taken an arrogant twink to point it out to me, but he wasn't wrong. I had been saving myself for Kennedy.

"You're too short," Kennedy murmured against my mouth.

I pulled away, looking up into his eyes. "No, you're too tall. Where do you want me?"

Kennedy guided me to a stool sitting against the far wall of the booth. I leaned against it, shifting only so he could wrench my jeans down my legs. I kicked them and my shoes off, climbing up onto the cold wooden stool in just my t-shirt.

My cock was hard, as it had been on and off all night. It ached from the torture of the evening. But I knew Kennedy would make it better. He would probably make me come until I couldn't walk anymore. And that was just fine by me.

He dropped to his knees in front of me. His torso was so long that he still had to bend a little to place a light kiss on the tip of my cock. I shuddered, hoping I could last long enough to fuck him. But as he blew gently on my shaft, I was pretty sure I wouldn't.

With one quick movement, he took me entirely into his mouth, his throat convulsing around my head. I gripped the stool as hard as I could, feeling it splinter into my hands. Kennedy moved up, smiling at me with my cock still between his lips. I licked my own, staring down at him, hoping everything I felt right then showed on my face.

He let me fall from his mouth, sitting back on his heels to look up at me. "You look like you're not going to make it. That wasn't even a blow job. That was...barely a kiss. How worked up are you?"

Instead of answering, I slid to my feet, pulling him to his, and backed him up against the sound board. He kicked off his boots while I unsnapped his jeans and slid them down his legs. I looked around in frustration. There was no good place to fuck in this booth.

"I want to see your eyes, but I don't think I'm going to be able to right now. You're going to have to bend over the board for me."

Kennedy raised an eyebrow. "You know, I don't bottom for anyone."

"I'm not anyone. Now bend over the board so I can fuck that tight little ass of yours."

He looked at me for a minute then shrugged and turned around. He reached over to flip another switch, changing records before we both became so lost that we let the music stop and lost all the customers. Maybe Kennedy wasn't as oblivious to the business as I'd thought.

I stuck two fingers into my mouth, getting them slippery with saliva before slowly pressing them against his ass. The tight ring of muscles began to relax quickly, allowing first one then the other finger inside. I worked him loose for a few minutes while he moaned under me. I leaned over him, kissing his ear.

"Are you ready for me?"

"I've been ready for years," he said softly.

I spit into my hand, rubbing it up and down my shaft a few times before placing the head of my cock against his opening. The muscles had stayed relaxed, but I was still met with a firm grip around me. I eased into him slowly, applying more spit as my shaft disappeared inside of him.

When I was completely gloved inside his ass, I laid my cheek against his back, letting his ass spasm around me for a minute before moving again. I placed my hands on his hips as I slowly moved in and out of him, letting him feel every inch of me as he had done to Samson earlier. I knew I didn't need to be as careful as Kennedy had been, but when he thought back on this night, I wanted him to remember me, not the twink.

"Faster," Kennedy groaned. His hands gripped the top of the board, his knuckles white from the effort of it. "Please Patrick. Please fuck me."

I slammed myself into him, hard and fast. One of his hands slipped, pressing buttons and switches, but it didn't matter anymore. All that mattered was fucking Kennedy. I

gripped his hips tighter, pounding into his ass as hard as I dared without proper lube. I didn't want to hurt him, but it felt so fucking good.

His ass was so tight around my cock, it felt like a fucking vice had gripped me and wouldn't let go. My hands moved to his plump, round ass, fingers digging in so hard it left half-moon indentions where my nails had been.

"Yes, Patrick, yes god fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," Kennedy screamed, screaming for me, coming hard and again yelling my name. Sparks shot from the board as his seed hit the electrical components. One of them must have shocked him because his body tensed, and he squeezed me even tighter with his ass, and I came, too.

"Oh fuck, Kennedy. You're so fucking tight. Yes, oh yes." I slowed my rhythm as I came in his ass. My balls were still twitching when I pulled out of him and fell to my knees on the floor.

Kennedy laughed. I was about to ask what was so funny when I heard it, too. The crowd on the dance floor was cheering. The sound wasn't as loud in the DJ booth as it would have been out there, but I could tell they had heard us.

"Thank you," Kennedy said into the microphone. "Welcome to Raven!" He started the music again and turned off the intercom system. He dropped the floor next to me, still chuckling. "I must have hit it when you slammed your cock in me."

"Yeah well, they can just think of us as a full service nightclub. Drinks, dancing and a show," I said, laughing too.

When the song was almost done, Kennedy stood to look for his pants. I got dressed, too, then helped him figure out the continuous play feature on the board, which luckily had not shorted out when Kennedy came on it. Afterward, we went down to the office to talk.

Chapter Four

"You know, I have to admit, of all the ways I have thought about finally having sex with you, that was not one of them." Kennedy had grabbed two beers from the fridge in the office and handed me one before walking around to sit behind the desk.

I propped up my feet and took a big swig before smiling at him.

"I'll bet not. You probably figured I would be the one getting fucked."

"Well, yes, but not just that. All of it. Shorting out a couple thousand dollars worth of DJ equipment never really factored into it, either."

I laughed, snorting beer up my nose. I coughed a few times, throwing the bottle cap at Kennedy when he started laughing at me rather than with me.

"Are you sorry?" I asked, wiping my mouth on my arm and braving another sip.

"No fucking way. You?"

"Nope." I smiled. "Why didn't you just tell me?"

"Because I know what you thought of me. And you weren't wrong. I have been whoring myself around this club for months. I never showed you any interest because you never seemed to want me. You know I only go after men I can actually get."

"Yeah, I know. But if you had just talked to me, maybe I would have told you." Then again, maybe not. I wasn't really sure I would have accepted him if he had come to me even one day earlier. As much as I hated Samson, he had opened my eyes. I almost felt bad for what I did to him. Almost.

"That's part of why tonight was so fucked up," Kennedy continued. "I wanted it to be special, so I could prove to you that you mean something to me. That you're more than just a conquest for me. Subjecting you to a nooner in front of a crowd of horny fags wasn't what I wanted for you."

"Can you call sex at midnight a 'nooner'?"

"It's noon for us, isn't it?" Kennedy winked at me. "Look, Patrick, all I'm saying is please don't give up on me for not doing this right."

I laughed again, this time without choking. I stood and walked around the desk to hug him. I kissed the top of his head and sighed.

"Kennedy, darling, you did everything right. You were perfect. And I think I love you."

He turned to me, his eyes wide and a silly half smile on his face. "Really?"

I nodded.

"Well that's good. Because I know that I love you. I have for years. I've just been too afraid of you rejecting me to tell you."

I sat on the desk, facing him, my legs on either side of his. He put his hands on my thighs, and I bent to kiss him. He opened his mouth to me, letting me lick his tongue, suck it into my own mouth, wrestle with it. He gripped me tighter, standing to push me onto my back.

"Haven't you had enough tonight?"

"Enough? There is no such thing." He leaned over me, kissing me softly. "Besides, I didn't get to fuck you yet."

"Don't you think we should talk first?"

"Oh, like you let me talk to you earlier?" Kennedy winked at me.

"Fair enough. But I think we should figure out what's going on here, with us I mean."

It sounded so strange, saying 'us' in regards to Kennedy and I. If someone had told me a week earlier that we would be about to have this conversation, I would have told him he was crazy. But here we were.

"I thought we were going to be each other's one and only. Isn't that what you want?" He kissed me again. I pushed him away, keeping him as chaste as I could for a minute.

"One and only? Kennedy, please. Aren't we a little old for that particular fantasy? I mean, I love you, and I believe that you love me. But, sweetie, don't you think it would get a little difficult to come in here every night with the boys throwing themselves at us and turn them all down?"

He backed up, letting me sit back up to face him as he sat in the office chair. He ran his fingers through his hair, staring at me with a crooked grin on his face.

"I suppose. But I thought that's what you would expect. Are you saying you would really be okay with me taking other men to bed?"

"As long as it wasn't our bed, and as long as you come home to me every night. I don't want to own you, Kennedy, I just want to love you. I want to be together, but I am not so possessive as to make you completely change who you are. I fell in love with you. Asking you to change would be dishonest."

"But you've been so high and mighty lately about not sleeping around."

"Yeah, well, I have willpower, but even I couldn't stay faithful forever in this environment. As long as we have ground rules in place, we can have fun without either of us getting hurt."

"What about Samson?"

"What about him?" I crooked an eyebrow and knew my voice sounded suspicious. I should have known he would come up in the conversation. But I wasn't sure I wanted to talk about him.

"I like him. I'm not asking to bring him into the relationship with us, not all the time. But, Patrick, the energy that kid gives off, it's amazing. It could be almost addictive. If you want him gone, that's fine. I won't argue. But I would at least like you to give him a chance." I must have had a disbelieving look on my face because Kennedy grinned before continuing. "I know he's an arrogant bastard, but I think he uses that as a defence mechanism. I think he really likes us, and since he is afraid of the rejection, he acts like a prick so he won't get hurt."

I wasn't sure how I felt about it. I mean, I knew that the kid at least liked Kennedy, but I had assumed that was just because he wanted to be a vampire. But maybe I had missed something about him. Maybe I wanted to hate him so badly I hadn't given him a fair shot.

I looked at Kennedy for a minute before sighing heavily. "Fine, we'll keep him around and see how it goes. I cannot make any promises though. If he steps over the line just once, he's gone. Do you understand?"

Kennedy rose to his feet, bending over me to lay me flat on the desk once more. I gripped his hair in my hands, kissing him so hard and fast that his teeth cut into my lip. He pulled back a little to look at me.

"Whose line does he get booted for crossing?"

"Mine."

"And how will we know if that happens?"

"I'll tell you," I said with a small smile.

There was a knock at the door. I knew who it was. Honestly who else could it have been? Kennedy must have known, too, because he didn't move, just looked down at me. The knock came again, a little harder this time. I shrugged, getting off the desk while he went to open the door.

Samson walked in with his shoulders hunched and his head down, reminding me of a dog that had been kicked a few too many times.

"I came to apologise and to say goodbye." He didn't look up when he said it. He stared at his shoes while he scuffed them on the floor.

I walked over to him, placing a finger under his chin to lift his gaze to me. He looked like he had been crying. Shit, I hadn't meant to hurt him, just teach him a lesson.

"Are you all right?" Kennedy asked, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Yeah. I mean I feel like a complete asshole, but I'm fine. Patrick, I'm really sorry about the way I talked to you. And Kennedy, I'm sorry I wouldn't just leave you alone. I wish I had never come to this place. I know I've caused a ton of trouble, and I'm just really glad you two were able to work things out."

He turned and headed for the door. I looked at Kennedy, and he nodded slowly. I really hoped we weren't making a huge fucking mistake with this kid.

"Hey, Samson, wait."

He turned to look at me, his eyes still red but no tears in them.

"You don't happen to need a job do you?" I hoped that the apprehension I felt didn't come through in my voice.

"Why?"

"We lost a DJ tonight," Kennedy said, putting his arm around Samson's shoulders. "And we were thinking it would be nice to hire someone who knows the kind of music we play, who knows the vibe of the crowds, stuff like that. Do you think you'd be interested?"

Samson looked at me. "Are you serious? You hate me. Why the hell would you let me stay here?"

"I don't hate you. I hate your attitude. But to be honest, you're pretty much a younger version of Kennedy. And I learned to love him. I'm sure I can learn to tolerate you, too."

"Do you know anything about being a DJ?" Kennedy asked. It didn't really matter. The last five DJs had known dick about it. We could train the kid if we had to.

"Yeah, I was a jockey back home in Iowa."

It was too good to be true. I could make up for throwing the kid into the deep end of the pool earlier, Kennedy could make up for leading him on for so long, and we would finally have a DJ who actually knew how to be one.

"All right, you can start tonight. But first..." Kennedy turned Samson and I to face each other. "I want you two to kiss and make up."

I glared at him, but Kennedy just put his hands up and walked to the door. "Samson, come to the booth when you're done here." Then he shut the door behind him.

"He doesn't want us to literally kiss does he?" Samson asked.

"Yes!" Kennedy yelled from the other side of the door.

"I guess so," I said with a heavy sigh. "Look, I'm sorry about leaving you back there like that. But damn, kid, you can piss off people something fierce."

"I know. It's a talent." He gave me a small smile. "You don't have to apologise to me. I'm lucky you didn't kill me."

That was a little closer to home than I would have liked him to get, but whatever. The kid had insight into people. He'd been proving it all night. I shouldn't have been surprised.

"Thank you again for letting me stay, Patrick. I don't deserve it, but I'll prove myself to you. Honestly, I will." He gave me a quick hug, backing away before I could hug back. "Is this the part where we have to kiss?"

I nodded, stepping towards him and tilting his head back with my hand to his chin. It was kind of nice to be taller than someone for a change. I bent down, placing a gentle kiss on his lips. His hand circled my wrist as his tongue poked cautiously at my lips. I opened up to him, allowing him to explore my mouth with his tongue. It was slow and soft and very sweet.

He broke away first, still holding my wrist. We smiled at each other, and I let him lead me out of the office. We crossed the dance floor to the DJ booth with only a few cat calls and remarks as to the evening's earlier events.

Kennedy was cleaning off the board when we entered. He walked over to us, kissed us each gently on the lips then took Samson's hand off mine. I smiled to myself as I watched them together. The equipment didn't seem too badly damaged by the...fluid spill, so hopefully, everything would be fine with it.

I left them to their electronic heaven and went down to the bar. As I grabbed my last beer of the night, I leaned on the rail and watched Samson and Kennedy move around the DJ booth. They were laughing, and Samson was talking a lot with his hands.

I glared up at them as the opening bars to Donna Summer's *Last Dance* blared over the speakers. They were both looking down at me and laughing again. Someone grabbed my hand and pulled me onto the dance floor. I realised it was the bear from the back room, the one who had been with Samson. He grabbed me around the waist, spinning and dipping me in very dramatic fashion. Then, I caught a glimpse of the boys up in the booth, doing their own exaggerated dancing, and realised we were all going to be just fine.

About the Author

Dakota lives in Detroit Michigan because she loves the city at night and the shopping during the day. She loves David Bowie and vampire movies, The Beatles and Dolly Parton.

She is partial to pixie sticks and cannot stand nuts...in her food. She will always believe that pizza is the perfect food. She is as much in love with her partner as she is with herself. And she will be the first to tell you how incredibly witty she is.

She doesn't believe in lipstick but won't leave the house without eyeliner. She still won't admit whether or not she really believes that vampires exist. And if you let her, she can convince you she doesn't know how to ride a bicycle.

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LUST IN THE AFTERNOON

Cian Fey



Dedication

This one's for Wayne.

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The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Bluetooth: Bluetooth SIG, Inc.
Crock-pot: Sunbeam Products, Inc.

Chapter One

“What do you mean he can’t make it in?” Ted Wayne wiped his palms on his jeans and swallowed the panic rising in his throat.

“Sorry, Ted,” his boss’s voice crackled over the static on the phone connection. A vicious winter storm had blanketed Detroit, leaving the office all but empty. It was also seriously fucking with communications. “Whoever is already in the office is going to have to do today’s nooner. And it looks like that leaves you, since Gray will have to work the camera.”

“I—I can’t, Martin. I’m just a computer jockey—no good in front of a camera.”

“You’re young and in great shape. Our subscribers will love you.” *Men for Men* was one of the hottest gay e-zines in the business, with tens of thousands of subscribers. Many of those tuned in to the daily live-feed “Lust in the Afternoon” spots, and even more went back and downloaded the clips for a hefty fee.

Ted admitted he liked to watch the feed as he uploaded it to the site, had even downloaded a few at home for his personal viewing, but he’d never even considered being the on-air talent. “Don’t we have any back-up for when things like this happen? A couple of clips already on disk?”

“We used the last of those over the holidays,” Martin said. “When so many were out with the flu epidemic. Now we’re stuck. The weather reports say it will be at least two days before the roads are clear. That leaves you and Gray as the only two who can get into the office, besides Nathalie.”

Nathalie Perot was an incredible receptionist, and a pretty little lipstick lesbian, but not what *Men to Men’s* subscribers expected to see on screen. Art director Grayson Jeffries, on the other hand, was a fucking sex god—tall and muscular with a smooth shaved head and a trim goatee, milk-chocolate skin and dark chocolate eyes.

“I can work the cameras,” Ted practically pleaded. “Gray will look much better on camera than me.” Understatement. Gray Jefferies was a walking wet dream. Over the last month, Ted had jacked off night after night just imagining Gray’s strong, toned body naked.

"You'll be fine."

The deep voice from behind his shoulder startled Ted, and he spun around in his chair to see Gray leaning against a filing cabinet, his arms crossed over a tight black turtleneck and an encouraging smile on his handsome face. Three gold rings glinted in his right ear.

"If you're really freaked about someone recognising you, I can fuzz the image so nobody sees your face."

Ted rolled his eyes and sighed into his Bluetooth headset. He knew when he was outnumbered. "Fine. I'll do it. But you owe me, Martin. I want an extra week of vacation for this."

Langdon was a reasonable man, who had, overall, been a great boss, and Ted really did hate to disappoint him. To start with, it was so goddamn refreshing to work in a place where queer was the norm, and nobody got weird about it.

"Done," said Martin over the static. "I'll even let you use my condo in South Beach when you take it. And don't try to drive home tonight. Bunk in with Gray or Nat. Don't want to see you on the morning news."

Gray lived in the apartment building just across the street from the office, and Nathalie lived upstairs in this same building, making the walk possible even in the middle of a blizzard.

"Most likely I'll just sleep in the office again." That's what he'd done last night, babysitting a cranky network server. Which was why he'd ended up stranded *here*, instead of stuck at home in Ferndale when the early February blizzard hit.

He said goodbye to his boss and ended the call, then turned to face Gray. "You're sure you wouldn't rather do this? You're in a lot better shape than I am." Ted was a runner—fit, but long and lean, whereas Gray had the broad, triangular frame of a professional body-builder.

Gray swept his hooded gaze over Ted from head to toe, and licked his full, sensual lips, making Ted's dick harden in an instant. "I think you'll look just fine in front of the camera. And it's only for fifteen minutes. I can throw some images up on the monitors for you to look at, if you want the help. Just let me know which of our past models flips your switch."

You, Ted wanted to say. Even fully clothed, Gray was a bigger turn-on than any of the naked pretty-boys who normally did the programme. The good news was that since Gray would be in the room watching him, Ted wouldn't need any visuals of other men to get it up.

"It's eleven-thirty now," Gray said. "And since you're new at this, I want to run it on a ten-minute delay, so we'll need to start soon. Come on back to the studio and figure out which set you want while I get the cameras set up."

Ted obediently shut down the application he'd been working on. After switching all of his controls over to Nat at the front desk, he unfolded himself from his ergonomic chair and followed Gray through the offices to the studio.

"You want the bed or the couch, or something else?" Gray asked.

Fifteen minutes of jacking off in front of a camera. Having never even considered the possibility, Ted had no idea what would work best. "What do you think?"

While Gray's job was primarily still shoots and layout design for the magazine, Ted knew he'd directed the live feed a handful of times. Ted had paid way too much attention to the art director to even pretend he didn't have a raging crush on the man.

Gray's dark eyes gleamed and his white teeth showed in a broad smile. "You willing to trust me?"

Ted nodded.

"Okay, first we're going to do a little costuming. Your jeans are great, but the polo shirt has got to go." Gray lifted the hem of Ted's shirt and gently pulled it off over his head. His eyes on Ted's chest, Gray let out a low whistle. "Damn, sugar, you're in better shape than you show through all those baggy shirts."

Ted's sudden full erection pressed hard against the fly of his jeans. It couldn't be *him* who Gray was looking at with such overt approval, could it?

"You wax?" Gray stroked a finger down Ted's smooth chest.

"I run," Ted answered with a gulp. "And swim. Waxing cuts down on air and water resistance."

"With all that blond hair, I'm thinking surfer dude," Gray said, his voice noticeably thicker and deeper than before. "How about a shell necklace and a tie-dye shirt? Goes well with the ink on your chest."

The dolphin breaching over his left nipple had been an impulse back in his college days at San Diego State. He nodded. "I can do surfer."

"Then go get dressed, beach boy. I'll set up a lanai scene for you to get naked on."

Gray reached down and adjusted his raging hard-on as he watched Ted walk into the tiny dressing room. They didn't have a huge selection of sets or props, but with a few pieces of furniture and basic green-screen technology, their little vignettes could be set almost anywhere. He pulled a padded lounge chair and a couple silk plants in front of the screen, added some shells and a tin bucket full of ice and long neck beer bottles from the fridge to a table in the foreground. Sometimes a beer or two helped with the performance, so they kept a selection on hand. A bottle of coconut oil next to the lounge and a clean beach towel draped over the vinyl cushion completed the tropical paradise for the blond hottie Gray had been drooling over for months.

It was hot in the studio once he had the lights going, and Gray wondered if Ted would mind Gray taking his sweater off. Only one way to find out. After pulling off his turtleneck, he unzipped his motorcycle boots and set them aside, stuffing his socks into them. Now he wore nothing but a white sleeveless undershirt and a pair of snug black jeans. And with any luck, Ted would be looking at *him* while he jacked off for the camera, instead of pictures of a model on a monitor.

"Damn, it's warm in here."

Ted popped out of the dressing room, dressed in his own faded jeans that were so soft looking Gray just wanted to fondle the man's ass right through the fabric. Instead of the boxy blue polo shirt, Ted now wore a turquoise and peach Hawaiian shirt, open to reveal a shell necklace, and his feet were bare. A pair of black Ray-Bans had replaced the horn-rimmed glasses he usually wore, hiding his gorgeous blue eyes. A shame, Gray thought, but it would make for a good reveal on camera.

"This look okay?"

Gray nodded his approval and grinned. "Awesome, dude."

"Cha, bro." Ted grinned back, giving Gray the 'hang loose' hand gesture. "Gnarly threads, man."

“So you’ve seen enough of these, you know the drill.” Gray had to force his mind back into work mode and put thoughts of jumping Ted aside for later. “Try to last at least fifteen minutes. We’re running a delay, so if you go over, we can cut and paste, but you’ll only have an extra ten. The customers want the money shot.”

“I’m still not sure about this,” Ted said, gulping in a breath and dropping his fake surfer slang. “I’ve never been into exhibitionism. I’m just your average geek. Why the hell would anybody want to see me getting myself off?”

Gray stared into the black shades, wishing he could see Ted’s pretty blue eyes. He took a deep breath and went for it. “You’re fucking gorgeous, Ted. You’ve gotta know that. The subscribers are going to want to eat you with a goddamn spoon.”

“Really?” Ted sounded so startled, Gray couldn’t suppress a laugh.

“You really don’t know how hot you are, do you? Well, how’s this for a clue?” He took Ted’s face in both hands and drew his mouth down for a kiss.

Ted was maybe four inches taller than Gray’s five-eleven, but he was too shocked to resist, so Gray pulled him close and shaped the other man’s lips with his own. Ted’s breath smelled of coffee and the peppermint candy canes Nat had been leaving all over the office. After a frozen moment of uncertainty, Ted opened his mouth and allowed Gray to sweep his tongue inside.

He kissed back too. His own tongue stroked along Gray’s, followed it back into Gray’s mouth as Ted’s hands came up to grip Gray’s bare upper arms. They duelled for dominance, back and forth, their bodies drawing closer together until Gray could feel the unmistakable ridge of Ted’s erection pressing into his abdomen, the base of it rubbing the tip of his own swollen shaft. Dropping one hand, he did what he’d wanted to do for months. He caught one lean, taut ass cheek in his hand and squeezed.

“Jesus.” Ted finally pulled his mouth away, gasping for breath.

Oxygen was way overrated, Gray thought as he dragged air into his own empty lungs. “Amen,” he agreed. He rubbed his body against Ted’s, wishing there weren’t two layers of jeans between them.

“That fucking better not have been just to get me hard for the shoot,” Ted panted. “I’ve wanted you too goddamn long for you to tease me like that.”

A thrill of delight slithered along Gray's spine. "Hell no. I've been flirting with you since Halloween. You just didn't notice." Gray had joined the staff in early October, and had taken a liking to the computer guru from the very first day.

"Damn. Christmas would have been a hell of a lot more fun if I had known," Ted replied. He pushed the shades up on his head. "Not to mention New Year's Eve. We'll talk more – as soon as this stupid shoot is over?"

"Damned straight." Gray leaned up and placed a soft kiss on Ted's lips. "Can't wait to watch you get naked over there. Think of me while you're doing it?"

"I was going to anyway," Ted said with a rueful chuckle. "And I don't mind that you lost some clothing too." He rubbed his hands up and down Gray's bare arms. "Wouldn't mind if you lost more."

"Later," Gray growled. "Once the shoot is over, you can look at anything you want." He was going to be hard pressed as it was to stay behind the camera and just watch while Ted masturbated. "Now let's get this party started." Before he lost control completely.

"Right." Ted gulped again. He slid the sunglasses down over his expressive eyes again and shook out his shoulders. "Show time."

"Remember the audio is on," Gray said, pointing to the 'X' taped on the floor, from which Ted would make his entrance onto the set. The viewers liked to hear the models groan and talk dirty. "So be sure to think out loud. You want the music live?" A lot of the models found the background music relaxing, but others disliked the distraction.

Ted smiled again. "Beach Boys, right?"

Gray nodded, and began pressing buttons on the audio console. "Beach Boys, a little Jan and Dean, some Surfari. The Mamas and the Papas." It was one of their pre-set mixes. Beach sex was a favourite wintertime fantasy for the subscribers.

"Cool." Ted took his mark and looked over at Gray. "Let's get this over with."

Gray slipped on his headset, cued the music, and settled on the stool in front of the camera. "Ready in five, four..." The rest of the countdown he did with his fingers. On one, he pointed at Ted and nodded.

As the music swelled, Ted sauntered onto the set with a surfer's lazy, long-legged stride. "Later, bro." He paused to stretch in front of the chair and push the sunglasses up on his head, revealing his gorgeous eyes.

“Wow, awesome waves today.” He spoke as if to himself, while opening a bottle of the beer and leaning against the table. “Sure wish I knew who that hunk on the longboard was, though. Fucking incredible moves, and an ass to die for.” With all the aplomb of a professional actor, he took a long, slow pull of the beer, gazing straight at Gray, which was perfect as it put his eyes just to the side of the camera. When he rolled the bottle against his chest in the opening of the Hawaiian shirt, Gray had to fight to hold back a groan.

“Hot one today.” With a sexy roll of his shoulders, he shrugged out of the cotton shirt and tossed it onto the table.

Droplets of condensation from the beer bottle clung to the smooth, lightly tanned skin of his chest, making Gray want to lick them off. He reached down with one hand and readjusted his cock so the straining erection wasn't being bent in half, then licked his lips as Ted continued.

Chapter Two

Ted couldn't believe he was doing this, let alone sort of enjoying it. The downright hungry expression in Gray's dark eyes was making it easy. Suddenly he wasn't putting on a show for the camera—he was putting on a private show for Gray. Watching Gray adjust that massive boner straining against the black denim made Ted's cock swell in response. Reaching down to rub it through his jeans wasn't a calculated move for the audience; it was a natural response to the ache of his very real arousal. Gray's thumbs-up was just a bonus.

"Damn, just thinking about that guy makes me hard," he muttered letting his body sway just a little to the beat of 'Good Vibrations'. He lifted the beer—a light Mexican variety, appropriately enough—for another swallow while he rubbed the front of his button-fly jeans with the other. Idly, he flicked open the top button and inserted his hand inside to adjust his dick, lining it up so the very tip was level with the open button. He rubbed the tiny bead of pre-come into the skin, wishing Gray would do it with his tongue. Just the thought of Gray's hot, mobile mouth on him was enough to make Ted close his eyes, throw his head back, and groan.

"Fuck." The word was so soft he wasn't sure the microphone would even pick it up, but he didn't care. He had to slow this down or there was no way he'd make it for fifteen minutes. There was a big clock right above Gray's head, so he could see it had only been two minutes. Two down, thirteen to go before he could come.

Leaving his left hand tucked into his waistband, he finished the beer. After sticking the empty bottle back into the bucket, he made a slow production out of opening another. First time he'd ever been encouraged to drink on the job. He set it down beside the chair, picked up the bottle labelled 'coconut oil', and poured some into his hand. Humming along to 'California Dreaming', he began to smooth the fragrant oil onto his arms and shoulders, making sure he stretched and flexed as he went. He was lean rather than ripped, but he knew he was in decent enough shape that he wouldn't embarrass himself. Gray's broad smile of encouragement egged him on.

He popped another button on his jeans and rubbed the head of his cock with his slick fingers. The oil was warm from the lights, and it felt good on his aroused flesh, but he knew he couldn't keep going with that, not yet. Just as a tease, though, he left the head poking out through the vee in the placket, looking straight at Gray as he did so. The other man licked his lips, making Ted's cock twitch with desire.

"Man, I wish there was someone here to do this for me." He squirted more oil in his hands and sat on the chair, his legs straddling it, rather than stretching out along its length. After rubbing his shoulders and chest with the glistening oil, he allowed himself to spend extra time on his sensitive, light brown nipples. They were beaded and hard, had been since Gray had kissed him. "Maybe someone like that guy from the beach to rub my chest, maybe even suck my nipples into his mouth..." He pinched them and played until the song ended, and Ted was hornier than ever.

A glance at the clock said that just seven minutes had passed. Damn, not nearly enough. He wanted to just strip down, take his cock in his fist and come all over his chest. More than that, he really wanted Gray to come over here and suck him off. With or without the damn camera.

"Still too hot," he said with a sigh. He stood and, as slowly as he could, finished unbuttoning his jeans. He'd watched plenty of these little teasers and he did know some of the tricks. He turned away from the camera to lower his jeans, dropping them just a tiny bit at a time as he swayed his ass to the music. He even allowed himself to sing along, just a little off key. "Come on, baby, can't you see? I'm gonna take you surfin' with me..."

When his jeans hit the floor, he stepped out of them. He bent to retrieve them, giving the audience a full-on view of his ass. His legs were planted far enough apart that he knew they'd be able to see his balls, heavy and lightly covered in pale fuzz, swinging between his legs.

"Much better." Standing again, he turned back to the camera and tossed his jeans out of camera range. Then he took another handful of oil and began to moisturise his legs. Lifting one of his size fourteen feet to the chair, he started with his ankle and calf. His erection stuck straight out now, rigid and swollen, the head dark purple with blood.

Gray had begun rubbing his jeans again with the hand that wasn't on the camera. Stark lust was in the chocolate eyes that never left Ted's body.

Ted switched feet, oiling the other leg as thoroughly as the first. Long, slow strokes of his hands on his own skin had his whole body primed for sex. The heat of the lights and the strength of his arousal had a sheen of sweat mixing with the oil to make his skin glisten, but all he could think about was how much fun it would be to run his hands all over Gray's body instead of his own. That deep walnut skin would look fine all oiled up. Ted's hand shook as he picked up the bottle, now slick from the oil. It rolled under the chair as he dropped it, and he allowed himself a soft, "Oh, fuck."

Figuring he could use it as an opportunity to give the audience—Gray—another show, he got to his hands and knees at the foot of the lounge and stuck his ass up in the air as he ducked his head beneath the chair to reach one long arm for the slippery bottle.

"Got you, you little bugger." He wiggled his ass for effect, before he slowly emerged from under the chair. Setting the bottle of oil down beside his beer, he carefully adjusted the back of the lounge to a semi-reclining position and arranged the thick blue beach towel over the back and seat of the chair. He eased his long body onto the towel, laid his head back and sighed. "Hot sun, a good day on the waves, and a cold beer. Now all I need is a sexy surfer dude to come suck my cock."

With one hand, he reached down to lazily stroke the length of his erection and fondled his testicles, while he tucked the other arm beneath his neck. His sac was heavy in his hand, already full and taut. He stretched one leg out on the lounge, bending his knee slightly so his foot rested flat on the chair. The other foot he planted on the floor, keeping his legs spread wide. Making a circle out of his thumb and forefinger, he circled his cock and pumped it up and down from root to just below the heart-shaped head. He used his thumb to toy with the small pearly droplet leaking from the slit. He kept the movements slow and easy, knowing if he let himself go, it would still be over too quickly.

After a minute or so, he pulled his right arm from behind his head and reached down for his beer. He swallowed a small amount, just enough to wet his dry lips and throat. He traded the beer bottle for the oil, keeping the movements as slow and seemingly random as he could. All the while, he slowly fingered his shaft, loving the way Gray's dark eyes followed every movement with fevered intensity.

Without stopping his left hand's movements, he dribbled a few drops of the oil onto the tight skin of his cock. Using the same leisurely movement, he spread the warm fluid around,

coating his tumescent shaft. The smoother, slicker motion felt so good he allowed himself a small moan at the pleasure.

“Fuck, yeah.” He drizzled a little right on the head, making his hips jerk with the force of the sensation. He moaned again, louder this time, and snuck a glance at the clock. Only five minutes left. And the last one would be the money shot and the afterglow. So he only had to last for four minutes before he could shoot. And then maybe Gray would walk over here and lick it off of him.

Another jerk of his hips. Fuck, yeah, that’s what he wanted. Along with Gray’s thick cock in his mouth—or in his ass. He wanted the other man with an intensity he hadn’t felt since he was sixteen with a raging hard-on for the track coach. Ted was a top, more often than not, but for Gray, he’d happily bend over and take it.

He switched hands, fisting his almost painful erection with his right hand. His left moved down to cradle his balls. It took effort to keep his eyes open, but he was rewarded by the sight of Gray shucking off his undershirt. His chest was broad and smooth with just a trace of dark hair that swirled around flat black nipples the size of an old half-dollar coin, and ran in a thin stripe down to the waistband of the black denims. Ted couldn’t wait to take them in his mouth, to nip and suck those delicious-looking little points, and trail his tongue down that line of hair.

“One of these days,” Ted rasped. “I’m going to fuck that guy I saw at the beach today. I’m going to strip those jams off his fine black ass and suck his thick, hard cock right down my throat.”

More pre-come oozed from his tip. With his left middle finger, he gathered it up. Holding Gray’s gaze with his own, he brought his finger to his mouth and sucked it in.

He heard Gray gasp as he tasted his own bitter flavour mixed with the sweetness of the coconut oil. He fucked his mouth with his finger, letting Gray know with his eyes that he wished it was Gray’s dick sliding in and out of Ted’s hot mouth instead.

Only two and a half minutes left. He could let go now. First, he shifted his legs, both feet now planted on the ground on either side of the chair. He took one more swig of the lukewarm beer. A few drops trickled down his chest, and he let them, knowing it would make at least a few watchers want to lick it away.

Faint strains of 'Louie, Louie' drifted into his consciousness, and he unintentionally stroked his shaft in time to the beat. By the end of the song, his hips were lifting up off the chair every time his hand reached the tip.

He almost came when he saw Gray unzip his jeans and release his own organ, thick, dark and hard as a pike. Gray continued to operate the camera and controls with one hand while he wrapped his other around that gorgeous, straining erection and began to pump.

"Oh, hell, yeah, gorgeous, just like that." Ted hoped Gray knew the words were meant for him. He forced his eyes to stay open, so he could watch the other man who seemed as caught up in the moment as Ted was himself.

Every muscle Ted possessed was stretched taut as the orgasm built, coiling deep in his balls. He licked his lips and drew in a deep, gasping breath as he met Gray's beautiful dark eyes from across the room.

That was enough. He came so hard he thought he was going to pass out. Spots flashed in front of his eyes as thick, hot streams of semen spattered his chest and stomach. The force of the eruption even carried some as far as his cheek, making him feel like he were sixteen again. He continued to pump his cock as the last few pulses spurted. He nearly came again when he saw Gray reach for his undershirt, wrap it around the head of his dick, and fill it full of seed.

"Fuck yes," Ted moaned. Panting, he slumped against the back of the lounge chair and reached for the beer with the hand that wasn't covered with come. He continued to massage his waning erection, watching Gray all the while.

Chapter Three

“And we’re out.” The lights on the camera went dark as soon as Gray got it together enough to switch them off. He managed to control the shaking of his hands enough to finish up at the control panel. When he finally got the system shut down, he dragged in a deep, ragged breath.

Without further ado, he kicked his jeans and briefs off his ankles and strode over to Ted in sure, quick strides.

“That was the sexiest damn thing I have ever seen in my life,” Gray growled. He went down on his knees beside the lounge, leaned over, and kissed Ted for all he was worth.

Ted wound his long arms around Gray’s waist and shoulders and pulled him down, plastering their torsos together. Gray felt the sticky warmth of the semen on Ted’s chest, and his erection returned, just as if he hadn’t come like crazy a minute earlier.

Their tongues stroked and tangled with each other while Gray reached out to run one hand down the length of Ted’s lean but toned thigh. He didn’t wax his legs, but the hair was fairly thin, just a light dusting of bright gold against the mellow golden tan of his skin. Gray brought his hand up to cup one taut cheek.

“I can’t believe this,” Ted murmured when they came up for air. “All this time I wanted you, but it never once occurred to me that you’d be interested in a technogeek.”

“And I never thought someone with your brains would be into a flaky artist-type,” Gray returned with a rusty laugh. “Guess we were both wrong, huh?”

“Guess so.” Ted sealed his lips over Gray’s again, shutting both of them up.

Gray lost himself in the beauty of Ted’s kiss. While their mouths mated, he let his hand trail up Ted’s thigh to his hip, and over to palm Ted’s long cock, which was already hardening again under his touch. The silky warmth of the skin contrasted with the rigid strength beneath. The head was still damp and sticky with ejaculate, and Gray couldn’t wait to taste.

“I’m clean,” he murmured when he once again pulled his lips away to gasp for breath. “I haven’t been with anyone in quite a while, and all my blood work has come back clean,

every month." He wanted Ted desperately, but they were both too smart to leap into a dangerous situation. Suicide by sex wasn't his idea of love.

"Likewise," Ted whispered. One of his hands caressed Gray's shaven scalp while the other trailed down Gray's spine to the crack of his ass. "It's been over a year for me, and my last check up was just before Christmas."

That was all the encouragement Gray needed. He kissed a trail down Ted's chest, between his smooth pecs, licking up the rivulets of semen as he went. Ted's come tasted like heaven. The bitter, salty tang, slightly overlain with coconut oil was the most potent aphrodisiac Gray had ever encountered.

After stopping to taste each copper nipple and to kiss the dolphin tattoo, Gray licked his way down Ted's taut stomach, pausing to twirl his tongue in his lover's belly button, before he finally reached the straining purple head of Ted's cock. Ted was fully erect now, and Gray ran the tip of his tongue down the ridge from tip to root. He sucked one of Ted's balls into his mouth, keeping the pressure light—a caress, then he slurped the other side, giving it equal time and attention. Ted's soft moan urged him on as he continued to explore, tasting and kissing, learning shape and textures with his fingers and lips.

"You want me to suck you?" he teased, tracing the rosy veins that lined the shaft with his finger. "I'm thinking that dick looks a little bit interested in sliding down my throat."

"Hell, yes," Ted replied with a raspy chuckle. "He's happy as can be to finally have your attention."

Unable to wait any longer, Gray opened his mouth and sucked the head of Ted's cock inside. He circled it with his tongue before taking it deeper, all the way to the back of his throat.

"Fuck." Ted's whole body shuddered.

It pleased Gray to know he had that kind of effect on his new lover. He applied a soft, gentle suction and set up a slow rhythm of in and out. In some vague corner of his mind, he realised he was on his knees, with his ass up in the air and his head bobbing up and down in Ted's lap, but he didn't give a damn. No one was going to come into the studio. Nathalie had walked upstairs to her apartment for lunch—probably a long one—and there was no one else in the office. Far from being a disaster, for him, the snowstorm was a gift—one he didn't plan to waste.

While he used one hand to work the base of Ted's shaft, he brought the other around to cup the tight, furry sac beneath. He was so caught up in the feel and taste of Ted, he stopped paying attention to what Ted was doing with his hands. As long as they were somewhere on him, he didn't care. He did notice when Ted stopped playing with his ass and his ears and reached for something. Distantly, Gray registered the sound of the oil being squirted, and the sound of Ted rubbing his hands together. Moments later, one of Ted's long, clever fingers insinuated itself back into the crack of Gray's ass and pressed against Gray's puckered anus.

He wanted to say, "do it," but his mouth was full, so he just nodded, hoping Ted could tell that's what it was. He was still sliding his mouth up and down on Ted's cock and he had no intention of stopping any time soon. Ted must have gotten the message, though, because soon that oiled finger pushed past the tight ring of Gray's sphincter and up into his rectum.

His groan vibrated around Ted's swollen tip, and he tasted a drop of semen that told him Ted liked what he felt. Soon a second finger joined the first, exploring carefully, but with just enough force to feel good.

"Next time," Ted gasped, "gonna be my dick in your asshole instead."

Gray nodded again, humming his agreement this time. He wanted Ted in every configuration they could manage, until each of them knew the other in every way humanly possible. He wanted them to crawl so deep inside one another's body and soul that they'd never come out.

Ted's hips lifted off the lounge as he fucked Gray's mouth with his cock and Gray's ass with his fingers. He added a third finger, stretching Gray's tight rosette to just this side of pain before curling his fingers to massage Gray's prostate.

Swallowing hard, Gray took Ted deeper into his throat, and he tightened the hand that was working the root of Ted's shaft. He pushed his hips back against Ted's hand, increasing the depth and force of the penetration.

"Jesus, you feel good, Gray. I'm gonna come again," Ted muttered. "Haven't recovered this fast since I was in college."

Gray didn't respond in words, but he knew the feeling. His own balls felt full and primed, like he was ready to shoot again any second, just from having Ted's fingers in his ass. If there'd been even the slightest stimulation on his penis, he probably would have already.

“Harder,” Ted urged, pumping his hips faster. “Suck me, baby, it feels so good.”

No problem there. Gray ramped up the suction and the speed, opening his throat to take Ted’s long pole deep. When Ted repaid the favour by shoving his hand harder and faster into Gray’s tunnel, all he could do was squeeze his eyes shut at the pleasure.

He shifted his hand from Ted’s balls, backwards to push one fingertip into Ted’s anus, just up to the first joint. That was enough. With a shout of pleasure, Ted came, spewing a flood of hot seed down Gray’s throat.

Gray swallowed every drop, drinking it down like a man dying of thirst. He was so close himself, but kept his attention focused on his partner, caressing and soothing with lips, tongue, and hands until Ted’s shudders stopped and he fell back against the chair. With one last, soft kiss, he released Ted’s dick from his mouth and sat back on his heels, which also dislodged Ted’s fingers from Gray’s butt.

Ted smiled up at Gray, his eyes bright and crinkled at the corners. “Straddle me,” he said, wiping his hand on the towel that was now crumpled beneath them on the chair. With his other hand, he pushed on Gray’s shoulder. “The chair will support both of us.” With a wicked grin, he eased his body down until just his head was pillowed against the back of the chair. He patted his chest. “My turn to taste.”

Gray didn’t waste a moment. He stood, stepped over Ted with one leg, straddling both man and chair. His swollen cock bobbed in Ted’s face, and Ted grinned, licking his lips.

“You’re thicker than I am,” Ted noted, laying a hand on Gray’s waist as Gray lowered himself to sit on his chest.

“But you’re longer.” Gray shifted until the fat dark head of his cock was right at Ted’s lips. He couldn’t care less about size – all he knew was that to him, Ted was beautiful.

Ted didn’t say a word, just made a low sound of approval as he wrapped his lips around Gray’s tip. He was glad Gray liked what he saw, but no way did he measure up to the other man for sheer beauty. Gray could have been on the pages of the magazine, instead of just designing them.

But right now, for whatever reason, Gray was here, fucking Ted’s mouth and looking like there was no place on Earth he’d rather be. Ted wasn’t stupid. Even if it was just dumb

luck, he was going to enjoy every second. He might have to go back and relive these memories for the next fifty years, so damn it, they were going to be good ones.

"That's it, sugar," Gray crooned, nudging his hips forward so Ted could take him deeper. "Swallow my cock."

Ted dug his hands into the twin globes of Gray's ass and complied happily. The bitter, salty taste from Gray's earlier orgasm was like a drug, setting all of Ted's nerve endings on fire. Even after two mind-blowing orgasms, he felt his own dick hardening again. He didn't know if he'd ever get enough of this man, but he was willing to die trying.

He pulled back against the chair so that just the broad, flared head of Gray's member was in his mouth, giving him the chance to explore it with his tongue. Gray moaned happily, so Ted figured he was doing something right. He dabbled his tongue into the slit, tasting a fresh droplet of pre-come.

A nest of crisp, black curls surrounded the base of Gray's shaft, and Ted worked one hand around front to toy with those, then down to feel Gray's heavy sac. His balls were taut and full, drawn up close to his body. He was primed, all right. Feeling no need to play further, Ted wrapped his hand around the root and sucked the crown of Gray's cock deeper into his mouth. His movements were limited by the position he was in, so he let Gray take the lead, fucking Ted's face at his own speed. Gray moaned again at the deeper penetration and set up a swift rhythm of thrust and retreat. Ted swallowed around him, adding a caress from the muscles of his throat to ripple against Gray's tip. He eased his free hand into the crack of Gray's ass, pressing one finger up against the hole it had so recently been inside. Sometime soon it was going to be his cock up there, and he felt his penis jerk again at just the thought.

Gray clenched his hands on the back of the chair above Ted's head. The cheap metal frame squeaked ominously under the assault, but neither of them cared. Ted sucked harder as Gray's thrusts speeded up, matching the intensity he could feel coiled through Gray's powerful muscles. The skin around Gray's puckered asshole was still slick from the oil, so Ted pushed the tips of two fingers back in, stretching it at the same time as he milked Gray's cock.

"Hell, yes," Gray grunted. "Suck me, sugar, just like..."

His words trailed off into gasps before he cried out Ted's name as a hot river of semen shot down Ted's throat. Ted swallowed, over and over again, amazed at the force and quantity of the come. He drank down every drop, wanting to memorise the texture and taste of his new lover.

When the spasms finished, Gray eased his cock out of Ted's mouth and slid down Ted's body until their pelvises were aligned. He slumped against Ted, resting his smooth head against Ted's shoulder.

"Thank you." Gray gasped out the words, clearly still having to fight for breath.

"Thank *you*," Ted replied. He wiped off his hand again on the towel and wrapped his arms around Gray in a tender embrace. "That was...amazing."

"No shit." Gray's chuckle was a warm puff of air. "And this isn't over...not by a long shot."

"You're serious?" Ted hoped he didn't sound like a needy puppy, but his heart leapt at the thought of continuing this relationship...if it even *was* a relationship. He still couldn't quite wrap his head around the idea of a stud like Gray being interested in a geek like him.

"Very serious," Gray growled. "Now that I finally have you, don't think I plan to give you up anytime soon."

Ted hugged Gray tightly and kissed the ear he could reach, dropping a butterfly kiss on each of the three golden hoops. "That's fantastic."

"You're staying with me tonight, you know," Gray continued. "No way I'm letting you drive home in that shit outside. I'd be worried the whole time. I've got some soup in the Crock-pot and a couple of bottles of wine I've been waiting for an excuse to open." He idly traced the dolphin tattoo on Ted's chest.

"Sounds perfect," Ted agreed. "But we could probably use a shower before we get dressed. Good thing the one in the dressing room is big enough for two."

"Big enough for an orgy," Gray agreed. He levered himself to his feet and held out a hand to Ted. "But more fun with just two."

Ted took Gray's hand and let the other man haul him to his feet. They embraced for a long moment, silently holding one another close before walking hand in hand to the dressing room.

Chapter Four

Gray turned on the taps as they stepped into the oversized, marble-lined shower. Martin Langdon had gone out of his way to make all the facilities comfortable for his employees. Just one more reason Ted liked the older man so much—and one more reason he'd been reluctant to do anything about his crush on Gray. He liked working here too much to risk messing things up. He'd found out the hard way at the last place he worked—office relationships were sticky at best, intolerable at worst.

"So tell me about you," Gray said as he squirted some liquid soap from the wall dispenser into his hands. "I know you're thirty-four. How come you're still single? Not that I'm complaining." He stepped behind Ted and began gently soaping Ted's back and shoulders with the herbal-scented gel.

"The usual," Ted said with a shrug. Might as well get his shortcomings out in the open right away. "The last relationship I had lasted about a year, but I knew long before that that it was hopeless. Nik was a party-boy, and I get really tired of the bar scene night after night. He wasn't real into fidelity, either, and I guess I'm just old-fashioned when it comes to that."

"Idiot," Gray murmured, his hands trailing down to lather Ted's butt. "Who'd want to fool around when he could have had you?" The sentiment and the tone were so sweet, so sincere, Ted felt his eyes start to water.

He quickly changed the subject. "How about you? Never found the right man?"

"Not before now," Gray said. "I've had a few long-term partners, but never one that I thought could last forever. And I'm like you—strictly into one at a time. I outgrew playing the party game when I was in the Army."

"Army?" Now that was a shock. Ted spun around and put both hands on Gray's broad shoulders. "You were military?"

Gray's full lips twitched into a rueful grin. "Don't ask, don't tell. It was a really long four years, but it paid for art school."

"Your family cool?" So many gays had problems being accepted by their families that Ted sometimes felt guilty for his own big, loving clan.

"They're okay," Gray said. He got more soap and started washing Ted's arms and chest. "My dad has never been in the picture. My mom lives in Cleveland, along with my brother and his family. Sometimes I see them at Christmas. We don't talk much."

"That's too bad. They don't know what they're missing," Ted murmured, his heart breaking at the sadness in Gray's expression. He smiled gently. "Wait until you meet mine. They'll simply absorb you until you'll forget you didn't grow up amid the lunatics."

"I'd like that," Gray said seriously, pausing his hands on Ted's elbows. "They don't mind..."

Ted laughed and gave Gray a quick kiss on the lips. "Not a bit. I've got two sisters and three brothers, who have already provided enough grandchildren to keep the parents happy. They live in Ann Arbor—a couple of old hippies who really believe in the whole peace and love thing. They're both professors, but you'd never know it to look at them. My mom weaves and my dad makes his own whole-grain bread. They'll adore you." Race hadn't been mentioned, but Ted knew his parents wouldn't give a damn about that, either. Like him, they'd just love Gray for the incredible person he was.

"You're a lucky bastard, you know that?" Gray's sudsy hands moved down to Ted's stomach and groin, tenderly cleaning his skin.

Ted's penis stirred just a little. He was far too wiped out for another round, but Gray's touch still felt like heaven. "I'm beginning to feel that way today," he admitted.

He stepped back to rinse off, then took his turn washing Gray, loving every inch of that smooth, taut skin with his hands. They continued to talk, about siblings and school, and how they'd both ended up working at *Men for Men*. By the time they were finished, both of them had pruned-up fingers and toes, and Ted felt like he'd found the other half of his heart.

They gathered their clothes from the studio, dressed, and began to clean up the set, working together as comfortably as long-time partners. Ted had to grin when Gray pulled his sweater back on without the now-stained undershirt. Every so often Gray's hand would brush Ted's ass or Ted would sneak a kiss to the top or side of Gray's head. He wondered what it would feel like in the morning when the stubble started to come in. Rubbing his own chin, he laughed. Having slept in the break room last night, he'd showered in the dressing room that morning, but he hadn't shaved. Good thing Gray hadn't minded. While a little

road rash might not show against such dark skin, the last thing Ted wanted to do was cause Gray any pain.

They shut down the lights in the studio and made their way back into the office area. Nathalie had returned from lunch and was in the process of shutting the office down for the weekend.

"It's a bit early," she admitted. "But Martin called and said we should all get out of here. Nothing else is open today, and the phones have been dead. I'll check in on the answering machine from my apartment. You guys might as well take off, too."

Ted's stomach tightened with anticipation at the idea of going home with Gray. He was anxious to see how the other man lived.

After helping Nat close up the office, they bundled up and walked hand in hand across the street to Gray's apartment. Neither of them spoke in the elevator as they shook off the snow that had accumulated even on that short walk. When the car stopped at the eighth floor, Ted followed Gray down a sedate hallway and stood while Gray unlocked the door.

"Welcome," Gray said, motioning for Ted to precede him. "I've waited for this for a really long time. It's hard to believe you're actually here."

"Wow." Ted looked around at the room. The walls and most of the furniture were white, with a couple of black and red throw pillows to relieve the starkness. Across from the door was a wide wall of windows leading out to a small balcony. But the most remarkable features were the two large oil paintings that filled the walls on either side of the room. They were modern abstracts, but still managed to give the vague impression of landscapes, in vivid sunset hues of red, orange and purple. Ted's mother would love them. He could already see her weaving a rug to match. "Those are magnificent."

"Thanks. I think they're a couple of my best."

"You painted those?" Ted gazed at the canvases. "So why are you working at an e-zine instead of doing gallery shows in New York?"

"Because painting is my pleasure—I didn't want it to become my *work*. I did try it for a few years, and having to get things done stripped all the joy out of painting for me. So I work in layout and design, and paint for fun."

"Well, all I can say is you're damned good at both." Ted tugged on the sleeve of Gray's black leather trench coat and brought him close for a kiss. It was meant to be quick, but Gray

caught hold of Ted's ski jacket and gripped him tight, returning the kiss with fervour and heat.

They were both breathing hard when they pulled apart.

"Think maybe we want to take off our coats?" Gray asked. "Maybe stay awhile?"

"Coats at the very least," Ted agreed. He sniffed, detecting beef and rosemary and other spices on the air. "And something smells incredible."

"I don't cook much, but Grandma's beef barley soup recipe is one of my specialties," Gray admitted. "I'm afraid the bread is from the bakery at the grocery store." He held out his hand for Ted's coat, hanging it alongside his own in the closet. They both bent and Ted took off his wet tennis shoes while Gray removed his motorcycle boots.

"Don't tell my folks, but I don't make my own anymore either." Ted laughed as he followed Gray through an archway to a sleek, modern kitchen. It was pretty and functional, but something about it just didn't seem like, well, a home.

"How long have you had this place?" he asked, perching on a tall stool next to the counter.

Gray reached into a cupboard for bowls and wineglasses, and handed them to Ted. "Six months. It's a little sterile for my taste, but I haven't really had time to do more than hang the paintings. One of these days, I'd rather have a house, but that seemed kind of silly, just for one person."

"I know what you mean." Ted took the bottle of merlot and the corkscrew Gray handed him, and opened the wine while Ted ladled out the soup. "I debated for almost a year before I bought my place in Ferndale, but as soon as I did, I was glad. It really feels like home now."

"I can't wait to see it," Gray said. He placed a loaf of French bread down and took the stool beside Ted's. Raising his glass, he looked Ted directly in the eyes. "To us."

Ted's heart did a somersault. "To us."

The two men clinked glasses and drank, their gazes never leaving one another's.

They ate quickly, with little conversation, but the silence was a comfortable, affectionate one, not awkward in any way. After he polished off the last mouthful of the warm, delicious soup, Ted spoke up.

"I've got to ask. What do we do come Monday?" He prayed Gray wouldn't say that their relationship would be over. "Do we try to pretend nothing happened and just go ahead with business as usual?"

Gray's liquid brown eyes widened with shock. "Why? Do you think there'd be a problem if the office knew we're seeing each other?"

Ted shook his head. "Not really. Nobody cares that David and Bryce are on-again-off-again. I just didn't want to make assumptions you'd be uncomfortable with."

"Me?" Gray put down his wine glass and squeezed Ted's hand. "I thought maybe you wanted to keep things quiet. Hell, I don't care if the whole world knows I'm in love with you."

Ted's spoon clattered as he dropped it onto the counter. "You...what?" His voice came out as little more than a croak. He prayed he'd heard correctly, that Gray wasn't just using it as a figure of speech.

Gray swallowed hard and turned his stool so he was facing Ted directly. Ted did the same, their hands still linked on the counter beside them.

"I love you, Ted," Gray repeated, his tone strong, sincere, and serious. "I've liked you, respected you, lusted after you for months. After today, I finally figured it out. You're the man of my dreams. I'm head over heels in love with you."

"Holy shit," Ted whispered as hope and love and joy swelled in his chest. "I never thought, never dreamed..." Again, he blinked back a tear.

"It's okay if you don't feel the same way," Gray assured him. "I don't expect you to, not right away, at least. I just wanted you to know."

Gray held his breath. He couldn't believe he'd blurted that out, not so soon. It was just that he'd spent months watching Ted, getting to know him. He loved the way Ted always had a moment to help anyone else in the office, no matter how trivial the problem was. He loved the way Ted teased and flirted with Mrs. Pierce, the elderly cleaning lady, just to make the older woman smile and shake her head. He loved that Ted hadn't hesitated to return his kisses, had just leapt into their relationship with all his customary warmth and enthusiasm. And today, realising that Ted was insecure about his blond good looks and lean body had

only made Gray fall in love even faster. How could he not love a man who was so focused on others that he didn't even know he was gorgeous? *Please don't let him be scared away.*

"Wow." Ted blew out a breath, lifted one hand, and fiddled with his horn rimmed glasses. "That's... I mean... I didn't expect to hear that. Not so soon, anyway. But whew, thank God! I was terrified there, about being in love alone."

"As far as I'm concerned, you never need to worry about being alone again," Gray told him. He knew his heart was in his eyes, hoped Ted could see it. "I've never been in love before, not really. I always figured I'd know it when it happened. And I did. From the moment I kissed you today, I knew you were the one."

"I thought I was in love once, but it only took me a little while to realise it was just lust," Ted told him. "What I feel for you is totally different. Deeper, stronger. I mean I've wanted you... Damn, everybody in the office wants you, even some of the women. But it isn't *just* that. It's wanting to talk to you over breakfast, wanting to hold you while we sleep, wanting to take you home to meet my folks, watch you have snowball fights with my nieces and nephews."

"I can't wait," Gray told him. He prayed Ted's family really would welcome him with open arms. Though if they'd raised a sweetheart like Ted, the odds were good. "And I'd like you to meet my mom, too, even though it won't be anywhere near the same. She tries to accept, but I know she's disappointed."

"But she's still your mom, so of course I want to meet her," Ted said slowly, his whole face lit up in a grin. "Damn, I can't believe this is really happening. I'm afraid I'll wake up, and the whole snowstorm will have been a dream."

"If it is, it's the best dream I ever had," Gray said, cupping Ted's cheek with one hand, loving the sandpapery feel of the stubble on that strong, chiselled chin. "Are you still hungry?"

"Not for food," Ted whispered. His blue eyes twinkled with happiness, and the expression Gray already recognised as desire. "Maybe it's time to see the rest of the apartment? Like the bedroom?"

"Thought you'd never ask." Hurriedly, Gray stood and set their bowls in the sink while Ted refilled their wineglasses. Gray took his glass in one hand and held out his other hand to Ted.

They moved swiftly down the short hallway. There were two bedrooms in the place. The one that was supposed to be the master bedroom, Gray had converted to a studio, since it opened onto the balcony and had great natural light. All he did in the other room was sleep, anyway, so the slightly smaller one had been fine. Maybe now he'd have to reconsider. Or maybe they'd live in Ted's house. A house would be nice—it would feel so settled, so permanent. Gray couldn't wait to see it.

"Nice." Ted stood in the doorway of Gray's bedroom and smiled. "Looks comfortable."

Gray grinned. The heavy oak Shaker-style bed was huge, and he'd spent more on it and the mattress than on everything else in the apartment. The painting he had in here was black and white with just touches of red. A thick duvet in black velvet covered zebra-stripe sheets. Ted's fair skin was going to look incredible against the black and white background.

They both set their wineglasses on the nightstand and turned to each other, aroused but awkward as to how to proceed. The moment felt too important, too significant to risk making any faux pas.

"I love you," Ted said. "In case I didn't come right out and say it before."

"I love you too, Ted." Gray closed the small gap between them and took Ted's face in both hands. "You're the one I've waited for all my life."

"And now the waiting is over," Ted breathed. With one hand, he reached up and took his glasses off, tossing them to the nightstand. "So why do we still have clothes on?" He leaned down and kissed Gray fiercely on the lips. There was no tenderness this time, no patience, just love and hunger and passion.

"Hell if I know." Gray chuckled when they came up for air. For the second time that day, he took Ted's polo shirt in his hands and tugged.

They undressed each other fast and with no great care for their clothing. Gray heard something rip, but he didn't know what. Didn't care, either. All that mattered was getting skin-on-skin with Ted.

"I can't believe I'm hard again," Ted said with a gasp as Gray wrapped a hand around Ted's penis. "You put something funny in that soup?"

"Nope, but you make me feel about sixteen again too," Gray replied. Since they were both naked, he fell backwards onto the bed, pulling Ted down on top of him. They kissed, rubbing their bodies together intimately. Gray loved the feel of Ted's weight pressing him

into the bed, and the long, hard cock pressing into his belly. He sifted the fingers of one hand through Ted's silky blond hair as they kissed, tongues taking turns thrusting and exploring the heat of each other's mouth. He clamped his other hand down hard on the supple muscle of Ted's ass.

There was so much he wanted to do with Ted, so many positions and permutations left to try. Hard to believe he'd fallen so hard, so fast, and they'd only watched each other come and sucked each other off. It didn't seem to matter though. Gray knew, down to his bones, that he wanted to be with Ted forever, to wake up beside him every morning, to fall asleep beside him every night for the rest of his life.

"Need more," Ted moaned as he trailed his lips from Gray's ear down to his collarbone. "I just can't get enough of you, babe."

"Me either," Gray agreed, arching up off the bed as Ted bit down on the cords at the side of his neck. "Fuck me, sugar. I want that long hard dick inside me."

"Really?" Ted asked, pulling away just a little. "I thought you..."

"Next time," Gray said, using his thumb to smooth away the faint line at the corner of his lover's mouth. "We've got all day and all night. This time I want you to be on top, to make me yours."

Ted gave a guttural groan as he crushed his mouth down on Gray's for another soul-deep kiss.

They dry-humped each other instinctively, until Gray was afraid they were both going to come again before he got to feel Ted pounding inside him. Finally, Gray pulled his lips away and whispered. "Hold on a sec."

Ted nodded and rolled to the side with a reluctant sigh. While Gray sat up and opened the nightstand drawer, withdrawing lube and condoms, Ted wriggled the covers down so that they lay on the sheet instead of the comforter.

"Allow me." Gray ripped open the foil packet. He leaned over to kiss the top of Ted's penis before slowly and carefully rolling the latex down over the rigid shaft. Then he kissed Ted's lips one more time before he lay back down, rolling over onto his stomach.

"God, you're beautiful," Ted murmured, running his hands up and down the Gray's back from shoulders to ass. "So fucking perfect I can hardly believe you're mine." He knelt between Gray's legs and ran his tongue down Gray's spine, all the way from his neck to the

crack of his ass. He dipped even lower to lick the back of Gray's balls and toy with the very edge of his anus. Finally, he reached for the lube. "Can't wait any longer to get into that."

Ted still had trouble believing this was real. He squirted the warming gel into his hand and applied a liberal coat to his sheathed cock before working the tip of one finger into Gray's ass, spreading the slippery liquid as he went. His cock jumped with each touch, more than ready to penetrate that puckered hole. Ted added another finger, making sure the opening was stretched and slick.

"I love you, Gray," he whispered as he slid the flared tip the first inch into Gray's dark tunnel. "Love you so much."

"Love you too, Ted," Gray panted, pushing back against the steady pressure of Ted's invasion. "Fuck me, baby. I want you so bad."

"Yessssss." Ted pushed in another inch, loving the hard squeeze of the tight muscles that ringed his shaft. "God, you feel so hot, so tight." With another thrust, he was all the way in, seated balls-deep in Gray's clasp heat.

He leaned down and nipped Gray's neck as he pulled out slowly and rammed himself back home. Over and over, he repeated the slow, sensuous movement, revelling in every glide and stroke. Gray shifted up onto his knees a bit, making the penetration even deeper, and allowing him to push back against the each thrust with the same easy rhythm.

Soon, though, the heat boiling up in Ted's balls was too much, and he quickened his pace, thrusting harder and faster into the tight, slick heat until white specks floated in front of his eyes again, then every nerve in his body exploded.

"Gray!" Hot jets of seed pulsed into the tip of the condom, filling it so full he was afraid it would burst. One hand bit into the flesh of Gray's hip as he pounded into that hot passage over and over until every drop had finished spurting. With his other hand, still slick from the gel, he reached out and circled Gray's straining erection, pumping hard. "I love you."

"Love. You. Too." Gray groaned as his cock jerked and he spewed thick ribbons of semen into the sheet.

They both slumped, gasping for breath. Slowly, shakily, Ted withdrew from Gray's body and fell to the side. "We're liable to kill each other here," he wheezed.

He felt the low rumble of Gray's husky chuckle. "Yeah, but a hell of a way to go, isn't it?"

Without another word, they helped each other off the bed and staggered to the bathroom to clean up. They fell back into the bed, cuddling on the far side, away from the wet spot. Neither, it seemed, was ready to get dressed yet, so they simply lay together, talking and snuggling under the covers.

"I love you," Ted whispered again, looking deep into Gray's dark eyes. "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me."

"I always knew that one day, the right guy would come along," Gray said, laying a hand over Ted's heart. "And my life would never be the same. I'll love you for the rest of my life, Ted. Now and forever."

Ted smiled into the warm gaze of the man of his dreams and nodded. "Forever."

Epilogue

In a penthouse on the other end of town, the ancient Fae who currently used the name Martin Langdon smiled into his scrying pool, which most visitors assumed was simply a fountain in the greenhouse garden of his apartment. He waved away the image of his two employees and smiled happily at his own lover.

“Looks like we did it again,” he said to the timber wolf seated next to the fountain.

Martin’s partner shimmered back into his human shape and lounged on the edge of the stone fountain. He grinned and raised one brow. “You’re not going to try to tell me you arranged the storm, are you? I know your powers don’t extend to that.” Stephen was hard and ready to have Martin’s attention back on him, but he knew Martin got a kick out of playing matchmaker, so he was willing to indulge the man he loved.

“No, but do you remember that idiot actor who calls himself Frankie DeLong? I may have arranged for his car to be buried under an extra-high drift this morning.” Martin’s green eyes twinkled as he reached over to fondle Stephen’s erect cock. Both men were naked. Here in their private garden, there was no need to bother with clothes.

“So you made sure one of your boys would have to do the nooner while the other filmed.”

“Umm-hmm.” Martin turned to a laptop on a small table beside him and began typing. “I’ve been working on a way to get those two together for a while, and the opportunity finally presented itself.”

Stephen stood and snuggled his body up to Martin’s back, rubbing against the smooth skin and unashamedly reading over the other man’s shoulder.

Dear Ted and Grayson, the email began. Thanks so much for your help with the nooner. I hope you both found the experience to be...satisfying. As promised, you each have the week of February fourteenth off, and the use of my South Beach condo. Attached, please find a link to a pair of airline tickets, reserved in your names.

Sincerely,

Martin Langdon,

(A.K.A: Your fairy godfather.)

About the Author

Cian Fey lives outside of Detroit with her partner of over twenty years and an ever-changing variety of pets. She's a sucker for romance in all its forms, but she likes it best with a little extra...bite.

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LUNCH IS SERVED

Jude Mason



Dedication

To all the couples who scene, whether seriously or for the added excitement of variety.

Chapter One

Philip sat in the front seat of the Toyota sedan, which he'd parked outside The Gate Club, and thought about what had brought him to that moment. He squirmed, trying to get comfortable, and smiled, knowing comfort wasn't going to happen for at least a few hours. Mark Freeman had seen to that.

He'd met Mark a few short weeks ago when he'd applied for the waiter's job at The Gate Club. Philip had known what kind of club it was, and he knew all about the Gate Room where members had to pass a security check before they could escort their 'pets' across the threshold.

That meeting was burned into Philip's memory. If he lived to be ninety, he was sure he'd remember that darkly handsome man ushering him into his small office. Philip was tall and well muscled, but had nothing on Mark. He was a good six inches taller and outweighed him by at least thirty pounds. The tight black slacks and silk shirt did nothing to hide the man's bulging muscles. Tendrils of dark hair curled over the top of his fitted, white silk shirt, and when he'd reached out to shake hands, Philip's eyes had been glued there. Only when Mark had gently cleared his throat had Philip dragged his attention back to the reason he'd come. A job, yes, he needed a job and the one being offered fitted him perfectly.

"Why don't you sit down and we'll get right to business," Mark suggested and nodded at the leather chair on the visitor's side of the desk.

"Thanks, Mr. Freeman," Philip replied and hurried to sit down, knowing an erection was imminent. At least seated, it wouldn't be so evident. The chair was comfortable, and while Mark glanced through his résumé, Philip got the chance to look around the room.

Books and files lined about half of the wall behind Mark while six monitor screens filled the other half. The screens were blank and Philip wondered what he'd see if they were switched on. Mark's desk was mid-sized and made of dark wood; the corners were padded with the same black leather as the chairs. He glanced around and saw a tall metal cabinet that took up most of another wall. Its doors were closed.

Incongruously, in the corner to his right stood what looked like a carpenter's sawhorse or bench, only much nicer. The top was padded in leather, just like all the furniture, and looked well used.

He wondered who Mark had bent over that thing. Instantly his thoughts sank into a daydream of perverse fantasy. Would it be himself or Mark strapped to the padded bench? He pictured himself, ass raised high, his legs held wide, and the red stripes on his ass coming from a whip Mark wielded. Sweat trickled down his sides as his excitement grew. Imagining how the leather would feel pressed against his belly, against his cock, made his mind reel. He clenched his ass and his growing erection jerked inside his suddenly too tight slacks.

"Résumé looks good. You've done a little work as a bouncer, I see." Mark closed the folder and leaned back in his chair, the tips of his steeped fingers under his chin. He pursed his lips and peered at Philip, as if judging him.

Philip looked at him. He swallowed hard, the vision of how the man would treat him, use him, as a bound, eager-to-obey submissive wouldn't let go. "Yes, sir." His voice sounded hoarse and he cleared his throat before he went on. "The job was all right, but when my mom got ill, I had to leave and take care of her."

Mark nodded. "You haven't worked for three months. Is that why?"

Lowering his head, he took a breath before replying. "Yes, her illness was pretty far advanced. I managed to find a little part-time stuff for a few months, but when she got really bad, well, I stayed with her until the end."

"I see. I'm terribly sorry for your loss."

"Thank you." He looked up at the man who would soon be his boss and again felt his cock twitch. "I really need the work, Mr. Freeman."

"Well, your résumé looks good." He pushed his chair back and got to his feet. "Tell me, did your family know you were gay?"

"Yes. It was difficult at first, but they got used to it, and I got used to them trying to understand. My sister doesn't go out of her way to advertise it, but she doesn't hide it either."

"Excellent." Mark came around the desk and stood beside him. "Would you like to take a look around before the doors are opened for business?"

"Yes. That'd be great." He pushed himself out of the chair and hoped his erection would fade. The man seemed to ooze sex and Philip had been single too long.

Mark took him around the front of the house, the main bar and show room. Small round tables sat haphazardly around the room. Around the walls, curtained off alcoves provided privacy for those who sought it. He met a couple of the bartenders, men in their twenties, who eyed him up and down hungrily before shaking his hand.

Mark slipped a hand around his biceps and led him away. "You know there's more to the place than just this, right?" He guided Philip to a recessed wall at the back of the room. A large ornate door faced them.

"Yes, when I phoned for the appointment, I was told about the Gate Room." He stood behind Mark and had to strain to keep from reaching out to touch the man. He was close enough to smell the musky aftershave and the deep masculine aroma of him.

"This is where you'll be working. We're short staffed here. It's hard to find just the right guy for the job." Mark unfastened the large metal catch on the door. After a moment, the 'gate' swung open.

The two men entered and Philip instantly thought he'd died and gone to some perverted section of heaven. Three of the four corners appeared to be separate dungeons designed for a certain fetish or kink. Brightly lit and spotlessly clean, the floors and walls looked like they'd been carved of some local stone. The ceiling was high and sported numerous winches and beams. *All the better to hang me from*, his thoughts raced. *Would I hang from any of those?*

"The bar's over here," Mark said and, with a hand on Philip's arm, guided him to the corner on his right. "No alcohol, but we've got an assortment of refreshments that our patrons enjoy. Safe and sane doesn't include getting drunk while you're in scene."

"So you check for alcohol or drugs before you allow anyone in?" Philip asked. He'd been to a dungeon or two before, but never participated. They'd been nothing like this.

"No, but we do keep an eye on everyone. Anyone who looks like they're on drugs or drunk gets shown the door. Of course, we do that very carefully. Some of our clientele are filthy rich and we don't want to alienate anyone." He smiled at Philip and took him slowly around the room.

It seemed that whenever he could, Mark touched him, turning him to see something, stroking his arm when he explained the use of a tangle of leather straps. Those touches were like electric charges going straight to his cock.

“You’ll be expected to monitor the scenes. If you feel that something is going too far, or a submissive can’t halt a scene, you have to intervene, tactfully. You may also be asked to assist in a scene, and that’s up to your own discretion. If you have any questions, I’ll be around and the other staff will also keep an eye on you for the first few days.”

“I understand, Mr. Freeman.”

The man turned and looked at him, closely, and smiled. “Do you? Do you really?”

Feeling his face grow warm, Philip had replied, “I think so. I have a friend who’s into the D/s scene pretty heavily. I’ve never actually done it myself, but I’ve observed.”

“Ah, I see. Not quite a rookie.”

Bristling at being referred to as a rookie, Philip replied, “Sir, I may not have taken part in the scene, but I’m very aware of the responsibility aspect.”

Mark’s smile widened, but he didn’t respond. Instead, he took Philip by the arm again and moved them towards the next corner. A metal framework waited, with cuffs and leather straps dangling from the corners.

“And what do you suppose this is?” Mark asked. .

“Scaffolding can be rearranged to fit whatever the couple’s or group’s need. The submissive can be bound or restrained in a number of ways. I’d be expected to make sure the bound party can breathe easily and isn’t in danger of losing circulation.”

“Right. Metal bars can leave some pretty nasty bruises and easily cut off circulation if they’re not watched, so it’s crucial to keep an eye on this one.”

Philip looked at the scaffolding and wondered how it would feel to have his body contorted around the bars. A rush of excitement took his breath. What would it feel like if Mr. Freeman—Mark—bound him and used him? The thought of being helpless while the man stroked or fucked him had his blood racing. Any chance of controlling his erection after that was impossible. He slipped a hand into the pocket of his slacks and squeezed his cock, trying to ease the pressure. Secretly, he wished he could sneak away and beat off somewhere. His balls ached.

Mark cleared his throat and Philip focussed. The next corner held a standard wooden cross and another one of the sawhorse affairs. Mark again asked him if he knew what was expected of him when it came to those particular devices.

He gulped and took as big a breath as he could. “It’s the same. I need to be sure the person bound can breathe easily and is able to stop whatever is being done to them. Also, if

whips or floggers are in use, they have to keep clear of the kidneys. Best place to swat is the butt and thighs. I'll check for circulation issues and any chance of permanent marking."

"You've got it." Mark patted him on the shoulder. His hand remained there for a few seconds and, instead of pulling it away, he slid it down Philip's back to the top of his ass.

The tour went on until they'd covered all of the large equipment. Then it was time to check out the assorted toys displayed on a rack in the centre of the room. Philip had never seen such variety and his interest must have shown.

"You look as if you'd like to try a few of these," Mark said and reached for one of the floggers – a sturdy piece with tiny black beads on the end of each slender strip of leather. He dragged it against his calf and the sound was like the whirring of the wind in the branches.

"These are amazing," Philip managed to get out, eyeing the variety of gags and cuffs, the rows of floggers and whips, the cock harnesses and the clamps.

"Yes, I'm pretty proud of my collection." He looked into Philip's eyes and in a soft, yet firm voice, said, "Perhaps a demonstration is in order, sometime soon."

Philip was dumbstruck. He'd been drooling over the man ever since he'd laid eyes on him. He couldn't speak. He could barely keep from groaning aloud. The idea shook him to the very core.

"Uh, does this mean I have the job?" he stammered.

"Yes, of course you have the job. I thought I'd said that when we entered the dungeon."

You very well could have, Philip thought. He'd been so amazed by the place when they'd entered, Mark could have said just about anything and he'd have missed it.

"You'll start on Wednesday, if that's all right. That gives you a couple of days to prepare yourself. You do realise, we have a uniform for this area that's pretty daring? You'll be expected to be in tiptop shape. We expect that of all our employees, but especially those who work the Gate Room."

"Yes, I completely understand," Philip replied, thankful to be talking about something other than the boss wanting to play with him. "You saw the photos I had taken for my résumé, didn't you?"

"I did, and those are a good part of why you've been accepted." He winked at Philip. "You're quite a hunk, you know that."

"Uh, thank you, Mr. Freeman." He knew from the way his face burned that he was blushing beet red again.

"Let's go back to my office and I'll get your uniform." Mark placed his hand on Philip's shoulder and, with a gentle shove, pushed him towards the door.

"Yes, sir."

"You'll be paired up with one of the other waiters for the first couple of days, until I see you can handle yourself."

"That makes perfect sense, sir. I'll do my best."

They returned to Mark's office and Mark immediately went to the metal cabinet. Opening it, he pulled one of the many drawers out and asked, "What's your chest size?"

"Thirty-eight, sir."

"Okay, this should fit." He handed Philip what looked like a handful of leather straps.

"Hip measurement?"

"Thirty-four."

Mark rummaged through the contents until he came out with a leather jock. "This should do it. You have boots, I assume."

"Yes." Philip took the jock strap and blinked. He was sure the pouch was smaller than he was used to.

"Excellent." Mark shut the cabinet door and went around his desk. Opening one of the file drawers, he pulled out a large manila envelope and handed it over. "These are our rules and regs. Study them. Memorise them. Think of them as your bible from now on."

Philip took the envelope and nodded. "Yes, sir."

"To start, your hours will be four till ten. We'll see how that goes."

The phone rang then and before Philip could say anything, Mark picked up the receiver and said, "The Gate Club, how can I help you?" He listened for a moment and then nodded. "Okay, Charlie. Hang on a sec."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to Philip, "That's it for now. If you have any questions, give me a call. Anytime after about eleven a.m., I'm here."

"Thanks, Mr. Freeman. I can't tell you how glad I am to get this job."

"Wednesday, four o'clock. Don't be late." He returned his attention to whoever Charlie was, dismissing Philip with the wave of his hand and a smile.

Philip left the office and stood just outside the door for a few moments, letting his heartbeat slow down, hoping his erection would fade. Finally, he felt as if he could be seen in public without being arrested or causing a scene.

Climbing into his car a few minutes later, he tossed the leather gear onto the passenger's seat and started the engine. The man was a hunk, he thought, and smiled. Putting the car in gear, he pulled out of the car park. Thoughts of his boss and the things that could happen kept him smiling.

Chapter Two

By Wednesday afternoon, Philip was so nervous and excited he'd been unable to eat. He'd tried on the 'uniform' and gasped at how much the jock revealed. The harness that crisscrossed his chest and back made him feel macho as hell, but the jock was another matter. The cup was made of the smoothest, most supple leather, but it was snug even when he was soft. Hell, it was more than snug. He knew that if he got an erection, he'd be flashing the room.

He walked into the club and nodded at the doorman, a tall muscular guy about his age. His uniform was a whole lot more substantial, Philip thought as he headed for the staff change room. Well-fitted black slacks and suspenders bared the man's bulging chest and ripped abs. At least he wasn't in danger of indecent exposure.

Pushing open the door, he walked in and was surprised when he saw a nearly naked man stuffing himself into a jockstrap. The guy was a stud, blond, tanned and with the body of a California surfer.

The fellow looked up and smiled. "You gotta be the new guy. I'm Scott." He straightened up and held out a hand.

Philip reached out and took it. "Yeah, I'm the new guy, Philip Sands."

Scott's handshake was firm, and his smile seemed genuine. "Nervous?"

Philip took a deep breath and nodded, "Yeah, the outfit is pretty small and won't cover if I get hard."

Chuckling, Scott replied, "I think Mark planned it that way. We're the chaperones, but we're also eye candy for the guys who show up alone."

"I figured that. As long as I'm not expected to do any 'business' on the side, I think I can handle it." When he said it, he wasn't sure if he believed it or not. Only time would tell.

"That's definitely not what Mark's after. He runs a legit club where men can let their hair down." Scott leaned forward and spread his legs.

The pouch seemed about ready to burst, but it held his package. He'd obviously trimmed his pubes, as Philip had, but he'd left a treasure trail of slightly darker blond hair

going from his navel all the way to the top of the pouch. He wondered how much hair Scott had left.

Philip dropped the sports bag onto the counter and reached for the buttons of his shirt. Stripping it off, he looked at Scott and asked, "Mr. Freeman said I'd be partnered up with someone for awhile – any idea who that might be?" He spotted hangers on a row of wall hooks and grabbed one, hanging up his shirt. He took off his boots, but left his white socks on.

"Yeah, me."

Naked to the waist, Philip dug the harness out of his bag and slipped it over his head. It settled on his shoulders, the studded black leather crossed over his chest and back, a wider band circling his ribs. He buckled that and reached for the button and zipper on his jeans. Taking a deep breath, he stripped them off and then his boxers.

"Nice," said Scott who'd perched his butt on the counter and watched him strip.

Philip glanced up at him and felt his face heat up. "Thanks." He quickly grabbed his jock strap, slipping it over his feet and pulled it up his legs.

"Take a breath, bud." Scott reached over and patted him on the shoulder. "First night jitters. We all get them."

Appreciating the advice, Philip inhaled deeply and then worked at getting his newly trimmed package concealed. He knew he was well equipped, showering at the gym and eyeing other men had fed his ego enough to be sure of himself in that department. What he was most concerned about was getting wood. What the fuck was he going to do if he got a hard on? The smooth leather held him snugly but it had no give, no stretch and that's what he needed. Either that or –

"You're still worried about getting hard," Scott interrupted his musing. "It'll happen. You'll get noticed. Hell, you might even get a pat on the ass or two before the night's over."

Philip's heart lurched. The guy really did know what was racing through his mind. "And what do you do? I mean I can't just walk around with a hard on."

Chuckling, Scott looked into the mirror and ran a hand through his shaggy blond hair. "You can't really do anything. Well, I guess you could take a quick break and jerk off in the loo. But, you only get two breaks in a shift. And, you really can walk around with a hard on. You'll wind up with more tips that way."

Philip swallowed. Tips, he knew he'd get them, new guys always did, but he hadn't thought too much about how. He'd assumed on the tray, but a new thought entered his mind. "Tips. Those aren't just dropped on a tray, are they?"

"Man, you are naïve." Scott slid off of the counter and turned his back. Bending forward, he presented the firm curve of his ass cheeks to Philip. Reaching around, he slapped himself then pulled on the strap that ran across his lower back and said, "See the straps? You'll get bills stuffed in any of them," he turned and thrust his pelvis forward, "and your cup might seem full now, but you get a few bills tucked in there and you'll know what full means."

Bending over, Philip picked up his short engineer's boots and slid them on. When he straightened up, he faced Scott and hoped he didn't look as uncomfortable as he felt. "I guess I am a little naïve, but I'm pretty sure it won't last."

"Come on, I'll show you the ropes." Scott grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him around to face the door, then pushed. "You're going to be great. Just remember to smile a lot and watch the scenes."

"Got it."

Just before Philip stepped into the club proper, Scott gave his ass a sharp slap. Philip yelped and took several staggering steps into the room.

The few patrons already in attendance turned and stared at him, then chuckled when he reached around to protect his naked bottom from any further abuse. His face burned with embarrassment and if a hole suddenly appeared in the floor, he'd have jumped in gladly.

He turned and was about to curse Scott when he spotted Mark – Mr. Freeman – standing at the entrance to the gate room. He looked amazing in the 'boss' version of the uniform. Tight leather pants and boots as well as the same kind of harness Philip wore. He'd turned to see what the commotion was about and smiled when he spotted Philip. Nodding, Mark waved him forward and waited while he crossed the short distance separating them. Behind him, he could hear Scott following him.

"Scott, nice swat," Freeman said when they were close. He turned and unlatched 'the gate', then turned and said to Philip, "After tonight, you won't have to wait for someone to escort you in."

"Thanks, sir." Philip stood as far away from Scott as he could get without making it obvious. Or so he thought.

"I hate to tell you this," Freeman whispered to him, "it's your first night and your ass is fair game for any of the staff. It's kind of an initiation to the gate room."

Philip's jaw dropped. *This was going to go on for the entire evening!*

The door swung open and Scott eased in close enough to 'urge' Philip forward with another well-placed swat.

* * * *

Four hours into his first shift, Philip was getting the hang of the job, and loved every moment of it. Scott had continued to give his bottom a good lambasting at every opportunity, as did the other three men on staff. Even the bartender got in a couple of whacks when Philip had strayed too close. He suspected his bottom was a nice shade of rosy red for most of the night. It sure felt like it should be. The sudden shots of pain had so far kept him from getting an erection, although it had been close a few times.

"Hey, boy," called one of the dominant men from the corner where his subbie was strapped to the padded sawhorse, or bench. Instead of bent over it, he'd mounted it from the end, and his calves were secured to the lower rungs while his belly lay against the wider top. His ass was bare and hung over the end, and his Master had been using a paddle on it for nearly an hour.

Philip went to the man, but didn't go too close. He was enormous, not only in height but in girth. His dark curly beard and hooded brows gave him a sinister look that made Philip slightly uncomfortable.

"Yes, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked respectfully.

"You can come closer so I don't have to yell for a starter," he said in his gruff voice.

Philip took a couple of steps closer and realised there were a few onlookers watching, including Mark. He bowed. "Sir, I'm sorry. How may I help you?" he tried again.

"My boy needs some ice, a cube or two to suck on. Would you be so kind as to bring them?"

Relieved, Philip replied, "Of course, sir, right away." He turned and headed towards the bar. On his way, he came very close to where his boss stood, smiling.

“Nicely done,” Mark said softly. When Philip was right next to him, Mark reached out and rather than slapping his bottom, he stroked it, slipping his fingers along the seam separating the cheeks.

Completely caught off guard, Philip jerked forward. The touch, the gentle caress of the man he’d been lusting after for days, was enough to awaken his cock. It thickened, and when the leather cup grew tight, his shaft pulsed against it, straining to get free.

“Fuck,” he mumbled quietly, desperately trying to calm his lust. He knew it was going to happen eventually, but later sounded fine to him. He was given no choice. His erection blossomed even as he grappled with his thoughts on public display.

Standing before the designated spot at the bar where he was to place orders, he waited patiently for his turn. When the bartender stood in front of him, his cock was fully erect and his face was burning. “Couple of ice cubes, please.” He reached down and tried to push his shaft to the side, but there just wasn’t enough material to cover it. At least two inches as well as the head poked out.

“Need one for yourself too?” the man asked, laughing when Philip’s face grew even hotter.

“Thanks, you’re a brick,” he replied, and held out his hand for the glass filled with cubes. He stood there for as long as he dared, but his manhood remained at full mast and he had a client waiting. Finally, he took a deep breath and turned.

His boss stood watching him, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. His gaze went from Philip’s face down to where his cock had pushed its way over the top of his jock. His eyes lingered there, just long enough for Philip to feel like a prize racehorse being inspected before making the return trip, then slowly moved up his body to his face. Once he was looking directly into Philip’s eyes, he licked his lips and nodded.

“Fuck,” Philip whispered, so quietly he doubted someone standing right next to him could have heard him. But the boss chuckled, obviously reading his lips.

The big man in the corner was watching too, and looking impatient. Philip headed that way, again going very close to Mark.

“You have a *hard* problem there,” his tall, hunky boss whispered when Philip walked past him. The hand again travelled down his back, cupped his ass, then gave it a squeeze, before he was out of range.

The ice rattled and Philip nearly dropped the glass. Mark was driving him crazy, and seemed to know it. More than know it, he revelled in making Philip's embarrassment grow.

"Sir, your ice," he said when he again stood in front of the bear-like man.

With his arms crossed over his enormous chest, the man scowled down at Philip. "It's about time. My boy's parched. Kneel beside him and feed him one of the cubes."

Philip wasn't sure if that was appropriate behaviour and searched for Scott. The blond man was right there and whispered, "Go for it. Just don't let him talk you into participating in the scene."

Nodding, he went to where the submissive's face was and knelt beside him. The man was red faced but smiling, and more than ready for the ice. He opened his mouth as Philip dug a cube out of the glass and popped it in. A groan of pleasure came from the man a moment later. He was clearly enjoying himself.

"Hey, boy, get your butt up higher," his dominant commanded.

Philip watched as the bound man strained to raise his ass higher. His brow furrowed and he grunted, managing to lift his belly off the bench and his bum into the air.

"You all right?" Philip asked quietly.

Sweat trickled off the reddened face, as he nodded quickly, but didn't speak.

Philip remained kneeling there, feeding the man ice while his master used the paddle on him. The sharp slap was followed by soft grunting noises, but that was the only sound he made. When he refused the next cube, Philip again asked him if he was all right. Again, the man nodded and smiled, then gritted his teeth as the wooden paddle connected with his bottom yet again.

Rising, Philip was surprised to see his erection was still there. Looking around, he spotted Scott a few paces away, offering a group of men refreshments from a large tray. Mr. Freeman was at the bar, leaning against the polished surface and talking to the man behind it.

"Join me," Freeman called and waved Philip over.

Philip took a breath and was just about to take the first step when he felt a hand on his butt. He turned and saw the big Dom with a ten-dollar bill in his hand. A moment later, that bill was thrust under the cup of his jock. He squirmed but didn't pull away, not even when the hand slipped around his cock and gave it a jerk.

“Thank you, sir,” Philip managed and walked, unsteadily, towards his boss. *Holy shit, what have I gotten myself into?*

Chapter Three

"How are you faring, Philip?" Mr. Freeman asked, a smile plastered on his handsome face. "You seem to be a popular guy."

Again, Philip felt his face grow warm. "Fine, sir. I'm learning the ropes. Scott's keeping an eye on me. So far, I haven't screwed up too badly." He wanted to cover himself, but he'd noticed the other staff getting hard ons and no one covered themselves. It seemed more like a signal for the patrons to cop a feel or get a little extra service. Tips got better and he could sure use the money. Three months of no money coming in had strained his bank balance to the breaking point.

"You handled Mr. Soams very well." Freeman nodded towards the big man and his submissive, who was still receiving punishing blows of the paddle.

Philip watched for a moment, shuddered and then replied, "Yes, sir. Scott was a help there too."

"Yes, he's a good man, Scott, I mean."

"Yes, sir." He wanted to say more, but didn't feel as if he knew Mark well enough. He wanted to ask about the caress, what he'd meant by it, if anything.

"You've got about an hour to go before your shift ends."

"Yes, that's right. It's been an experience, that's for sure." He looked around the room. Only two of the corners were being used, and the crowd was small. "It must get really crazy when the place is full."

"It can. Most weekends we're filled to the max. You'll see." He looked down into Philip's eyes and smiled. "Would you care to join me for a drink?"

"Now, sir?" he asked surprised.

"Yeah, I'm the boss, and your shift is nearly over."

"I'd like that, I could use one."

"Let's go to my office." He looked a little lower, no doubt at the erection jutting from the top of Philip's jock. "You'll be less on display there."

Looking down, Philip noticed the head of his cock was shiny, a droplet of pre-cum perched at the tip. "Yeah, I think I'd like that. Like I said, it's been one heck of an experience."

Mark laughed and pushed away from the bar. "Come on then, follow me." He walked across the room, not towards the entrance, but to another door Philip had noticed earlier. He'd assumed it was a storeroom, and once they'd entered, it apparently was. Mark continued on to another door, this one locked.

"My own entrance," he said and pulled out a key from his pocket. Unlocking the door, he pushed it open. "I don't always want to go through the main room to my office." He stepped aside and motioned for Philip to go first.

"Cool," Philip said and stepped into the man's office. He breathed a huge sigh of relief. "I know I'll get used to it, but this really has been one bitch of an eye opener."

Mark closed the door and went around his desk. "Sit, relax. I bet you're jazzed." He sat down and reached into one of the drawers. A bottle and two glasses appeared and were placed on his desk between them. "Scotch all right?" he asked, already twisting off the cap.

"Oh yeah, that's perfect." Philip's erection was beginning to fade, so while sitting, he managed to tuck himself back into the jock. The cool leather against his buttocks helped. "Jazzed, now that's a good word for it. What a night!"

Mark handed him a glass and Philip took a sip, savouring the fiery liquid burning its way down his throat. It hit his stomach and spread warmth all through his system. Another sip and he sighed.

"Thank you. This really hits the spot."

"Anything happen tonight that bothered you?" Mark asked seriously.

Philip thought for a moment, and realised he hadn't eaten since early morning. He'd have to watch it or the alcohol would make him reckless. "No, I can't think of anything. Well, maybe the hard on issue. I'm not used to parading around with my pecker leading the way. Not in public anyway."

Chuckling, Mark looked down, obviously trying to spot his cock. "What hard on?"

Philip sputtered, and was about to say something, but Mark beat him to it. Holding up a hand, he said, "Joking. I saw it earlier, so did everyone else. It's a gay club. Members are playing sex games. It's expected and I'm afraid you'll either get use to it, or learn to get off on it." He winked and smiled. "The latter, I hope."

Swallowing another sip, Philip reminded himself to take it easy. He felt like he'd been dragged into a world of sexual play, and he wasn't sure how far he should go. Mr. Freeman was driving him crazy with his touches and sensual innuendos. But, he had to be careful, he really needed the job.

"Mr. Freeman, I—"

"Mark, call me Mark. I know I'm your boss, but I hope I'll be a friend too."

He felt light headed, flushed, and if they'd been together under different circumstances, he'd have leapt at the chance to get better acquainted. A sudden stirring at his groin grabbed his attention. Looking down, he saw his cock head peeking back up at him. "Fuck!" he whispered. Too late, he realised he'd said it aloud.

Mark rose from his chair, just enough to peer over the desk and down at Philip's crotch. "Seems old John Henry likes to show off."

For an instant, Philip thought about apologising, perhaps cutting the drink short and leaving. The smile on Mark's face stopped him and he knew he had to take a chance. After taking another sip of Scotch, he said, "Yes, John Henry likes to show off, and yes, I'd like to be friends." Taking a deep breath, he added, "You've been driving me crazy ever since I saw you." The last came out in a whisper. He knew it was too soon, he knew it was asking for trouble, but he meant it and hoped Mark wouldn't take offence.

Mark sat back and raised his glass. "Thank you. Your honesty is refreshing, and it does wonders for my ego."

Philip was shocked. How could Mark need an ego boost? He was gorgeous. He had a successful business and eager men at his beck and call. "I'm glad I said something right. It was about time."

"Hey, you've been doing a lot right. The customers are thrilled with you. For a first nighter, you've really done well."

"Thank you. I'm just glad I didn't fuck up too much." Philip raised his glass and drained it. The buzz felt good and he knew he'd drunk it too fast.

"Let's call it a night." Mark retrieved the glass and drained his own. "You'll be on this shift for the rest of the week. Scott will be your buddy, keep an eye on you, advise you if you need it. Sound all right?"

"Yeah, sounds great."

“In a couple of weeks, I’ll do a review and we’ll go from there. Any problems, my door’s always open.”

But is your bed filled, Philip wondered. Are you lonely? Do you want someone to make you feel special? Those words and more raced through his mind. He knew he had to keep them to himself. His cock throbbed and swelled, the tip again pushing free of the leather cup.

“That’s great. Thank you, Mark.” His voice sounded firm, his heartbeat threatened to burst through his chest.

Mark got to his feet. “I really should get back out there.” He held his hand out, and waited.

Philip knew his erection would show if he got up. For a moment, he thought he’d better just stay put and wait until Mark was looking away. The outstretched hand took that option away and he rose, hesitantly, his hand reaching out.

Mark’s gaze went to his cock and again he smiled, “Yup, a very hard problem.”

Philip looked down, and groaned. “Yeah, what can I say? Damn thing has a mind of its own.”

“Doubt it.” Mark looked him in the eye and said, “If you have sex before a shift, sometimes it helps.”

“Don’t have a partner right now.” *But, I’d like to fuck you,* he wanted to add.

“That’s not the only way to get your rocks off – although, the customers do like to see wood.” He looked at his watch and repeated, “Gotta get moving. I’ll see you tomorrow night.” Heading for the door, he opened it but before leaving, he turned and said, “I bet you can’t go without masturbating.”

Surprised by the sudden interest, Philip stammered, “I hadn’t planned to deny myself.”

“Deny yourself, I’m asking you to.” He left and shut the door softly behind himself.

Philip stood there, his thoughts racing. Was the boss as attracted to him as he was to the boss? Was he serious? *Do I want to deny myself, for him?* The answer was yes, he wanted to and his cock throbbed even harder when he thought about the day ahead – perhaps even the coming weeks.

He’d tried to outwait the erection, but that wasn’t going to happen. After twenty minutes, his cock simply continued to pulse and leak pre-cum. Finally, he decided to just

leave and get it over with. He was sure the patrons would enjoy the show, and deep inside, he knew he'd enjoy showing off.

Opening the door, he gazed into the room and quickly strode ahead. He held a hand over his crotch, shielding himself somewhat. But when one a staff member walked behind him and slapped his butt, he lurched forward a couple of steps. He swung his hands around behind himself to protect his bottom. The latter half of his trip across the room he did with his crotch exposed, his erection leading the way.

Pushing open the change room door, he chuckled when he heard several people cheering behind him. Staff, patrons, it didn't matter.

"Bugger!" He pushed the door closed and sagged against it.

* * * *

The next two weeks proved to be much like the first. He arrived, excited at the prospect of seeing Mark, and talked with Scott while he changed into his uniform. He worked his six-hour shifts, often spending time with the clientele monitoring the submissive men or assisting when asked.

Each evening, Mark called him into his office and they'd share a drink. When he asked Scott about his nightly meetings with the boss, all Scott said was, "you lucky dog." Philip loved the attention and the constant state of arousal ensured a lot of that. His tips were amazing, adding up to nearly as much as Mark paid him. Every after-hours meeting with Mark meant another suggestion that he forgo masturbation when he got home, and he'd caved only once in all that time. He was constantly horny, constantly fantasising about Mark and the things he'd like to do to him, or with him. Life just couldn't get much better.

After he'd been there for his two 'trial' weeks, he knew Mark was going to want to see him. He just hoped the evaluation went well and that he'd be given a permanent position. He couldn't imagine not being at The Gate Club. When he had time off, his thoughts continually returned to the club and its handsome owner.

Late on Friday evening, he was watching a very slender submissive being bound to the scaffolding by his much older lover and master. The young man was naked and his erection jutted beautifully away from his body as the older man used tape to secure his limbs

in place. Philip was just there to watch how tight he wound the tape, making sure there wouldn't be any circulation issues.

"Philip, could you join me a little earlier tonight? We've got some things to discuss." Mark laid a hand on Philip's shoulder and squeezed.

Philip looked up and smiled. "What time would you like me to be there, sir?" He'd taken to calling Mark, 'sir'. It somehow felt right and the big man seemed to like it too, often smiling after they'd spoken.

"Nine, no later."

"I'll be there." He returned his attention to the couple using the scaffolding, but his thoughts remained on Mark. The man was not only gorgeous, but he had a way with people that made every one of them feel special. When Mark spoke, it was as if a barrier went around him and his attention was focused on Philip alone. Mark was honest, and helped anyone in the club who needed it, both staff and patrons.

He was also incredibly sexy and Philip found himself getting hard, again. He spent most of his work hours erect and dripping. There were days he'd gone home aching to come, but for whatever reason, when his handsome boss asked him not to masturbate, he'd obeyed.

Reaching down, he gave his cock a tug, but quickly pulled his hand away. Public display was one thing, but he knew if he wasn't very careful, he'd shoot.

An hour later, he stood outside Mark's office door, trying to calm his nerves. His erection still plagued him and even though he'd made a ton in tips, he would have given anything for a chance to empty his balls.

He tapped on the door and waited, unsure of whether Mark was there yet or not. The door opened, answering his question.

"Come in. You're on time, as usual." Mark stepped back allowing him to pass. Closing the door, he asked, "Drink? Scotch?"

Philip sat on a visitors chair and replied, "Yes, thank you, sir."

"You've really gotten into calling me 'sir'." Sitting down behind his desk, Mark pulled out the bottle and poured them each a glass of the amber liquid. "Why?"

Taking one, Philip sipped a little and then sat the glass on the desk. "It feels right. Is it a problem?"

"Hell no, it's just that I've never had an employ call me 'sir' in quite the tone you've taken on." He smiled and raised his glass. "Here's to your permanent position, if you want it."

Heart thumping like he'd run a race, Philip said, "Yes, I want it. Thank you, sir. I didn't think it'd be quite this easy."

"Easy, well, I'm glad it's come easily to you. It doesn't for everyone."

Philip wasn't sure what to say. He was thrilled that he'd landed the job and glad Mark was happy with his work. But there was more. He wanted to say more, but couldn't find the right words.

"I'm going to say something now and if I'm reading you wrong, please stop me." Mark leaned his elbows on the desk. Running his gaze from Philip's face down over his body and stopping at his groin, he said, "Have you climaxed since you started working for me?"

Suddenly breathless, excited and trembling, Philip replied honestly, "Yes, once."

"You masturbated once, or you had a wet dream?"

His face grew warm. "Masturbated, sir."

"Again you call me 'sir'. Tell me why."

Philip was lost for words. His fantasies, his deepest, darkest fantasies, flashed before his eyes. Mark – sir – sat in his office chair. He was there too, kneeling in front of him. Submissive, he knew what it meant, deeply. But could he admit to the one man who made him feel truly subservient that he wanted to be trained? *Can I ask him to be my master?*

Chapter Four

Philip squirmed. His cock felt like it was about to explode. His balls churned, shifting in their sac, moving up tight to his body. Sweat trickled down his sides, glistened on his chest.

"I'm waiting. I'd like to know why you call me 'sir'." Mark repeated. He kept his eyes on Philip's crotch.

"Yes, I...I know. It's difficult. Fuck," he mumbled. *I've got to get this out. Pull yourself together or you'll sound like an idiot.* "Mark, sir, you said you were going to say some things that might not be appropriate. That I was supposed to stop you if they made me feel uncomfortable."

"Yes, I did." He looked up into Philip's eyes. "Have I said too much, asked too much of you?"

"No, but I'm going to say the same to you. If I say or ask something that makes you uncomfortable, I want you to stop me. I need this job, I want your friendship, but you've asked a question that's way over the top."

Mark smiled and nodded. He took another sip of his scotch and rolled it around his mouth before swallowing. "Okay, I just want to clear the air here. You've got the job. That's guaranteed. Well, unless you fuck up so bad it can't be fixed.

"This conversation goes outside of work. I think we've got something else happening between us. I want to know what your feelings are. I care about you, you must know that."

Philip took a moment to digest what he'd just said. He nodded and took a deep breath. "All right. When I first came in for the job interview, two weeks ago, I was attracted to you. More than attracted, it was like I knew you – knew something special was about to happen between us.

"I've always had this fantasy." He stopped and for a heartbeat was afraid to go on. What if Mark laughed at him? What if he called him a pervert or sick, or something worse?

"Please, go on. Take your time, but tell me," Mark said quietly, not pressuring him, but gently urging him.

"I've been having fantasies about you. About you doing things to me. I always call you 'sir' in those fantasies."

"Ah, I see." He rose from his chair and came around the desk. He stood directly in front of Philip and leaned back, perching his buttocks on the edge. "Was I ever here?"

Philip looked straight ahead, not daring to attempt to meet the man's gaze. He felt like he'd swallowed his tongue, and when he spoke, his voice was rough. "Yes, sir." The front of Mark's leather pants was tight enough to outline his cock, its impressive girth and length, and the large ball sac beneath.

"And you were on your knees perhaps?"

It's now or never, Philip thought and lowered himself to his knees. "Yes, sir. Like this." The carpeting felt rough against his knees, exciting. He didn't know what to do with his hands. They dangled at his sides, his fingers curled to keep from reaching over and touching himself.

"Very nice, my sexy stud," Mark said from above him. "And were you clothed or naked?"

The endearment took Philip's breath and it took a moment for him to collect himself. "Sometimes I was fully clothed, sometimes I was in the harness and jock, like I am now. Sometimes you've had me wear other things or nothing."

"Other things?"

"Yes, from the gate room – from your collection. The cock rings or clamps. Every time I think about it, there's something different."

"Ah, we experiment." Mark pressed a hand against his bulging cock, pressing it hard and then sliding down the leather-clad length. He cupped his balls and groaned. "I remember saying something about demonstrating a few things with you." Spreading his feet, he thrust his hips towards Philip's face.

"Yes, sir, I remember that too." He'd gone home after that and sat staring at nothing while thoughts of what the handsome club owner would do to him tormented him. It was the first of many fantasies.

"And, it excites you?"

Glancing up, he met Mark's eyes for a moment. He saw the lust there, the need and something more – desire for him, the caring. He couldn't keep eye contact, and looked down again, focusing on the sexy package his sir was displaying. "Yes, it excites me. Watching all

those men use the equipment, seeing them being bound and teased or punished drives me crazy every night.”

“Yet, you want the job.” Mark chuckled when Philip looked up at him.

“Yes, sir, I want the job. Crazy, but I want to be near you. I want...” He lowered his gaze and let the sentence trail off.

“Lean forward and press your face against my cock.” Mark’s voice was calm, but there was no doubt he expected to be obeyed.

Philip complied, pressing his nose and mouth against the bulging shaft of his cock. Mouth dry, he waited, unsure of what Mark might have him do next. The idea of allowing another man to control him excited Philip beyond anything else. When he’d come out of the closet, he’d thought that was a big deal. But admitting to himself, in his deepest heart of hearts, that he was a submissive was enormous. Letting someone else know was terrifying.

He prayed that trusting Mark was the right thing.

He inhaled, taking in the rich scent of leather and man sweat. A slight hint of sex and aftershave came to him, and he rubbed his cheek against Mark’s crotch. It throbbed against his face. He wanted to turn his head and open his mouth around the leather-clad shaft, but knew he’d already moved without permission, already disobeyed his ‘sir’, and didn’t want to push his luck too far.

He fought his desire, and won. But the desire simply grew stronger. He wallowed in the need, the pleasure of it and the joy in his strength.

“You understand that I keep work very separate from my play.” Mark was all business and Philip listened carefully. “When you’re on shift, you’re my employee. Do you think you can handle that?”

“Yes, sir,” he replied swiftly, hoping his voice sounded as sure as he felt.

“We’ll see.” He pushed at Philip’s head, working his hands beneath it, and opened his zipper. Reaching inside, he pulled out his cock. “Don’t use your mouth on it.”

It was like the man had told him not to breathe. Philip craved the taste of him, the sweet texture of cock against his lips, inside his mouth, brushing against the back of his throat as he took it deep. Not to use his mouth was a torture Philip hadn’t expected. Yet, it made the feel of the shaft against his face softer, yet firmer. The bristling hair at the base tickled his nose. The ridge around the head dragged across his cheek and bumped at his ear,

catching there, pulling, as he moved his head side to side. Mark smelled delicious, and Philip's mouth watered with the desire to taste him.

"Turn your head and face me. Don't look up." Mark shifted his feet, moving one on either side of Philip's knees. "Mm, this is killing me."

"Yes, sir. Me too," Philip managed in a hoarse voice barely above a whisper.

Mark thrust his hips forward, his balls pressing against Philip's lips and chin, the shaft of his cock riding the side of his nose. He arched and thrust again, harder, bruising Philip's lips with the force, yet Philip didn't move. Wouldn't have wanted to even if given permission to.

"Might be time for a cock ring, or something. I bet you're ready to shoot, aren't you?"

"Yes, it's been over a week." Philip confessed, his mouth against the man's balls. *I'll never get a cock ring on.*

"Sit back and pull your jock down." Mark moved back and took his cock into his hand. He massaged the shaft, running his thumb over the crown, spreading a drop of pre-cum.

Philip sat back on his heels and pushed his jock down over his balls. The temptation to stroke his aching, trembling cock was incredible, but he forced it down, and clenched his fist to keep it away.

His lover, his boss, turned and went to the metal cabinet. He rattled around inside for a few minutes, and then returned to perch on his desk. In his hand, he held what looked like a couple of solid silver metal bands. Both turned out to be hinged and came equipped with a key. Once unlocked, he passed the larger one to Philip. "We have choices now. This can be used as a cock ring or ball weights. I'm going to give you the choice here." He held up the second open band and showed it to him, as well as where the key fitted.

Philip gaped. He'd used a cock ring before and it kept him hard for slightly longer than was comfortable. He'd never tried ball weights, but thought they were sexy as hell. *But, which one now?*

"Make the choice or I'll make it for you," said Mark. He rubbed his cock and pulled at his balls, obviously as horny as Philip was.

Philip looked at both rings, and thought of all that had happened that day – all that was likely to happen over the next few weeks – and simply couldn't decide.

"No decision?" Mark said and chuckled. "Fine, get to your feet and slip out of your jock. I want to see what I'm getting here."

Philip scrambled to get up and quickly pushed his jock down and off. Standing with it in his hand, the cock ring in the other, he faced Mark.

"Very nice, now move over so I can sit in your chair."

He stepped to the side and Mark sat. He reached out and turned Philip so he was facing his crotch.

"Spread your legs."

"Yes, sir," Philip complied. His balls shifted.

"I suppose you could call this a kind of collar. A promise collar maybe." He cupped Philip's balls and drew them down, pulling them until a slight pain knifed into his belly. Mark quickly slipped the smaller ring around the neck of Philip's balls, and closed it. Inserting the key, he locked it in place.

When Mark pulled his hand away, Philip grunted. Such an unusual feeling tugged at his balls. It wasn't heavy, but he wasn't likely to forget it was there either. Moving his hips forward, he marvelled at the sensation.

"It'll take some getting used to." Mark sat back and watched him, while stroking the magnificent erection jutting from his crotch. Reaching out, he took the other ring from Philip's hand and tossed it into the air, and grabbed it again. "Why not," he said and took hold of Philip's cock shaft.

"What?" Philip gasped and shuddered, close to losing it.

"Shhh!" Mark held his cock firmly, pulling it towards himself. The shaft narrowed slightly at the base and he quickly slid the cock ring around and closed it. Using the same key, he inserted it and locked it.

"Oh fuck!" Philip groaned, his crotch afire with the need to come, yet the suddenly tight grip keeping it from happening. He moved, and the two metal rings tapped together, sending an entirely new sensation straight through him. "Oh shit, oh fuck!" he mumbled, amazed at how excited he was.

"I think I'd like a blowjob now," Mark said in a soft voice. He held the base of his cock and aimed the head towards Philip. "You up for it?"

"Yes, sir," he muttered, and quickly dropped to the floor between Mark's knees.

"Don't touch yourself."

Philip looked up into the man's face and nodded. "No, sir, I won't until you tell me."

"Good. Now, suck me. I like a little teeth, and a lot of tongue." He slid forward in the chair, easing his legs wider apart. "Look at the zipper, it goes further, pull it down with your teeth."

Philip looked closer and saw that Mark's zipper was indeed much longer. He leaned in and grabbed the tab with his teeth, pulling it down. His nose rubbed along the base of the man's cock. As he pulled the zipper tab harder, Mark's balls tumbled out and pressed against his nose. The heady rich scent nearly made him swoon.

"Good enough, now your mouth. Use it." Mark wriggled his ass, apparently settling more comfortably in the chair.

"Yes sir," Philip sighed and moved in. Taking the head into his mouth, he ran his tongue around it, wetting it and then releasing it. The round knob bounced and he grabbed it on the upward swing, dragging his teeth along the delicate tissue.

"Yess," Mark hissed. "Just like that, suck it. Make it last."

Philip spread his knees wider, and gasped when the head of his cock slid across the carpet. He couldn't touch himself, but there were other ways to stimulate himself, he thought and thrust his hips forward.

Taking his time, he nipped and nibbled along Mark's shaft, enjoying the taste of him, finally. The rich, musky man scent filled his nostrils. The salty taste of pre-cum was the appetizer, and he hungered for the main course. He loved it when Mark groaned, the sound music to his ears. When the man grabbed his head to guide his mouth, he loved that even more.

He raked his teeth gently across the crown, and groaned himself when the head of his cock tapped along the carpet. Pre-cum oozed, wetting the carpet, slicking the way for his amazing journey. He jerked his hips forward, and shuddered.

Mark pulled his face back, and aimed the bulbous, wet head of his cock at Philip's lips. "Open, take just the tip and suck it."

Eagerly, he did so, working his lips over the soft crown, his tongue into the tight hole at the end. He sucked softly, then more firmly, until with a groan of passion, Mark dragged his face down. The length of the man's cock was daunting, filling his mouth and touching the back of his throat. He swallowed, his throat tightening around the tip of Mark's cock, holding him, squeezing him.

“Yeah, do it, milk the cum out. Take it. Take it.” He used Philip’s hair, pulling him down then dragging him back, fucking his face with abandon. The first explosion of cum was a shock and he never tasted it at all. Mark held his face against the mat of hair at the base of his cock. All Philip could do was swallow and try not to choke. Pulled back, he flicked his tongue over the crown and was rewarded with a mouth full of cream. Another followed and then dribbles of the nectar oozed into his mouth. He savoured each drop and cleaned Mark’s cock, trying to find more.

“Enough, enough for now,” Mark sighed and pushed his face away. “Babe, that was fantastic.”

Philip sat back on his haunches. His erection bounced between his thighs, the metal rings chiming on each downward stroke. Hands fisted at his sides, he clenched his butt, and that made his cock bounce even higher, the clinking of the rings sounding louder.

He looked into Mark’s face, wanting to ask for an orgasm, not sure it was the right thing to do. The man lay sprawled in his seat, legs splayed wide, dick spent and lying across the thatch of pubic hair. A drop of cum shone at the tip, and he would have bent forward and taken it with his tongue under other circumstances.

What am I? Why don't I simply grab hold and stroke myself?

Mark raised his head and looked down at him, smiling. “You’re mine, aren’t you?”

Chapter Five

"Yours, sir?" Philip wanted to deny it, proclaim his independence, his masculine right to be who and what he wanted to be, the master of his own destiny. He glanced down at himself and watched his erection pulse, bobbing up and down to the beating of his heart. He was free. He was an adult. Yet, in his secret heart, he'd craved the complete and utter domination that only someone like Mark was capable of. No, not someone *like* him. That special someone *was* Mark. He knew it, and prayed Mark would too.

"Yes, you're mine," Mark repeated.

Philip's erection felt like an iron rod and ached with such need he was sure he'd come without being touched if his excitement continued much longer. But the rings, the fucking metal rings, were driving him mad.

"Do you have something to say to me, Philip?" Mark urged in a gentle voice.

Again, Philip looked up into Mark's face, his eyes. *I want to come*, he silently screamed. *I want you to tell me to come*. He finally opened his mouth and said, "I want to come, sir."

"Yeah, I bet you do." Mark sat up then leaned forward, taking Philip's cock in hand.

That touch was nearly enough to end it. Philip's balls tried to rise, but the metal band stopped them. His cock pulsed, but cum refused to climb the shaft. Sweat poured off him, sliding down his sides, getting into his eyes, even trickling between the cheeks of his ass. Frustration mounted, but he remained as still he could, wallowing in the simple touch of Mark's hand on his dick.

"The rings, they'll keep you from climaxing." Mark slid his fingers along Philip's cock shaft, the steady stream of pre-cum smoothing the way. "I do have a solution though, but you'll have to do exactly what I tell you to."

Philip's heart raced. "Yes, anything. Please, sir."

"You trust me that much?" he asked, a soft smile on his face, a genuine smile that crinkled the corners of his eyes.

Do I? Philip asked himself, desperately trying to think straight. He must, or he wouldn't have allowed it to go this far. He nodded, and whispered, "Yes, I trust you."

“Good, but it’s not going to be an easy climax.” He slid his fingers down to the base of Philip’s cock and held it there for several seconds, but it felt like minutes. “There’s another choice involved and this time you have to make it.”

His gaze going from the man’s fingers to his face and back again, Philip tried to grasp what could be coming. It was useless, but he couldn’t deny the thrill he felt. “I understand.”

“All right, which ring do you want to keep on? Which one do you want me to remove?” Using his free hand, he cupped Philip’s balls, gently massaging them while he continued stroking the shaft.

It took him less than a minute to decide. The cock ring kept him from coming, and he desperately needed to shoot his load. “The cock ring. Please, sir, take that one off.”

“Now, because I’m a nice guy and I like you,” he winked at Philip and said, “I’ll remove the one you asked me to. I want you to think about it, though, I could have said no. I could have just laughed and left both on.”

Shocked, Philip looked up at him, saw the smile then lowered his gaze. The man could do it, and he had no doubt done it to others.

Will he do it to me?

He watched Mark slide the cock ring around, and after digging into his pocket, unfastened the metal lock. Relief was instant when the ring fell away. His cock swelled even more and he groaned.

“Now I suppose you’d like me to masturbate you or...” Mark held a hand inches above his cock and waited.

“Sir, yes, I’d like that very much.” Mark pictured the hand on him, envisioned the feeling of its warmth touching him again. But, he knew there was more, knew he had to say something else. “If it pleases you, sir.”

Mark laughed, loud and long. He pushed up out of the chair and went around to the business side of his desk. He fastened his leather slacks before sitting down. He finally stopped laughing, but continued to smile. “You learn fast. I guess you’ve heard a few of the subbies say that, right?”

“Yes, sir.” He was pretty pleased with himself and felt a little closer to achieving the orgasm he’d been looking forward to for far too long.

“Do you like anal sex?” Mark asked, out of the blue.

“Yes, sir.”

"Can you come that way? I mean without stroking your cock?"

Philip hesitated, but only for a moment. "Yes, it's happened, but not often. I can't always come without manual stimulation, or fucking someone."

Nodding, Mark thought for a moment and then asked, "What about pain? Do you like it?"

"I think it depends on how much and under what circumstances. But, yes, I do like it."

"Cock and ball torture? Spanking?"

"Yes, and yes, I think so. I've never experienced a great deal of it. Just self-inflicted, so far."

"Ah, so you've really never had someone do a lot to you, other than fuck you or suck you off?"

"That's right, sir."

"Stroke your cock." Mark put his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands, watching intently as Philip wrapped his fingers around his shaft. "Slowly. And don't squeeze hard," he added when Philip's enthusiasm took over.

"Yes sir," he grunted and slowed his stroke.

"Come and stand right in front of me, cock overhanging the desk." He pushed one of the glasses they normally used for their evening drink close to the edge and cleared some papers out of the way.

Philip shuffled into position and continued caressing himself. The touch of the cold metal ring tapping his hand on each down stroke was a new sensation, and one he loved. His balls felt enormous. He wondered if he'd shoot more, if the ring would make it better. He arched his back and teetered on the edge of oblivion, straining to hold off, just for a heartbeat more.

"Sir, please, sir, can I come?" he gasped, his fist moving relentlessly up and down, slowly, methodically urging the sperm along his shaft.

"Yes, in the glass."

He looked down. The clear glass was there, 'The Gate Club' etched on one side. He aimed, and stroked, and held his breath. Flashes of colour exploded behind his eyes. The climax hit, like a wave of fire cascading over him, scorching his flesh from brows to toes in the blink of an eye. Hot cum splashed into the waiting glass and he exhaled, ecstatic that he'd hit it. Another pulse of bliss sent another stream of white shooting into the tumbler. The rest

oozed from the slit, and he carefully milked himself, straining to keep from shuddering. Done, he came down off his tiptoes, unaware until then how sore his arches were.

"Well done, Philip," Mark said and reached for the glass. "Sit down now, before you collapse." He swirled the glass, watching the thick cum coat the sides and move in a soft wave. Raising the glass, he took the tiniest of sips and closed his eyes, as if savouring the vintage of some fine wine.

Philip hobbled to the chair Mark had vacated only minutes ago and sank into it. The ring around the neck of his ball sac pushed against his inner thighs, forcing him to spread his legs. Looking down at himself, he wasn't surprised to see his limp member still looked impressive as it lay over his balls. The ring held him, exposed him, like he'd never been before.

"Are you all right? You look a little bit like you're in shock," Mark said, placing the glass on his desk. Most of his cum was still there, and Philip wondered what Mark had planned.

"I'm fine. Shock might fit though, this has been amazing."

"Sir?" Mark looked at him, levelly.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Excellent. I'm sure you're fine. New things, exciting things, tend to need time to get used to."

"Yes, sir, I know." He felt chilled, the sweat covering him was drying, and the room although warm, wasn't that warm. He shivered.

Mark must have seen. He instantly stood and went to the cabinet. Philip turned and saw him rummage around inside. A moment later, he turned and held out a huge white towel, which he wrapped around Philip's shoulders. "I think you need some down time. Home, a shower and bed. Does that sound about right?" He rubbed the towel up and down Philip's arms, then bent and pressed his lips against the back of his neck.

Another shudder shook him, but not because of any chill. The kiss was the first, and electric. "Yes, I think you're right, but you have to stay here, don't you?"

"I'm afraid so. I'm sorry. I'm needed here." He pressed his lips to Philip's neck again, gently sucking on the flesh, then harder, marking him. "We're still short staffed."

"Yes, I know. I'm fine, really." Philip wondered if he was. His world seemed turned upside down. He'd wanted, no he'd craved the man's dominance, but when it happened, it was still shocking. He'd bent to the man's will so easily, so completely, he felt changed.

"You're more than fine, you're superb." Mark wrapped his arms completely around Philip, as if protecting him from all the worries and fears he had. "Will you come in tomorrow? I mean, come for lunch. We'll talk. I think we need that."

He turned and faced Mark, capturing his lips in a kiss that he doubted he'd forget soon. Soft, yet firm, Philip used his teeth, nipping along the lower lip then at the tongue when it protruded enough for him to grab. Breathing Mark's breath, he moaned from renewed desire, and wanted it to go on forever. When his lover pulled away, he gazed into his dark brown eyes. "Yes, we need to talk. I want—"

Mark placed a finger across his lips, stopping his words. "You want, I want. But, I think we both need to sleep on this. Please, I think you need to get dressed and go home."

Philip pulled away, shifting so he could get up, but again, Mark stopped him, that time with a hand on his shoulder. "No, you wait here. I'll get your clothes and your sports bag. That's all you had, right?"

Nodding, he sat back and sighed. His heart was still beating so fast he thought it would burst. "Yes, just a pair of jeans, a shirt and some underwear. The bag, it's got my name on the handle."

"Yes, I've seen it. Blue, right?" Mark stood at the door, looking at him with the strangest look.

"Yeah, blue, thanks," he said and watched the man leave. He turned around and sat huddled under the towel. Such a night, such an amazing man. His smile returned and wouldn't go.

A few minutes later, Mark opened the door and came in with his clothing and the sports bag. Philip was still smiling.

"Here you go," Mark dropped the bag on the floor and the clothing on his desk. "I really can't stay now. I'm sorry, Philip. I wanted this to be different. I wanted to be with you."

"I know, but it's fine." He reached for his jeans.

Mark took his chin and lifted his face, forcing Philip to look into his eyes. "I want you to do something for me."

"Anything," Philip said, and meant it.

"The ring, wear it until you see me tomorrow."

The weight of it would be a constant reminder of Mark and the relationship Philip hoped was blossoming between them. The metal dragged at his sac, stretching the skin taut, and made his balls feel enormous. It took him only a second to decide. "Yes, I'll wear it. But, you do realise it's going to drive me crazy."

Mark smiled and winked. "Yeah, I know. I'll know you're thinking about me, won't I?"

Smiling back, he nodded.

"I really have to go now." He leaned forward and kissed Philip soundly, his tongue driving deep. The kiss went on until they were both panting into each other's mouths. "I'll see you at noon."

"I'll be here. Thank you, sir."

The man turned and left the room, looking over his shoulder before closing the door. He winked and then he was gone.

Philip dressed, his thoughts racing. He wanted Mark there, he felt more alone than he'd ever felt in his life. How could he go home, alone? The ring tugged at him, reminding him of feelings he wasn't sure about. He wanted to talk to someone, to Mark.

Once he was dressed, the ring felt less intrusive, but was still present. Leaving the club, he felt as if all eyes were on him. The bartender in the main room waved and smiled when he walked passed. The doorman told him to drive safely.

Nothing had changed, for them. Everything was different, for him. The smile returned to his face.

Chapter Six

The phone was ringing when he opened the front door to his apartment. He ran for it, dropping his keys on the kitchen counter.

"Hello," he said, breathlessly. He flicked on the light and tossed his bag onto a chair.

"Hello, Philip?" a soft, so familiar voice asked. "It's Mark. I wanted to make sure you got home all right. That you're okay."

Philip's knees shook. "Yes, I'm all right, sir. Thank you."

"You sound like you need someone there. I hate this. I'm so sorry." He paused and then in a lower, deeper, sexier voice asked, "The ring, is it okay? Not pinching or anything? I really wouldn't want to damage those lovely balls of yours."

Philip shifted his feet, incredibly aware of the band encircling the flesh of his ball sac. His boxers supported the weight well enough, but the sensation of being held was something he'd have to get used to. Something, even after only a matter of an hour or so, he found immensely exciting. He cleared his throat and realised he was grinning like a fool. "The ring feels amazing. It's not pinching or anything. I just feel it there."

"Good. That's what I hoped you'd say."

A long drawn out silence followed, as if Mark was waiting for him to continue. Finally, Philip said, "Thank you for calling, sir. I feel much better now. I wish you were here, but I understand. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes, you will. Noon, and don't be late." There was a sharp note in his voice. Philip was sure it was a tone he'd get to know well.

"I wouldn't dream of it."

"Excellent. I've got to run. I just wanted to hear you were okay. Talk to you tomorrow."

"Good night, sir."

The phone went dead a moment later and Philip hung up as well. He felt much more sure of himself, and at peace with what had happened. He picked up his bag and carried it

into his bedroom, dropping it at the foot of the bed. Grabbing his robe, he headed for a shower.

While the water was warming, Philip stripped and checked out his new jewellery. The ring tugged pleasantly at his sac, but kept him from closing his legs completely. He felt like he had to walk bow legged. While he fingered the ring, his cock awoke and rose to attention.

"Damn." Removing his hand, he climbed into the shower and tried to ignore his thickening member. *Impossible*, he thought and quickly soaped up. Steering clear of his pubes for as long as he could, he washed and rinsed himself while hoping his erection would fade. It did, but when he ran his slippery hand over it, his hard on returned in a flash. He stroked the length and then did it again, but before he could find his rhythm, he forced his hand away.

"Fuck!" Mark hadn't told him he couldn't masturbate, but for some stupid reason he knew he shouldn't. Therefore he didn't. Even when he slipped his soapy fingers over his tightly crinkled anus, he refrained from exploring those possibilities.

Straightening up, he turned this way and that, letting the water rinse him clean. He shut the water off and climbed out, wrapping a large fluffy white towel around his waist. Using another one, he towelled dry and headed for bed. The ring dragged on him, enticing him to explore, but he refused to give in.

Sleep came, finally, after hours of tossing and turning. His dreams were filled with visions of Mark. Naked, his erection jutting proudly from his loins, his face a mask of lust and desire, he stood gazing down at a grovelling man, Phillip. In his sleep, he groaned and rolled over, his erection dragging over the sheet and sending his thoughts in yet another perversely pleasurable direction. The bench, its soft leather pressed against his belly, his ass held high and Mark behind him. He clenched his ass and groaned again, desperately craving a touch, penetration, a lick. The next vision came and he was bound to the cross, his body pressed to the rough wood, his ass burning from the flogger Mark wielded expertly.

"Do you want it?" the man whispered so softly he barely heard.

"Yes, god yes, fuck me. Please, sir." The words, mumbled into the pillow, were heard more inside his head than with his ears.

"Do you want my cock? Do you want me to fuck your pretty ass? Do you want me to warm it up first?" Each softly spoken word made Philip's lust rise.

He turned again and his hand went to his erection, squeezing its shaft. He woke, but only enough to drag his hand away. *I won't masturbate*; he reminded himself and sank into a deeper slumber.

He awoke to the ringing of the phone. He groaned and reached for the extension beside the bed.

"Yeah," he mumbled, rubbing his eyes to try to wake up.

"Sleep well?" A male voice asked.

Philip was silent, unsure who it was. It clicked and he grew warm. "Yes, thank you, sir."

"Really?" Mark asked. He sounded like he'd just awakened.

"Well, other than dreaming about some pretty perverted things, and an amazing guy I know, I slept just fine. You?"

"About the same it seems. Is the ring still reminding you of what happened, or are you getting used to it already?"

"It's still very much reminding me. It feels incredible." He rolled onto his back and ran his free hand over his chest and belly. His morning erection throbbed, tenting the sheet.

"Excellent. Did you masturbate?"

The question came unexpectedly and Philip drew his hand away from his crotch. He hadn't touched himself, but he'd been heading that way. "No, but it was close. You didn't say one way or the other."

"True, but I'd hoped you'd think about it."

"I did. Like I said, sir, it was close."

"You know I am. Masturbating, I mean."

Groaning, Philip envisioned the big man stroking the beautiful long cock while they talked. "No, I didn't know, but now that you've told me, it's making me really hard. I guess that's intentional, huh?"

"Yes, of course. I want you to know how hot you make me feel." His breathing was getting harsh, and the words forced. "I'm going to go and take a shower now. I'm not sure if I'll come or wait for you."

"Will you tell me later?" Philip couldn't take a deep breath. He wanted to hear the skin moving along Mark's cock. The sound of his voice and his laboured breathing had him slowly humping the sheets.

“Yes, I’ll tell you. I’m going now. I’ll see you in about an hour.” A soft grunt punctuated the sentence. “Don’t be late.”

“No sir, I’ll be there on time.”

The phone went dead and he put the receiver in its cradle. Laying there, one hand across his belly, the other beside him, he thought of what the day might bring. His cock pulsed with excitement. His heartbeat threatened to burst from his chest. Mark knew how to wake a man up, that was for sure.

Will this be another scene like last night?

It was Sunday, so he knew the club was closed for business. The thought of having Mark to himself made the previous night spent alone almost bearable.

Philip hopped out of bed and headed for the shower. When the water got warm, he climbed in. He brushed his teeth and shaved while the water drummed against him. Done, he glanced down and wondered if he should trim, or perhaps even shave his pubes.

“Nah, not yet. But...” the sentence trailed off. He wondered what Mark’s preference was and then he chuckled. He’d known the man less than a month and already he was contemplating shaving his pubes to please him. His erection bobbed before him, the slit leaking pre-cum.

He rinsed off and climbed out. Towelling dry, he paid special attention to the ring and the skin beneath it. He loved the feel of his balls, the skin stretched taut. Simply running the towel over them sent a jolt of electricity along the nerves in his thighs and his belly, and made his cock lurch.

Done, he went into his bedroom and opened his closet door. What to wear? His eyes went to the sports bag at the foot of his bed. The harness and jock were in there.

What would Mark want?

What do I want?

He crossed to the bag and opened it. The harness came into his hands. The smell of leather curled around him. He loved that smell, the animal musk. He slipped it over his head and buckled the strap around his ribs.

“Yeah, this is right,” he whispered. He bent down and found the leather jock, and smiled remembering how he’d cringed at the tiny size of it. Now, it seemed perfect. He slipped it over his feet and drew it up his legs, his thighs. He adjusted the cup, tucking his package into the soft leather pouch.

Turning, he checked through his closet and found a jogging outfit he hadn't worn since the previous year. Black and loose fitting, it'd be perfect to cover him, at least until he got to the club.

He made and drank a cup of coffee, all the while mulling over what he was about to do. What Mark was about to do with him, or to him. Lifting the cup, his hand shook, but he managed to drain it.

Slipping into his boots, he did them up and grabbed his keys on the way out. The short drive to the club seemed to take an hour, yet there was little traffic to contend with. He pulled into the parking lot and stopped. The lot was empty except for Mark's SUV.

He turned off the ignition. He couldn't catch his breath. Anticipation, excitement, lust, all churned inside him.

* * * *

Philip sat in the front seat of the Toyota sedan and thought about what had brought him to that moment. He squirmed, trying to get comfortable and smiled, knowing that wasn't going to happen for at least a few hours. Mark Freeman had seen to that.

He climbed out and went inside the club.

Standing outside of Mark's office, Philip stripped out of the jogging suit and tossed it over the back of a nearby chair. The air was warm, yet he shuddered. His hands were trembling. His heart beat so hard his chest hurt.

Reaching up, he tapped on the door, and waited.

A moment later, Mark's clear deep voice called, "Come."

Philip pushed open the door and stepped inside. Mark sat behind his desk, a small pile of papers in front of him. He wasn't working on them, or had stopped when the door opened. It didn't matter which, as long as his attention was on Philip.

Mark looked at his watch and smiled. "Twelve o'clock. You're right on time. How long did you sit outside in your car?"

"Not long. A few minutes, trying to decide if I could do this." Now that he was in the office and with Mark, he could breathe. "I'm glad I decided I could."

"So am I. It would have been so much easier if I'd stayed with you last night." Mark stood and came around the desk. It was then that Philip realised what the man wore. The

harness crisscrossing his chest was the same he wore most evenings. The leggings and jock strap were new, or at least they were to him.

Philip's cock thickened and pushed against the cup, forcing it away from his body. It wouldn't be long and he'd be exposed, fully.

"I'm glad you wore your leather." Mark said stepping close to him. He perched on the edge of his desk. "Come close, I want to touch you."

Philip took a step forward, coming within easy range of the man's hands. Stopping, he groaned loudly when Mark reached out and slid his hand over the jock.

"Yes, I'm very glad you wore the leather. Is the ring all right, not too tight?" Without waiting for an answer, he thrust his hand beneath the cup and cradled Philip's balls. "Spread your legs, please," he said in a no-nonsense tone.

Philip complied. His thoughts returned to his dreams and fantasies, and his cock pulsed to full erection. He wanted desperately to thrust against Mark's hand, but forced himself to remain still. "No, the ring isn't too tight. It feels incredible."

Mark looked into his eyes and smiled. "Good. I want everything to be perfect for you." His hands continued their exploration, while Philip tried to keep from falling over. His knees were weak, and his breath came in shuddering gasps of arousal. When Philip was on the verge of falling over and spewing his load, Mark pulled his hands away.

"I want you, Philip. Ever since that first day when you came for the interview, I've wanted you. The past two weeks have just made that feeling stronger." Mark stepped back and unfastened the buckle holding his jock in place. Letting it fall away, he slid his hand over his cock, grabbing it around the base. "I want to fuck you and tease you. I'm dying to get you bent over a bench and tied down so I can drive you crazy with lust."

Philip couldn't believe his ears. Mark wanted him as much as he wanted Mark. He opened his mouth to speak, but the taller man pressed a finger over his lips, silencing him.

"I know you want the same thing. I see it in your eyes. Your body tells me how much you want me. I've seen you watching me. I've watched you react to the scenes, and I like what I see. I love what I see." He slipped his hand back and forth over his erection, teasing Philip with it. A pearl of pre-cum clung to the head, and he ran a thumb over it, collecting the droplet.

"Would you like a taste?" Mark asked, lifting his hand to Philip's lips.

"Yes, god yes, please, sir." He leaned forward, his mouth open, his tongue extended.

Chuckling, Mark pushed his finger in deep, allowing Philip to suck it clean. Instead of pulling it free, Mark worked the digit in and out, fucking his mouth. "You like that, stud?"

"Yes," Philip murmured around the man's finger, still savouring the salty taste of his pre-cum.

"Take off your jock."

Philip quickly pushed the tiny leather cup down and stepped out of it. His cock sprang straight up, his balls were pulled gently down, but the strength of his arousal was no match for its weight.

"You see that bench?" Mark pulled his finger from Philip's mouth and motioned towards the bench in the corner.

"Yes, sir."

"Bend over it, from the end. Knees on the bottom rungs."

The command was exactly what he needed to hear. He hurried to assume the position Mark requested. His cock slid along the leather padding and became trapped beneath him.

"Do you want me to bind you?"

Groaning, Philip nodded, unable to speak. He mouthed the words, "Yes, sir, please sir."

Mark bent to the straps and in no time at all Philip felt the bite of leather around his knees and ankles, and then around his wrists. His ass was exposed, and he clenched his cheeks. *Please yes, fuck me, use me, god, do me now.*

"Are you mine?" Mark asked from behind him. "Do you want to belong to me?"

"Yes, yes," Philip croaked. He humped the bench, straining to rub his cock against the leather, aching to come.

"Say it, say you're mine."

For a moment he remained silent, basking in the moment he'd longed for ever since he allowed himself to understand what he was. To truly believe he was submissive and craved the strong hold of another man. That man was Mark Freeman. He'd known it in his heart on that first afternoon, but it had taken time for it to sink into his heart and become part of who he was. He belonged to Mark, no matter what, Philip believed it.

"Mark, sir, I belong to you. I've belonged to you for weeks, but couldn't admit it until now. I belong to you, please sir, I'm yours."

A hand slid beneath him, taking hold of his shaft and drawing it back. He arched his spine, allowing his hard on to be freed from the prison of his own body and the bench he lay strapped to.

"Yes, you belong to me, my sexy stud." Mark gently pumped his shaft, pointing it straight down at the floor. His ringed balls slid along the shaft, Mark's hand moving them as he manipulated the cock. "Your cock belongs to me as well. And these lovely balls."

Philip heard the man move, felt something wet touch the back of his sac. A tongue, wet, slick and warm, caressed him. A finger slid along his crack and over his anus, tapping on the opened hole, but not entering. He groaned, desiring to be taken, fucked, used.

"Please, sir," he begged, and flushed as he realised how deeply he wanted to be owned by this wonderful man.

"Yes, you want something?" Mark's voice was as husky as his own.

"Please, sir, I'm horny, I need to come."

"No, you only think you do. When you need it, you'll be speechless. Only your body will speak to me."

His mind reeling, Philip didn't understand, not completely. Not then.

Mark's hands roamed freely, exploring every crook and crevice from Philip's neck down to his knees. He tried to thrust, he writhed against the leather padding, but he couldn't get the stimulation he needed to climax. If only Mark would stroke his cock, just a little harder, thrust a finger into his ass, hard and fast. He groaned and gasped, and soon begged for more. "Please, don't stop," he growled when Mark slipped a well lubricated finger into his clenching hole.

The instant the words were out, the finger withdrew and moved elsewhere. A sharp slap to his left buttock shocked a cry of pain from him, but an instant later he would have done anything for another as an itching sensation raced over his cheek.

"Silence, let me learn your body. You'll come when I decide. Enjoy knowing that and pay attention."

Philip bit the inside of his cheek to keep from yelling. *I'm stronger than that*, he thought. *I can do this. I want to make him proud.*

He shifted on the bench and focused on the feelings his sir wanted him to experience. The gentle touches of the man's fingertips sliding along the back of his thigh, the sharpness of his teeth when he nibbled on his ass cheeks. He heard the unmistakable sound of a foil

wrapper being torn open and then a grunt as Mark pulled it over his erection. He nearly climaxed when the smooth roundness of his sir's latex gloved cock pressed against the softness of his puckered hole.

Hissing, he forced his muscles to relax and accept the intrusion, rejoiced when the sheer pleasure of being filled took his breath and that of his sir's. He adored the touch of Mark's body pressed flat on his back. When he was nearly mindless with bliss, and Mark's pounding turned to a deep grinding that churned inside his rectum, he thought he'd found Nirvana. Mark's cock pulsed and jerked deep inside his ass, and Philip sighed with pleasure.

"Yes, oh my handsome stud, yes," Mark moaned and held tight to his hips while he shot again.

It was only when Mark pulled free that Philip truly understood, he would climax only when sir wanted him to.

The glass Mark held in front of Philip's face was nearly the same as the one he'd used the night before. "You'll come now." His fingers wrapped around Philip's cock and in no time, a deep gut wrenching spasm shook him and he climaxed. He heard the splat as his cream hit the bottom of the glass and clenched again, sending another after it. He couldn't stop a groan as yet one more stream of spunk spewed. The last droplets dribbled from him, and Mark milked them all.

When his climax was done, and he lay breathless and dazed, Mark sat on a chair in front of him and whispered, "You're my sweet stud, and I can't wait to try everything with you."

"Yes, sir. Mark, I feel the same."

Reaching down, Mark unfastened his wrists. While he rubbed his arms, urging his circulation to come back to normal, Mark unfastened the straps holding his legs to the bench. Done, Mark got to his feet.

"Come here, I have something for you," he said and held out an arm.

Philip rose, wondering what the man could possibly have.

From behind his back, Mark held up the glass. He swirled it, making the pearl-white cream coat the sides of the glass. "Lunch is served, a taste, no more then it's mine."

Philip gaped, but took the glass and raised it to his lips. Touching his tongue to the salty essence, he was pleasantly surprised that he liked the taste.

Mark took it and drained the rest. "Mm, nice. Thank you, Philip."

“Thank you, sir,” he replied and sinking to his knees, wrapped his arms around Mark’s thighs. “I want this to last, forever, I love you, so much,” he whispered. Brushing his lips along the firm outer thigh, he kissed his lover, his sir.

“Yes, I know, and I love you too,” Mark said and caressed his cheek. “You are mine. You belong to me, just as I belong to you – forever.”

About the Author

Jude's imagination frequently leads her astray and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least, not get caught. For those who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy whose only desire is to please. As diverse and richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic locations. (Author Bio from the website here)

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