

The Gift That Keeps On Giving



Jaxx Steele

Red Rose™ Publishing

The Gift That Keeps On Giving
by Jaxx Steele

Red Rose Publishing

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The Gift That Keeps On Giving
by Jaxx Steele

The Gift That Keeps On Giving

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Dedication

Sometimes the people who know you best really do know
what's best for you.

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Chapter One

He saw the snow falling through the window across the room and sighed. He knew any moment she would be calling his name again.

"Lovell, it's snowing again! Do you need to go back over the front walk?"

He chuckled. She was right on time. "No Ma! It hasn't even been an hour since I shoveled the walkway and the driveway! It's good for a while!"

"Okay!"

He waited a few minutes in case she said something else and then he closed his eyes. Just as he started to drift off...

"Lovell! Are you hungry? I'm making lunch!"

He sighed and opened his eyes. "No, Ma, I'm fine!"

He waited again as he looked around his room. It had been a while since he had stayed in his old room for so long. Usually when he came back home for a visit it was only for a weekend, but this time he would be home for over a week. He loved his room; it was always relaxing, familiar and comforting. He moved out many years ago when he left for college, but his room remained unchanged.

The walls were painted dark blue with a white geometric shapes painted on it. The curtains and carpet matched the walls. The desk he used to do his homework on was still in its spot in the corner which held his favorite pictures of him and his sister when they were young. It was a simple room, but he loved it. With a sigh he finally closed his eyes again.

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"Lovell!"

He blew out a frustrated breath and opened his eyes. "Yes, Mother!"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm just trying to take a nap, Ma! Do you need something?"

"No, go ahead and take your nap, sweetheart."

He waited a little longer this time and then closed his eyes again. After a while his breathing finally evened out and he relaxed into the pillow.

When he opened his eyes again he was lying on the beach. The heat of the midday sun felt wonderful on his skin. He crossed his bare legs and raised his arms over his head and exhaled. His smile widened as he checked out the view.

Across from him were four sweaty, muscular guys in Speedos playing volleyball, they paused their game to smile at him. He smiled and waved at them, calling them over. They stopped their game and walked over to him. Two stood behind him while the other two sat on the lounge chair with him.

Everyone started touching him at once; hands were everywhere, his face, his chest, his cock. He closed his eyes and someone kissed him. It was a smoldering kiss that awakened all his dormant senses. Hot and insistent ... it was incredible! He had never been kissed like that before!

Someone was stroking his cock through his shorts playing with his nuts and his cock grew under the skilled hands. Suddenly he could feel his shorts being yanked off him and attention being shown to his available nipples. Fingers

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pinched them, lips sucked them and soon they were ultra sensitive pebbles.

Lovell panted into the kiss, barely able to catch his breath. His heart pounded in his chest. He was having a heart attack, he just knew it, but he prayed the men would not stop. This orgasm would be worth dying for. The hot, insistent lips that took his breath away released him, but only for a moment. The handsome man looked into his eyes and spoke softly.

"Relax, Lovell, we're going to make you feel like you've never felt before. Don't you think it is about time?"

Oh God, yes! It was definitely about time!

It had been years since he had really gotten off ... with a live person anyway. He had been seriously putting that old wives tale to the test and he checked his hands daily just to make sure it wasn't true.

With one more kiss on his lips the soft spoken volleyball player moved his kisses down Lovell's smooth brown throat silencing his thoughts. Down one side and up the other he left a trail of hot licks between each kiss. Lips were sucking his neck, fingers and tongues attacked his nipples, but he almost screamed when he felt the head of his cock being surrounded by the molten wet heat of someone's mouth. Lovell was dizzy with sensation and finally moaned his pleasure out loud.

The pleasure was building quickly within him. The hands, lips and tongues were sucking, playing, tasting, all in sync to bring him satisfaction. It was too good ... too fast ... oh yes, he was going to come...

"Lovell!"

The men disappeared.

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"Lovell!"

His eyes popped open and cold reality sank in. He was still alone in his room ... breathing hard ... sweating ... with a raging hard on.

"Damn," he muttered softly.

"Lovell!"

With a frustrated groan he sat up. He shook his head and pushed himself to his feet. He looked down at his tenting pants and tried adjusting a few times before he pulled his shirt out to cover it. He went into the kitchen and sat at the table.

"Yes, Ma, what do you need?"

"Oh, you didn't have to get up, Lovell. It can wait until after your nap."

He shook his head and chuckled to himself. "Ma, I'm up, what do you need?"

"Well, sweetheart, since you're up, could you go to the store and pick up the rest of the Christmas decorations?"

He frowned. "I thought Andie was going to do that."

"She was, but they were short handed at the hospital so she went in for a few hours of overtime."

He watched her as she flipped the sandwich in the frying pan. "Ma, you know I don't like doing stuff like that. Decorating is not my forte."

He didn't realize his voice sounded as whiny as it did, but when his mother looked at him, he knew it did and she didn't care for his whining. The look she gave him was a combination of 'concern for his issue' and 'I don't care what

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you say, you're doing it anyway'. He had seen it plenty of times while growing up.

"You'll be fine, Lovell."

"Andie made a list of the decorations she wants to put around the house. It's on the coffee table. Eat this and go," she said sliding a plate in front of him. "Thank you," she added ending their conversation.

He watched her leave the kitchen and picked up the sandwich. "I knew coming back home was a bad idea," he mumbled before taking a big bite.

After lunch, he donned his heavy coat and boots and headed out to the store. The snow fell at a steady pace, but was barely enough to make deep footprints. The store wasn't far so he decided to walk. The trees were naked of foliage, but covered with ice and snow from previous snowfalls. Everyone he passed on the street was in a cheerful mood. He returned their waves, their smiles and all the 'Merry Christmases' he received on the way.

All the houses along his mother's street were decorated and lit up in their holiday best. Some yards were filled with Santa, reindeer, Mrs. Claus and Frosty the Snowman. While other yards had manger sets complete with the Star of David on the roof and all three wise men. Every year the Festive Season committee would come around and award a gift basket befitting the season and bragging rights to the family with the best decorated house.

He turned down Main Street and all the stores were lit up with their Christmas finery, wreaths on the doors, mini Christmas trees in the display areas and blinking lights

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around the windows. He crossed the street and walked into the variety store.

The store looked the same as he remembered it except for the seasonal changes, which were in abundance. The 'stuff' and whatever was in season at the time was in front of the store and the food was held in the back.

Only the butcher, Mr. Brent, worked with Mr. Lockhart. He recognized the music to Silent Night as soon as he closed the door behind him and then the Christmas tree in the far corner caught his eye. The top of it touched the ceiling and it was covered with tiny bows and blinking lights. He turned to it and scanned it slowly. For a brief moment he wondered if the lights were clear like the ones on his mother's tree.

"I agree. It is a beautiful tree. All the different color lights and the bright red bows against the dark green of the tree..." he left his sentence unfinished and sighed. "Nothing like Christmas, eh?"

Lovell turned to the voice behind him. It was a man, but not Mr. Lockhart. He gave him a quick look and then turned to the tree again to consider the man's words. His head cocked slightly to the right and concentrated, trying to force his brain to see what the stranger saw ... but he couldn't. The tree was dark and the lights that were blinking on and off were white to him. He closed his eyes tight and turned away in frustration.

"Yeah, beautiful," he said in monotone and turned on his heel.

"Can I help you find something?" the stranger offered as he followed him.

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Lovell stopped and looked at the man again. He didn't recognize him. Lovell grew up in this town. Like most of his peers he left Brownsville, Indiana after high school wanting to get away from this 'one horse town' to start his life, but most of them didn't come back as often as he did.

He would never forget the kids he grew up with. When they found out he was different from them they treated him like he was the village idiot. As a kid he hated them for it and kept to himself all throughout his school years. It was a lonely way to grow up.

It wasn't until he was in college that he made any friends and took a chance on a boyfriend. Being the only gay guy in a small town would have been fuel for the fire that his peers already burned him with. Now that he was an adult himself he knew kids could be cruel, but the sting of isolation still hovered in the back of his mind. He continued to scan the face of the stranger. He had a kind face and it was even handsome. He had a strong jaw line, sensual bow lips, a prominent nose and almond shaped eyes. Yes, he was very handsome and it was not a face from his past.

As Lovell looked him over the stranger smiled. "So are you looking for something in particular or for something to catch your eye?"

Lovell thought he heard a double innuendo in his tone, but he was probably mistaken.

"Okay, if you're not exactly sure what you want maybe we can just look around for a while. Sometimes other decorations spark ideas in people."

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Lovell watched the man's lips as he spoke and decided that he liked the man's smile and his mouth, too. He didn't have many opportunities to meet men or make friends ... not in person anyway. Owning a singles website and being privy to people's personal profiles where they expressed their wants and desires. Once he posted his own profile under a fake name thinking that meeting people online would be easier, but he was wrong. It was just different, not easier.

He found online conversation uncomfortable. People always asked you to describe yourself so they could get a mental picture of you, they wanted to have small talk that you had to type out and he couldn't tell anyone his real job.

Eventually he pulled the profile down in frustration. It was the same when he tried getting to know men in online chat rooms and party lines. The one good thing about talking with live people was most of the questions that are asked during small talk online could be seen so weren't asked. The down side to live people was when he was around handsome men in person he usually stumbled on his tongue making himself look like fool.

The handsome stranger was beginning to look impatient as he waited for him to say something. Lovell was feeling the effect of his nervousness, but kept his mouth shut long enough to dig into his pocket to hand over his list.

"Oh yes, I have all of this stuff. Most of it is over there in those baskets along the back wall. Let me grab you a carrier."

Lovell nodded and watched the man walk away. He could tell he had a slender body by the way his sweater hung off his broad shoulders. His gait was steady and confident. He

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wondered what the man's profile would look like on his website, 'I'm Looking For You.com'.

The man returned walking past him and down the lane swinging the small circular basket. He walked quickly turning left at the end of the aisle along the back wall and then he slowed down.

"Here we are. All the bulbs are in these yellow baskets. We have several colors and shapes for you to choose from. The tinsel is in the blue baskets on the end of this row and the hanging reindeer is in the red basket. Now over there," he said extending his hand, "you will find the mistletoe. It's in the red basket next to the holly." He winked at Lovell at the mention of the last thing on his list.

Again Lovell questioned the meaning of the man's action, but dismissed it again. He looked at the baskets the man pointed toward and then back to him. He released a slow breath and swallowed his pride. He touched the man's arm just as he turned to put the basket down and leave.

"Which basket is the mistletoe in?"

The man looked over his shoulder his brows knitted in confusion. "The mistletoe is in the red basket next to the holly," he repeated.

Lovell's shoulders drooped and he picked up the basket averting his eyes. "What I meant to say was could you just point to the basket with the mistletoe."

The man's eyebrows raised high on his head as he turned wrapping his arms around his chest. "Are you telling me you can't see that red basket right in front of you?"

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Lovell heard the sarcasm in the man's voice and it enflamed his anger.

"I can see the basket just fine," he replied through gritted teeth.

For a moment the man's confusion deepened as he studied Lovell's face for long moments then he suddenly let out a gasp of comprehension. The man's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open, but he corrected his facial features and his hanging mouth quickly. His face went through so many changes so quickly that the wonder erased Lovell's anger.

"What?"

"You can't see the colors, can you?"

It was Lovell's turn to be shocked. He stiffened at the astute assessment. He usually kept his color blindness to himself as long as he could. His surprise deepened. This man was reacting differently than most people did.

His voice was soft, almost a whisper, when he asked his question and his tone held amazement not pity or annoyance. He didn't back away from Lovell in frustration, but he stepped closer. His soft friendly smile returned as he reached into the red basket scooping out what looked like a handful of twigs.

"How much mistletoe do you need?"

At first Lovell stood there staring at him, but as his shock eased away he finally found his voice as he tried to avoid the man's steady gaze.

"I, I don't know. My sister was supposed to pick this stuff up. The list belongs to her. How much do people usually buy?"

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"Well, I guess that would depend on how much smooching you plan on doing," the man answered with a mischievous grin. "With lips as full and sensual as yours I bet you do a lot of that. Perhaps you should return after you've spoken to your significant other and see how much kissing is in your future," he added with a knowing chuckle.

Lovell let out an embarrassed laughed and put his carrier on top of the basket. "I don't have one of those."

"Really? A handsome man like yourself, single? What a tragedy. What's your name?"

"Lovell."

"Lovell? Hmm, Lovely Lovell. I'm sure I'll have no trouble remembering that."

Lovell's eyes widened and a soft gasp escaped him. *Okay, now he knew he was out of practice, but now he was sure this man was making a pass at him.*

He looked at him again and found the man's gaze was mesmerizing. Now he knew what people meant when they said it felt like someone was looking right through them into their soul. His gaze made Lovell feel warm from the inside out. It made his breathing quicken and his hard on returned. The man grabbed a handful of mistletoe and held it over Lovell's head. He moved so close that Lovell could smell his minty breath as his lips brushed his nose.

"Well, Lovell, I would hang about this much over every doorway in my house if I knew you were coming over. I don't like to miss out on a once in a life time opportunity."

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Lovell stuttered, unable to make a complete word let alone a sentence. Then suddenly the front door swung open and a blast of cold air rushed through the store.

"Avery, I'm here! I came to pick up that box of decorations for my window," a woman cried cheerfully as she walked across the floor toward the front of the store.

"That's Mrs. David from the bakery. I've got some stuff on hold for her. She's a sweet old lady, but her timing sucks," he said with a soft laugh. "Wouldn't you agree?"

Lovell still couldn't form any words. He could hardly breathe because of Avery's closeness.

Finally Avery took a step back taking the carrier from Lovell. He dropped a small amount of mistletoe into it along with the rest of the things on his list. "It would seem I have some other work to do. I'll see you at the register," he added and caressed his face before walking away.

Lovell swallowed and was finally able to breathe again. His eyes followed Avery as he walked to the counter to help the woman who waited for him. He was friendly and pleasant to her as they spoke and then he helped her carry the box outside. Alone in the store Lovell walked to the register with his brows knitted in confusion.

Who was this guy and what happened to Mr. Lockhart?

Lovell hadn't been home since last Christmas when Mr. Lockhart was still there.

The woman called him Avery. Avery who? Well, one thing he did know. Avery knew he was gay and was interested in him. How the hell did he know that?

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No one had actually ever made a pass at him before. In college he met his so called boyfriend during a drive for members for the council of campus gay rights. They went to a few meetings together, had a few beers together and since they were both single they decided to do the friends with benefits thing. His college years were spent doing just that. He was over that. He wanted more than a no commitment sexual relationship. He was more than just a booty call. He wanted something real.

An interaction like what just happened between him and Avery had never happened to him before. He replayed the scene over in his mind again, his cock jumped from the memory. He should feel offended about Avery jumping to conclusions and coming on so boldly to him, but the fact was he didn't. He felt horny and surprised that such a handsome man *was* interested in him. Most of the really handsome guys he had come in contact with fell into two categories: taken or jerks. Avery didn't seem to fall into either.

It was a shame that he was only going to be home until after the New Year. His apartment building was damaged during a recent storm and his unit was on the top floor and one of the ones badly damaged. The company that owned the building had let him out of his lease, but wouldn't have another place available until just after the first of the year. He usually came home for Christmas anyway so it didn't bother him. Knowing his stay would be temporary it would be reckless to start something he couldn't finish.

Suddenly the door swung open and Avery ran inside rubbing his arms. "Woo! I should have grabbed my coat. It's

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starting to get cold out there. The snow is really starting to come down now." He stopped in front of Lovell and leaned on the counter. "I was about to take lunch. Want to join me? I have a fireplace that will keep us warm." When Lovell's eyes widened again and he didn't answer, Avery laughed and went around the counter. "Okay, okay, too soon. I understand. Let's ring this stuff up and get you on your way."

When Lovell handed Avery the money he held Lovell's hand longer than needed. Avery pushed the bag to him and Lovell rushed out of the store with it. Once out in the cold air of the street Lovell was able to control his breathing again.

"What the hell was all that about?" he mumbled out loud as he started his return trek back home.

It took him longer to get there than it did to get to the store although he took the same route. His thoughts of the stranger slowed him down. When he arrived at his parent's house he went straight to the kitchen.

"I'm back, Ma," he announced as if she didn't notice and pulled out a chair. His mother put a mug of steaming liquid in front of him almost immediately. "Thanks, Ma." He put the bag on the table with a soft thud.

"See, sweetheart, I knew you'd have no problems," she said helping him out of his coat. She went to the living room and returned without his coat.

"Ma, there was a different man at the store. Where's Mr. Lockhart?"

"Mr. Lockhart retired right after the New Year, Lovell. Didn't I mention that to you?" she said sitting opposite him.

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"No, Ma, you didn't," he said taking a sip from his mug. It warmed his hands as he held it and the steam warmed his face. The chocolate flavored liquid removed the chill from the rest of his body from the inside out. He hadn't noticed how cold he was, his thoughts seemed to be enough to keep him warm on his walk back home.

"Yes, Avery is his nephew. He's a wonderful young man. Sweet, handsome, considerate, helpful and respectful, too, I would say. He's not that much older than you are, Lovell, two, maybe three years. He used to live in the city as a lawyer, but when his uncle got sick and had to retire he gave it all up to run the store in his place"

"Really? Did he say why he didn't want to be a lawyer anymore?"

She shrugged. "He said he was tired of all the bullshit."

"Ma!"

His mother laughed and gave him a dismissive wave. "Oh, Lovey, there is no need to try to keep me respectable. I'm an old woman now."

"Ma, don't call me Lovey. I hate that name and you wouldn't be talking like that if Dad was still alive," he said with a shake of his finger.

"Well, he isn't, so I can be as bad as I want to be," she paused, taking a sip from her own mug and then added quickly. "Damn it."

"Ma!"

She laughed again. "So, how did you like Avery? Did I mention he's not too much older than you are?"

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"Yes, Ma, you mentioned that. He was nice. I found him friendly, knowledgeable and very helpful." *Not to mention sexy as hell.*

"That's nice. I like him a lot. When I am busy all I have to do is call to tell him what I want and he will deliver the groceries to the house. Since you'll be home for a little while I don't have to bother Avery that much. I can just send you to pick them up. Maybe you and Avery will become friends while you're here."

"Maybe."

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Chapter Two

For the next three days all Lovell did was work and sleep. His mother and sister went to his room from time to time to bring him a sandwich here or something to drink there. The holiday season was the busiest time of the year for him and he spent a lot of time monitoring his site. No one wanted to spend the holidays or ring in the New Year alone.

He thought about Avery a lot during those days. Every time he looked at a new member profile he thought of him. The profiles were incredibly detailed to help the computer match them to someone they were compatible with. What your favorite foods were, if you were athletic, if you liked classic movies, things like that.

The computer was faster at the matching process than he was, but he still had to input the information into the program. He sighed. It was a shame that their timing was all wrong. He could really see himself holding Avery, rubbing his hands over that firm back, gripping that tight ass he had, too. Those sweet bow-looking lips probably would feel really good on his own and different parts of his body.

"Well, well, well, look at what the cat dragged in," a woman said with a giggle when Lovell shuffled into the kitchen.

"Don't start with me, Andie, it's too early," he mumbled sitting across from her putting his head down on the table.

"Early? Did you hear that, Ma, he thinks it's early?"

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"Leave your brother alone, Andie. He's been working hard over the last few days."

"And nights," Andie added. "You can't meet anyone when you're attached to your computer. Perhaps you should consider a nine to five type job, Lovell. You could have a normal sleep schedule and won't be so tired all the time and here's another perk I know you probably didn't think of, you may get to meet real live people." She gave him a faux gasp covering her mouth.

He ignored her jibe. "It's just like this for the holidays, Andie. Everyone wants somebody at this time of the year," he said sleepily as he reached for her plate.

His sister slapped his hand. "Don't you stick your hand over here!" she snapped. "Did you even wash your hands when you got up? Brush your teeth, wash your face, you know, all that morning stuff?"

He looked up at his sister who raised a questioning brow at him and he laughed. "Yes, Andie, I washed my face and brushed my teeth like a good little brother. Are you satisfied, now?"

Andie and Lovell's mother laughed softly at her children's playful banter and slid a plate in front of her son. "Here sweetheart, eat up. I'll see you later."

Lovell sat up. "Where are you going, Ma?"

"Christmas shopping with Helen." She laughed a little louder at her son's confused look. "That's Mrs. Samuels, Lovell," she clarified, giving him a mug.

He nodded and mumbled his goodbyes as she walked out the door. His sister watched him eat with a disgusted look.

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"You know, if you spent more time with live people your manners would be better."

He looked up at her as he chewed, but didn't reply. They ate silently for a few moments before she spoke again.

"So, I heard that you met Avery over at the store."

"Uh-huh," he said between bites of chicken.

She picked up her mug. "So what did you think?"

He blew the steam off the top of his own mug before taking a long gulp. "He was nice."

"Uh-huh, well I think he's a cutie. Don't you think so?"

Hell yeah!

He shrugged. "He's alright."

"Good, I'm glad you approve. I was thinking of asking him out."

Lovell almost choked on his last bite of food. "You were what? No, no, Andie, I, I don't think that's a good idea."

"Well, why not? He's single, handsome, has a job and he's an educated man. That makes him prime eligible bachelor material. A woman doesn't run across a good man like that every day, you know."

Hmm, neither does a man.

"Don't you think I should nab him before someone else does?"

"I, I, well, Andie," he paused not knowing what to say. "What if you're not his type?" he blurted out.

His sister laughed. "Believe me, honey, I can be what ever type he will need. That will not be an issue."

"Oh."

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She stood and took their plates to the sink and used the small pot on the stove to refill his mug.

"Lovell, will you be up for a while?"

He nodded blowing and then sipping from his mug again.

"Mmm hmm."

"Well, I have secret Santa gifts for my co-workers and all the gifts for the children on the burn unit to wrap still. I knew I wouldn't have time to pick up some more wrapping paper from the store so I asked Avery to deliver them here."

He put his mug down with a thud. *Avery was coming here?*

"I have to go to work in a bit so I can't wait."

She didn't just say Avery was coming here ... did she?

"Maybe you can put in the good word for me while he's here."

Lovell picked up his mug and emptied it in one gulp to wet his dry mouth ignoring the heat. "Wouldn't it be easier if I just go pick those things up for you, Andie, instead of him coming here?"

"It's too late for that now, Lovell. I called this morning while you were asleep and he said he'd be here after Mr. Brent returned from his lunch break." She looked at her watch. "I have to go. There are some leftovers in there if you get hungry again." She kissed the top of his head and left him alone.

He wanted to see Avery again more than anything, but his sister was interested in him, too. What if he really wasn't interested in Lovell? He could have just read the signs wrong and Avery was just being nice to him. If Avery was really interested in Andie and not him, well ... Well, it didn't matter.

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He lived in the city and his sister was here in town. If it worked out between her and Avery, well, then good for her. She deserved a good guy like Avery and she was right. He was handsome, and nice, and sexy, and he had a good job ... nice butt ... and a bulge in front of his pants looked more than adequate. Who didn't want a man like that? He sighed looking at the clock over the stove and then headed for his room.

He hoped a long hot shower would wash away all the crazy ideas floating in his head. The water felt good. He stood beneath it for what seemed like hours and it almost worked. All thoughts went down the drain save one: *I wonder what Avery would look like with this water washing over him?* He shook his head hard to dislodge the lone thought and then turned the water off. Stepping out he wrapped a towel around his waist and heard the banging at the door.

"Shit!"

He ran from the bathroom to the living room and swung open the door.

"Well, now that's the type of greeting worth waiting in the cold for."

Lovell's mouth dropped open with a gasp. Avery stood before him bundled up for the winter weather carrying several long rolls under his arm.

"I hate to sound pushy, but can I come in now? I've been out here knocking for a while and I'm freezing."

"Oh! I'm sorry, yes, please come in."

Lovell moved to the side as he walked past him and then leaned against the door when he closed it behind him. They

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stood across from each other and Avery openly checked him out. His lustful stares pinned Lovell to the door and quickened his breathing. Avery turned away from him to put the rolls of wrapping paper on the couch then pulled off his gloves.

"May I?" he asked tugging at his coat.

Lovell still couldn't move, but he managed to nod.

A small grin appeared on Avery's face and he quickly took off his coat and hat.

"It's way warmer in here than it is outside, but I think it can get down right hot in here if we wanted," he added ogling him again.

Lovell swallowed loudly concentrating on baseball realizing that all he wore was a towel and forced his mouth to work. "Feel free to relax and warm up. I'll be right back." He started to leave the doorway, but Avery moved quickly to block his retreat.

"Where are you going?"

"I, I was just going to change. I was in the shower when you started knocking."

Avery smiled and looked him over again his eyes shining with lust. "Well, you don't have to do me any favors. What you've got on is fine with me."

No amount of baseball thinking was going to help him now. Avery was pressing his body against him and his cock responded instantly.

"Are you home alone, Lovell?"

"Yes," he answered on a gasp.

"Perfect," Avery purred against Lovell's ear. "Do you know how badly I want to touch you?" he whispered. "These

sensual full lips of yours want to be kissed so badly; don't they?" he asked tracing Lovell's lips with his finger with a feather like touch.

Avery's finger moved across Lovell's stubbly chin as Lovell licked his lips. The light stroking of Avery's fingers continued moving down his throat and across his shoulders until it reached the soft hair on his chest leaving Lovell weak in the knees.

"Oh my God, you are so fucking sexy," Avery said on a gasp as he gripped one of Lovell's solid pecs.

Lovell leaned more heavily against the door. Avery's touch continued to move through the downy hair over Lovell's firm stomach muscles where it stopped.

"Let me touch you, Lovell," Avery breathed against his neck giving it a light kiss.

A soft shudder like moan was his only answer. Avery took his soft erotic reply as a yes and pulled loose Lovell's tented towel dropping it to the floor.

This time it was Avery who gasped when he saw Lovell's impressive piece. It was at full mast proudly pointing toward the ceiling. He boldly gripped it without faltering, causing them both to moan from the pleasure of their connection. As Avery's hand slid over the head of his cock repeatedly another shudder went through Lovell's body.

"Mmm, it looks like delicious milk chocolate. Do you think it would melt in my mouth or in my hand?" he asked with a sly grin.

Another erotic moan left Lovell's lips and Avery smiled. "Let's put it to the test, shall we."

Avery brushed his lips slowly across Lovell's top lip ... then his bottom ... then after the slightest of pauses he leaned forward to capture his mouth completely. Lovell kissed back wanting nothing more at the moment than to taste him. His eyes closed as his arms slipped easily around Avery's neck. Everything around him disappeared except the awareness of Avery's kisses and the sound of their heavy breathing. The warm sensations that assailed Lovell's body felt good all the way to his toes, which curled each time Avery's tongue swept across his lips. Lovell was no longer in doubt about who Avery was interested in.

He gasped into Avery's mouth reveling in his kisses and his touch on his throbbing cock. Avery's other hand gripped his waist and he realized how good it felt being in someone's arms again.

He could lose himself in Avery's kisses. His cock didn't seem to have a problem with Avery either. It was willing to take the moment for what it was and enjoy every second of it, but his brain would not. It let cold reality back in and as good as it felt being with this man, he just couldn't let his cock lead his life.

"Wait, wait, I can't do this," Lovell said breathlessly pushing Avery back. "Please leave," he said picking up his towel on his way back to his room.

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Chapter Three

Lovell woke the next morning to find a note waiting for him on the refrigerator.

Lovell,

I need you to pick up a few things at the store. The list and the money are on the kitchen table. I will be home late this afternoon.

Thanks, Mom

Damn it! The last thing he wanted to do was go to the store and see Avery after what happened between them yesterday. Karma kept throwing them together. He sighed. Might as well get it over with and then afterwards he'd come back and start working. That would take his mind off everything else.

He dressed quickly and left. It was cold, but bright and sunny so he walked quickly. He closed the door behind him and moved to the back of the store to the grocery section in hopes on missing Avery all together. He grabbed one of the small baskets and walked around adding the things from his mother's list.

"I'm really sorry about yesterday, Lovell."

Lovell stiffened at the sound of Avery's voice so close behind him. The shiver that went down his back went straight to his cock and caressed it.

"I guess I read you wrong. I thought we were on the same page, that we, well, I thought, I thought we had a connection.

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Still that's no excuse for me to, well, I just wanted to say I was sorry," he said and turned on his heal.

Avery sounded so sad that it tore at Lovell's heart. He couldn't let him think he had attacked a man that wasn't interested and the man hated him for it. He spun around and grabbed his arm.

"Umm, wait Avery. You didn't read me wrong. I, I felt the same way, it's just, well, I work a lot and don't really have time to date and stuff. I live in the city. I'm going to be leaving after the New Year as soon as my apartment is ready."

"Oh. Okay, I can understand that." He nodded and then smiled. "So, does that mean we can't be friends?"

A friend that didn't exist online? Huh, that might be different.

"Uhh, no, I guess it doesn't have to mean that. We can be friends."

"Great! Are you free for lunch?"

"Uhh, actually, I was on my way back home to work for a while."

"Okay, here," he pulled a pen from his pocket and tore off a piece of wrapping paper from one of the baskets on the shelf. "Why don't you give me a call when you're done working and we can get together?" He handed him the paper.

"Okay, I will."

Avery gave him a smile and went back to work and Lovell continued shopping.

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The banging in his head was getting louder. He lifted his head and looked around. It wasn't in his head, but against his bedroom door.

"Yeah, what, what?"

"Lovell, are you decent? Why is your door locked? Are you alright?"

He wiped his face and sat up. His cover was hanging off his bed and he was naked. He looked around and his eyes fell on the slippery bottle of lube that was next to his pillow. What the hell? Oh. Now he remembered and his cock jumped at the memory of last night's activities. He shook his head and sighed.

"Lovell?"

He looked at the door. "Yes, Andie, I'm coming." He jumped into a pair of sweat pants adjusting his sticky cock then pulled a tee shirt over his head before he swung open the door.

"You look like hell. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, just tired. Do you need something?"

"Well, Mom was worried about you because you were asleep for so long. I told her you were working a lot and were just tired." She turned and walked away from his room. "So because you're my baby brother and I love you I told her I would get you up and make sure you ate something. This way

she would leave and be out of your hair for a while. So come on."

"Thanks, I'm not sure I can handle an over-doting mother right now. I have a lot of, umm, stuff going on right now. What time is it?"

"It's after seven o'clock."

"In the evening?"

She chuckled. "Yes."

He followed her into the kitchen and sat heavily in a chair. "Where did Mom go?"

"This is her dinner and a movie night with Mrs. Samuels." She pulled a plate from the microwave. "Here, I made you some chicken stir fry."

He nodded his thanks. The fork moved on its own back and forth to his mouth automatically. He really was tired, in body and mind. Thoughts of Avery plagued his mind while he was awake and asleep.

Being single for going on five years gave him ample time to throw himself into his work. Days would go by while he worked. When you were online your concept of time was altered. His website was his life right now. Even if he could find someone like Avery in the city, how would he have time for him? His website brought in incredible income. He had the means to hire someone to help, so he could do it from nine to five, but why? He had all the time in the world.

"You know you can't keep working like this," his sister said pulling him away from his own thoughts. "You're wearing yourself out. Mom says she hasn't seen you in three days

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because you haven't left your room. You need a better life than that. All you do is work and sleep."

"I told you, it's just like this for the holidays."

"I'm sure you're the same way at home, too. Tell me I'm wrong," she challenged.

He looked at her, but could not dispute her claim and she knew it. She sucked her teeth and continued.

"You're twenty-seven-years-old, Lovell. You don't go out, you don't have any friends and you don't date. You're a great guy, you shouldn't be alone. Whoever heard of a hermit under the age of thirty?"

"I just don't have time right now."

"If not now, Lovell, when? You're not getting any younger."

He continued eating not saying anything. He knew his sister was right, but it was what it was. What could he do? What could anyone do?

She saw his reluctance and sighed. "Well anyway, I found the wrapping paper. Thanks for getting it from Avery. Did you and Avery get the chance to talk that day?"

His sister's question sliced through his thoughts waking him like a cold shower. The fork stopped in mid air. "Yes, we, uhh, spoke, a little."

"Great! Did you get the chance to put a good word in for me?"

Hell no! The last thing I was thinking about was you when Avery was kissing my neck and stroking my dick!

The fork shook in his hand. "Uh, well, not really, Andie, sorry."

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"Oh, well, that's okay. Was he here long? Did you guys talk about anything?"

Lovell's mind moved back in time. They had indeed spoken, but their body language was more outspoken than anything they had said vocally and his body remembered every 'word' Avery's body had said to it. He could still feel the tingling on his body from Avery's touch.

"Lovell?"

His eyes popped open and he looked into his sister's smiling face. "Huh?"

"Where were you?" she asked with a laugh on her voice.

"Huh? What are you talking about?"

"I was sitting here talking to you and you just zoned out smiling and what not."

"Oh, sorry. Nothing, it's nothing," he said and continued eating.

She raised a questioning eyebrow. "Uh-huh." She went to the refrigerator and poured him something to drink and then returned to her chair. "Look, I told Mom I would make sure you ate and got some rest. Don't make me a liar," she said pushing the cup to him. "You'll have the whole house to yourself, so get some rest."

"What time is Mom coming back?"

"Not until late. Her movie doesn't even start until ten o'clock." She stood and kissed the top of his head. "Go to bed when you're done."

Lovell saluted her. "Yes, ma'am."

After he finished eating he shuffled back to his room, showered and then slipped under his covers where he quickly

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passed out. He was asleep for a while when his dream began. The hands were large and strong as they moved up his long muscular legs gliding sensually over his inner and outer thighs. Then kisses took the place of the hands, soft and wet on his legs.

Lovell felt the goose bumps rise over his heated skin as he stretched, enjoying the sexual touch on his body. The hands and the mouth that kissed him moved up Lovell's body exciting him even more. His cock throbbed almost painfully as it rested against his stomach wanting release. The hands spread Lovell's legs wide to accommodate the face that belonged to the kissing lips.

The cheeks that brushed against the insides of his thighs were smooth and free of hair. The nose nuzzled him pushing just under his nut sac teasing him terribly. Another shudder passed through him. He ran his hands through the soft, fine hair that brushed against his legs and heard a moan that was not his own. He tightened his grip on the hair as the mouth hungrily lapped at him.

Lovell could hardly breathe. The mouth was unyielding giving more of the sensational licking and sucking continuously moving lower. The hands returned, spreading his butt cheeks making it easier to lick and tease the tiny puckered hole between them. Lovell screamed at the first pass of the hot, wet tongue and his body began to shake. The licking increased and Lovell's moans filled the room. The licking was incredible and reduced him to a quivering pile of pure sensation.

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Lovell groaned with pleasure rocking back and forth. The mouth continued to lick on him occasionally adding a caressing kiss to his balls. He knew he wouldn't last long if the wonderful flicking of his tongue continued. He hoped this wonderful, giving mouth would be filled with his thick, warm come. The notion sent a thrill down his spine bringing him even closer.

He had seen his lovers before in his dreams and wondered if it were true now. His eyes opened to see if he could glimpse his lover, but couldn't see anything when he looked down. The room was too dark. Only a small bit of lamp light came in from the window and it was in his face. The mouth was moving again, kissing and licking up the throbbing vein on the underside of his cock. When it reached the swollen tip, the lips parted and swallowed the head and the shaft in one gulp. Lovell screamed his joy again to the four walls and his eyes closed again.

It had been so long since he felt someone really sucking his dick that he knew he wasn't going to last long with such a vivid dream. He could feel the tongue flicking around his engorged head with each luxurious pass. The mouth took his full length over and over again soon pulling the come from him with a loud cry of euphoric completion.

Lovell hollered and bucked in ecstasy as he came hard and fast, deep into the mouth of his dream lover. The lips pulled on the soft head, sucking lovingly, catching every drop that Lovell had offered. He had had many sexual dreams before, but none were ever this good. Something had always awakened him just before he came and he had to jerk off

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when he woke to relieve the ache of desire unfulfilled. He was glad he had gotten the chance to know what it was like to dream of the perfect blowjob and then finally come at the end of it. He sighed dreamily when his normal breathing returned.

"That was the best dream I ever had," he said into the darkness.

"Would you be angry if you found out it was not a dream?" a soft male voice asked him.

Lovell gasped and his eyes popped open again. He moved to push himself up on his elbows, but the man moved up his body pressing him back down. He lay on top of him and his head moved into the light. Lovell's eyes widened and his voice was filled with shock.

"Avery!" he breathed out. "Oh my God! What are you doing? What are you doing *here*?" he asked in an urgent hush.

"Don't be angry with me. I, I just wanted to be with you. I had the opportunity and I jumped at it."

"How did you get in here?"

"Does it matter? I just wanted you to feel good. I understand what you said about you just visiting, but while you are here why can't we spend some time together? Would that be so bad?" When Lovell hesitated, Avery continued. "Did I make you feel good?" he whispered against his lips.

The incredible sensations still filled Lovell's body. Now he knew that the explosive orgasm he had just felt was not a dream, but that Avery had given it to him. He had given him something no one else had ever given him and it was exquisite.

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"Yes, it was unlike anything I have ever felt," he answered softly and could see Avery's beautiful smile in the dim light.

"I'm glad. Before I go will you allow me to make you feel good again?"

"Avery, I—"

Avery stopped his protest with a kiss that stoked the fire in his loins. The kiss was hot and wet and filled with longing. Despite the mind-blowing orgasm Avery had just given him his cock lengthened and pressed against Avery's stomach.

"Please, Lovell, I want to do it," Avery whispered when he broke their connection.

He nodded vigorously panting his words. "Yes, yes, whatever you want to do, do it."

Avery kissed him again and then reached underneath his waist and flipped Lovell over reversing their positions in one quick, smooth movement. Lovell's eyes widened as he looked down into Avery's face.

"I want you to fuck me."

An electric jolt of pleasure shot through Lovell's loins at Avery's carnal words. "What? Avery, you—"

Avery touched his lips. "No, don't talk. I want this. Please, just fuck me."

Although the words sent another electric surge of pleasure coursing through his body, his mind made him hesitate.

Avery saw his hesitation and added, "You don't need to be gentle with me, either. If this is to be the only time we are together like this then I want to be able to feel you for the next few days. The pain will leave faster than the memory of you being inside me."

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Not waiting for an answer Avery wiggled out of his pants. He pushed Lovell back to sit on his hind legs and turned over underneath him offering his ass. Lovell glided his hand across the rounded cheeks presented before him and found he could not refuse the offer. He positioned himself behind Avery and gripped his own cock to find the tight hole between the firm cheeks before him.

Lovell pushed a few times and then entered him fully. Avery cried out in ecstasy as Lovell thrust forward into him keeping his cock buried deep in Avery's ass. The blissful feelings washed over Lovell from head to toe. He told himself he was giving Avery a chance to accommodate himself to the intrusion in his ass, but the truth was he was afraid that if he moved too soon he would explode.

Lovell pressed into him slowly at first, but the rise of pleasure made him speed up. His balls swung back and forth with his efforts making erotic slapping noises against Avery's ass. Avery's moans filled the room and Lovell sent his up to blend with them. The joy of being inside Avery was incredible and rubbing his taut cheeks beneath his hands was almost just as good.

"God! Lovell, don't stop!"

Avery's verbal encouragement spurred Lovell on and his thrusts came faster and faster. Lovell was caught on a heavenly wave to orgasmic bliss and had no choice but to ride it to completion. Lovell pounded into him even harder, his fingers digging deeply into Avery's hips.

Avery matched him thrust for thrust as his hips slammed back swallowing as much of Lovell's length as he could. Both

men groaned loudly with pleasure from their efforts. Lovell's moans spoke volumes to Avery.

"Lovell, don't hold back. Tonight is for you. Fuck me until you explode."

Lovell was on fire. The orgasm would be explosive. Lovell knew it and he wanted it. His body was aching for it and now he knew that Avery wanted it to happen, too and it was all he needed to take him over the edge. The orgasm swept over him without warning, locking his body in a forward thrusting position. His cry was uninhibited. A cry of pure bliss and that helped to drain him fully. Soaking wet from his efforts he laid on Avery's back his breathing harsh and raspy.

"You were incredible, Lovell."

"No, Avery, you—" the rest of his words drifted off becoming inaudible.

Lovell's spent cock made a soft pop as it withdrew from Avery's body. Avery smiled in the darkness and lowered them slowly to the bed.

"Go to sleep."

Lovell nodded. He had so many questions and wanted to say so much to Avery, but his brain and body were finally on the same page with only one thing in mind. Avery rolled him gently to the bed and backed up against him. Lovell pulled him into his arms and with no further thought he tumbled headlong into a deep sleep.

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Chapter Four

When Lovell woke he was alone. He looked around running his hand over his head.

Was Avery really here? Was it all a dream?

He fell back against his pillow and looked out the window. It was a dull gray day and the snow was falling again. He had been working a lot and so much had happened that he didn't even know what day it was. He closed his eyes and went over everything he knew and then suddenly he flipped the covers back and jumped from the bed.

He showered and dressed quickly and ran past his mother with just a wave. He hurried down the street moving as fast as he could through the thick snow. At the store he moved quickly looking for Avery, but found Mr. Brent at the register.

"Hi Lovell, how are you? Is it cold enough for you?" he asked and laughed at his own joke.

"Hi Mr. Brent, I'm fine." he said. "I was just looking for Avery, have you seen him?"

"Oh, yeah, he's in his office in the back," Mr. Brent answered thumbing the direction. "He's on lunch and asked not to be disturbed."

"Hmm, is it okay if I go back there? I just want to ask a quick question."

"Is it anything I can help you with?"

He looked the old man over and almost laughed. "No, just Avery."

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"Well, he did say he didn't want to be disturbed, but a quick question can't hurt, can it? Go ahead."

"Thanks."

Now I will get to the bottom of this. He knocked on the door.

"Yeah, who is it?"

"Avery, it's me Lovell. Can I come in? I think we need to talk."

There was a short pause before the answer came. "Yes. Come in."

He swung open the door and his mouth dropped open. "Wha—wha—"

"Come in, Lovell. Close the door."

Lovell did as he was told, but his expression did not change. Avery was at his desk with the chair pushed all the way back against the wall. He was naked from the waist down. Lovell stood there gaping at him openly getting a good look at him in the light. He was beautiful. He had long muscular legs. They were the same legs that had hung off the side of his full-size bed last night.

Avery's hand was completely filled as it glided over a long, slender cock with a full head. The pleasure he brought himself with his movements were still etched on his face. The memories of that hand making his own cock feel good came crashing back to the forefront of his mind, that very hand was now about to bring Avery the same joy. He watched as Avery used slow, smooth strokes to drag his hand over the skin of his shaft and felt his own cock grow in anticipation.

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"Do, do you always take a little hiatus like this at lunch time?" Lovell asked trying to lean against the door.

Avery smiled. "I didn't until recently."

"Really? Wh-why is that?"

"I've been doing this since the first day I saw you in the store. I would close my eyes and pretend it was you, but today I'm gifting myself with this time because I wanted to feel you inside of me again. So, I came in here to think about you and next thing I knew my dick was in my hand and my pants were on the floor."

Lovell looked around the room. Avery's pants were carelessly thrown on the floor by the side of his desk. He looked back at Avery who still stroked his cock leisurely. Lovell found the vision most appealing. Maybe Avery was right. Just because he wasn't going to stay here didn't mean they couldn't be friends. Avery had given him so much without asking anything from him in return. The least he could do was return the favor.

Lovell pushed himself off the door and walked deliberately over to Avery. He kneeled before him. Putting his hand over Avery's and pushing their grasp down his shaft, Lovell then lowered his mouth over his impressive piece before Avery had a chance to say a word. Avery moved his hand away and let out a shuddering moan. Over and over Lovell covered the shaft with his mouth, playing with the tip with his tongue and fondling his balls. Avery's body shook beneath him, but Lovell continued his onslaught of pleasure providing sucking and licking.

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"Oh, God, Lovell," he moaned. "You have no idea how good—"

Lovell pulled his mouth free for a moment. "Shh, no talking."

"Okay, okay, but, Lovell, wait. I don't have as much control as you do," he panted breathlessly.

"So? Who says you need to exercise control?" he breathed against the cock that lingered against his lips.

Another moaning shudder passed over Avery that Lovell could feel. With a small smile on his face, he attacked Avery's cock with a vengeance. Sucking, licking, tasting, Lovell loved every minute of having a cock in his mouth again, but he knew Avery loved it even more. His moans filled Lovell's ears and the room. He kept sucking. Neither of them cared that he was at work or that Mr. Brent could walk in at anytime wondering what was going on. They were lost in the moment, enjoying each other and that's all that mattered.

"Ahh, shit!"

Avery sat straight up grabbing Lovell's head as the rapture of his orgasm caught him, rocking him to his core. He held Lovell in place shooting his load deep into his mouth. When Avery collapsed back into the chair, drained of more than just his energy, Lovell sucked the tip of his dick gently until his breathing returned to normal. He released his cock and rested his head in Avery's lap.

"I wanted to thank you for last night," Lovell said after a while.

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"Wow, that's how you thank someone? I'll have to do things for you more often," he said planting a kiss on top of his head.

Lovell raised his head and looked up at him. "No, not someone, you," he corrected.

Avery caressed his face and lowered his head placing a tender kiss on his lips. "I'm sorry. You did that for me and I appreciate it and thank you for it."

Lovell stood and pulled Avery to his feet. "I have to go and you have to get back to work."

"Yes, I think I can make it through the day now," Avery said in a teasing tone. "But I think I really need some lunch now."

Lovell laughed. "Yeah, I bet."

Avery laughed with him and then brought Lovell's hands to his lips. "Let me come to you tonight. I have to see you again."

Lovell hesitated and Avery kissed his knuckles softly and then slid one of Lovell's fingers into his mouth sucking gently, leaning forward so their foreheads touched.

"Please, Lovell, I have to be with you."

He nodded. "Okay, come to my window tonight, but you have to come late when my mother is already in bed. I don't want to shock her with your presence like that. It's still her house."

He flashed Lovell that beautiful smile again. "Whatever you say."

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Lovell went through his day and found himself counting the hours and the minutes as they seemed to drag by. Finally, his mother went off to bed and so did he. He sat in the window waiting impatiently for Avery to come. When he saw him coming down the street, he swung the window open and waved him over.

"I had no idea it was going to be this cold tonight. I'm so sorry," Lovell said pulling him inside the window and then laughed quietly. "I feel like a kid breaking curfew and sneaking my boyfriend in the house."

Avery laughed with him. "I feel like I'm breaking and entering."

"No way, we're just being a little secretive, not breaking the law."

"Yeah, speaking of being secretive, Lovell, I have something to tell you."

"No, you don't have to. I know what you're going to say."

Avery's eyes went wide in the darkness of the room. "You, you do?"

"Of course and you were right, Avery. I have been a paranoid fool." Lovell pulled off his coat and continued to disrobe him. "Why shouldn't I take advantage of what might happen between us? I mean, we can start as friends, yes, but if something else blossoms that would be great, right?"

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"Yes, I agree, but that's not what I was going to say. I need to tell you—"

"And, well, I think something else *is* blossoming, don't you?" he said as if Avery hadn't spoken.

"Yes, I do. I'm glad we are on the same page now, but I really need to tell you something."

Lovell's excitement made him move quickly as he removed the last of Avery's clothes. When Avery was naked before him, he pushed his own pajama pants to the floor and wrapped his arms around Avery pulling him into a kiss.

"So, what is it that you want to tell me?" he asked when he released him.

Avery smiled and wrapped his arms around Lovell's waist. "Never mind, it can wait until later."

Lovell chuckled. "I thought it could." He fell backwards on his bed and pulled Avery on top of him. Avery looked down at him about to say something, but changed his mind kissing Lovell instead as he moved into position over him.

"I made sure to put this under my pillow for tonight," he said handing him his bottle of lube. "I don't want there to be any more pain between us just pleasure."

Avery chuckled softly taking it. "It's almost gone."

Lovell shrugged. "I've been single a long time, besides a little dab will do wonders. Here, let me show you."

Avery sat back on the bed to give Lovell access to his lap. He had expected Lovell to slather his cock with the lube, but instead he lowered his head taking his half-hard cock into his mouth. It didn't take long for Lovell to reactivate the hard on Avery had earlier in the day. Lovell remembered the taste of

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Avery's excitement and wanted more of it, but as good as Avery's cock felt in his mouth, he didn't want him to come that way and apparently neither did Avery.

"Enough, I'm ready," Avery said, his lust making his voice rough as he pushed Lovell off him.

Lovell took the bottle from him and greased Avery's now firm rod preparing it to enter him. When it felt slick and full in his hand Lovell moved to turn over on his hands and knees, but Avery stopped him.

"No, I want to see your face when we make love. Lay on your back again."

Lovell complied and waited for his lover to come to him. Avery supported himself on his arms, and pressed upward, but Lovell's words stopped him from entering him.

"Why like this, Avery? I don't mind, but I just—"

A small smile spread across Avery's face as he paused touching his face. He dropped a soft kiss on his lips. "I want to look into your beautiful face when I make love to you. I want to see the passion in your eyes when you come."

Lovell felt the sting in his eyes at Avery's words.

"Is that okay with you?"

"Yes."

Avery pressed forward again. Lovell gasped, pulling his knees higher and wider, opening completely to Avery. With Avery's next push, he buried the swollen head of his cock inside of Lovell's deliciously tight hole.

"Oh, God," they whispered together as the sensation threatened to engulf them both.

Avery hesitated for only a moment, and then he thrust upward, entering Lovell smoothly to the hilt.

"Shit," Lovell gasped, sucking in a sharp breath. He could barely think as he could only focus on feeling Avery inside him.

"Lovell, are you okay?" Avery asked his voice shaky and filled with concern.

Avery felt bigger than he looked and he looked big enough. Lovell's pucker hole had not been touched by another cock in years and Avery was stretching it to its limits. He concentrated hard on relaxing and when the pressure eased, he gazed up into Avery's handsome face.

"I'm fine, don't stop," he whispered trembling a little.

"God, you're so tight. I don't want to come too soon. Slowly, I must go slowly," he added to himself more than to Lovell.

Avery paused for a moment and then began to thrust gently. After a while he looked down into Lovell's face and dropped a kiss onto his lips. "Lovell, you feel so good," he said gliding in and out of him easier. "I feel I may need to apologize now for coming too soon," a combination of a chuckle and a pleasurable shudder escaped him. He leaned on Lovell's legs holding them in place.

With his hands now free, Lovell gripped his own cock and started stroking it. Feeling Avery sliding in and out of his ass was outstanding and bringing him to completion quickly. He was close to coming himself and wanted to come when Avery was ready.

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Avery gasped. The sight of Lovell stroking the thickness of his rod heated his passions even more and he ground deeper into him. "Baby, if you keep doing that I can't promise I will be able to last much longer."

Lovell stroked his swollen head faster keeping the pace with Avery's movements. "So who says you have to last long? Quality is better than quantity, isn't it?" he asked lustfully.

Lovell's words caused a rough, erotic moan from deep within Avery's chest and he pumped into Lovell faster and harder. Lovell continued stroking, but could hardly keep up with Avery's frenzy. Suddenly Avery pushed himself up and held Lovell's knees against his chest as he dug deep into him with quick sharp strokes.

"Oh shit! Avery, I'm, oh—" he panted unable to finish his words.

"Look at me, Lovell. I want to see you when you come," he said and fell forward over him pumping madly. "Open your eyes!" he demanded.

Lovell's eyes popped open. He stroked harder and faster and then his load exploded from his cock. His face contorted with rapture as he stared into Avery's handsome face as he came. Avery saw the joy erupt in Lovell's eyes and watched the quick hot spurts of come land on his stomach. It was enough to push him over the brink of ecstasy as well and he pressed his lips to Lovell's taking his screams into his mouth and silencing his own. With his cock buried deep inside of Lovell he came hard and fast fulfilling both of their desires.

They held each other for a long time before their lips parted. Breathing hard they looked at one another putting

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tender kisses all over each others' face. Avery kept himself raised over Lovell's body, but his arms shook slightly. Lovell let his legs relax down when he felt Avery's cock leave his tender asshole. Wrapping his arms around Avery, he promptly fell asleep feeling better than he had in years with his new lover in his arms.

* * * *

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Lovell woke to Avery nuzzling his neck. Avery was next to him now putting butterfly kisses along his neck and shoulder.

"How do you feel?" Avery asked.

Lovell sighed and squeezed his shoulder bringing him closer. "I feel absolutely incredible."

He sighed with relief. "I am so glad. I was afraid I might have hurt you in my eagerness."

He shrugged and turned to look at him. "There was a lot of pressure, but hardly any pain."

"You are so beautiful especially when you are asleep," Avery whispered caressing Lovell's face.

Lovell suddenly had tears in his eyes and he turned away from Avery.

"Baby, what's wrong? What has happened between us is a good thing. I'm glad you decided to give us a chance to be together. You haven't changed your mind have you?"

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He shook his head. "No, Avery, that's not it. I want us to take this as far as it will go, it's just..."

"Then what is it? What's making you so upset?"

"You say that I am beautiful, but," his voice tightened with emotion. "I will never really know what you look like. I will never be able to enjoy your beauty the way you do mine."

Avery caressed his face and shifted his body weight resting his head in his hand to look at him. "What do you see when you look at me?"

Lovell closed his eyes and turned away. "Avery—"

Avery turned his face back toward him. "Baby, please tell me. I need to understand."

Lovell opened his eyes, but hesitated for just a moment scanning his face. "I see light hair, lighter skin and light eyes. I know that you are white because the tones that I see you in are lighter than mine, but that is all I know for sure. I have no clue what color your hair is. It could be light brown, blonde or red for all I know. Your eyes could be blue, green or light brown," he answered with a frustrated edge. "I don't know any of that because I can't tell one from the other!" He turned away again as the tears finally fell.

Avery paused digesting what he had said. "So you think you're missing out on something?"

He turned back. "Avery, no, don't get me wrong. I find beauty all over you. I think you're sexy and charming and I love your lips," he said as he ran his fingers across them. "It's just, sometimes, not all the time, it bothers me that I'm missing out on the beauty that the rest of the world gets to see."

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Avery smiled. "Lovell there is no need for that to upset you that is not the case with me. You are seeing me just as the world sees me. You're not missing out on anything." He chuckled at the confused look on Lovell's face. "Lovell, the way you see me is not that much different than the way everyone else sees me."

"What do you mean?"

"The light and dark shades that you see as me, those are basically my features. I have blonde hair and during the summer months it's even blonder from the sun and my eyes are grey," he explained softly.

Lovell let Avery's words fall over him and wash away the last of what pushed him away and slowly a smile touched his lips.

"You mean you look just the way I see you?" he asked relief and excitement filled his words.

Avery chuckled. "Yeah, I do. Just ask your family if you don't believe me."

Lovell reached over and pulled Avery back on top of him and his mouth down to his.

"Wow. What happened to my sexy, shy Lovell?" Avery asked in a teasing tone.

"You have no idea how that makes me feel, Avery."

"I want to make you happy, Lovell. If you give me the chance, I will make you happy forever. Stay here with me."

"What? I can't just—"

"Why not? You can work anywhere you can take your computer, right?"

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Lovell looked up at his lover and wondered what it was that was really stopping him from being with this man. He was everything Lovell ever wanted, a real live gift. He would be a fool to let him go. He could stay with Avery and finally be happy. He smiled and pulled Avery's face down to his wanting lips eager to taste his lips again.

"Lovell! Are you up yet?"

Lovell gasped in horror right before their lips connected.

"Holy shit!" he said in a loud whisper. He tossed Avery off him and onto the bed. "Damn it! What time is it?"

"Just about seven," Avery answered looking at his watch. "What's wrong?"

"I told you, I haven't said anything to my family about you. For God's sake, my sister has a crush on you. She wanted me to put a 'good word' in for her," he explained as he frantically dressed.

"Lovell, calm down. I have to tell you something."

He yanked a t-shirt over his head and lean across the bed to kiss him. "Stay here until I come get you, okay?"

Before Avery could answer, Lovell was out the door.

"Good morning, Ma," he said walking into the kitchen. "Hi, Andie, what are you doing here so early?"

His sister shook her head with a heavy sigh. "You really need a life, Lovell."

He sat at the table. "What did I do now?"

"Do you even know what day it is, Lovell?"

His mother came by him and put a plate of breakfast in front of him and he kissed her cheek. "Thanks, Ma. No, Andie, what day is it?"

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She sputtered and rolled her eyes. "Lovell, it's Christmas morning! Duh!"

Lovell's brows knitted as he scanned his brain for evidence. "Really? But I—"

"You work too much. All of your days are screwed up. You spend three days at a time online and you never know what day it is," his sister said chastising him.

He was about to give her a retort, but stopped when his mother put another plate on the table next to his and then took her seat with her own plate. He looked at her out the corner of his eye and then to his sister.

"Uhh, Ma, what—" His words stopped again when he heard the kitchen door open behind him. His eyes widened when he saw Avery take the chair next to him. His breathing picked up as he stared at him out the corner of his eye with his mouth hanging open and then to his mother and sister again. "I uhh, I can explain."

Andie and his mother laughed and Lovell thought he would fall out of the chair.

"Didn't you speak to him?" Lovell's mother asked.

"No ma'am, I didn't get the chance to," Avery said as he ate.

"Wha—wha—" Lovell looked across the table to everyone barely able to speak through his confusion.

"Lovell, calm down before you have a heart attack. We already know about Avery, we've always known," his sister explained.

"Huh?"

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"Sweetheart, we just couldn't stand you being alone any longer," his mother chimed in. "When Avery came here we knew he would be perfect for you. We told him all about you. He was interested in meeting you before you even came home, but we knew you wouldn't allow that. So when you came for the holidays we thought it would be a perfect time for you two to meet."

Lovell's brain was still on overload with too much information. As it sunk in, he turned to Avery who was almost done with his breakfast. Lovell turned back to his sister.

"But you said, you said—"

Andie waved her fork as she spoke. "Yes, yes, I know. I said I was interested in Avery, too. Well, I lied. I had to know if you were interested in him, and when I knew you were, I set it up so you guys would have some time to be alone together."

Hmm, so that's how Avery got into his house the other night and how he knew when he was home alone to seduce him.

He looked at Avery who looked up from his plate and smiled.

Lovell shook his head as things started to make sense. "Okay, let me see if I got this straight. You guys set me up?" He looked around the table and received nods from his family and Avery, too. "Can I get a why?"

"Think of it as the Christmas gift that keeps on giving," his sister said laughing.

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Avery wiped his mouth and spoke for the first time. "Your family loves you, Lovell. They wanted you to be happy and they thought that I could do that ... and I can, if you let me."

He looked at Avery again and his confusion started to ebb. His family went through all of this cloak and dagger to make him happy. It was like an arranged marriage ... well, sort of. They were the closest people to him. They knew and loved him. They had hooked him up with Avery and he was happy with their choice.

"Come on, Lovell, don't act like you're not happy with our choice," his sister said in a teasing tone. "Merry Christmas, little brother and welcome to the family Avery," she added raising her mug in the air.

His mother and Avery raised their mugs to meet hers and everyone turned to Lovell. He chuckled and shook his head raising his own mug into the pile.

"Who am I to turn down a gift from the two people who love me most in the world?"

Avery cleared his throat and everyone turned to him. "Make that three."

Everyone laughed and with their mugs raised high, they spoke in unison. "Merry Christmas."

The End

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by Jaxx Steele

Homepage URL: freewebs.com/jaxxsteele

AUTHOR BIO:

Jaxx Steele was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, but is hiding out in Indiana to stay out of trouble. Reading and writing were his first loves and continue to be first in his heart. He spends his time working a nine to five and traveling when he can. With room in his heart for Hou and their cat Judo, Jaxx has a full and happy life.

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