

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

IN HIS
Mind

CHERYL
DRAGON

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

In His Mind

ISBN 9781419916786

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

In His Mind Copyright © 2009 Cheryl Dragon.

Edited by Shannon Combs.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication February 2009

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

IN HIS MIND

Cheryl Dragon

Chapter One

Parker Mullins could feel Adam's eyes on his back. As he led the way up the stairs of the lovely vacation home on Nantucket, Parker knew this trip was about business. But a long weekend alone with Adam Rayne was better than Parker could've hoped. His previous efforts to get Adam alone had failed.

"I've got the key." Adam handed the chain with a single key to Parker.

The brush of Adam's hand sent Parker's thoughts to dark places, but even worse, he allowed himself to slip into Adam's mind. Being a telepath had its advantages. Adam was anticipating their time alone as much as Parker was. Yet Adam seemed reluctant to act on it.

Tuning out of Adam's thoughts, Parker opened the door and surveyed the cozy vacation place. It'd be perfect if it weren't for the ghost that lived there. The property had changed hands five times in two years but a determined real estate agent had hired Rayne Paranormal Investigations to fix it.

Adam was already unloading equipment. "Which bedroom do you want?" he asked.

Walking the first floor, Parker tried to sense the ghost first. Not extremely old. He'd done his research and Nantucket had a history in the whaling trade where plenty of men had died. And storms had ravaged the tiny island in its history. But this ghost had died about fifty years ago. Beyond that Parker didn't sense much. He walked up the stairs and entered one bedroom and then the other. Like a nasty wind, it hit him.

The second bedroom. "It was here. He died in this room."

Adam came up behind him and slid by with a digital thermometer. "Ten degrees colder. You want to stay in this one? I can set up the equipment." Adam set the thermometer down and leaned against the old dresser. His long frame at ease even in

the midst of a hot spot. Or, in this case, a cold one. Adam was the most laid-back of the Rayne siblings. Parker would've found himself more relaxed around Adam if he weren't so arousing.

"I'll sleep here." Parker studied Adam's green eyes and dark-brown hair. He had a swimmer's build that made Parker's cock ache. Lean and muscled, Adam was also smart and reliable. Without any sixth-sense-type gifts, Adam focused more on the technical side of things. He'd kept his distance from Parker. It was driving him crazy.

"I'll get it set up." Adam headed downstairs and began making trips to bring up various pieces of equipment.

Parker helped, choosing to follow Adam up for the view of his tight ass in shorts. In the six months he'd worked for Rayne, Parker hadn't been on a case with Adam. Partly because Adam had always found a way out and partly because Adam didn't volunteer for the fun cases. In the middle, with one brother older—the tech genius—and one younger—the wild guy who loved to chase the weird cases—Adam hadn't carved out a niche for himself. He was always there. At thirty-one years old, he was still floating with the tide and doing whatever the resident psychic, big sister Dana, needed done.

But this time the agency was just too swamped. Parker needed tech backup and Adam was the only one available. Dana's current project didn't require tech backup so there was no way for Adam to get out of it.

Not that Parker had relied on work to get close. However his attempts to get Adam outside of work for a beer or a Celtics game were met with excuses of other plans.

"I'm glad you got this assignment," Parker said.

"What?" Adam shoved his hands in his pockets.

Parker dropped a suitcase on the bed. "Matthew is always looking for the danger and Jason only talks about that jewelry woman he's crazy about."

"Right. They've got a lot of chemistry." Adam began unpacking a tripod.

“No doubt.” Parker couldn’t help but think how good Adam was. The telepath thing had been hard to deal with. People constantly thought one thing and said another. All their passions and daydreams were frustrating. Parker had learned to tune it out, but when working he had to open his mind. Around Adam it was easy. His thoughts were soothing to Parker. And frequently arousing. “Ever had that kind of chemistry?”

“I don’t date much.” Adam’s words didn’t matter. Parker eased into his mind. Ethical – no. Unless, as usual, Adam’s thoughts were about Parker.

Parker. Damn it. Why? Why this guy? Why one I work with? I have to stop it.

“When the right one comes along, you’ll know.” Parker needed this job. He’d had trouble in high school, no college and though the military had helped him with discipline, the money certainly hadn’t been enough to help. The Raynes were flexible, nice and paid well for his talents. Boston wasn’t exactly full of options for a guy with the gift. Medium and telepath job listings weren’t in the paper every week.

That was the only thing that had kept him from pinning Adam to the floor and stopping this whole game months ago. It was a family business and one word from Adam meant Parker was out of a job. And away from Adam.

One was bad. The other unthinkable. This weekend was his chance. Parker could get close, get a better feel for things between them. Alone, there would be fewer excuses and distractions. They hadn’t laid a hand on each other and Parker already knew he was obsessed.

“Any sign of the ghost yet?” Adam asked.

“Nothing visual. I can feel him but he’s not friendly.” Parker liked that Adam believed. No scoffing or doubt.

Adam shook his head. “The friendly ones rarely need our services. I’ll get the food supplies out and lock the rental car. Looks like rain.”

“They said there are take-out menus in the kitchen. We can order in,” Parker suggested.

“Whatever. I’m easy.” Adam headed for the first floor.

Parker wanted to tell him he was anything but easy. Adam was stuck. And stubborn. Not out and not flirting. Not okay with himself. But the looks he gave went straight through Parker. He knew those looks. This weekend things would change for them. Parker couldn’t tell the future like some were able to do, but he trusted his instincts.

* * * * *

One hour later they dined on cold-cut sandwiches and chips as the Celtics were ahead at the half. So far it felt more like a date than a job but ghosts could be moody and work on their own time.

Adam kept all thoughts and eyes on the game. He’d fought the assignment but there was no one else. It wasn’t that he didn’t like Parker. He was perfect to pal around with and they got along great, it was the fact that Adam couldn’t control his thoughts.

If only Parker couldn’t read minds. For all the assurances that Parker respected the private minds of others, Adam felt there was something different between them. He could almost feel it when Parker slipped in and Adam had to adjust his thoughts. Parker was tall and built like the ex-military man he was. Broad in the shoulder with dark blond hair that flopped down to hide the dark brown eyes that saw what Adam couldn’t. Everything about Parker drove Adam crazy, from his muscled back to his large hands. How could he keep his mind on his job with Parker so close? This was something he hadn’t felt since high school and burying it back then had worked. It was a lot harder than he remembered though.

The rain had whipped up into a storm as the halftime announcer recapped the game so far. As it went to commercial the screen went fuzzy.

“Damn,” Parker said.

“Wind must’ve knocked out the cable.” Adam flipped channels to see if anything, even local news, was coming through. Nothing. Even mother nature wasn’t helping Adam distract himself. Being alone with Parker was dangerous.

“So why don’t you tell me why you never want to go on a case with me?” Parker lounged on the couch with one arm slung across the back, almost reaching to Adam.

Parker was direct and Adam didn’t know what to say. “It’s not like that. Jason’s a better tech guy. Matthew likes to travel and do the weird locations. I’m just the backup. Jack-of-all-trades. You and Dana are the talent.”

“That’s not why.” Parker looked him in the eye.

“You’re not supposed to creep around inside people’s minds. Mind your own mind.” Adam felt cornered. How could he control his own thoughts?

Parker moved closer and Adam didn’t budge. The heat, the need—the draw of the man was magnetic.

“I respect you more than anyone else at Rayne Investigations. You can handle anything they throw at you and anyone who walks in the door. You’re there for all your family. No job too big or too small. I’m not pushing, Adam. But why don’t I rate?” Parker’s arm was still on the back of the couch as he leaned in.

Adam snapped his head to the side as he looked Parker in the eye. Didn’t rate? Parker ruled his thoughts. His dreams and his fantasies. He wanted Parker to change reality and make those dreams come true but the words wouldn’t come. “I want to work with you. It’s not simple.”

“Nothing is. But going after what you want feels a hell of a lot better than avoiding it.”

“But sometimes it hurts a lot worse in the end.” Adam could smell Parker’s skin—he could practically taste the tanned flesh.

“Not everything hurts,” Parker said.

Adam felt Parker's hand on his neck, pulling him closer. There was no denying it. No escape. Adam didn't want to escape this time, or this man. He let Parker's mouth take over his world.

Powerful arms held him as Adam sank into the kiss. Five o'clock shadow teased his chin as Adam's cock grew hard. Without fear Adam reached out, his hands fisting Parker's shirt as their tongues touched.

Parker groaned and pulled him closer—deepening the kiss as Adam's hands unclenched and flattened against his hard chest. When Parker's mouth moved to Adam's neck—he gasped. This was like in his dream. Only now it was real. His cock throbbed and Adam wanted it all at once. There was no one here to see or interrupt or judge. Adam's hands reached around, feeling the carved plane of Parker's back, pulling up the shirt to touch his hot skin.

But Parker was insistent. He tugged off Adam's shirt and licked down his chest. Giving in gratefully, Adam's hands explored Parker while watching the sexy man on him.

Then Parker's hand slid where Adam had fantasized about so often. How many times had he jerked off pretending Parker was palming him? Now it was real.

Parker freed Adam's hard cock from his shorts and slowly stroked his length. Adam pressed into his hand and wanted more. He rubbed Adam's balls, tugging and squeezing until his hips jerked.

"What do you want?" Parker asked.

Adam groaned. The list would take forever. Places, positions and more—Adam could only get out one thing. "You."

It must've been enough because the warmth of Parker's hard mouth surrounded Adam's cock. He fought the urge to grab his head and fuck Parker's mouth. Adam wanted this to last.

For once he felt safe and accepted. No one ever made him feel this wanted. And he wanted Parker as badly.

Adam's fingers threaded in Parker's hair as his mouth sucked down to the base of his cock. Losing control, Adam lifted and he felt as well as heard Parker's moan. The vibrations pushed Adam closer to the edge.

"More." Adam pushed him down.

Parker sucked and fucked Adam's cock with his mouth until Adam began to let go. The intense need in him let loose as he fucked Parker's mouth and held on. Parker moaned and rolled Adam's balls in his hand harder and harder.

It was too much. He didn't want it over with but he couldn't stop. Adam jerked into Parker and felt the intense rush as his cum shot into Parker's eager mouth. Adam slowly released his grip on the man he'd wanted for six months. But Parker's quick tongue wasn't done. It roughly swept up his shaft and down to the base until he sucked in both balls.

Adam watched and knew Parker had been waiting and wanting this every bit as long as he had. And he was so skilled. But Parker was out. No telling how many men he'd fucked. With a close family business and bad early experience, Adam had buried this side of himself.

"I'm sorry. I didn't—" Adam wasn't sure what to say. Or what to do. He knew what he wanted but his self-conscious streak returned.

"Shut up." Parker kissed his bare thigh and ran kisses up Adam's body to his mouth. "No lies, no excuses and don't apologize."

Grabbing Parker, Adam rolled them onto the floor and began to undress him. As Adam reached for the hard cock he'd been obsessing about, all the lights in the house went out.

Chapter Two

In the dark, Parker's senses began to overload. Adam's mouth on his neck and rough hand on his cock were enough in themselves, but the ghost was there, watching. The hollow eyes of a lanky redheaded male stared at him from the French doors leading out to the beach.

It was too late to stop. Adam's hard body pressed against him was what he'd wanted for so long. Months and months. Unable to think or pace his need, he fucked Adam's hand faster and came—lifting himself and Adam off the floor except for a few limbs to brace themselves.

The lights snapped on as Parker tried to back away. He saw Adam licking his palm and desire shot through him harder. There were so many things he wanted to do. This had barely taken the edge off. But first he had to communicate with the ghost. First contact could be critical.

"More." Adam reached for him.

Parker closed his shorts and stood. "Later. We've got a ghost in the room."

Disappointment registered for a split second but Adam recovered, pulling on his shorts and heading upstairs. Parker knew Adam was after a camera. The business meant as much to Adam as it did to Parker. They weren't going to fail. Parker turned to the ghost.

"I'm here to help you," he said.

"You can't do *that* here. Mother doesn't like it." The ghost looked around as though they'd be caught.

"Look, friend, you're dead. Your mother is probably long dead. There's no reason for you to hang around here for eternity. You need to visualize the white light and just go." Parker could tell by his clear appearance that this ghost hadn't crossed over. Those

that had already crossed frequently visited their family but they were more transparent and never anxious.

“Now you sound just like Mother. She wants me to go with her.” He folded his arms and paced in front of the French doors, looking out at the sea.

Parker grabbed a cold soda from the fridge and let his mind slide into the ghost’s. A few essential facts flew at him but the sheer volume of emotions made him pull back. This guy was all twisted around. Waiting for someone.

“Randy. I know you’re not happy here.” Parker opened the can.

Adam came down the stairs with a handheld camera and looked at Parker.

“French doors.” Parker was the interpreter. He’d done it dozens of times. At least Adam wouldn’t doubt him. Before the Raynes he’d tried doing it on his own but his look and his style seemed to make people doubt.

“How do you know my name?” Randy asked.

Parker sipped his soda. “You were in World War II.”

“Did my mother send you? I know she talks to people about me. Trying to change me. To get me to go with her.” Randy paced more. “But you two were—right here. She’s not here. She’s not mad. It doesn’t make any sense.”

“I’ve never met your mother. This is about you haunting this house. Why don’t you go, Randy?” Parker was relieved Adam didn’t ask him a million interrupting questions like most without the gift did when they observed. Adam only got half the conversation but he recorded the exchange. “What’s here that you want?”

Randy shook his head. “I can’t tell. You don’t talk about these things. They’re private. You don’t have sex in the living room either. Perverts do that.”

A soldier from WWII would certainly have a different attitude about sex and propriety but he could tell this guy was jealous as well as upset. “It’s okay. We’re not in any trouble. I just want to help you.”

“Help me? You don’t understand.”

"I think I do. Your mother caught you with a man?"

"No. Never! I respected my family. My mother knew nothing."

"Okay. What's his name then?" There was a man in Randy's past. Someone whom he seemed to be waiting for.

The redhead glared at him. "Things happen during war. It's nothing."

"Or during basic training. Or on the ship ride over to the war." He hated to pull it out of people but Randy wasn't a talker. It'd help him in the long run but most ghosts stayed for a very specific reason. What was unfinished?

"All there are is men. We all thought we were going to die. The local girls there gave guys diseases. They were dumb to do the local girls." Randy's plain clothes changed to an army uniform before Parker's eyes. However a ghost believed they appeared was how Parker saw him.

"You miss it. The men. Then why are you here?"

"He said he'd come back. After the war, he was shipped home to the mainland. I was shipped home, here. We wanted to see our families. It'd been so long. He promised he'd be here with me by the summer. He had my address. I never moved."

"You're still waiting?" Parker understood the waiting and uncertainty but it was decades now.

"He'll come." Randy looked out the doors.

Now it made sense. Those doors gave him a view of the front if anyone drove up and a shot at the beach if this man walked by. Randy could've gone out that way and met his boyfriend before he rang the bell and alerted the mother. "You know you're dead. It's been years."

"I know. I couldn't take it anymore. But I can't go. I can't leave."

They were getting closer to the actual problem. "Why? Why not go haunt your boyfriend? Or go to The Other Side and wait. He'll die eventually and you can keep an eye on your mom. What's-his-name has to be in his eighties by now."

“That doesn’t matter. I was weak. I’ll end up in hell.” Randy studied the horizon.

“You don’t go to hell for sleeping with a guy. Trust me. I’ve talked to enough dead men.” Parker had met ghosts that feared judgment before. Unless you were true and unrepentant evil you still got in as far as Parker could tell. But they rarely believed him. After all who was he? Just a conduit. A medium.

“According to Mother I would. But that’s not the only reason. I couldn’t take it anymore. After five years without Jake—I shot myself in my bedroom. I deserve hell.” Randy walked through the French doors and out into the weather. The wind didn’t disturb his curly red hair or his uniform.

“Damn.” Parker looked over at Adam. “Did you research the house?”

“Sure. All the way back. Not much weird stuff.” Adam grabbed his bag and produced a file.

“Any suicides named Randy?” Parker sat down next to him and watched Adam’s hands.

Parker didn’t want to end up like Randy. With regrets and alone. Adam could pull the same crap that Jake had. But Parker pushed those thoughts away and focused on the case. He spent a lot of time matching up history with the perceptions of the dead. It was a puzzle but something would click. Eventually he’d get rid of Randy for his own good.

“Here.” Adam held up an old report. “Randy Bernard. Decorated WWII vet. Dead at the age of thirty.”

Parker read over his shoulder as they skimmed the article. “Single gunshot wound to the head with his own pistol.”

“Classified as an attempted robbery.” Adam shook his head. “Nothing about suicide.”

“It’s a small island. Maybe they called it that to protect his mother. He told me he did it.” Parker took the page.

"You okay?" Adam asked.

"Yeah. The guy had issues."

"I'll bet. To off yourself. Nothing is that bad." Adam pulled out his laptop. "What else do we need?"

"It was the forties. Some things back then were unforgivable. Intolerable. Like two guys together." Parker shook off the haze of Randy's feelings. "We need to find a guy named Jake. He was in the army with Parker. Probably called up around the same time. They met in basic training."

Adam typed. "Okay. So Massachusetts. Jake as a first name. No last name?"

"Didn't get one. The guy is pretty skittish. He cut the power and returned it. Didn't like what we were doing. I think he was jealous." Parker smiled at Adam.

"Really?" He lifted a brow.

"Jake never came back to the island for him after the war. Randy is still waiting. Start the research. I'll heat up some pasta and fill you in on the story." Parker wanted to be busy. He wasn't a great cook but he could boil water and heat sauce. First he had to do a little work and refuel—then he could have his hands all over Adam.

* * * * *

"I can't imagine what he went through back then." Adam scrolled through the search results at the kitchen table.

"Different world. Any hits on Jake?" Parker put the dishes in the sink and opened the file Adam had on the house.

"Jacob Reeter. Same age as Randy. Close draft dates. He's from Eastern Mass." Adam scanned lower. "Married with one son."

"Not surprising."

Adam studied Parker's stiff posture. Something was bugging him. The case came first but Adam knew they'd talk or get back around to their issues eventually. Work

was safe. "Jacob Reeter died four years ago. Stroke. So this Randy guy was just waiting around after he killed himself? He could've waited alive."

"Apparently that's his excuse. Doesn't want to face whatever is waiting for him. Most organized religions frown on suicide."

His Catholic school background flashed back at Adam. "Burn in hell forever," he imitated his Irish grandfather.

"The guy is in hell now. What could be worse? Why stay?"

Part of Adam understood. Not changing things was safe. At least it felt that way. Randy knew where he stood. Adam wanted to stop ignoring his own desires, but until Parker, no man had ever made a real move on him. Not since high school. "He's hiding."

Parker shuffled the papers in the file. "From himself. From his own afterlife. If he went, he could find Jake and talk to him."

"And possibly get rejected. Get the story that it was all about the war and he thought Randy felt the same and would've gotten married and been normal." Adam always worried about the worst case. He understood this ghost to a point. If his own siblings had a problem with him, he could be out of a job and so could Parker. Maybe they wouldn't be blatant about their rejection but it could become so uncomfortable that something would have to change. The main thing he'd counted on all his life, his family, would be gone. That fear had gripped him since he was twelve.

"Isn't it better to know? He faced death and Nazis. He can move on. Everyone gets rejected sometimes."

Adam couldn't imagine anyone rejecting Parker. "It's still scary today for some. Back then, I'd never risk it."

"Don't sell yourself short. Just because it wasn't in the open doesn't mean it didn't happen. You're thirty-one years old. You can do whatever you want."

"But when it starts at twelve it's a lot harder to process. Much easier to hide."

Parker sat back. Adam knew he was waiting. He didn't talk about this. Not even with his sister who he was sure would be supportive and not care. There were no secrets in his family and eventually it'd leak out. Adam did worry that his brothers would never understand.

"I was on the swim team. Junior high and high school. It was the one sport I was good at. But I had to focus on anything but the other guys. One guy caught me."

"Fucked him under water?" Parker's hand nudged his knee under the table.

"No. It was after practice. In the shower. I couldn't stop staring at him. He was a year older and had a perfect body. I hung back to watch and couldn't hide my erection. The guy didn't say a word. Didn't ask. Just waited until the other guys were gone and pinned me to the wall. Blew me. Not as good as you, but I'd never had that." Adam felt like he was in confession.

"You liked it. So what's with the closet case?"

Adam shrugged. Was there a *good* reason? "That's all it was back then. I blew him and he left. We did it after every practice. One time I tried to talk to him. Ask him out. He said it wasn't like that. He had a girlfriend and I'd better get one. This was just part of sports."

"Gay sports." Parker smiled.

Adam laughed and the tension lifted. "I guess I was just young. Scared. I was reasonably popular. Not as much as my brothers but I got a girlfriend and had the swim guy all through high school. It worked."

"That's rough. Anyone in college?"

Adam shook his head. "I was in a frat with my older brother. When he graduated my younger brother pledged in. We were always close. I was never alone. Swim team was the only thing that they didn't do with me. Jason played baseball and Matt ran track. The college swim team didn't have the same luck for me. I've never been aggressive like that. In everything else I can hold my own."

“And you went to work with the family too. Your brothers wouldn’t understand?”

“They’d probably pretend to, but you know them. All about girls. Believe me, I saw them in college. They aren’t hiding anything. Everyone thought I was girl crazy because I was a Rayne brother. They thought I was just shy compared to my brothers. Sorority girls would sit on my lap and I’d play along. If I told them the truth about me after college they’d feel like I’d been lying to them.” Adam had been in the middle all of his life. It was safe between his brothers. He didn’t fit in all the time but he could fake it. In everything else, they were family.

“Your family won’t be a problem. They’re great.”

Adam liked how well Parker fit with his family. “I know. That’s why I don’t want to screw it up. But it’ll change things. I can’t screw up the business for them. I don’t want to leave. I should’ve said something in college.”

“All you’ve got is now. Ask Randy. It’s never too late. You can’t exactly hide me. I work there too.” Parker talked like they had a future. No one had ever done that.

It was scary and yet a huge turn-on for Adam. “You’re sure you want that? Not a hook-up weekend?”

“It took me three months to get a non-work conversation with you. I don’t have to work that hard for a hook-up. And casual sex isn’t a smart thing to do where you work.” Parker leaned in. “No hook-up and no closet-case games. No rush either. You let me know. But I’m not interested in screwing up our work situation.”

He could say no rush, but Adam felt the pressure. It was self-inflicted. The tension returned. Adam knew exactly what he wanted. Parker had offered it to him. If he didn’t take it now, he’d regret it forever.

Adam stood and towered over Parker, straddling his legs and leaning down to kiss him hard. His tongue explored Parker’s mouth and teased his lips. He wanted to possess this sexy military man. Parker reciprocated the pleasure. “You may not be in a rush. But I am,” Adam whispered.

With a grin, Parker pulled him down until Adam’s cock pressed to Parker’s.

He'd wait forever for Parker. Luckily they didn't need to wait anymore. Adam would be content to never leave the island as long as Parker was there.

Chapter Three

Pushing Adam upstairs to the bedroom, Parker wanted to erase Adam's doubts. Really overload his thoughts. They needed to be in the moment.

Adam grabbed Parker as they approached the bed and kissed him hard—holding on. Deepening it, Parker's tongue wrestled with Adam's.

Finally Parker tired of foreplay. He needed no more games or playtime. Yanking Adam's shirt over his head forced them to break apart. Then Parker pulled down Adam's shorts and shoved him back on the bed.

"Impatient?" Adam smiled.

Parker tossed his own shirt in the corner and kicked off his shorts. "Amateur hour is over." He leaned over and sucked Adam's cock to the base and then licked his way up.

Adam quickly forgot about everything except Parker's mouth. Exactly what Parker hoped from Adam's mind—action, not fear or analysis.

When Adam began to fuck his mouth, Parker backed off and licked his tight balls. Teasing the man he'd wanted for so long until Adam finally bucked.

Better, but Parker wanted more. He teased Adam further, stroking his cock slowly. After a few seconds, Adam had had enough. He sat up and pulled Parker onto the bed, pinning his shoulders. "My turn."

Parker kept silent as he watched the chiseled jaw and felt the rough hands work his chest. Licking and biting his nipples, Adam was thorough and Parker ached for more. Wanting all the abuse and affection Adam's mouth could give.

When Adam sucked the head of his cock, Parker could feel the moaning in Adam's throat and it tormented him. Fully hard and not wanting to rush the game, he pushed

Adam's hand away. Parker's eyes kept drifting to Adam's tight ass and those muscular thighs and back.

On his hands and knees, Adam angled himself better. His hot tongue rolled Parker's balls. He found himself lifting and then Adam's teeth gently skimmed over his sac.

Grabbing his head, Parker held Adam, who changed to gentle licks, and Parker felt his control slipping. No way would Parker let himself come now. He clamped down on his need and reached over to squeeze Adam's ass cheeks.

Adam tensed and his mouth let Parker's balls drop.

"Don't stop." Parker moved his hand down and rolled Adam's balls to encourage him. In seconds Adam was sucking again. Relaxed.

Except for his thoughts. Parker dipped into Adam's head to find out the issue. *Just toys*. No wonder the guy was nervous. He'd never had the full experience of a man yet.

Adam wanted it, knew it and yet hadn't found a man to give it to him. Parker wanted to laugh but Adam's tongue kept him on edge. Adam, in the right bar, could have ten men lining up for him and more cruising him. But if someone he knew saw him there, Parker knew the excuses and the fear. Just declaring yourself gay and jumping into the alternative community was scary for most.

Even in big cities, it was a small world and word would get back to his family. Truth had a way of revealing itself. Parker had been there. His family hadn't been supportive of anything. The Raynes were different.

Running his hand over Adam's cock, Parker knew he had to push through the nerves, or insecurity or whatever had Adam tensing, because they both needed more than oral relief. Adam deserved the full experience before he second-guessed himself.

Parker squeezed a bit harder until Adam was fucking his palm. Then he wagged the head of his hard cock, slipping it against Adam's hard abs. Parker's balls vibrated with Adam's groan.

Then Parker thumbed Adam's balls, teasing and pinching and working his thumb over the sensitive flesh until he felt Adam's ass. Once again Adam tensed but not as much. It was progress and Parker kept up the pressure on the outer rim. Teasing the entire circumference with constant friction—he pressed on the center and felt Adam push back.

Backing off, Parker teased between Adam's asshole and balls until Adam groaned. Adam's tongue began to work Parker's cock again, hard on the head. Parker instantly knew the game. If he came, Adam wouldn't get fucked. Not a chance.

Parker pushed Adam off his cock. One hand pinned Adam to the bed face down by his neck. "You want it. I can see it in your mind." Grabbing a condom from the drawer in the nightstand, Parker protected them and moved in behind Adam.

The tension was there but Adam hadn't moved. Parker checked his need and slowed down before he ruined it for both of them. His hands started at Adam's shoulders and slid to his perfect ass sticking up for the fucking.

"Relax," Parker said.

"Just fuck me." Adam looked back with need written on his face. He was ready.

* * * * *

Adam knew Parker could read his thoughts. All of them. The tension and shame. Not shame for what he wanted to do right now. Shame for having waited. He'd wasted so much time alone because of it all.

The sudden feel of Parker's tongue behind his balls easing to his ass made Adam fist the sheets. In his mind something flashed. *You're ready. Relax.* The words echoed in Adam's mind.

As his tongue worked, Adam felt his body give—his cock pulsed but his ass needed attention and was finally getting it. Resting up on his elbows, Adam looked back and knew everything was fine in Parker's hands.

Fully relaxed, he pushed back. "Fuck my ass." Adam managed between gritted teeth.

Then Adam felt hands on his hips bracing him. Parker's hard cock ran up lengthwise between his cheeks and Adam pushed back. Parker grabbed a tube of lube from the nightstand and coated Adam's ass as well as his own cock.

The tip then pressed to his asshole and Adam tensed briefly but relaxed every muscle as Parker pressed forward slowly.

"You're huge." Adam had never known this feeling. The cock inside him pulsed and the heat made it better than any toy. Beyond his dreams. Better because it was Parker. This was all he needed.

His thick cock paused and pulled back.

Adam looked over his shoulder. "I want it all."

"You'll get it." Parker eased forward again.

Adam rocked back as Parker stretched him again and went farther this time. There was a limit but Adam wanted as much of Parker as he could take.

He reached down and stroked his own cock to keep from getting too tense but Parker grabbed his hand away. "Not now."

"Then fuck me." Adam pushed back.

Parker sucked in air. "You play nervous but you know what you want." He eased back until Adam was empty.

The hollow sensation made him want it all the more. Finally Parker slid in and didn't stop until Adam felt the heat of his body. Parker's balls slapped Adam's skin. But Parker hit the end, the spot that made Adam jerk. He wanted Parker to stay deep inside but he pulled back, fucking Adam with a steady pace that kept him on the verge of coming.

"Harder." Adam didn't want the cautious testing or the gentle touch. He wanted to be fucked and take everything Parker wanted to give. The need to have Parker as

frenzied as he was made Adam squeeze the cock in his ass gently – testing his power and need.

Parker grabbed Adam by the shoulders and delivered. Slamming into him until Adam thought he couldn't take anymore. But the pressure was the new level he needed, triggering Adam to fuck back to keep the erection deep inside him.

The ultimate edge still out of reach, Adam couldn't form the word. But it suddenly flashed in his mind. *Faster*. And Parker pushed up the speed until Adam felt his ass spasm and clench in a release that had no equal.

As he caught his breath, he felt Parker press deeper still, jerking slightly. Adam felt deprived – he wanted Parker's cum. They needed to get tested and go without the net. He didn't want anything between them. All he wanted was Parker inside him.

When Parker's warm form slumped on top of him, Adam turned and kissed him. "You're still huge."

With a grin, Parker eased out of Adam and pitched the condom. Adam rolled onto his side. It was odd to know Parker could read his thoughts – especially since they were almost always thoughts of a very naked and naughty Parker. But at some points, Adam hadn't been sure if they were his thoughts or Parker in his mind.

He wanted to ask about it but Parker didn't seem in the mood for questions. His eyes were on Adam's still-hard cock.

"You didn't jerk off. Good." Parker rolled him onto his back.

Adam laughed. "I didn't need to then. It's so fucking good."

"So is this." Parker sucked Adam's nipples and licked a fast trail down to his cock. Sucking Adam's cock deeply until he lifted his hips and felt on the verge of coming in a sudden need. Parker pushed back his balls and wrapped his index and thumb around the base of Adam's erection tightly.

Never having tried a cock ring before – because why would he delay getting off? – Adam suddenly saw the pluses. Parker's persistent rough tongue and scoring teeth

were addictive. The pressure in his balls built and Adam fucked up into his throat but he couldn't find release.

His hand grabbed at Parker's blond hair and pulled. "Let me come."

"You like it rough." Parker squeezed his balls and Adam groaned.

"I'm going to use a cock ring on you and take all day. A real one. Your fingers will cramp eventually." Adam felt them loosen.

"You can do anything you want to me. I can take it." Parker released Adam's cock and jerked him off. Moving in closer, Parker stroked him hard until Adam's body snapped.

Adam had to watch. Parker's hard form over his, jerking him as Adam's cum shot up in a thick stream. It clung and slid down Parker's abs.

Parker licked his cock clean and pressed down on top of Adam. The slickness and heat were like a drug. Adam pulled him in, kissing him.

There were ten things Adam wanted to say and didn't know how. He didn't want to ruin this. Parker shifted, rolling Adam onto his side as Parker spooned behind him.

"If you still want it in Boston, we'll get tested," Parker said.

Adam realized his thoughts weren't as controlled even when he believed they were. He wanted to tell Parker that he wanted this in Boston. On the moon. In hell if that's what it took to be together. It didn't matter where.

Exposed as lovers. The words appeared in his mind.

Adam turned to ask Parker if he was doing that and saw Parker had already drifted off to sleep.

He had no gifts. Not Adam. Not either of his brothers. It had to be his own subconscious. The fear. The reality. Adam couldn't solve it tonight and let the slight ache in his ass from Parker's abuse soothe him. The feel of a man's form behind him was usually a dream. Not now.

* * * * *

It was about midnight when Parker woke to the ranting of a ghost. Randy paced the bedroom floor. His ghostly face nearly as red as his hair.

Parker looked over. Adam still slept. No reason to wake him.

“What’s wrong?”

“He’ll be just like Jake.” Randy pointed to the naked man next to Parker.

“Not everyone is like that.” Parker didn’t want to even consider it. But Adam harbored fears – he’d read that much in his mind.

Randy laughed. “You think that. When you’re alone, you’re special. He wants it. I’m not doubting that.”

Grabbing a pair of jeans from the drawer, Parker stretched his back and slipped them on. “So he’ll get there. Just because you were rejected doesn’t mean history will repeat itself with us.”

“Ha. Not everyone is as strong as you. Do you believe he’ll stand up to his family? Risk rejection? He’ll protect his family first.” Randy stopped and pointed.

“Isn’t that what you did? Never letting your mother know the truth. Maybe Jake was afraid you’d changed your mind too. You’d hide him. The risk was too great.” Parker knew the debate could rage for hours but he wanted a little more info before he decided exactly how to proceed.

“That’s a lie. I told him I’d move anywhere. Yes, I wanted to protect my mother. It’s a small island. Knowing the truth would kill her. Forget socially unacceptable. It was also illegal.”

“Not anymore.”

“I told Jake I’d move with him to a big city where no one would know or care. All he had to do was come back and I’d go anywhere.” Randy’s shoulders slumped.

So put all the responsibility on one guy? There were two in a relationship. "Did you try to contact him? He was from Massachusetts. Did you go visit him? Call him?" Parker asked.

"I tried to call. But a woman answered the phone. I chickened out. My letters came back. He'd moved."

"But you never did go to see him. Yet you never gave up?"

Randy shook his head.

"Never tried to meet anyone else?"

"Anyone else?" Randy smirked. "Be glad you live when you do. On a small island like this, you couldn't hide anything. So I didn't let anything slip."

"You could've moved to Boston. A big city."

"Not after my father died. My mother needed someone. She wanted me to get married. Kept pushing me for grandchildren." Randy covered his ears as though he could still hear the nagging.

Parker finally got the missing piece. "That's why you did it?"

"No," Randy defended.

"You killed yourself because you didn't want to get married and you couldn't face the labels."

"I was an only child. The pressure to keep the name going and get a wife came from everywhere. My mother's friends. My aunts. Getting married would be a lie. I wouldn't do that to any woman." He held his head. The pain still affected him.

Parker wasn't sure what he'd do in Randy's place. It wasn't his job to judge others but it felt personal. "So you killed yourself rather than stay a bachelor? Your mother was left alone and grieving and if Jake ever had come back—you were already dead."

"I watched. I stayed here. Watching over Mother. She took in a boarder to help her. She was okay, taken in by her sisters when she got older. And Jake never came back.

Not once.” Randy’s answer trickled into the physical realm as the room began to vibrate.

“You could go find him. I checked. He’s been dead a few years now. You can cross over and see him.” Parker hoped that could be the end. The incentive Randy needed to seek out closure.

Randy laughed. “You don’t understand the fear. He understands the fear. Of rejection. Of humiliation. It can destroy you.”

“Only if you’re weak to start.” Parker knew Adam still had doubts. He feared telling his brothers most of all.

But Parker believed that Adam had the strength. Because his family was close, it was scary for Adam but Parker loved that about the Raynes. They worked together and family was not limited to blood. Dana’s husband had been integrated into the routine of Celtic games and baseball worship. They stuck together. Parker’s family had few ties. He wanted Adam and wanted to be accepted by the Raynes as more than a friend and employee.

Parker would stand up to any issues with Adam. “You were too afraid to go after Jake. Maybe he needed support to face his family?”

“You’re as stupid as I was. I’ve learned a few things after being alone for decades.” Randy glowed slightly and the room shook harder. Furniture began to sway and the huge ceiling fan over Adam turned on as it lurched with the shaking.

“Stop it.” Parker wouldn’t let anything hurt Adam.

“I’m doing you a favor.” Randy made the lights flicker.

“Stop.” Parker knew what he had to do but first he had to diffuse Randy. If anything happened to Adam he’d never forgive himself.

As the room shook, the lights went out and something knocked Parker to the floor and held him.

* * * * *

Adam's dream of his brothers laughing at him and turning their backs was disturbing enough but when the bed jerked hard enough to wake him, Adam knew he had a real problem. In the flickering light he saw bookcases swaying and Parker talking to empty space. Randy was pissed about something and taking it out on the house so far as to endanger Parker.

The bookcase began to tilt and Adam moved in time, tackling Parker out of its path as the lights went out.

He held on to Parker tightly and waited. The shaking stopped and the lights snapped back on. "You okay?" Adam ran his hands over Parker's bare chest to the denim and down, checking for injury.

Parker rested his head on Adam's shoulder. "Without you I'd be dead. Randy lost it."

For once Adam felt needed. Not just useful on a case. Trust and relief radiated from the man in his arms still tense from the encounter. "We're fine. Randy's on the ropes. You'll finish him off."

"I'll need help." Parker slowly stood.

Adam followed. "Whatever you need."

"I need to find Jake. That's the only way Randy will really listen with an open mind. He needs to let it out to Jake." Parker ran his fingers through his hair.

Parker needed a ghost—not him. Adam checked the clock. "Give me a few minutes. I'll check the equipment. Cameras are set and ready. Then you can commune with the dead all you like." If Parker was reading his thoughts, Adam didn't even bother to censor them.

"Hey. No. I need *you*." Parker grabbed his arm.

"Don't worry. This is my job. You don't need me to talk to the dead."

Parker stepped in his path. "No. I need you to keep me safe. Jake isn't going to just show up or he already would've. I have to go find him."

“Out of body?” Adam had only seen it a few times. His sister could do it when necessary.

“Exactly. Can’t let Randy do anything to me while I’m out. I’m pretty good at the astral travel but I don’t always keep one foot here. With you I’ll know I’m safe.”

“And coming back.” A knot formed in Adam’s gut at the thought of anything bad happening to Parker. He took risks in this line of work – they both did.

“I’ll be back.” He grabbed the back of Adam’s head and pulled him in for a thorough kiss.

Adam’s hand roamed Parker’s muscled upper body and teased the fly of his jeans. “Now?” Adam hadn’t bothered with clothes in the heat of saving the man he’d fallen for from a ghost.

“I think we need a shower first.” Parker peeled off his jeans, sweaty from the confrontation with Randy.

Adam kicked them out of the way and studied Parker’s strong legs and hardening cock. He wanted Parker forever. All he had to do was find a way to blend his two worlds.

But right now it was simple. It was right. He followed Parker into the master bath. Parker had the hot water going and stepped into the spray. His wet hair clung to his face. Adam felt his cock harden. He needed this man more than he could’ve imagined.

Adam stepped into the shower and closed the door. As Parker grabbed a white bar of soap and began to wash, Adam had bigger priorities. He knelt down and licked Parker’s heavy balls.

The soapsuds stopped sliding down Parker’s tanned form and Adam licked his way up his cock until he sucked the head deep into his mouth. The pulsing and fullness reassured him Parker was alive and here. And wanted him. Parker’s hands worked in Adam’s hair and pushed him lower. Adam took all he could swallow and then pulled back, licking the head and tracing every vein with his tongue.

“Don’t fuck around,” Parker said through a clenched jaw.

“Tell your cock.” Adam felt the need in Parker – or maybe it was his own – but he deep-throated Parker’s erection and fucked it with his mouth.

When Parker grunted and tried to pull away, Adam held firm and swallowed all his cum as Parker said his name over and over.

Adam grinned and stood up. “Now you can wash.”

Parker exhaled. “I will.” He knelt down and sucked Adam’s balls, tugging until Adam thrust at the empty air. This man could feel his need and create new ones Adam had never explored.

The unexpected bar of soap on his ass made Adam clench but Parker soaped his cheeks in slow circles.

Parker’s mouth moved up to the shaft and Adam tried to fuck his mouth. It was then Parker slid the soap along his crack. Up and down until Adam didn’t know which way to thrust. “Stop.”

“Tell your cock *and* your ass,” Parker mocked.

Adam groaned and let Parker have his way. Any way. To their mutual relief. Parker sucked his cock more, still rubbing the soap to his asshole. Adam had no idea how he’d lived without Parker. Watching Parker’s thick lips wrapped around his cock made everything possible.

Parker began to deep-throat Adam and suddenly all thought was impossible. Adam fucked and felt Parker’s lips all the way to his base. The man could do anything.

His cock fully enveloped by Parker’s wet mouth, he held Parker’s blond hair and those sexy brown eyes shot him a look that said it wasn’t over.

The bar of soap pressed harder to Adam’s ass hole and he felt the odd relaxation of his body to Parker’s need. “I can’t. That’s too fucking wide.” But he wanted to. Wanted something.

As Parker sucked harder on his cock, Adam felt the soap back off. Replaced a few seconds later by a soap-coated thumb. The pressure made him moan and Adam relaxed all the muscles he could for more.

The thumb eased in at an agonizingly slow pace while Parker's mouth worked Adam faster. On the edge, Adam focused on every centimeter of the thumb until he felt the press of that second knuckle and his body lost all control.

His cum shot deep into the back of Parker's throat as his hips jerked back and forth. Fucking Parker's mouth while being fucked by his thumb. "Parker!" he screamed and clenched the digit in his ass.

Parker kissed his way up Adam's body as he caught his breath. Still dazed, Adam let Parker wash them both and only interrupted him when those plump lips were close enough to devour. Adam wanted to tell him how he felt but deep down he knew the case needed to be solved before they could talk and work out the stuff they needed to address. Parker couldn't be distracted when he was on two planes of existence.

Chapter Four

They had put the bookcase upright and cleaned up the mess from the ghost's tantrum. Now it was time to find Jake. Parker was good at focusing and with Adam keeping him grounded—Parker would hurry back into his body.

"You're sure you want to do this on tape?" Adam grabbed his camera.

"If I do or say anything, I won't remember it. This is better." Parker settled on the bed in nothing more than a pair of briefs. Contact with ghosts and spirits always increased his energy and he overheated.

"Okay, you're set. Should I do anything else?" Adam pulled a chair next to the bed.

"If Randy starts up again you might need to pull me back. Wait as long as you can—I'll come back when I've contacted Jake. If he starts turning over more furniture bring me out of it."

"How?" Adam asked.

"Grab my foot—then I'll know you mean it. Try to control your thoughts. I know it's hard." Parker put a pillow behind his head.

"I'll try. You can ignore my thoughts. You said you could tune people out, right?"

Parker studied the hard body of Adam Rayne in cut-off sweatpants. "Your thoughts I can't tune out as easily. I'm always looking for them."

"I'll watch it." Adam nodded.

"Just for now." Parker closed his eyes and relaxed. Since he was young, he could travel in dreams. Some techniques helped him to control it. But today he had a target. Jake.

The great thing about The Other Side was there were no addresses or directions. Parker found himself in front of a seaside villa. Jake clearly liked the sea.

Parker knocked on the door and it opened quickly. A short man with a thick build stood in the doorway. "Come in."

"Jake?" Parker stepped inside.

"Yes. I know why you're here." He sat on a long navy-blue sofa. "Sit down."

Parker sat, not thinking about how odd it was to come out of his body, which was back with Adam. He tried to pretend he was just visiting like normal. "If you know why I'm here why didn't you come down to help?"

The spirit stared out the window at a lighthouse in the distance. "I'm not sure I'd help at all. Randy is so angry." Jake appeared as serene as any spirit Parker had ever met—ghosts suffered frustration. Spirits had contentment.

"Why not try?" Parker asked.

Jake looked at him. "I've been watching. I appreciate your trying to help. Randy's mother does too. She's tried."

"Why don't you?" Parker felt he was going nowhere fast.

"I'm the last hope. If he won't cross for me then he never will. Not that I'd give up but I'm afraid he's not ready. Randy's right. I never went to see him. I promised I would and I didn't."

"Tell Randy." Parker didn't need to play counselor or give absolution.

"I will. It was my biggest regret when I died. I really expected him to be here—waiting for me." Jake looked around as though the house was an empty shell.

Parker saw the same need in Jake that Randy had. They were a match. Two stubborn, lost and lonely souls because of their pride and fear. "So go get him. He waited for you. It's the only chance. If his mother couldn't and a strange medium can't talk him over, you need to own what you did to him. Apparently even death can't erase our mistakes."

"It'd serve me right if he rejected me. Came here and turned his back." Jake closed his eyes.

“You won’t know unless you try. At least he won’t be torturing the living. He could really hurt someone there. Someone I love and I’m not going to let that happen. You can do some good here and get him on the right track. The next step is up to him. But he needs to confront you.” Parker never stuck around too long on this side of things. It didn’t feel normal. Whatever living arrangements they wanted could be worked out when Jake and Randy were both here and Parker was back with Adam.

“I’ll try. But it’s not a guarantee.” Jake rose slowly.

Parker stood, certain this would work.

Jake left first. Parker let go of The Other Side and headed like a rocket back into his body. He opened his eyes to see Adam watching with a smile of relief.

“Made it?” Adam asked.

“With Jake.” Parker stood, feeling stiff in his body. “Let’s go find Randy. French doors.”

Jake trailed along behind them.

Parker spotted Randy staring out at the road. “I found him.”

Randy’s head snapped up and his eyes fixed on Jake. “You’re really dead?”

He nodded. “So are you. You don’t belong here.”

“You left me here to rot.”

Parker sat next to Adam and coached him where to point the camera so they could get any evidence left behind. Plus he wanted to be close and feel that heat of life. He may have to deal with the dead but he still had a life to live.

“I couldn’t come back. My parents wanted me to go to college and get married. I couldn’t face what I really wanted. I did what all the other G.I.s returning home did. We went off to college and got married.”

“Not one call. Not one letter.” Randy vibrated with anger until the house shook.

Jake moved closer to him. "I know. I'm sorry. If I had contacted you, I'd never have let you go. I knew you'd come after me so I moved. I pretended. When my wife died I looked you up. You were dead. Randy, I thought you'd be waiting for me."

"I waited here."

"Here is pain and memories. Come with me, it'll be all better." Jake reached out a hand.

"I couldn't leave without you." Randy stopped shaking and took a step forward.

"Yes, you could. I did because we don't belong here. Doesn't matter now. We'll be together." Jake took Randy's hand.

Randy moved forward and collided with Jake. The two forms merged into a bright white flash of light and were gone.

Parker exhaled and put a hand on Adam's tense shoulder. Adam flinched as though burned. The energy in the room had changed but Parker felt relieved. The case was over.

* * * * *

"You okay?" Parker asked.

Adam nodded—not really sure. He'd seen a white flash through the camera lens but he'd heard it all through Parker's mind. Somehow. It wasn't his imagination before. But he had no visuals on the ghosts. "They're okay?"

"They left. You're shaky. What's wrong?"

"So they're together?" Adam asked.

"Yeah. What's with you?"

"I don't know. I didn't think Randy would go. Jake left him for years."

Parker went to the kitchen and returned with a cold bottle of water and pressed it to Adam's hand. He drank but still felt out of step.

"I don't know if I could," he said.

“Could what?” Parker asked.

Adam looked him in the eye. Could he really tell his brothers this? Have a relationship with a man he also worked with in front of his whole family? The case was over – the fear was back.

Parker stood up and walked away. “I told you that I’ll help you.”

“It’s my family. I have to do it.” Adam didn’t want anyone taking it out on Parker. But could he say those words and deal with the reaction?

“Fuck it, Adam. If you can’t face them at thirty-one, you’ll be a Jake. Searching for me after we’re dead. But I’m not Randy.” *I won’t wait around like a monk for your ass. I’ll move on. You won’t destroy me. I’ve been kicked around by family and dumped by men before. I survived. You’ll be hard to get over but I’ll live.*

“I’m not Jake,” Adam snapped. “Your little theory is good but I’m not living a lie. I just don’t want to lose my family. I know what I am. But without a man in my life, my brothers wouldn’t believe it. They’d keep trying to set me up with women. Now it’s possible. Scary, but there’s got to be a good way to do this.” He’d start with Dana. She’d be supportive. Parker didn’t have a family like his so he couldn’t possibly understand.

Just like Jake.

“I’m not Jake,” Adam said.

“I didn’t say that.”

“Yes, you did.” Then Adam realized what was happening. “You thought it.”

“Holy shit. You heard my thoughts?” Parker took the bottle of water and drank it. “You said you had no skills.”

“I don’t. Nothing has ever worked for me. I knew you could read my thoughts but I never tried to read anyone else’s. A few times in bed I thought I knew what you wanted or what you were thinking. Maybe I guessed what you’d do next but it was all in my head. What I wanted to think you were thinking.”

“Apparently not.”

“And when Jake and Randy were here. I couldn’t see them or hear them. But through your thoughts I got the big picture. It was like you were projecting it to me.”

“You heard my ranting?”

Adam nodded. “I deserved it. All my life I tried to fit in with my brothers. I had no gift like my sister so we were tech guys. The three stooges. Jason and Matt were so sure of who they were and what they wanted that I followed along and fit in. They were always there for me. Every swim meet. Everything. I don’t want to lose that.”

“You really think they’d do that?” Parker asked. “Would you?”

Adam searched deep down. There was nothing his brothers could do to lose his support. Even murder, he’d believe it was self-defense or a setup and fight to the end for his family. The tension melted away. “It’ll be okay. It’ll take a little time.”

“I heard.” Parker kissed him with a rough possessiveness that Adam wanted to hold on to.

He pulled Parker in tight. “This is so weird.”

“I’ll walk you through it. There’s a parade and a support group if you want.”

“I didn’t mean coming out. The telepathy is weird. Will it work with everyone or just you? Can I expand the gifts?” Adam asked.

“Slow down. We’ll do some tests when we get back to the office tomorrow and see where you fall. You can always improve with hard work and a little discipline.” Parker nipped at Adam’s neck. “Think you’re up to it?”

Adam’s eyes shifted to the French doors. “Considering the sun is already up, I think tomorrow is today. I’ll need food and sleep before we head back to Boston.”

“Tomorrow, tomorrow. One more night here won’t hurt. We worked all night.”

“My sister will know,” Adam reminded him.

“Don’t make me tell you what she and her hubby do at their castle in Ireland.” Parker grinned. “They’ll understand.”

Adam tried to block whatever thoughts Parker had about his sister and it worked. Some things he didn't need to know. He liked his brother-in-law and didn't want details.

"Excellent work." Parker stood. "You're a natural. You have to learn to block thoughts or you'll overload."

"Let's eat and we'll figure out something to do from there." Adam had plenty of graphic thoughts about the rest of the day and Parker groaned in his mind.

* * * * *

Asking very off-the-wall questions with his mind, Parker tested Adam as they cleaned up from dinner. When Adam got six in a row right, there was no doubt in Parker's mind. Adam could read his thoughts.

It was disturbing.

It was a turn-on.

Parker mentally asked Adam to take off his shirt while Parker had his back turned.

With a grin, Adam stripped in the kitchen and came up behind him. Adam's thoughts popped into his mind as though they were projected. Same request.

Bedroom. Parker returned.

They went upstairs and Parker checked the room temperature. *Seventy-two degrees.* *Back to normal.* It's over.

"What's wrong?"

"The cold spot. The haunting. It's really all over." Parker was satisfied with the case. They'd succeeded.

"I never doubted you." Adam moved close and stroked Parker's cock.

He groaned. "I wasn't sure I could get rid of him. Going on this case with you, it could've been a problem. You've always been my temptation. I wanted you alone."

"Hard to do this at the office." Adam nodded.

“Doors have locks.” Parker searched for fear in Adam’s mind. All he found were sexual suggestions.

“Boston is tomorrow. We’ve got all day.” Adam pushed Parker back on the bed.

He settled in the middle of the king-size mattress. “What do you want?”

Without a word or thought, Adam crawled on top of Parker and kissed him. The length of their bodies pressed together. Feeling Adam’s hardening cock rubbing his drove Parker to grind his hips. It wouldn’t work dry. But Adam began to move lower, licking his way down to Parker’s cock. With the singular focus of lubing him, Adam’s mouth worked fast until the erection was slick.

Parker pulled him back up until they were kissing again. Biting his lips with intimate kisses, Parker lifted his hips and moved Adam’s cock so it rested between his balls then paused to coat both their cocks with lube. Obviously, with Parker’s experience, he knew saliva wouldn’t be enough.

Catching on to the pattern, Adam thrust and moaned – fucking against Parker’s ball sac. His hips pushed up for more friction but his hand was after the prize – he teased the tip of Adam’s cock to push him faster.

His thoughts were clear. Whatever link they had was beyond sex and words. It all flashed in his mind. *I love you. Need you. Want you.*

Adam froze and Parker held his shoulders as Parker came between their bodies.

The hot sticky mess felt perfect and Parker reached down and caught a bit on his fingers. He tasted Adam’s cum, rolling it over his tongue slowly.

But Adam’s face was buried in his neck and Parker’s cock still pulsed. It’d been hard to resist but Parker wanted something else. Another ride. This time Adam would ride. “Turn around and flip over.”

* * * * *

“What?” Adam lifted his head. Sharing thoughts and sex with Parker was beyond intense. Overload was a good thing.

Parker grabbed protection from the nightstand and slid it on. He moved up so he could sit against the headboard. "I did you. Now you decide how hard. How fast to ride."

It was just what he needed. Adam licked Parker's hard cock before he turned and tried to line up. The thumb rubbing on his asshole made him relax. Parker was in his mind and as Adam pushed back, he knew Parker was as in love with him as he was with Parker.

"Ready?" Parker asked.

Adam knelt up and reached back, bracing Parker's cock. The word *natural* flashed in Parker's mind and Adam had to agree as he eased back. The tip spread him open and Adam felt in control and vulnerable.

Taking it slow, Adam pressed down until he felt the heat of Parker's skin against his ass. Bracing his arms back on the headboard, he was full and content for the moment doing Parker in a reverse cowboy. Yet the pulse of the cock urged him on. Adam wanted to get Parker off and he needed the internal release. The complete connection with the man beneath him.

He lifted and let the sensation hang there with only the tip of Parker's cock inside him. A large hand reached around and rolled Adam's balls until he fucked back hard. "Don't," Adam said.

Parker groaned as Adam pushed down to the base while his hand stroked Adam's cock. "You need it."

How could he argue? Adam needed everything from this man. So much to make up for. He squeezed the thick cock in his ass and Parker lifted. "Ride me or I'll bend you over the desk in your office and not lock the door."

It was a threat and a turn-on. To not hide or care. None of it mattered as Adam couldn't hold out any longer than Parker. He rode with quick thrusts as Parker held his cock in one hand and braced Adam with the other.

When Parker's hips lifted, Adam knew they were both close. He fucked faster until Parker's cock triggered his release while Parker's hand set him off externally. Lost in the dual orgasm, Adam ground down and tightened his grip on Parker's cock. Adam felt Parker jerk up and then release.

Finally Adam caught his breath and leaned forward, rolling onto his back so he could see Parker. The man looked dazed and content and Adam's ego inflated. After pitching the condom, Parker crawled to Adam and licked his chest.

"I will have you in your office." Parker bit his nipples and moved lower.

Letting his wide and rough tongue clean his cock, Adam couldn't wait. "As long as we lock the door. My family should know the truth but they don't need a show."

Parker paused and looked up at Adam. "You're really okay with it all? I'm not going to be a secret."

Adam searched himself. No fear left. "I don't want to hurt them. But they need to know the truth. I'll start with my sister. She'll be supportive and help me tell the others. At least they already know and like you."

"Good plan. You know, considering how strong your sister's skills are, I'd be shocked if she didn't know about you." He wrapped his mouth around Adam's cock and licked the head.

"Really?" Adam moaned.

"Hell yeah. People without powers could guess. Hot guy like you without a girlfriend, I've been after you since I started at Rayne. You probably just missed all the guys trying to pick you up for years." Parker got off the bed and held out a hand.

Adam took it and Parker pulled him up to his feet. "Might make it easier if Dana already knows. Where are we going?" He wasn't ready to leave or pack.

Back at the nightstand, Parker grabbed another condom and lube. "We're definitely getting tested when we get back to Boston. You'll be a fortune in condoms and it's so much better without them. Time for a shower." He pushed Adam to the bathroom.

Under the spray, Adam was pinned to the cool ceramic tile wall of the shower as Parker lubed up and pressed his cock slowly into Adam's ass. With little recovery time, he felt the raw and stretching sting. But Adam grew hard as Parker filled him and bit his neck and shoulders.

"Don't stop." Adam had nothing to hold on to on the slippery walls and reached back to grab Parker's hips.

"You don't need words with me," Parker said in his ear. "I know it all and you know mine."

Adam's hands held tight to the strong muscled form behind him as Parker fucked him hard and fast. Their minds were blank with ecstasy and Adam's convulsions sent Parker over. Adam squeezed Parker extra hard as his head fell back onto Adam's wet shoulder. Mentally Adam flashed what he wanted.

With a moan, Parker slid down to his knees. Adam turned and Parker sucked his hard cock. Tonguing his balls, Parker worked his way up and then deep-throated Adam's erection. The view was too much as those deep brown eyes stared up at him. The will to resist gone, Adam let go and shot his cum into Parker's hungry mouth.

You're what I was missing. Grounding force. My rock. Parker's thoughts were clear.

One hand in Parker's wet hair, Adam tugged until he stood. Adam kissed him hard. *I can't wait to get back to Boston.*

The family? The business?

It was nice to see Parker had a little nervousness as well. Adam held him tighter. *It's a family business. You're family now.*

He shut the water off as Parker deepened the kiss. His thoughts told Adam all of it. His hands ran up Parker's ass and shoulders. *You belong to me.*

Adam felt an intense completion. *You're a Rayne now.*

Parker held him tight and felt a new level of acceptance. There was nothing between him and Adam. Not even their thoughts were secret.

About the Author

A lover of unusual things, Cheryl Dragon enjoys writing unique stories of sinfully hot erotic romance, pure erotica or paranormals with a psychic twist. Never at a loss for ideas, there are plenty of stories yet to be written. Her two favorite settings are Las Vegas and New Orleans – where anything can happen.

Cheryl lives in the Chicagoland area with her deaf albino cat. By day she analyzes numbers as an Assistant Controller for a division of a large international company, which leaves her creative side free for writing.

Cheryl welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Cheryl Dragon

9 ½ Years

An Extreme Haunting

Black on Blonde

Curse of the Mexican Opal

One Hot Experiment

Outsmarting the Moon

Quintupled

Vegas Style

Also see Cheryl's books at The Lotus Circle (www.thelotuscircle.com):

I'm Okay, You're Dead

I'm Okay, You're a Fake



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com