

Lena Matthews

YOU CAN LEAVE  
YOUR HAT ON

SANDHAIN publishing, LLC

*Take it off. Take it all off.*

To say Harlan Sheppard is hot for teacher would be the understatement of the year. Working closely with Professor Sawyer Addison has taught Harlan one thing. Persistence doesn't always pay off. With graduation only a day away, Harlan is willing to do anything to get the object of his affection to see him as more than just another student.

Unbeknownst to Harlan, Sawyer sees his sexy TA for exactly what he is—an attractive, brilliant man who just so happens to moonlight as a stripper. A fact Sawyer discovered one night at Tricky Dix, a gay strip club. Since then he's been avoiding the club—and Harlan—like the plague, refusing to allow his career to be overshadowed by his lust. At least for a few hours more. Until graduation.

Harlan has waited long enough. He's ready to show Sawyer just what makes Harlan the hottest headliner around. And if Sawyer won't come to the club, Harlan will just have to take his show on the road...straight into Sawyer's bedroom.

Warning: This title contains hot men who know how to shake their money makers, dirty filthy male/male sex; in other words, fun for all.

**eBooks are *not* transferable.  
They cannot be sold, shared or given away as it is an infringement on the copyright of this work.**

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

Samhain Publishing, Ltd.  
577 Mulberry Street, Suite 1520  
Macon GA 31201

You Can Leave Your Hat On  
Copyright © 2009 by Lena Matthews  
ISBN: 978-1-60504-539-9  
Edited by Angela James  
Cover by Natalie Winters

All Rights Are Reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

First Samhain Publishing, Ltd. electronic publication: May 2009  
[www.samhainpublishing.com](http://www.samhainpublishing.com)

# You Can Leave Your Hat On

*Lena Matthews*

## Dedication

To the cute little twink on YouTube who inspired me with his suggestive striptease, proving that inspiration sometimes comes from the unlikeliest of places.

# Chapter One

*Damn.* Harlan stood outside of his advisor's office door. Saying goodbye was going to be harder than he thought.

After two years as Sawyer Addison's TA, the professor's office felt like Harlan's second home. He was going to miss the closet-sized room, almost as much as he was going to miss the man himself.

"Knock. Knock." He pushed the door part of the way open and peeked around the corner to make sure he wasn't interrupting anything. With the exception of Sawyer, hard at work at his desk, the office was empty. *Good.*

At the sound of his voice, Sawyer looked up and smiled. "Harlan." The welcoming smile, like always, warmed him from the inside out. If this didn't work, Harlan didn't know what he was going to do. The mere idea of never seeing the handsome brunette man just did not sit well with him. Sawyer was much more than just his advisor and his mentor, he was Harlan's friend. They could, and did, talk about anything and everything. Their relationship went outside of these four walls and encompassed much more than a mere teacher-student association. Sawyer was everything to Harlan and he wasn't going to sit idly by and have the other man just walk out of his life.

"Hey, Professor." Even after all this time, he still occasionally called Sawyer by his title, although to him it was more of a term of endearment than a sign of respect.

"Come in. Come in." Sawyer rose from behind his desk and beckoned Harlan forward. He removed his wire-framed reading glasses and set them gently on the desk before rubbing a hand over his face. He looked tired, but he always did at the end of the semester. "I didn't expect to see you today, with tomorrow being the big day and all."

Harlan took his hand out of his pocket and dangled the lone key hanging from the generic red ring. "I had to come to drop off this off. Guess I won't need it anymore." Harlan had saved this chore for the last of the day because it was the hardest and the one he wanted to do the least. He didn't want to say goodbye. He couldn't say it. He could only hope Sawyer felt the same.

Reluctantly, the older man held out his hand and took the spare office key, sighing loudly as he shoved it into his pocket. "I have to say, I'm sad to be getting this back. I don't suppose I can impress on you how remarkable a Ph.D. would look on your resume."

Pleased, Harlan plopped down in what he'd come to think of as his chair, across from the professor, and stretched out his long legs. It was good to hear Sawyer would miss him, even if he didn't actually say the words. "You just don't want to go through the trouble of training another office lapdog."

"True," he said, taking his seat again. He leaned back in his chair and folded his fingers together, before locking them behind his head. The casual gesture made Harlan smile. Sawyer was a much respected and well-liked teacher, but Harlan preferred to think he was one of the lucky few allowed to see this side of Sawyer. "To think, I just taught you to go on the paper. It's a waste, I tell you."

"Next time you should get a female lapdog. I hear they're easier to train." And would in no way be a competition for Sawyer's attention.

It was bad enough he had to deal with all the young men who were in love with the man. He didn't want to have to worry about the women too. Not that Harlan could blame anyone for falling for Sawyer. Kind, funny, and a straight shooter, he was a great, engaging teacher who managed to educate and inspire on a daily basis. But that wasn't all.

Personality aside, Sawyer was hands down the sexiest man Harlan had ever come in contact with. And that was saying something. Harlan was surrounded by strippers day in and day out. Hell, even his roommate, who went by the insanely cheesy stage name of Inferno and had a cock he practically had to pick up when he walked around the apartment naked, had nothing on Sawyer. And Sawyer was at least twelve years older than both of them.

Not that it showed. With the exception of a few laugh lines around his cerulean eyes, Sawyer could have passed for a graduate student just starting his Master's degree program. His thick wavy hair held not a trace of gray in it, leaving only his penchant for eighties rock to give him away.

"I don't know." Sawyer's eyes twinkled with unsuppressed amusement. "I've never been partial to that particular gender."

"You know, I kind of figured that about you." Which was why Harlan had suggested it. Competition wasn't in Harlan's game plan. "By the by, this isn't the only job I quit."

"Really?" Sawyer's eyes widened a bit at the news, but that was the extent of his reaction, much to Harlan's disappointment. After all this time, he'd really expected more. His second job had been a sore point between the two men ever since Sawyer had wandered into the gay strip club, Tricky Dix, a year back. Despite the fact Harlan was, and always had been, extremely attracted to the other man, before that moment Sawyer's sexual orientation had never come up. These days though, it seemed as if it was always in the room. It was the proverbial pink elephant, only rainbow-colored and fashionably dressed.

"Yes. I gave them my two weeks' notice, but after that I'm done." Harlan intently watched Sawyer for any sort of reaction to his news. "I didn't think it would be too kosher for me to keep it up now that I'm done with school."

Sawyer dropped his hands and sat back up. "Two weeks. That seems like a lifetime."

“Not really,” he said with a shrug. “Besides, it will give me just enough time to figure out the correct way to send thank you cards to all the doctors and judges who’ve unknowingly contributed to my college education.”

“Maybe you’re getting out too soon,” Sawyer said, much to Harlan’s surprise.

Harlan had been under the impression Sawyer detested him being there. It had been one of the main reasons he had thought to bring it up. Even though subconsciously he knew Sawyer was well aware that he was intelligent, Harlan felt the need to show the other man he was more than a pretty face. He didn’t want Sawyer to ever think the time he spent with Harlan was wasted. But maybe he was a day late and a dollar short. “You think so?”

“Sure.” A quick crooked smile flashed across Sawyer’s lips. “You could have used this opportunity to possibly find an internship for the summer. Just think of all the CEOs on the down-low who inhabit that place. It’s a gold mine of connections.”

“Don’t think I haven’t thought about it.” Harlan’s words couldn’t have been further from the truth, but he wasn’t above laughing at himself, especially if Sawyer was in on the joke. “In all seriousness though, I think I’ve relied on my body long enough. Now it’s time to see if this overpriced education is worth something.”

“You’re going to wow them. Just you wait and see.” Sawyer said it as if there wasn’t a doubt in his mind Harlan would do fine in the corporate world.

That made one of them. “Spoken like a proud teacher.”

“I am proud,” Sawyer said, his deep voice sincere and unwavering. “Now more than ever.”

*More than ever?* That could only mean one thing. “So you *are* happy I don’t work there anymore?” Harlan couldn’t help the pleasure that washed over him.

“Hell yes.” The heat behind the other man’s words could not be mistaken. Sawyer’s disdain for Harlan’s dancing wasn’t just a figment of his overwrought imagination.

“Why, can’t wait to get back in there?” he teased, more comfortable with the situation now that he was certain he hadn’t imagined Sawyer’s distaste. “Do you want to check out the scene without having to worry about getting busted by your TA?”

“I’m more than positive I haven’t missed much in the last year. The scene, as you so charmingly call it, hasn’t changed in the fifteen or so years since I’ve been out. I doubt your generation did anything to liven it up since then.”

“You never know.” Harlan didn’t like when Sawyer made references to their age difference. He knew it for what it was—just one more hurdle the older man was throwing up to put him in his place.

“Either way, it doesn’t matter anymore. You’re out of there and that’s all that counts. You should have quit that meat market a long time ago.”

If only life was so simple. “The pay was far too good to give up.”



His answer didn't seem to please Sawyer, who frowned. "I'd offered to give you more hours."

At that, Harlan laughed. "For doing what?"

"What do you mean, for doing what?" Confusion filled Sawyer's eyes.

"Exactly what I said. I was the most underworked TA in the history of office drones."

"You were not." Sawyer's protest fell on deaf ears.

"Right." It wasn't as if Sawyer really needed him. The studious man was as together as they came. For as long as Harlan had known him, Sawyer had never missed a single day of class. He took care of the majority of the test grading, filing, and never slacked on his office duties. To say Sawyer was the exact opposite of an absentminded professor was putting it lightly. Thanks to Sawyer's work ethic, Harlan had been an overpaid office tchotchke. "I was a high-priced clapping monkey with shiny cymbals. A waste of your money and we both know it."

"Not my money. The school's money," Sawyer pointed out, as if that made a bit of difference at all. "Besides, if you're going to become a CEO, you better get used to taking obscene amounts of money for little work."

"I'm not in this for the money." Harlan sent Sawyer the most sincere look he could manage before he broke out laughing. "Damn, I have to get better at lying if I'm ever going to be any good at this."

"Now that, grasshopper, comes with time."

"It's a real pity you never came in and caught my act. Dancing is something I'm very good at. No practice needed." Harlan sent Sawyer a flirty look through lowered lashes. The same type of look he used to con his customers out of more cash. "It's not too late, you know."

"I'm not sure my heart could have handled it."

"I'll go easy on you." Hmm...maybe he was getting better at this lying thing after all.

"And where would the fun have been in that?"

"What if I beg? Will you come see me then?" His voice took on a husky tone Harlan could have done without, but even that didn't sway Sawyer.

"No," he said firmly.

"Why not?" Harlan wasn't going to give up without a fight. "I heard you used to be a regular there."

Sawyer grew still. "You heard that, did you?"

Harlan shrugged, hoping to downplay his comment some. "I asked a few of the fellows."

"And what did they say?"

Harlan met Sawyer's guarded gaze head on. "That I should dance for you if ever given a chance. Why didn't you ever come back?" *And give me the opportunity*, he added silently to himself.

Sawyer looked away for a few seconds before meeting Harlan's gaze once more. Gone was the teasing man with the ready smile, and in his place was someone more cautious and filled with

determination. "I didn't think it was appropriate for me to see you in that type of environment. It would have compromised our relationship."

*Or possibly helped it along.* "You're such a stickler for the rules."

Sawyer chuckled, easing a bit of the tension that had filled the room. "I guess I'm a geek that way."

"I don't think you're a geek. Far from it." Harlan hoped his statement sounded more like admiration rather than hero worship. It would do him no good for Sawyer to think he had him on some type of childish pedestal.

"I am." A small smile ruffled Sawyer's mouth. "You just don't notice."

"I don't think there's anything about you I don't notice." *Or like. Or desire.*

"You're graduating tomorrow. You don't have to suck up."

Harlan wanted so badly to say "then let me suck you off instead", but refrained. This wasn't the time or the place. But that was something easily remedied. "What are you doing tonight?"

"Catching the game with some friends."

Harlan didn't even bother to ask what game. He didn't believe him. "How about you skip it and grab a drink with me? My treat. We can celebrate my crowning achievements."

"As much as I'd like to, I don't think it's such a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Because technically," Sawyer hedged, "I'm still your supervisor."

*Lame.* Harlan glanced down at the face of his watch, then back up at Sawyer. "Only for eight or so more hours."

"Ask me in another eight hours." Even though the words were leading, Harlan knew Sawyer didn't mean it. Tomorrow wasn't going to make much of a difference to the other man. Harlan would always be just one of his students in Sawyer's book and that would never do.

"I just might." Harlan stood and offered Sawyer his hand. The other man rose as well and engulfed Harlan's hand in his larger one. Even though Harlan wanted to hold on and revel in the moment for as long as possible, he released Sawyer's hand and took a step back. Hanging on like a besotted fool would get him nowhere, much like today's conversation. It was time for plan B. "Well then..."

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow."

"Look for me. I'll be the one in the hat and gown," Harlan said, with a smile he didn't quite feel.

"That style is all the rage this year. I might not be able to spot you."

There was no way Harlan was going to let that happen. "You'll notice me alright."

"Think so?"

"Yes. I'll be the only one not wearing clothes beneath the robe." Without waiting for a reply, Harlan turned and walked out of the room. If Sawyer thought he was going to forget Harlan so easily, he had another think coming. It was time he taught his professor a lesson.

\*\*\*

Exhausted, Sawyer turned on the light in his home office and dropped the pile of mail he held onto his desk. He was an idiot. Whatever had possessed him to stay for another round of drinks after the game? The silence echoing through the room answered his question for him. There was no reason to come home. Hell, come tomorrow morning, there would be no reason to go to work either. Harlan was graduating.

*Whoopity-fucking-doo.*

Sighing, Sawyer pulled back his chair and sat down. He was not handling this well. Up until this afternoon, he'd been under the mistaken impression he was going to be able to push past tomorrow as if it was just another day. Then Harlan had to come in and blow that idea to hell and back.

Just when Sawyer had thought he'd come to grips with this ridiculous obsession with his protégé, Harlan would prove him wrong, simply by being himself. Even though he was twelve years Sawyer's junior, Harlan had a good head on his shoulders. He was mature beyond his years, all the while maintaining an uncynical awe about the world. Harlan was intelligent and sarcastic as hell, a wicked combination if there ever was one.

The cliché-ness of it all sickened him. College professor lusting over young nubile student. How *Penthouse Letters* of him.

Now if only Harlan would get the this-is-so-wrong memo, Sawyer would be good. Instead, he had to work hard to not only fight off his attraction to the other man, but also to stay strong and not give in to Harlan. Sawyer had surely earned his way into heaven for his chaste behavior in the last six months.

There had been so many times, so many ways he could have taken Harlan that it bordered on the absurd. Sawyer knew, with just a crook of his finger, he could have the younger man on his knees, mouth open, cock hard. And as appealing as that was, he refrained, earning him not only a halo, but also a place in the record books for the bluest blue balls known to man.

Resisting Harlan had truly become his full time job, yet no one but he could see the merit of it. Even tonight, his nearest and dearest friends had called him seven kinds of fools for not making a move. They pointed out countless times that come tomorrow, any ethical barriers that might have morally prevented him from taking advantage of his position of authority were no longer in the mix. As if Sawyer hadn't been counting down to this day for years now. But even knowing that, Sawyer couldn't rightfully take what very well could be misplaced hero worship and use it for his own personal and sexual gain.

It was wrong. And he refused to be that guy.

Instead, he was going through with his plan to let Harlan carry on with his life and he would do the same. Miserable as his days would now be without Harlan around, it was the right thing to do.

Ready to put this horrible day to bed, Sawyer turned on his computer. As tired as he was, he was a creature of habit, and he couldn't go to bed without checking his mail. Yawning, he waited for his

computer to turn on, before logging on to his Internet browser and keying up his mail. It took only a few seconds for his email to upload, and when it did, he scrolled down the subject lines, trashing spam along the way as he searched for anything of substance.

“Thanks but no thanks,” he muttered to the erectile dysfunction ad. If he could find out who the annoying bastards were who responsible for generating impotence and penis enlargement email ads, he’d kill them.

It was funny that he had this need to check his mail when ninety-nine percent of the time it was usually junk. Bored now, Sawyer went to close his email when a new message appeared. The sender’s name quickly caught his attention, as did the subject line, *If the mountain won’t come to Muhammad...*

Amused at the other man’s tenacity, Sawyer clicked on Harlan’s email. “What are you up to,” he wondered aloud as he waited for the message to appear.

His amusement quickly morphed into confusion as he stared at the dialogue-empty email. There was no message, no smiley face, nothing but a link to a video attachment.

*What the hell?*

Frowning, Sawyer glanced back up at the sender’s address, verifying it was truly Harlan’s. He’d hate to click on the movie and download a virus. He had way too much porn on his computer to ever want to take it to a shop. He’d rather take the machine out back and shoot it than deal with the sly, mocking, never-had-a-date-I-didn’t-pay-for looks from the geeks who worked in those shops.

Satisfied it was Harlan who’d sent the message, Sawyer moved his cursor over to the link. He hesitated for a second before downloading the movie, remembering the last video Harlan sent him. There had been two girls all right, but no cup in sight. If it was that kind of gross stuff again, Harlan would die. Cute or not.

Apprehensive, he clicked play, but kept the cursor on standby, just in case. The video keyed up right away, opening up in the doorway of a large tan bathroom, facing a glass door shower. In the reflection, he could see two figures, one peering down at the camera on the tripod and another standing just a bit off-screen.

With brows furrowed, Sawyer stared at the movie, wondering what exactly he was supposed to be watching. Music started, a familiar jazzy rock beat. The man off-screen walked into the bathroom, head down, so that only the back of his black suit was visible. He stood in a pose, legs apart, hands down at his sides, palms facing forward. When the seedy voice of Joe Cocker belted out the beginning lyrics of the all-too-familiar song, the man turned around. Looking straight at the camera, Harlan smiled.

Sawyer’s cock responded before his brain did, rising hard and fast beneath his zipper. Harlan on film. *Damn*. Like a lightning bolt, clarity struck. *Mountain. Muhammad*. Harlan dressed in an old-style black tuxedo with matching fedora. *Fuck*. Sawyer was screwed.

“Son of a bi—” Sawyer couldn’t even finish the comment, because Harlan began to dance. He started off with slow, sensual movements that hit every dip and groove of the song playing in the background. This was no *slam, bam, thank you, ma'am* sort of thing. Harlan took his time, using the space afforded him in the bathroom like a stage.

For lack of a better word, Harlan was stunning. The tuxedo hugged his muscular frame perfectly, making Sawyer ache to know just what lay underneath it all. His dark chocolate strands were all but covered by the black hat he wore low on his brow. With his index finger, he moved the hat up a little, bringing his laughing hazel eyes into view. The bastard had him, and he knew it.

Without taking off a stitch, Harlan painted an erotic image in Sawyer’s head of pleasures to come. Common sense told him to turn the video off. No one was forcing Sawyer to watch, to break the pledge he made himself a year ago. But he couldn’t. He wouldn’t. He had to see just what it was he was giving up. He was a masochist, hell-bent on riding the Titanic that was his obsession to this watery grave.

Sawyer moved his sweaty hand away from the mouse and wiped it on his thigh, well aware of his erection, just a few inches away, raring to go. There was no doubt in his mind he’d have his cock in his hand before the end of the show. But Sawyer had never been the impatient type. He wanted to savor this dance for all it was worth.

The jacket was the first item of clothing to go, shrugged to the floor with a subtle move of Harlan’s broad shoulders, before he turned to the side, and placed his hands flat on the wall. He looked back at the camera and leaned forward, snaking his body towards the wall. Then he spun toward the shower, rocking his hips back and forth, ensuring Sawyer’s eyes were focused on one of his best features. His ass.

The move was in no way necessary. Sawyer had stared at Harlan’s ass for the last two years. If need be, he could draw it blindfolded, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t going to look his fill now. Easing back in his chair, Sawyer ran his hand over his aching erection, imagining the way Harlan would look dancing on his cock. With an ass that round and firm, Sawyer knew it would be a hell of a ride.

“Fuck,” he muttered as his eyes took in everything he’d denied himself for the last two years. If Harlan wanted to make him pay for ignoring him, he was doing a bang-up job.

With a thrust and spin, Harlan was facing front once more. Licking his lips, he slowly pulled his shirt out of his pants, all the while moving his hips in figure eight motions. Without losing the beat, or breaking eye contact with the camera, Harlan began to undress.

His fingers danced over the front of his shirt, parting the material, revealing a hint of the treasure that waited below the white cloth. When he reached the very last button, he took the shirt in two hands and jerked it open, flashing not only his well-defined, tanned chest, but also his dark nipples adorned with silver hoops.

Sawyer’s eyebrows shot to his hairline. Harlan was pierced. Sawyer hadn’t known. Then again, there was no reason why he should have. Their relationship didn’t allow for such knowledge. It was for the best

though. Sawyer would have found it awfully hard to keep his vow knowing how the other man was adorned under his clothing. Even now, he had to resist the urge to jump from his seat and drive over to Harlan's house and take what was so blatantly offered to him.

Things hadn't gone so far yet that they couldn't still remain professional acquaintances. He hoped. Sure, Sawyer had fantasy fodder for the next twenty years or more, and he was more than likely crossing every line he'd methodically drawn in the sand over the years, but he couldn't stop watching. Not when it was just starting to get good.

As if sensing his captive audience, Harlan carelessly tossed the shirt to the floor and reached over to the counter to pick up a small plastic bottle. He tipped it upside down and squirted the clear liquid onto his exposed flesh. The oil ran like a river down his chest, past the rippling cut squares of his six-pack, to the band of his black slacks. Moving at a speed that rivaled molasses, Harlan followed the liquid with his hand, rubbing the oil into his skin until his chest was glistening in the halogen light.

He walked a few steps forward then spun around, bringing his ripped back into view. Leaning to the side, he flicked a switch, dimming the light in the bathroom while turning on a light just above the shower.

*Don't. Don't. Don't,* Sawyer silently urged, not sure he would survive much more.

Harlan took a step toward the shower then twisted around and crooked his finger in a "come here" gesture. He opened the door and carefully stepped inside the enclosure, still dressed in his pants and hat. With his back towards the tile, he pulled the door closed, then turned and faced the spout. He turned the nozzle and adjusted the spray with a dramatic flair while somehow still remaining on beat and shaking his hips.

The glass was crystal clear, allowing Sawyer to see everything that took place with breathtaking clarity. As he watched in awe, Harlan raised his hands above his head and swirled his hips, before snaking his body forward and allowing the water to rain down on him. And just as quickly as he moved forward, he danced back, turning, dipping low, gyrating in the shower as if it were a cage at a club.

How he didn't slip and fall was a wonder to Sawyer and he had to hand it to him. The man had skills. He was a natural born dancer, seducer. He held Sawyer captivated from the start.

Reaching out, Harlan put one hand on the tile to his left and the other to his right above the spouts and twisted around until his ass was once more facing Sawyer. After a few seductive swirls of his hips, Harlan bent partway over, grabbed the front of his pants and tugged, pulling them clear of his body in one swift move. He stayed bent over for a second, giving Sawyer a glimpse of perfectly ripe buttocks, separated by the very thin silver backing of his thong.

Enough was enough. Unable to resist a second longer, Sawyer pushed his chair back a bit and undid his pants, freeing his cock to his waiting hands. Blindly, he pulled open the top drawer and pulled out a small bottle of lube. One-handed, he flipped the top and let the cool liquid dribble over the head of his cock. He dropped the bottle to the floor, not even bothering to put it back in his haste to stroke his shaft.

The second he closed his hand over his aching member he sighed with pleasure. He needed relief, almost as badly as he needed to bury his cock to the hilt inside Harlan's tight ass and fuck him stupid.

Maybe he'd take Harlan while he was in that exact position, bent over and ready to receive. Sawyer tightened his hand around his hard, aching shaft at the thought. *Fuck*, he bet Harlan would feel good stretched around his turgid length.

Moaning, he watched through lust-filled eyes as Harlan spun around and faced the camera once more, giving Sawyer his first eagle eye view of tightly packed thong. Harlan tossed the pants down on the bench seat in the shower and moved back into the center of the glass enclosure.

With his back against the wall, Harlan began a slow descent, sinuously dancing down the wall, gyrating his hips as he ran his hands sensually over his wet body. His timing was precise, his moves explicit, Harlan made love to Sawyer without even being in the same room with him.

Twisting his hips, he worked his way back up as he eased his hand down to the side of his G-string, toying with the band. Sawyer's breath hitched. Last time he'd been in Tricky Dix they served alcohol, which meant no full frontal, but maybe there had been changes and this was all part of Harlan's normal act. Or then again, maybe he was just teasing Sawyer.

Lord, he hoped not.

Still moving in time to the song, Harlan danced around until he was facing away from the camera. Teasingly, he pulled the thong down, skimming the band under his firm cheeks, before bringing it up again and turning around to face the camera once more. With his thumbs in the side, he slowly pulled the front down, exposing his hairless groin, but not an inch of the thing Sawyer wanted to see most.

Groaning, Sawyer stroked his cock faster, ethics be damned. "Take it off," he muttered through dry lips. "Just take it off."

His prayer was answered, as Harlan unsnapped first one side, then the other side of his thong, before tossing it on top of his pants. Wearing only the hat now, he proudly displayed his erect cock.

The mere sight of his student's shaft sent tremors down Sawyer's body. That was nothing compared to the lust that filled him as Harlan took his cock in hand and began to stroke himself. From the measured pace in which he moved, Sawyer knew he wasn't trying to get off, just torment Sawyer more.

And he'd be damned if it didn't work. Sawyer wanted to watch Harlan go over. To see this young man, whose body he craved more than his next breath, come. For the first time since he began his routine, Harlan stopped dancing. Instead, he leaned against the tile wall and began to pleasure himself as Sawyer watched with bated breath.

*God, he's beautiful.* Never before had Sawyer seen anything so lovely in his life.

Harlan ducked his head, hiding his face with his hat, which was a real pity. Sawyer wanted to see his eyes, wanted to read the expression on Harlan's handsome face, so he could tell if this was just part of the act or if he was enjoying this as much as Sawyer was.

Then like magic, Harlan looked up. And like that, Sawyer knew. It wasn't just a dance. The naked need, mixed with vulnerability, couldn't be faked. This was just for Sawyer and the knowledge alone pushed him over the edge. With a ragged moan, Sawyer came, coating his cock and spots of his desk with his passion.

Sawyer kept his gaze locked on the screen as he came. He didn't want to close his eyes and risk missing even a minute of Harlan's show. Breathing heavily, he milked strain after strain of sticky semen while staring hungrily at the other man, still slowly fucking his fist.

When Sawyer's tender member could take not a touch more, he released his spent cock, and leaned heavily back in his chair. Trembling, he tried his best to calm his racing heart. Sawyer had known it all along. Harlan's act was too much to bear. From the way the other man was speeding up his strokes, Sawyer thought it might have been too much for him to bear as well.

Just when he thought the other man was going to spill his seed, Harlan paused. The crescendo of the music seemed to pull Harlan back, taking him out of whatever headspace he'd gone to. Releasing his cock, he picked up where he left off dancing. When the final notes filled the air, he pushed the shower open and tossed the hat at the camera. The screen suddenly went black, leaving Sawyer high and dry.

He felt robbed. The sensual dance had not been enough. To hell with good intentions. Harlan owed him an orgasm, and Sawyer had every intention of collecting. It looked as if school wasn't out just yet. Sawyer had one more lesson to teach his apt pupil, and that was not to play with fire.



## Chapter Two

Graduations were stupid. And as much as Harlan knew it meant a lot to his folks, he'd rather be at home, sitting in his lazy chair in his underwear, watching the game on TV. It was an archaic ceremony that only managed to keep him in school a few hours longer than necessary after he'd already done his required time. And if it weren't for his parents driving up from Santa Monica, he would have checked the box to have his diploma mailed home. The standing, sitting, switching the tassel from one side to the other was ritualistic bullshit, and he was so over it. Thankfully though, it was finally all over and he was free to wander with the rest of the graduates.

Letting out a sigh bigger than the last three before it, Harlan scanned the crowds once more in hopes of spotting Sawyer. When he once again found no one in the sea of people who even slightly resembled the professor, he frowned. He knew Sawyer was there. The only question was where.

"If you sigh any harder, your chest might concave."

The annoying voice of his younger brother did what it usually did, made Harlan want to dropkick the younger man into next week. He loved him, Lord knew he did, but he wasn't in the mood to put up with the other man's bitching. Without turning around, he tried his best to ignore him, as he had all week long. "Is there a reason you've planted yourself at my side?"

"The parental unit insisted, of course." Rhys came up beside his brother. The once shorter man now matched Harlan inch for inch, making him wonder and not for the first time, when his sidekick had sprouted up like a weed. Missing a few summer and Christmas breaks was really beginning to catch up with him.

"And they are?"

"Trying their best to find every single teacher you have ever had, so they can personally thank them. Graciousness is what the Sheppards are all about, unless, of course, it's the prodigal son. He doesn't seem to know the meaning of the word."

His brother's bitterness brought a smile to Harlan's face. *What a brat.* Turning around he looked over at the other man, who was losing a battle with his gray pinstripe tie. A frown marred the face of a man Harlan barely knew. Rhys was no longer the boy he'd shared a room with for most of his youth. He was practically a stranger, and Harlan knew he had no one to blame but himself. Harlan had spent the last few years working as hard as he studied, leaving little time to get to know the man his brother had become.

Something he hoped to rectify in the upcoming months, but until then it appeared as if he had some fences to mend. “Still mad you had to hang at the hotel last night?”

Rhys gave up the war with his tie and shot Sawyer a disgusted look. “I have three words for you, bro. *Home Shopping Network*. It was brutal.”

Harlan winced. “Sorry, man.”

“Not as sorry as I was, and do you know what topped off my evening?”

Harlan couldn’t imagine anything worse. “No.”

“I actually heard them.” Rhys lowered his voice and leaned closer. “Doing it.”

Apparently, Harlan’s imagination wasn’t as perverted as his parents’ reality. “Stop it.”

“I wish I could. Viagra is the devil’s concubine. This wasn’t a hit it and forget it moment, man. They were going at it for hours. I ended up bailing after they hit the two-hour mark.” Rhys shivered as if trying to shake the thought from his mind. “I just couldn’t get my iPod loud enough.”

“Wow.” Harlan wondered if therapy was in order. “I can’t say how sorry I am.”

Rhys continued as if his brother hadn’t spoken. “He actually asked her, ‘Who’s your daddy?’”

“Okay, stop it.” Harlan actually felt his stomach roll. “Now you’re just being cruel.”

“No, *cruel* was leaving me alone with them in a hotel with a mini bar. You know Mom can’t handle her alcohol. I don’t care what you say, nothing you had to do was as important as rescuing me from that.”

“I wouldn’t say that.” Making the video for Sawyer was very important, but apparently only to him. Out of the many different ways Harlan imagined Sawyer responding to his movie, none of them included silence.

“Really?” Rhys’s hazel eyes, so like his own, were filled with curiosity. “What was more important than that? And you better not say a girl, or do I need to remind you about the age-old adage, bros before hos.”

“It wasn’t a girl,” Harlan said dryly. “Trust me.”

“No?”

“No.”

“Then was it a boy?”

His brother’s question floored him. Since he’d never had a significant other worth having *the talk* with his parents about, Harlan had chosen to keep his sexual preference to himself. He knew one day a conversation would be necessary, but in the middle of pictures and tears at his graduation just didn’t fit the bill. Yet at the same time, denying it wasn’t an option for him either.

His brother read his silence the wrong way, however. “Forget I asked.” Rhys’s lips curved in a cynical twist. “Lord knows I’d hate for you to shit your pants in front of all these classy *ed-u-ma-cat-ed* people.”

“Look, Rhys, it’s complicated.”

“Right, and a dummy like me could never understand?” Rhys shoved his hands in his pants pockets and for lack of a better phrase, sank into himself, as he always did when he thought he was being talked down to because of his learning disorder. Rhys’s dyslexia was a scab on a wound Harlan didn’t think would ever heal.

The chip on his brother’s shoulder could rival Gibraltar and it had a way of weighing Harlan down with guilt whenever his brother hefted it up for all to see. “I wasn’t calling you a dummy, asshole, I was simply saying this wasn’t the time or the place for a conversation of that magnitude.”

“Then when will be?” Rhys asked. “You can tell me anything, Harlan. You know that.”

If there was ever an opening, this was it. “I do. And I will.”

“When?” the younger man insisted with the tenacity of a bulldog.

“I...”

“You ever think that maybe you’re not the only one who has something to spill? Who needs someone to talk to about...stuff.”

Truth be told, he hadn’t, until right then. “Fine. We’ll talk.”

“Tonight. After all the dinner and all the bullshit that’s destined to follow.”

“I’m sorry, but Harlan’s busy tonight.” At the sound of Sawyer’s voice, Harlan and his brother both turned. Sawyer was the only man in the world who could manage to look hot in his graduation regalia. On him the black robe didn’t appear like a big muumuu, instead it made him look distinguished and refined. And it made Harlan want to bring out the dirty side of him all the more. That thought led Harlan right back to what Sawyer had just said.

*Busy.* He hadn’t made any plans other than visiting with his family. “I am?”

“Yes.” Before Harlan could question him further on his odd comment, Sawyer asked, “Was your other suit dirty after all?”

*Suit?* It took a second for Harlan to figure out what Sawyer meant, but when he did, he smiled. *Birthday suit.* He’d forgotten that he told Sawyer he was going to be nude under his robe. “I thought it might be better to dress up for the occasion. My mom has an annoying habit of breaking out a camera at any and every opportunity.” Smiling, Harlan reached up and took his cap off, running his hands through his pressed-down hair. “I’ve been looking for you.”

“Really. Why?” Sawyer’s casual demeanor baffled Harlan. Had he gotten the email? Did he watch it? Was he upset about it? Pleased? What?

“You know...” he hedged, unsure of how to continue with his captive audience. “To check in with you and whatnot.”

“Well, here I am.”

“Yeah.” He could see that, but it didn’t tell him diddly or squat about the video he’d sent. Since he couldn’t just flat out ask Sawyer about the email, Harlan did as his brother reminded him earlier, and relied

on his gracious gene to get him through the awkward silence. "Sawyer, let me introduce you to my younger brother, Rhys. Rhys, my professor and mentor, Sawyer Addison."

"Former professor," Sawyer corrected with a smile as he held out his hand to Rhys, who took it with a baffled look on his face. "Call me Sawyer. Please."

"Alright." Rhys broke the handshake and shoved his hands deep in his pockets. "So, Sawyer, I bet you're happy to be seeing the last of my brother."

"I wouldn't say that." Sawyer turned his attention back to Harlan. "In fact, it seems as if I'm seeing more and more of him each day."

Question answered. There was no way Harlan could mistake that comment. The two of them locked gazes and for a second it seemed as if the air grew heavy and thick, blanketing out the world around them, until everything went quiet and still. It was this instant Harlan had been waiting for. The moment when, without a doubt, he knew Sawyer was aware of him, and not just as a student, but as a man.

Before Harlan could act on the realization, Rhys loudly cleared his throat, breaking the spell Sawyer placed him under. "About tonight. I'm having dinner with my folks then..."

"Drinks with me." It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact. "We have...much to discuss, you and I."

"We do?"

"Yes. We do."

"Oh." Out of the corner of his eye, Harlan could see his brother's gaze volleying back and forth between him and Sawyer as they spoke. Heat scorched his cheeks as he tried his best to hold it together. "I'm sure I can break free around—"

"Ten sharp. My place."

*Sawyer's place.* Harlan blinked. Then blinked again, checking to see if he had dozed off during the ceremony. When after a few seconds, Sawyer didn't fade away, Harlan grinned and began to thank the QuickTime gods. The video had worked. Check and mate. "Your place. No problem." He didn't know what he was going to tell his parents and after the conversation with his brother, Harlan knew he needed to put in some face time with Rhys, but there was always tomorrow. Tonight...his free time was taken.

"I didn't think there would be one." Sawyer turned to Rhys and offered his hand to his brother once more. The younger man took it and shook it, smiling all the while. "It was very nice to meet you."

"You too." Sawyer glanced back at Harlan and gave a sharp nod of his head, business as usual. "Harlan."

"Sawyer." If he wanted to keep it light, Harlan could too. Besides there was no need to gloat. He'd gotten what he wanted in the end, after all. With a pleased expression on his face, he watched Sawyer walk away, until the other man faded into the crowd.

"Is that the complication?"

Harlan couldn't think of a single reason to lie. "Yes."

"'Nuff said."

Startled Harlan glanced at his brother, brow raised. "Hey," Rhys said with a shrug of his shoulders. "As I said, you're not the only one who needs to talk about stuff."

Before he could respond to his brother's comment, Harlan spotted his parents heading in their direction. Swinging his arm around his brother's neck, he pulled him in tight into the crook of his elbow, and rapped his knuckles against his head. "You and me, little bro, have some talking to do."

"You ain't just whistling Dixie."

From the smug expression that had flashed across Harlan's face earlier in the evening, Sawyer knew the other man was feeling pleased with himself. But if his former pupil thought he would be so easy, he had another think coming.

The video had been an eye-opening experience for Sawyer in more than one way. Teaching him more about his former pupil than he'd ever figured he'd learn. The more important lesson though by far was that Harlan didn't know Sawyer at all. It was obvious to Sawyer now that Harlan had mistaken his benevolence for meekness. Sawyer's temperament in the classroom was in no way a reflection of his disposition in the bedroom, and the sooner Harlan learned that, the better.

When the doorbell rang a few minutes later, Sawyer put his game face on as he opened the door. As he'd come to expect, Harlan looked good enough to eat. Even better, because Sawyer knew if things went right, he might very well be getting a taste of the younger, sexy man. Dressed in jeans, a blue T-shirt and a black leather coat, he looked much as he had every other day leading up to tonight, with the exception of the arrogant look in his eyes. A look Sawyer was going to enjoy removing.

A small smile crooked the corner of Harlan's lips. "Evening, Professor."

"Evening."

The reminder of his position gave Sawyer a second of pause. His desire for Harlan and his plan for tonight had yet to completely vanquish the sense of responsibility he felt to do the right thing. Yet it was a long fought battle that his conscience was going to lose. "Come in." Sawyer stepped back and gestured for Harlan to precede him. "I see you were able to get away after all."

"Wasn't as difficult as I thought it might be," he said, as he stepped into the hallway. "Rhys slipped Mom a Mickey, curtailing tonight's festivities."

"And your brother?" he asked as he shut the door, locking it tight, as was his habit.

"Escaped back to my place."

"Ah." Enlightened, Sawyer nodded his head as he turned around to face the other man. "The scene of the crime."

"I just call it home." Harlan began to take off his coat as he spoke. "So tell me, did you enjoy the movie?"

"Don't do that." Sawyer held out his hand, stopping the man before he could shrug it off his shoulders. "I have everything ready. You'll mess it up if you get started too soon."

Harlan halted, confusion marring his brow as he stared at Sawyer. "Mess what up?"

Instead of answering his question directly, Sawyer shot him a disarming smile and nodded with his head towards the living room. "Everything. Come on."

"Oh...kay." From the sound of his voice, Sawyer could tell things were far from okay with Harlan.

*Good.*

He led the other man down the hall to the living room. After stepping into the room, Sawyer moved to the side, so he could see Harlan's expression for himself. It was well worth it. He watched as the other man smiled as he took in the burning candles sporadically placed around dimly lit room. Then he watched as Harlan's smile fell as soon as his gaze landed on the money spread out across the coffee table.

"Do you like?" Sawyer asked lightly.

Frowning, Harlan glanced from the table to Sawyer. "What's all this?"

"I told you I had everything ready." Walking around him, Sawyer picked up the small white remote control off the table, pointed it towards the entertainment center and clicked *play*. The sexy crooning voice of Marvin Gaye filled the room as Sawyer strolled over to the couch and made himself comfortable. "All right go ahead. Hop right on it."

"On what?"

Sawyer leaned forward and patted the oak wood. "The table, of course. It's sturdy, and as long as you're not jumping up and down, I'm sure it will hold you. Come on. Get started."

Harlan stood stock-still in the middle of the floor, and stared in bewilderment. "What's going on?"

"I think it's more than obvious." Sawyer swiped a five-dollar bill from the table and dangled it from between his fingertips. Staring Harlan directly in the eye, Sawyer spoke in a firm no-nonsense tone. "You want to perform. I want to be fair and make sure you get paid for services rendered."

Harlan's face clouded with rage. "Fuck you."

"Don't worry." Sawyer dropped his hand, money and all, on his crotch and rubbed. "I'm sure I have enough money here for that, as well."

"My ass isn't for sale."

"Funny, that's not the impression you gave." Sawyer stood, dropping the money to the floor in his haste. A renewed sense of anger filled him as he thought back to the video. Yes, he had enjoyed it, but he hadn't enjoyed having the proof of what Harlan did, day in and day out, thrown in his face. Tilting his head to the side, he regarded the other man with unguarded derision. "I have to hand it to you, you're a natural."

Instead of storming off as he thought Harlan would, Harlan took a step closer to him, his body radiating with unfettered anger. “Tell me something, *Professor*. What pisses you off more, the fact I sent you the video, forcing you to watch me and see me in a way you’ve never admitted but longed to do for so long?” Harlan raked his heated gaze over Sawyer’s body. “Or the fact you loved it?”

“What can I say? You’re good at your job.”

“You’re damn straight I am. And you hate it.”

“Nothing new there.” Sawyer was hard pressed to keep the scorn out of his voice. He loathed the idea of other men looking at Harlan, lusting after him, when he couldn’t openly admire him the way he wanted to. “Did you really think I was going to be pleased you sent it?”

“You know, for a moment there, I did.” Harlan’s disappointment was heavy in his voice. “And I still think that. I bet you’ve watched it over and over again.”

“Don’t push me, Harlan.” Sawyer rounded the table. “Just walk away now.”

“I’m willing to bet you beat off while watching me stroke my cock.” Harlan took another step, then another, eating up the space between them until there was nothing but room and opportunity. “Did you come right away, or did you match your performance to my own?”

Sawyer moved so suddenly Harlan’s words came to a quick and brutal death as Sawyer grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket and brought him in closer to him. “I warned you, Harlan, in so many ways, to keep your distance.”

“And I’ve ignored you.”

“And now you’re going to pay the consequences.” Being up close and personal like this was playing havoc on Sawyer’s head and his cock.

“I’m not afraid of you, Sawyer.”

“You should be.”

“Why, so you can have just one more made-up reason we shouldn’t be together?”

Sawyer didn’t need to make up any reasons, there were too many real ones floating around to have to fabricate ones out of thin air. *He was too old for Harlan. It was unprofessional for him to fall for his student.* The list went on and on. They couldn’t have a real relationship, but they had the here and now. And that would have to do for the both of them. “I don’t want to talk about relationships, or my job, or yours. I just want to know one thing, Harlan.”

“What?” Harlan’s earlier anger seemed to have evaporated somewhat.

“Who’s in charge here?”

“You.”

“Damn straight.” Without giving Harlan a second to comment, Sawyer pulled him in closer and covered Harlan’s mouth with his own. Time for talking was at an end. It was time for Harlan to live up to the promise of his video.

## Chapter Three

The word *finally* filled Harlan's head almost at the exact time Sawyer's tongue slipped into his mouth. Many nights he'd imagined what it would feel like to kiss the other man. His fantasies paled in comparison. There was nothing gentle and soft about the way Sawyer pressed his lips against Harlan's. Nothing kind in the way he demanded entrance, stealing his breath away as he passionately took command of his mouth. It was just Sawyer—no late-night fantasy, no hyped-up play of his imagination. Just Sawyer. And it was damn good.

Harlan moaned as Sawyer's tongue danced with his. He'd participated in more than his share of tongue tangos over the years, but Sawyer outshined every one by far. He could only wonder if Sawyer was this good with kissing, how well he might be with his mouth on other parts of Harlan's body.

His cock throbbed at the thought—hot, hard and more than ready to take things to the next level. His wasn't the only cock hard though. Harlan could feel Sawyer's erection against his own, which only added fuel to the fire burning inside him.

Damn, he wanted this man, and he didn't care about the particulars. If Sawyer wanted to go off in his mouth, Harlan would gladly swallow his load, lick his lips and ask for more. If Sawyer wanted his ass, he'd give it to him, no questions asked. He was Sawyer's. All his, and there wasn't anything he wouldn't do for, or to, the other man.

Moaning, Harlan worked his hand between their tightly pressed bodies, heading straight for the top of Sawyer's slacks. "I want you. Now," he insisted against Sawyer's mouth.

Chuckling, Sawyer broke their kiss and eased back a bit, giving Harlan room to maneuver. "What's the rush? Afraid I'm going to change my mind?"

"Maybe," Harlan admitted begrudgingly. He didn't want to chance Sawyer coming to his deluded senses and ruining this for the both of them. Too many nights he'd lain in bed, his thoughts filled with this man.

"No way that'll happen." Sawyer cupped his hand along Harlan's jaw line and rubbed his thumb over his bottom lip. "I've given up fighting myself and you."

Harlan nipped at Sawyer's finger. "Pointless fight if you ask me."

"I didn't."

"Trust me. I noticed." Despite giving in, Sawyer wasn't going to be a walk in the park, and Harlan wouldn't have it any other way. "Know what else I noticed?"



“Hmm...”

Harlan slipped his jacket off and dropped to his knees before Sawyer. “You dress to the left.”

Sawyer’s soft chuckle was all the encouragement Harlan needed. Putting his stripping skills to good use, he placed his hands on Sawyer’s leg and slowly ran his hands up the other man’s thigh, past his bulging erection, to the cold metal of Sawyer’s belt buckle.

With his eyes on the prize he unhooked the clasp of the belt and pulled it free of Sawyer’s pants, rung by rung, tossing it over his shoulder once it was clear. He made quick work of unbuttoning Sawyer’s pants, but took his sweet time pulling the zipper down. The sound of the teeth parting sent shivers racing through him, as did the sight of Sawyer’s boxer-covered dick tenting out from the opened vee of his slacks.

Intent on savoring the moment, Harlan leaned forward and inhaled deeply, breathing Sawyer’s earthy masculine scent deep into his lungs. “Damn, you smell good. I bet you taste even better.”

“Only one way to find out.”

“So very true.” Harlan grabbed hold of Sawyer’s slacks and pulled them, boxers and all, down his hips. The material didn’t go further than the middle of Sawyer’s thighs, but it freed his massive erection to Harlan’s greedy gaze.

*Damn!* It just wasn’t fair. Not only did God gift Sawyer with brains, good looks and a great personality, He had the nerve to give the man a large dick as well. No wonder there were so many fugly men running around. Sawyer had taken all the good qualities for himself.

Just staring at the rigid tool made his mouth water in anticipation. Sawyer’s cock was long, thick and hard, three of Harlan’s favorite qualities when it came to dicks. He had never been a believer in bigger was better, but the mere sight of Sawyer’s cock had him singing a different tune. From the look of things, he was going to be feeling Sawyer all weekend long.

“Harlan.” Sawyer’s insistent tone was louder the second time. “Harlan.”

Harlan shook his head in an attempt to clear his lust-fogged mind. “Huh?”

“Run more than your gaze over it. Try your tongue.”

*What a novel idea.* “I should have known you’d be a bossy top.”

“Just like I should have known you’d be a wordy bottom. Let go.” Sawyer took his cock in his hand and gave it a few loving strokes. The mere sight caused Harlan’s cock to jump. “And say *ah*. Use your mouth for more than words. Suck me.”

Harlan reached for Sawyer’s cock to do just that, but was waylaid by Sawyer, who tsked and pushed his hand away. “I said blow job, not hand job. No hands, just lips, tongue and maybe a hint of teeth. Do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal.” He’d gotten hard the second Sawyer’s lips touched his, but the aggressive way Sawyer was taking charge had Harlan creaming his pants. Harlan didn’t bottom for just anyone, but for Sawyer, he’d go ass to air all day, just to please the other man. “Feed it to me then.”

Harlan licked his lips then parted them. Wide. His jaw was going to ache in the morning, but he didn't care. He had to get a taste of Sawyer's dick.

"That's it, open up for me." Sawyer guided his cock into Harlan's waiting mouth and let out a soft growl as Harlan closed his lips around his shaft. "Hmm..."

Harlan couldn't agree more. Even though he was on the giving end, his enjoyment was just as great. There were few things in life he loved more than going down on another man, but when it had the added bonus of being Sawyer's cock he was sucking, his own pleasure knew no bounds.

Lost in the taste of him, Harlan tightened his lips around Sawyer's shaft and took him as deep into his mouth as he could. He paused and let Sawyer's cock sit against the back of his throat for a second before pulling back and letting him slide slowly out, until just the crown remained. He swirled his tongue around the tip before plunging forward once more, repeating the same cycle until he heard a deep hiss from above him.

"Fucking tease." Sawyer groaned.

And he loved it. Harlan made damn sure of it.

Mindful of Sawyer's rule not to use his hand on his cock, Harlan reached out and braced his hands against Sawyer's thighs, using them as an anchor to keep his balance as he sped up.

"Can you take me deeper? Faster?" Harlan moaned his acquiescence around Sawyer's leaking cock, giving Sawyer all the permission he needed to push his cock further and faster into Harlan's mouth. "That's it. Right there."

From the way Sawyer was fucking his face, Harlan knew ice cream was definitely on the menu tomorrow. Not that he minded one bit. He would gladly speak with a gruff voice for the rest of his life if it meant having Sawyer's cock for an appetizer every night.

Just when he thought Sawyer was going to blow, Sawyer entangled his hand in Harlan's hair and pulled him off and away from his bobbing cock. Disappointed and dazed with passion, Harlan reached for him again, but was held off by Sawyer tightening his grip in Harlan's hair.

The sharp tug woke Harlan from his haze and he forced his gaze up and away from his new favorite treat. "What?" His lips felt swollen and slightly raw.

"I don't want to come until I'm buried balls deep in your ass."

Harlan's stomach clinched. "That's..." He cleared his tender throat. "That's a hell of a good reason."

"I thought so." Sawyer released Harlan's hair and brought his hand to Harlan's mouth, where he traced his bottom lip with his thumb. He smiled slightly as he stared at Harlan with a gentle look in his eyes Harlan had never seen before. "If I would have known you were such a good cock sucker, I would have had you on your knees years ago."

The praise sent his temperature rising. He never would have taken Sawyer for a dirty talker. Man, was he glad he was wrong. "It's not exactly a skill I'd put on my resume."

“Trust me.” Sawyer licked his lips. “You should. You really, really should.”

Harlan opened his mouth to spew out a witty comment, but words left him as Sawyer began to undress. He was too busy staring to come up with a funny line, especially when Sawyer pulled his black Polo shirt off and tossed it onto the floor on top of Harlan’s leather jacket.

Damn, the man was built. People who worked behind a desk weren’t supposed to look this good. The bastard was big everywhere, not just between his legs. If there came a time when he wanted to give up teaching, Harlan was more than convinced Sawyer could have a lucrative career in the exotic dancing industry. Once he was completely devoid of all his clothes, Sawyer reached down and grasped Harlan’s hand, helping him rise to his feet.

“Cat got your tongue?”

Harlan nodded, too busy taking in the sexy sight in front of him to bother with words.

“About damn time.” Without saying another word, Sawyer tightened his grip on Harlan’s hand and led him out of the room and down the hall. It was a short walk to the bedroom, but it gave Harlan plenty of time to check out Sawyer’s tight ass and make a plan to get his tongue between the other man’s cheeks as soon as possible.

Harlan had to adjust himself before he seriously damaged his dick with his imagination and his increasingly tight pants. He couldn’t wait to be out of them. And from the way Sawyer grasped the hem of Harlan’s shirt and pulled it up and off him the second he entered the bedroom, Harlan knew he wouldn’t have to wait long.

He laughed at the rush treatment, but didn’t offer a word of discouragement. He liked this side of Sawyer—randy and ready. “We in a hurry, Professor?”

“Yes.” Sawyer spun him around and began to steer Harlan backward towards the large bed dominating the room. “You’re a growing boy. You need to be in bed on time.”

“Planning on tucking me in?”

“The only thing I plan on tucking is my cock in your ass.” Sawyer’s hand went right to work on the fastening of Harlan’s pants as Harlan kicked off his shoes. “I have a question for you.”

“Yes.” At this point in time, Sawyer could ask him anything, as long as he fucked him soon after.

“Anything else pierced?”

Smiling, Harlan grasped the waistband of his pants, and pushed them, along with his boxers, to the floor. “Come find out.”

Sawyer planned to. Before this night was over there wouldn’t be an inch of Harlan’s body he didn’t know personally. The video hadn’t done him justice. His performance, as erotic as it was, had just been an act. This was the real deal. And it was fucking delicious.

Up close and in person, Harlan was every gay man's dream. He was built, sexy, and had a well-hung cock hard enough to break steel. Sawyer wasn't sure what he had done to deserve such a treat, but he was going to enjoy it to the fullest.

"Get on the bed."

"Knees or back?"

He loved a man who knew how to get straight to the point. "Knees. I have to get a taste of that sexy ass you've been teasing me with for so long."

"You're such a sweet talker." Despite his jesting words, Harlan did exactly as he was told. Smiling, he climbed onto the bed, and then crawled up until he was in the direct middle. All the saliva in Sawyer's mouth dried up at the sight of Harlan, nude, kneeling, and ready for him. Years of dancing had definitely done a body good, giving the other man muscular thighs and an ass Sawyer was sure he could bounce quarters off.

"Like what you see?" While Sawyer had been busy staring at Harlan's ass, the other man had apparently been busy staring at him over his shoulder.

Not one to be easily embarrassed, Sawyer met Harlan's gaze. "Very much. I just hope you can live up to my expectations."

"Oh, I will. I promise you that."

Sawyer didn't doubt him for a moment. With a new determination filling him, Sawyer moved to his dresser and opened the top drawer. Reaching inside he pulled out a condom and a tube of lube, before taking his place at the foot of the bed once more. "Come back this way a bit more. I want at that ass."

Harlan laughed softly as he did as Sawyer requested. "Have I mentioned yet how bossy you are?"

Since Harlan's comment didn't require an answer, Sawyer didn't give him one. He had much more important things to do with his mouth than to spar with Harlan. Instead, he dropped his goodies beside Harlan and moved behind him. He placed his hands on Harlan's cheeks and leaned forward, inhaling his masculine scent deep within his lungs as he did so. Using his thumbs, Sawyer spread the other man's cheeks and ran his tongue over Harlan's puckered knot.

The sweetest sound Sawyer ever heard drifted from Harlan's lips as Sawyer laved his hole. From the way Harlan pressed back into him, Sawyer could safely bet he loved getting his ass eaten, which was nothing but good news to him. Sawyer loved burying his face between the tightly toned cheeks of his lover.

Delving faster, Sawyer made love to Harlan's ass with his mouth, licking and teasing the tight ring until he was able to spear his tongue inside him. The more he licked him, the louder Harlan moaned, which, in turn, encouraged Sawyer. It was a never-ending cycle of feral pleasure that had both men desperate.

"Sawyer...please..."

Sawyer pulled back a bit. "Please what?"

"Fuck. Me," Harlan pleaded between gasps of air.

How could he refuse a dirty request like that? “Plan to.” While eyeing his panting lover, Sawyer slipped two fingers inside his mouth and got them nice and wet then moved them between Harlan’s ass cheeks.

Harlan moaned as Sawyer teased his backdoor.

“Like that, do you?”

“Oh yeah.”

“And how about this?” Sawyer pushed against the tight entrance of Harlan’s hole, pressing hard until he sank knuckle-deep within him.

“God,” Harlan hissed, moving forward a little as if trying to escape the intrusion. “Been so long.”

“So long since what, baby?”

Harlan undulated his hips as Sawyer scissored his fingers inside him. “Since I’ve felt anyone’s hands but my own.”

The mere idea someone as beautiful as Harlan had to resort to masturbation to satisfy himself for a long period of time floored Sawyer. “Why?”

“Was waiting.”

“Waiting for what?”

“You.”

Sawyer tried to steel his heart against Harlan’s words, but it was impossible. If he wasn’t careful he was going to give Harlan more than a fantastic fuck tonight. He might unwillingly give him his heart as well. “You have me now.” The only question was, if Sawyer was ever going to let him go.

Just the mere idea of keeping Harlan forever had his cock leaking, begging for satisfaction. The time for toying had come to an end. After carefully withdrawing his fingers, Sawyer picked up the lube and flicked open the top. He dribbled the cool gel onto his fingers and made them nice and slick before slipping them back into Harlan’s tight hole.

He was quick but he was thorough. Even though he was in a rush to fuck Harlan, he didn’t want to hurt him. There was only one type of scream he wanted to drag from the other man, and that was one of pleasure. Adding another finger, he dipped and curved his thrusting digits into the tight ass of his soon-to-be lover, drawing moan after moan from Harlan.

Sawyer’s cock twitched at the low, heady sounds coming from Harlan. The needy groans made him want to toss the lube to the side, forget any and all preparations, and sink deep. But he couldn’t. He just worked faster, with the knowledge that the smoother he made the tunnel, the better the train ride would be.

Once he was satisfied, he set the lube on the bed and picked up the condom. In record time, he sheathed his cock and lubed the latex, all the while staring hungrily at the beautiful nude man before him.

“Sawyer.” Harlan’s voice sounded as desperate as he felt.

“Yes.”

“Tell me what you want. Tell me how to please you.”

*That was easy.* “I want to see you dance as you did on the camera, but with my dick in your ass,” Sawyer growled. “That will please me immensely.”

“I can do that.”

“I’m sure you can.” And he planned on giving him every opportunity to prove it. Moving into position, Sawyer placed one hand on Harlan’s hip and pulled him back. He then used his other hand to press the crown of his cock against Harlan’s lube-slicked opening. Sawyer took a second to take in the moment before slowly pushing down and into Harlan. A quarter of his cock was swallowed up in one stroke, but it wasn’t enough to satisfy him. “Take more. I need you to take more.”

“Oh God.” Harlan dug his hands into the comforter and pushed back onto Sawyer’s waiting cock. Sawyer could feel Harlan’s flesh parting, stretching to accommodate his thick dick. “Fuck...”

“That’s the plan.” Even though it was killing him, he took his time. He let Harlan do all the work, taking as much as he could at his own speed. It was a noble plan, but masochistic at the same time.

The only plus about it was this way he knew he wasn’t hurting Harlan. It was cold comfort, but comfort, nevertheless. Inch by inch, he sank further inside, until Harlan’s ass completely surrounded his cock. He paused for a moment and allowed himself to feel the slight pulses of Harlan’s ass clenching him. He’d never had a lover fit him so well. It was as if Harlan’s ass was made for his cock, and his alone. “So tight. Don’t know how long I can wait.”

“Don’t wait. Fuck me.”

“Sure?”

“Don’t make me kill you.”

*I guess he’s sure.* Needing no further encouragement, Sawyer pulled back slowly, enjoying every second of Harlan’s body fighting to keep him inside. He waited until the last second, when just the head of his cock remained lodged in, before penetrating once more. Each delve into the younger man’s ass was better than the one before.

“Feels so good,” Harlan groaned.

Sawyer couldn’t agree more. With long, measured thrusts, he began to move deeper and faster, causing the bed to creak and groan in tune to their fucking. Even the headboard got into the rhythm of it all, banging against the wall in much the way Sawyer was pounding into Harlan. The added noise didn’t bother Sawyer in the least, quite the opposite, in fact. It stimulated him more. It also became a game to him, to see what would break first, his bed, or his lover. If Sawyer had anything to say about it, it would be Harlan.

With that end goal in mind, Sawyer gripped Harlan’s hips even tighter and made deeper thrusts into his tight, sexy ass.

“Oh fuck. Oh...” Harlan arched his head back and gripped the quilt as if it were a lifeline.

From Harlan's reaction, he could only surmise he'd hit the spot, the sweet one he knew from experience would shower Harlan with red hot pleasure. "Right there, baby?"

"Hell yes."

*Hmmm...* Sawyer made a mental map with his cock to remember for future reference where his new favorite place was to call home. This was the spot he was going to rub against every goddamn opportunity he got.

"Christ." Harlan released his death grip on the comforter and moved his hand underneath him. Sawyer couldn't see what he was doing, but it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out.

"Hell no," Sawyer muttered, as he reached around and knocked Harlan's hand away. "You come when I say so. Not a moment sooner."

"Bastard."

"That's right; I'm the bastard that's riding you good. Don't you forget it, pretty boy." Harlan bucked into him like mad, dancing on his dick as he'd ordered him to earlier. *Damn, he was sexy.*

"Not pretty. Not a boy."

"You might be right about not being a boy, but you're dead wrong about the pretty thing. You're one pretty fucker. Just get used to it."

"I can get used to this," Harlan groaned.

"What?"

"You fucking me into the sheets."

"You better." Because Sawyer had no intention of giving him another choice. Not when everything inside him was telling him to hold fast and hard to Harlan. This would not be just a one-night stand. Sawyer could pound Harlan's ass until he walked bowlegged for the next six months and Sawyer still wouldn't have his fill of him. "You're mine. Say it, pretty. Mine."

"I'm yours." Harlan's ass clenched around Sawyer's dick, milking his thrusting shaft as if it were the sweetest of hands. "All. Fucking. Yours."

Sawyer had never heard anything sexier in his life. *His. All his.* The words spurred him on. Made him power into Harlan at backbreaking speed and give the other man everything he had, until the only thing left was his seed. His orgasm was rapidly approaching but he refused to go over until Harlan did.

"Stroke yourself for me now. Jerk that hot dick until you come."

"Christ." Harlan's hand flew to his cock, making Sawyer wish they were in an entirely different position. "Oh. Yeah. Yeah."

"You're going to go for me."

"Yes. Come for you."

"Then do it." Sawyer wanted to fight it, to hold off as long as possible before he came, but this evening was too long in the making. "I want to see you go."

“Sawyer...fuuuckkk.” Harlan’s ass stuttered against Sawyer seconds before a lone shot of ropey come shot out past Harlan’s bent head onto a spot on the comforter in front of him.

The sight of Harlan’s release triggered Sawyer’s own and he came, grinding his hips against his ass. Sawyer’s seed poured out of him, filling the snug condom at lightning speed. Panting, he squeezed his eyes shut, shivering from the delicious aftermath of it all.

Light-headed, he tried to catch his breath as he eased out of Harlan’s body. The other man gave a slight whimper, which reminded Sawyer to slow down even more. He’d been less than gentle with his lover but the mere idea of hurting him brought him no joy. As soon as he pulled out, Harlan collapsed onto the bed in a boneless, smiling, smug heap. “I knew it,” he murmured. “I knew it would be this good.”

So had Sawyer, and that was what scared him. Shaky, he lay down beside the panting man, not even remotely interested in cleaning up right now. Besides, Sawyer didn’t think he could if he wanted to. He was spent and the only place he wanted to be was where he was. With Harlan.



## Chapter Four

The whole parental unit's demanding due attention was getting old. Harlan tried his best not to sulk as he adjusted the temperature of his shower, but it was hard as hell. If it weren't for the fact his family was going home today, he would still be snuggled up beside Sawyer in bed. But no, instead of eating his lover out for breakfast, he was going to have to eat out at the local Denny's with his parents. It was a cruel, cruel substitute for pure joy.

The only saving grace was knowing there would be plenty of time in the future to wake Sawyer with his tongue. Smiling at the thought, he reached over to the shelf and picked up the black plastic Axe bottle and flipped open the top. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, letting the familiar scent fill his nose and mind.

*Hmm. Sawyer.*

His cock began to stir. Sniffing soap had to be a new fetish of some sort. Maybe he could start an online group dedicated to men who loved the scent of their lovers. Opening his eyes once more, he stared at the label. Without a doubt, Harlan knew he would never look at the Axe commercials the same again.

As the warm water cascaded over his back, he poured a bit of the body wash into his hand. He rubbed the cool liquid between his hands, and began to wash his body with the image of a nude Sawyer in his mind.

Harlan tried to imagine what Sawyer looked like when he was showering. If he slapped one out in a rush in the morning before class, or if he took his time, rubbing the soap into his cock as if it were lube, while fantasizing Harlan was before him on his knees. The more Harlan rubbed the soap into his skin and inhaled the masculine scent, the more aroused he became. Closing his eyes, he brought his soapy fingers to his nose as he began to rub his hand down his body to his awakening cock.

Before he could really get lost in his fantasy, the shower door slid open and Sawyer peered in with a large smile upon his face. "This looks interesting."

Harlan quickly turned around and held his hand under the water to wash away the evidence of his shame before moving back a few inches to allow Sawyer to get under the spray. *Talk about embarrassing.* "Okay, it isn't as weird as it looks."

"Uh huh." Sawyer smiled as he stepped into the shower. He edged around Harlan, moving until he was under the spray, and then turned to face the other man with a knowing smile on his face.

Harlan was sure he was never going to live this down. "I was just enjoying the scent of your soap."

Sawyer smiled and picked up the bottle in question. He poured a liberal amount into his palm, all the while eyeing Harlan as if he had the goods on him. “And getting off.”

“I wasn’t getting off.” *Not yet anyway.*

“Perhaps I didn’t make myself clear last night.” Sawyer rubbed his hands together until the green gel turned into white foam. “You don’t come until I say you can.”

Harlan had been half-hard already just from being in the close quarters, surrounded by the masculine scents that reminded him so much of Sawyer. But now the man himself was in the shower with him, wet and naked, and Harlan was at full attention. And how. “I figured that was a sex order. Not a ‘forever after this moment’ order.”

“You figured wrong.”

Harlan’s cock twitched in approval. “Noted.”

Sawyer slid his soapy hands all over his body, cleaning himself as Harlan looked on with acute hunger. After last night’s rowdy bout of loving he was tender, but watching Sawyer wash made him rethink holding off for the rest of the day. He could rest when he was dead.

As if it was a normal everyday occurrence for them to be in the shower with one another, Sawyer turned around and rinsed off, speaking to Harlan all the while. “I’m curious about something.”

“Yes?”

Sawyer turned back to face Harlan. “Is sneaking away the norm for you?”

“No.” Unlike Sawyer seemed to be, Harlan wasn’t so blasé about the situation at hand. Thanks to his killer erection, he could barely concentrate on the conversation. “Meeting my family for breakfast. I was going to let you sleep in.”

“Breakfast, you say.” Sawyer grabbed the bottle again and doused his hand with the shower gel.

“Uh huh.”

He stepped forward, crowding Harlan against the cool tile. The look in his eyes was so feral it set Harlan’s heart to racing. “I think you’re going to be a little late.”

Harlan didn’t think it. He knew it. Besides, breakfast was so overrated. Lunch was the new most important meal of the day.

Despite the chill of the tiles and the cool air, Harlan was anything but cold. He was hot, growing increasingly warmer by the second, thanks to Sawyer’s hands making slow, sweet love to his body. The tenderness of it surprised Harlan. He’d never had another lover bathe him before. Then again, before last night he’d never really had a lover. Just passing partners who didn’t mean half of what Sawyer meant to him. That was probably why everything with him was just plain better. Because it was Sawyer.

“I meant to pay attention to these last night, but I was distracted by your ass.” Sawyer took the hoops in his hand and tugged lightly on the nipple rings.

The slight tug sent a shot of pure pleasure straight to his throbbing cock. “Fuck.” For an intelligent

guy, Harlan became *one syllable guy* when he was aroused. It was a personality flaw he hadn't been able to overcome since puberty.

From the lecherous grin Sawyer sent him as he toyed with his piercings, Harlan was willing to bet he didn't mind much. "Turn around."

Sawyer took the option of obeying out of Harlan's hands, physically turning the other man before he could say yea or nay.

"I don't..." Harlan closed his eyes and leaned back into Sawyer's chest, "...think I can." But he wanted to. God, he wanted to.

"Shh, pretty," Sawyer whispered, pulling Harlan in tight to him. "I'll take care of you."

*God, that sounds good.* Almost as good as Sawyer was making him feel.

With one hand on Harlan's dick and the other on a nipple, Sawyer played Harlan like a grand piano, teasing and torturing him until Harlan's knees buckled under the weight of pleasure consuming him.

A good hand job was right up there with a good blowjob in Harlan's book. Like the wanton Sawyer was fast turning him into, Harlan pumped his hips, fucking Sawyer's fist as the other man muttered shameful obscenities in his ear. Good Lord, he was a talker. The things he whispered were going to have Harlan looking at his mouth in a different light from now on.

"That's it. Fuck my fist. Fuck it like I did your ass last night," Sawyer said as he ground his cock against Harlan's ass, obviously getting off on the friction as much as Harlan was getting off on his hand. "Felt so good underneath me. Going to get you there again. Soon. Fuck you raw."

Christ, he couldn't wait. Reaching behind him, Harlan grabbed hold of Sawyer's ass and pulled him in closer. He groaned when Sawyer rocked into him, loving the feel of the other man against his ass. "Not going to last long," he warned.

"Not supposed to," Sawyer whispered. "Come, Harlan."

And just like the obedient slut he was, Harlan came, groaning Sawyer's name as he decorated the wall in front of him with his spunk. His release triggered Sawyer's, who gasped loudly and sent a warm wave of come shooting across Harlan's lower back.

In the course of his lifetime, Harlan had been the resting spot for a few loads, but never had it been as sexy as this.

After catching their collective breaths, both men washed again before exiting the stall. While Harlan dried off, Sawyer took out his razor and shaving cream, setting everything up all nice and OCD-like around his bathroom sink. "Sure you have to go with your folks?"

*Sure, and hating the idea more by the second.* "Yes." *Unfortunately*, he added to himself. It was one thing to be an ungrateful son, and another to let others know about it. "You can always come with."

The laughter that came drifting from Sawyer froze Harlan mid-rub. *What the fuck was so funny?* Irritated, Harlan dropped his hand to the side and stared at Sawyer, waiting for the other man to shut the

hell up. It took a moment, but after a few seconds of silence on his part, Sawyer stopped laughing and sought Harlan's gaze in the mirror. "You're serious."

"Yes."

Turning, he faced Harlan with a slight frown on his handsome face. "Isn't it a little early to be meeting the folks?"

"For some," he answered slowly, kind of surprised Sawyer was falling under that category. "I didn't expect you to go as my lover, you know. Friend would have been fine."

"Oh." Sawyer's expression didn't waver much at that concept. "Maybe another time."

"Right." Harlan might not have been the brainiac Sawyer was, but he was no dummy. He knew a brush off when he heard it, all that was missing from Sawyer's words were, "Maybe I'll see you around sometime."

Fuck, he was naïve. Harlan had really thought...hoped this was a beginning to something and not just a scratch to Sawyer's itch. He spread his damp towel over the shower door and headed out of the room.

"Harlan." The sigh that accompanied his name rubbed Harlan the wrong way. "Wait a sec."

Doing the complete opposite of that, Harlan walked briskly into the bedroom, scanning the room for his pants and his pride. He felt an indiscernible need for clothing all of a sudden that had little to do with bashfulness and more to do with the need to be dressed and to leave.

"What about tonight? Let's get together."

*Oh goodie, it wasn't a complete brush off. Sawyer still wants to get laid. Oh joy.* "Can't. Have to work." Forgoing his boxers, Harlan slipped into his jeans, wincing when the seam settled between his tender cheeks. Damn, he could still feel the impression of Sawyer inside him. If he wasn't so irked with the other man, Harlan might have shared that little tidbit with him. But right now, he didn't think Sawyer's ego could handle it.

"Work." Sawyer's voice was stiff and anything but pleased. "At the club."

"It's the only job I have. Remember, Professor?" He made quick work of buttoning his pants as he glanced around the floor for his shirt.

"Yes. I do. How many more nights do they have you scheduled?"

"Four, counting tonight." Spotting his shirt, Harlan picked it up and began to pull it over his head.

"Four." Sawyer walked stiffly over to the dresser and opened the top drawer. "Maybe now would be the time to talk about risks and whatnot."

*Risks.* Harlan froze in mid-pull, closing his eyes and breathing in deeply to calm his temper. Sawyer hadn't been worried about *risks* when his cock had been up close and personal with Harlan's throat.

*Bastard!*

Once he thought he could speak without cursing, he pulled his shirt down and faced Sawyer. If he was going to get called a whore again, he wanted Sawyer to say it to his face. "Sounds as if you're confusing

dancing with tricking again.”

With an aspirated sigh, Sawyer turned back around to face him. “That’s not what I meant, Harlan.”

“Then tell me, *Professor*, what did you mean?”

“I meant we need to lay some ground rules, if we’re going to...” Sawyer paused, as if searching for the right word. “Continue seeing one another.”

*If*. No. He. Fucking. Didn’t. “Such as?”

“I’m not one to share.”

“I think we’ve already established that.” Harlan had the cock burn in his ass to prove it.

“But,” Sawyer continued, steamrolling right over Harlan’s sarcasm, “I’ve been around enough to know sometimes things happen. People get lost in the moment. Overcome in the heat of passion. Especially in your job field.”

“You’ve dated strippers before?”

“No.”

Socks be damned, Harlan slipped his feet in his shoes and tied the laces, thankful to have something to do with his hands besides wrapping them around Sawyer’s throat. His professor was so good at so many things, the morning after, apparently, was not one of them. Once his shoes were on, he stood, feeling less exposed now he was clothed. “Then what do you know about my field?”

“I’m just saying, I know as erotic as your show can get you might be tempted to do something with a customer. All I ask is that you’re safe when you do so.”

“So in the last few days I’m there, if I so happen to get overcome with lust while doing a private dance, you’re giving me permission to bend over and take it like a man.” The mere thought had Harlan seething. Sawyer was giving him permission to fuck someone else. As if he needed it, for one. Hell, as if he wanted to. “As long as I insist they wear a condom.”

“Actually, I would prefer you not do anything of the sort. I was just letting you know I would give you a pass. For now.” Sawyer looked grim even at the prospect. “Just be safe.”

“*For now.*” Harlan’s gut clenched as if Sawyer had landed a blow with his fist instead of just with his words. “Okay then. I promise to be safe. Happy?”

“Thrilled.” It seemed Harlan wasn’t the only one who’d mastered the art of sarcasm.

“Good.” Harlan said as he stood. “Then I’ll call you when I get a free night. And maybe we can get together again.”

“Maybe?” Sawyer’s brows introduced themselves to his hairline. “What the hell is going on here, Harlan?”

“Nothing, Sawyer. Just as you always wanted.”

Sawyer was in a funk. All the plans he’d originally made for the day went out the window about the

same time Harlan stormed out the door. So much for spending the day getting to know Harlan more intimately. So much for spending the day with Harlan period. Hell, from his former student's parting comment, Sawyer would be lucky if he saw Harlan ever again. He knew a brush off when he heard one, and nothing stated get lost better than "I'll call you when I get a free night."

*Free. Night.* The two words meant one thing to Sawyer. Thanks to his big mouth, he'd have all his nights free from here on out. For someone who prided himself on his ability to turn a phrase, Sawyer had opened his mouth and inserted foot big time.

As much as he hated to do it, Sawyer decided he needed to strip the bed. He certainly didn't need the smell of Harlan on his sheets to remind him what he'd lost. Because no matter how many ways he tried to spin it, there wasn't any way in hell he hadn't screwed things up.

Before he continued to dwell, he quickly and efficiently pulled the sheets from the bed. Crumpling the fabric in his hands, he brought the linens up to his nose, inhaling the unique fragrance of him and Harlan, and their lovemaking. Damn, he needed to stop torturing himself. Sniffing their dried jism wasn't going to get Harlan back here where he belonged, but neither would storming over to his apartment and making a colossal fool of himself either.

If Sawyer knew anything about Harlan, it was that he could be as tenacious as a dog with a bone when he was pissed off. Sawyer had never been on the receiving end of his lover's ire, but he'd seen him in a funk on more than one occasion to know what it looked like when the shit hit the fan.

"Fuck," he muttered as he walked out of his bedroom to the entrance of his laundry room. Before opening the door, he once more brought the soiled sheets up and inhaled deeply, trying to cement the scent in his mind, before turning the doorknob and tossing them into the empty washing machine.

Before he could change his mind, he doused the sheets with liquid detergent and turned the machine on. He closed the door behind him tightly then went and put clean linens on his bed. After straightening up, he headed into the kitchen, one of the two rooms in his house that had not an ounce of Harlan memories attached to it, opened the refrigerator and stared sightlessly inside. Sawyer knew he should eat, but he wasn't all that hungry. He was too upset to eat. No, he was too much of a pussy to.

"Can I be more pathetic?" he murmured as he closed the door behind him. This was stupid. Was he really going to spend the weekend skulking about his house? Hell no. Nor was he going to wait around hoping Harlan would call.

It wasn't above him to make the first step, especially since he was at fault. With a new determination not to spend the night alone, Sawyer grabbed his cordless phone off the charger and dialed Harlan's number by heart. When the phone was answered after the second ring, his spirits soared. "Hello."

"lo."

The deep voice resonating on the line brought his spirits crashing to the ground. It wasn't Harlan. "May I speak to Harlan please?" Even though it annoyed him Harlan had another male over, he could be

pleasant. Until he found a reason to be unpleasant, that was.

“He’s not here. Can I take a message?”

“Sure.” Message. He could do that. Now what was the best way of saying “I’m sorry for being a dick, call me?”

“Can you just let him know Sawyer called?”

“Sawyer.” Bored politeness was quickly replaced with humor. “As in Professor Sawyer, man of his dreams?”

*Man of his dreams.* For the first time since the horrible incident, Sawyer smiled. He hadn’t known Harlan thought he was all that. “Yes. I guess. I am his former professor.”

“And the dude he sent the video to, right?”

“Yeah.” Although, for Harlan’s sake, Sawyer hoped he was the only Sawyer who would call, or Harlan would have a lot of explaining to do, thanks to his friend’s big mouth. “I didn’t know he told anyone about the movie.”

“He didn’t tell me. I helped make it.”

“You did?” Frowning, Sawyer made his way into the living room.

“Yeah, I was the cameraman and director,” he boasted proudly. “I’m like the black porn version of Steven Spielberg, baby. I *E.T.*’d the shit out of that flick. Did you check out my smooth moves when I clicked the camera off right as he threw the hat? That was genius, baby.”

“Right. Genius.” Sawyer eased down onto the couch, all kinds of confused. “Who are you again?”

“Tameron. Harlan’s roommate. I’m actually in the video too. You can see my reflection in the mirror during the start of the film.”

“I’ll have to play it again and check it out.”

“Do that, man.”

Okay, this guy was way too friendly. “When do you expect Harlan back?”

“Don’t know. He and his brother booked out before I even got up this morning. I’m sure he’ll swing by your place tonight, now you two are all tight and shit.”

“Yeah.” *Tight and shit.* That wouldn’t be the exact way he would have described their relationship right now, but he didn’t want to admit it to the exuberant man. “You’re probably right. I’ll see him then.”

“You still want me to tell him you called?”

“No. It’s okay. I’ll talk to him later.”

“Sounds good, man. Bye.”

“Bye.” Sighing, Sawyer hung the phone up, feeling worse than he did before. If that was possible.

He was just going to have to wait it out, and hope Harlan made the next move. Soon. When the phone rang a few minutes later, he apprehensively picked it up, hoping it was Harlan, but knowing it wasn’t. As usual, his instincts were right. His best friend, Macon Smythe’s, number popped up on the caller ID.

Grumpy and annoyed it wasn't who he wanted to speak with, Sawyer clicked the phone on then off. He wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone other than Harlan, and something told Sawyer he'd be waiting a long time for Harlan to call. Something like common sense.

When the phone began to ring again, he realized he should have just let it go to the answering machine the first time. Irritated, Sawyer snatched up the phone and clicked it on. "What?"

There was a brief pause before Macon spoke. "I guess I don't need to ask how your evening went."

His friend's dry tone didn't help his mood. "You guessed right. Now go away. I'm not in the mood to talk."

Macon wasn't one to let Sawyer's bad attitude put him off, or dissuade him from asking questions. "What happened?"

"Nothing." Sawyer took off his reading glasses and set them on the armrest before leaning his head back. "I'm just not in the mood to talk."

"Did he not show up?"

Was he even speaking English? "I don't want to talk about it."

"Did he show and bomb out in bed?"

"Macon." Sawyer tried to stop his well-meaning friend, but it was no use. Macon continued on as if Sawyer hadn't uttered a word.

"I told you all those strippers stuff their thongs."

Sawyer rubbed his hand over his burning eyes. "Mac—"

"It's really not fair of you to hold his small cock against him. It's not his fault. Besides, don't you know, it's not the length. It's not the size. It's how many times you can make it rise."

"Macon!" he bellowed, at the end of his rope.

"What?"

"His dick size was more than fine."

Macon's rich laughter spilled over the lines. "So he did come over."

Fuck, he walked right into that one. "Yes."

"And..."

"Let's just put it this way. I didn't hang up because I was otherwise occupied."

"Oh."

"Yeah." Oh, that about said it all in his book as well. "Look, I don't want to talk..."

"Over the phone. I completely understand. I'll be there in twenty. Bye."

Before Sawyer could get another word in edgewise, Macon disconnected the line.

*Just great.* His friend, who couldn't take a hint the size of the broad side of a barn, was coming over to console him. He needed to prepare for this shit storm.



## Chapter Five

“What the hell is wrong with you?”

Harlan glanced at his brother over the hood of their parents’ car and frowned. To say breakfast wasn’t one of champions would have been putting it mildly. Not only were his parents in rare form, bickering over every little thing, Harlan also had to deal with his brother staring at him as if he were under a microscope all morning long. It probably didn’t help he was still irritable from his conversation with Sawyer, but he didn’t want to think about that. Not here. Not now. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about this ’tude you’ve had since breakfast.” Rhys walked around the hood and came to stop next to his brother. “Yesterday you were one of the shiny happy people and today you look as if someone pissed in your Cheerios. What gives?”

“Nothing.”

“And is *nothing* about six three, with bedroom eyes and a bod built for sin?”

Startled, Harlan stared wordlessly at his brother. After Rhys’s little comments yesterday he thought something was up with his brother, he just didn’t know it was this. *Who would have thunk it?* Two queers, one family. This had to be one for the record books.

Rhys glanced behind him to the hotel entrance where their parents were busy inside still checking out, before turning to look back at Harlan with a small smile on his lips. “I told you, you weren’t the only one who had something to talk about.”

“I guess. So you like...”

“To play with outties instead of innies?”

“Yes.”

“Then yes, brother of mine, I do.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, oh.” Rhys shoved his hands in his pants pockets in his standard defensive gesture. Harlan had to wonder what his brother did when he was uncomfortable and not wearing pants with pockets. “So do you think it might be catching? We did share a room for almost a billion years.”

“I don’t think that’s the way it works.” Although Harlan was sure his mother would find some way to blame him for corrupting Rhys as well as damning his own soul to hell.

“Me either, but it seemed easier to blame you.”

For Rhys anyway. “It wouldn’t be the first time you tried that route.”

"It's worked in the past, thought I might as well stick with the tried and true."

"Good plan." Harlan gestured to the sliding doors with his head. "Do the parental unit know?"

"About me or about you?"

Christ, Harlan hadn't even thought about the latter. "You. Me. Hell, either."

"Mom knows." Rhys's voice hardened. "She pretends as if she doesn't, but I know she does."

"And Dad?"

"No, not unless they announced it on QVC and I was unaware of it."

"Yeah, then probably not." Harlan found himself repeating Rhys's nervous gesture, shoving his hands in his pockets. "So is this what you wanted to talk to me about? Hoping we could throw a joint coming out party or something?"

"I don't need you by my side in order to come clean with the folks. I'm a big boy, Harlan. I've been dealing just fine with them and my sexuality for awhile now without your divine intervention."

In the face of Rhys's anger, Harlan felt two inches high. Here his brother was doing something he himself didn't even have the nerve to do, and Harlan was giving him shit for it. "I know. Look. I'm sorry. You know me. Open mouth, insert foot."

"Yeah, well." Frowning, Rhys looked away for a second or two before turning back to face Harlan. "Don't worry about it. Besides I'm not just telling you so we'd have this bonding moment to look back on years from now."

"Then why?" Harlan couldn't help but be a little hurt his brother didn't want to bond over their shared affinity for cock.

"I want..." Rhys paused for a moment as if gathering courage, before he rushed on. "No, I *need* to get out of there."

"Out of where, home?"

"Yeah."

Love his parents as he did, Harlan couldn't help but empathize with his brother. "And you want me to float you a loan?"

"No, a crib. I need a place to stay for awhile."

"Okay," Harlan said, without hesitation.

Rhys's brows soared to his hairline. "Okay. Just like that?"

"Yep, just like that."

"You didn't ask for how long."

"Don't need to. You stay as long as you like."

Rhys's shocked expression morphed into one of suspicion. "What's the catch?"

"There isn't one. You need a place. I have one to offer."

"Think Tameron will be cool with it?"

“Probably.” Harlan shrugged, indifferent to his roommate’s opinion. “He’s pretty easygoing. I doubt he’ll have an issue, if so, we’ll work something out. Besides, he’s hardly home.”

“Works a lot of hours at the club?”

Now it was Harlan’s turn to look surprised. “What the hell. Am I wearing a sign around my neck that says *gay stripper*?”

“No, your roomie has a big mouth.”

Harlan narrowed his eyes. “How big?” If Tameron made a move on his brother, he was a dead man.

“Nah, man. I didn’t hit it.” Rhys smiled slyly. “But I could have.”

“Stop it. You’re going to make me sick. You didn’t tell Mom and Dad, did you?”

“Yeah,” Rhys said, his voice filled with sarcasm. “Right after I told them that you were fucking your professor.”

“Good.” Harlan nodded his head, relieved. “I’m only there for a few more nights anyway.”

“Oh.” Interest dawned in his brother’s eyes. “Are they going to be hiring then?”

“Don’t even think it,” he said coldly.

“What?” Rhys raised his hands, palms up.

“You go anywhere near the club and I’ll out you to Dad myself.”

“Now that’s just mean.” Rhys lowered his hands, his former innocent expression wiped from his face. “Well, now all that’s said and done, you want to talk about what’s going on with you and your professor?”

“Former professor,” Harlan corrected sullenly. “And no.”

“You sure?”

“More than.” Before his brother could press the issue, Harlan spotted his parents walking out of the hotel. “Besides, we have company fast approaching. How soon do you plan on making the move?”

“Real soon. I have to break it to them first, but maybe before the end of summer.”

“Okay,” he said, just as their parents joined them at the car. From the watchful expression his mother sent him, Harlan couldn’t help but be thankful it was his brother who was going to have to do the explaining and not him. Lord knew he had enough issues of his own to deal with.

“You’re an asshole. And I don’t mean it in a complimentary, want to stick my dick in you, sort of way.”

“Yeah, I figured as much.” Sawyer took a sip of his tea and sighed. He didn’t need Macon to tell him he’d fucked up. He already knew that.

Of course, it didn’t stop Macon from doing just that. “Explain it to me one more time why you called your boy toy a whore.”

“He’s not my boy toy, and I didn’t call him a whore,” Sawyer hedged. When Macon gave him the

dreaded side eye, Sawyer 'fessed up. "Exactly. I don't know what happened, man. One minute we're coming, the next I was telling him to fuck other people."

"Oh yeah. That happens to me all the time. It's like a reflex. First I hit them with my 'o face'." Macon scrunched his nose and squeezed his eyes shut tight. It was a gross exaggeration of the real thing. Something Sawyer knew firsthand. But it was funny nevertheless. At Sawyer's chuckle, Macon relaxed his features. "Then, just as the last drop of come slips out of my dick, I look down at my partner and call him a whore. It's why I'm so popular."

"See, that's not how I remember it. You're more of a cuddler, if memory serves." Which was really amusing, considering what a bruiser Macon was. If it weren't for his lack of flab and the absence of abundant body hair, Macon could be mistaken for a Bear in the gay community.

The tall muscular man had an affinity for fast bikes, sexy men and Robert Frost, but not necessarily in that order. His larger than life personality matched his big frame, but underneath the shoulder-length jet black hair, tattoos and leather jacket was a heart as big as an ocean. It was also a side of himself Macon didn't like to show to just anyone. But Sawyer wasn't just anyone, he was Macon's best friend, and right now, he really needed him.

"What did I tell you about that?" Macon tightened his grip on the beer can he was holding. Sawyer knew it was supposed to be threatening, but with him, Macon couldn't pull it off. There was just something about knowing how the other man teared up whenever *Free Willy* came on that made him less intimidating.

"To hold you tighter and never let you go."

"If Harlan has any sense he'll steer far away from you."

"Now you're just being mean." But more than that, Sawyer was afraid underneath it all, Macon was right.

"I think the same can be said about you." Macon emptied the rest of his brew before tossing the can over his shoulder onto Sawyer's deck. Irrked, Sawyer glanced over at the crumpled can then back to Macon, who was smiling. *Bastard*. "I'll pick it up before I leave."

Sawyer didn't believe him for a second. "Liar." Now more than ever, he was glad they had decided to take their little impromptu BBQ outside instead of eating in the kitchen. Sawyer would have hated like hell to kill his best friend over his newly installed floors.

"Back to the subject at hand. Why do you think you're fucking things up with Harlan? You've wanted this kid forever. Now you finally have him, it seems as if you couldn't wait to fuck it up. What's up with that?"

That was the question, all right. One he didn't have an answer to. "He was all cute and wet, asking me to go have breakfast with his parents."

"And..."

"And, I had a total deer in the headlights moment." It was easy to admit it now in hindsight.

“Why? Is he out to his parents?”

Sawyer frowned as he tried to remember whether or not Harlan had ever mentioned that to him or not. “I’m not sure, but I don’t think so.”

“So what?” Macon cocked his head to the side. “You think suddenly after a single night with you he was going to go all mockingbird to his parents over waffles? Don’t get me wrong, my friend, you’re a hell of a lay, but even you’re not coming out good.”

“When you say it like that it sounds stupid.”

“Then say it a different way.” Sawyer opened his mouth to do just that then promptly closed it. Earning him a smug smile from Macon.

“That’s what I thought. So Harlan invites you to hang with his folks, you freak out and backpeddle in true you fashion, which, in turn, pisses your new piece off.”

It wasn’t as simple as Macon described, but that was about the gist of it. “That about sums it up.”

“Then to add insult to injury, he tells you he has to work and you give him the old, ‘bitch better have my money’ routine.”

Sawyer stared blankly at his friend. “I’m not even going to try to understand that one.”

“You called him a whore.”

“No.” Not on purpose anyway. “Come on, you and I have both been around the block enough times to have all the house addresses memorized.”

“And...”

“Monogamy at his age is a joke. When we were in our early twenties we were fucking anything moving.”

“And sometimes things that didn’t,” Macon reminded him slyly.

*Fucker.*

Sawyer felt his cheeks heat. This was the problem with being close friends with someone for more than a decade. They had the goods, and weren’t afraid to use them. “I was drunk, man. Doesn’t count.”

“Uh huh.”

The bastard was never going to let him live that down.

“My point is,” Sawyer said, moving on, “that as much as I don’t like it, I understand.”

“Right, you understand how this kid, who’s been making cow eyes at you for the better part of a year, will get one taste of your sweet, cut cock then run right out and fuck some stupid mark at the club he’s working his final days at. Right. Makes perfect sense. Hell, if he’s cute and bottoms as nicely as you say, maybe I need to hit the ATM and go pay him a visit.”

“Touch him and die.” As much as Sawyer loved Macon, he’d kill him where he stood. There was no way Sawyer was letting the handsome man within spitting distance of Harlan. Not until Sawyer signed, sealed and delivered everything back to normal, anyway. He wouldn’t put it past Harlan, or Macon, to try

teaching him a very unwelcome lesson. Not as if he didn't deserve it.

If there was anything Sawyer was, it was truthful with himself. And he knew he'd fucked up big time.

"See, this is why I didn't even want to talk to you about this."

Macon snorted. "Who else are you going to talk to?"

"My new and improved best friend." As soon as he found one, that was.

"Look, fucker, I'm just trying to help you fix this."

"And I appreciate it. I do."

"Liar."

"No, I do." Sawyer sighed. "It's just that, I'm past the stage of random hook-ups, and he's just hitting his prime. I don't want to be an old queen who's following his younger man around, begging him to love me. I'm just not dramatic enough for all that shit."

"Great." Macon nodded his head in mock understanding. "Push him away instead."

"Good plan, huh?"

"Yeah. It's a real winner."

"I suck."

"Very well, I might add, but that's neither here nor there." Macon waggled his eyebrows and then grew serious again. "Look, from what you've told me about this kid, he's a good guy. He obviously adores your cranky old ass, so don't puss out. Demand from him what you'd demand from any man you'd share your life with."

"Could you have possibly cursed more?"

"Probably."

"Fine, I suppose that means I'm going to be visiting a strip club tonight."

"I could go with you. You know, for moral support." Macon tried for sincerity, but failed miserably.

"No thanks. I fucked this up by myself. I think I can get myself out of it." Or at least he hoped he could.

## Chapter Six

*Three more nights. Three more nights.* Despite saying those words over and over in his head, Harlan just couldn't get into the swing of his performance. Not that anyone in the audience was critiquing his dancing for artistic style. Mostly they just stared at his crotch and whooped and hollered, which was fine with Harlan. They could look all they wanted, as long as they didn't touch him longer than was necessary to shove their green in his thong.

The house was packed. If he played his cards right, Harlan could make the majority, if not all, of his half of the rent tonight. The thought alone should have put an extra swivel in his hips. Lord knew it had in the past, but tonight, he just wasn't feeling it.

He could say it was a combination of reasons, such as his and Rhys's conversation before his family left today, or the message on his answering machine from Philips and Stones Pharmaceuticals asking him to come back in for a second interview as a pharmaceutical rep, but it would be a lie. The only thing really messing with his mind was Sawyer.

*Stop it,* he ordered himself harshly. *No thoughts of him. Not now.* With sheer determination, Harlan turned his mind off his relationship issues, and on matters more deal-able. Making his money.

With a newfound energy, Harlan faked the funk, put more oogie in his boogie, and worked the stage, giving the men the show they deserved. When his number ended, he grabbed the remaining money from the stage before smiling and waving his hand as he exited behind the curtain. He glanced down at the crumpled bills, pleased to see more Hamiltons than Washingtons in his pile.

As he made his way backstage to the dressing room, he bypassed Tameron, who was just coming in from working the floor. The handsome, well-built, African-American man was all smiles as he sidled up beside him. "Hey, man. The crowd is wild tonight."

"You get paid?"

Tameron held open the waistband of his thong, showing off not only his dick, but the nice bundle of money he had cradling it. "You know it."

"Nice." Harlan smiled as he made his way over to his station. He had to dry off and remove most of the oil from his body before he went out to work the audience. A slick shining body was all nice to look at from afar, but was it hell on Brooks Brothers suits. Besides, Harlan was willing to bet half the men in the audience were married with kids. It wouldn't be a good idea for the wives to find oily dick imprints on their husbands' thighs. Mighty hard to explain to Mrs. Undercover Brother.

“Shit, man, I forgot.” Naked now, Tameron came back to his side, rubbing a hand towel across his shaven bald head as he talked. “Don’t hang back. You got a request. Private dance. Money room.”

“Really?” He hadn’t had a private room request in a while. *Cha to the ching.*

“Yeah, kid. Go make your paper. Pizza’s on you tonight.”

“You got it, man.” Harlan quickly cleaned up, ready to collect the next round of loot. With a smile for the patrons, he walked back out into the club. He made a quick stop at the bar to grab a bottled water and find out the room number where he’d be dancing, before heading down the hallway.

Harlan nodded his head to Shaun, the bouncer, and passed him his empty bottle before knocking on the door to let his client know he was there. He waited until he heard a muted, “Come in,” before he opened the door and stepped inside.

He pushed the door all the way open, securing it with the stopper, as was the policy, before turning around to face the guy he was going to be dancing for. The easygoing grin he slipped on like a mask fell away when he spotted Sawyer sitting on the dark couch, champagne glass in hand. “What are you doing here?”

“I came to see your show, like you requested.”

Begged was more like it, but that was before this morning’s blow up. Now Harlan didn’t want him anywhere near Tricky Dix’s, or him. “Then you’re wasting your money and my time.”

“It’s not a waste.” Sawyer set his glass down on the small table next to him and sat back, looking for all the world like a man at ease with his life and surroundings. “It’s my money and I’ve paid for your time.”

Harlan wanted so badly to tell him to kiss his ass, but knew there was very little Shaun missed. He didn’t want everyone in the club knowing the ins and outs of his personal life. There had to be something he kept private in a world as overexposed as this. “Fine.”

Harlan turned his back on Sawyer and walked to the stereo, selecting a familiar pop tune from the mixed CD to dance to. Despite how much he wanted to rail at Sawyer, he would keep things professional and give him the three dances he paid for. He drew the line at talking Sawyer up though, as he would other clients in an attempt to get them to buy more drinks and another dance. Three songs, then he was out of there.

“If it makes it easier you can pretend I’m someone else.”

“It might,” Harlan said, just to be a dick.

“Fine. We’re strangers. Never met before.”

“Kinky. I didn’t know you were into role playing.”

“Is that what you would say to a new customer?”

“No,” he admitted. “Fine. We’ll play this your way.”

“Good.” Sawyer’s voice was low and husky. “Dance for me.”

Harlan stared at Sawyer for a moment, torn. For so long he’d hoped to hear Sawyer say those very



words, and now that he had, Harlan didn't know what to do. Was he fucking with him? Just showing up here tonight in hopes of getting lucky? If that was the case, Harlan was going to make Sawyer work for it.

Harlan might have been young, but he wasn't so green behind the ears he was willing to be treated like crap just to get laid. Sex he could get anywhere. What he wanted was a relationship. And he wanted it with Sawyer. If the other man couldn't see that then he was wasting their time.

Bracing himself for disappointment, Harlan raised his hands over his head and began to dance. He watched Sawyer from between parted lids and attempted to see him as just another mark, someone who meant no more to him than the next customer waiting outside the door. Unfortunately, it didn't work. He was so in tune with the other man Harlan even inhaled when Sawyer did. Closing his eyes, he slowed his movements as he focused on the backbeat of the song, trying his best to tune Sawyer out.

And just as he began to get into it, Sawyer cleared his throat, which caused Harlan to open his eyes and focus on him. "Mind if I talk while you dance?"

Sawyer's request didn't come as a surprise. Most men didn't pay just to see him dance up close and personal. They wanted a connection, sometimes more. Harlan wondered which category Sawyer fell in. "Sure, it's your dollar, Daddy."

"Daddy?" Sawyer raised a brow.

"Some of my *older*," Harlan stressed the word just to get Sawyer's goat, "clients, like it when I call them that."

"I'm not one of them."

No, he wasn't. And that was the problem. "You have a preference then? Or do you want to just do the no-name game?"

"You can call me," Sawyer picked up his glass, raised it to his lips and took a small sip, "Professor."

Sawyer's choice threw Harlan off beat for a second. Why was he here? Acting like this? Now? "Hmm...sexy."

"Speaking of sexy, I caught your dance out there. You're wonderful. A natural, I'd say."

Harlan's lips quirked. The bastard was using his own words against him. "Thanks to years of practicing."

"It shows. You're phenomenal." Sawyer downed the last of his drink. "I hear you're only here for a little longer."

Harlan's body gyrated to the song still playing. "Yeah. Three days."

"Pity." Harlan thought Sawyer couldn't wait for him to get out of here. "I should have come in a long time ago and caught your act. Maybe you'll still have a chance to do it on the side."

"Only if it's for a select crowd. I'm done with the big rooms."

"How select?"

"My man only." Harlan swirled his hips, loving the way Sawyer watched him intently.

"You're seeing someone? He must be something to have a man like you."

"No. Not really. In fact, I'm thinking he's not as great as I once thought he was." Harlan threw the response out as he danced around the room.

"Really?"

Harlan snorted. "Yes. He's the jealous, stupid type."

"He'd have to be stupid to piss off a hot little number like you."

"Think I'm hot, do you?" The song came to an end and Harlan turned back toward the stereo to change the music.

"I can honestly say I've never seen anyone hotter in my life."

"It's the g-string."

"No." Sawyer looked up at him earnestly. "I think it's your eyes. It was the first thing I noticed about you. First thing that drew me in."

Harlan paused, his finger frozen over the play button. "Really?"

"Yes. I think it's safe to say I've been taken with you from day one."

Harlan shook his head to clear his thoughts. He wasn't going to give in that easily. If Sawyer wanted a chance with him, a real chance, he was going to have to do more than play silly games. After selecting the next song, something slower this time, Harlan turned back to Sawyer, determined to test the truthfulness of the other man's words.

"Tell me something, *Professor*." Harlan walked across the room to Sawyer, pausing when he was just inches away from him. He nudged the man's legs open and turned, sitting down on his lap. "Do you like the way I dance?"

"Yes." Sawyer moved his hands up to touch Harlan but stopped, obviously remembering the rules he, and every other private room customer, was given about not touching the merchandise. Harlan was allowed to touch as much as he and the client wanted, as long as it remained above the clothing. Before tonight, Harlan had kept to the rules explicitly. Tonight he was going to see just how far he could bend them.

"Then maybe you and I can work out a financial arrangement, of some sort." Harlan undulated his hips, rubbing his ass against Sawyer's rising cock.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that for the right price, I'll dance on your lap all night long."

Sawyer sat as stiff as stone, not moving a muscle as Harlan rubbed against him. "I don't believe that."

"Really, because my boyfriend does. He even went as far as to make me promise I'd be safe if I met someone at work." Harlan continued to tease Sawyer, rotating his hips as he had on the stage earlier. From the feel of things, Sawyer was just as enraptured as the audience had been. *Good*. "If you want me you'll have to use a condom. Possibly two."

"Your boyfriend sounds like a real idiot for giving you the impression he'd be fine with you sleeping

with someone else.”

Harlan couldn't have agreed more. “I thought the same thing.”

“Maybe he doesn't deserve you.”

“Maybe.” Harlan stood, then turned until he was facing Sawyer once more. Smiling seductively, he leaned down and put one hand on either side of Sawyer's neck against the couch. He slowly made his way towards him, push-up style, until his mouth was just inches away from Sawyer's. “But I think he needs me. He's the studious sort. Doesn't get out much. Or have a lot of fun.”

“I can't believe someone like you would want to be with someone like him.”

“What can I say, I like guys with big...” Harlan snaked his body against Sawyer's, mentally grinning at the way the other man's eyes were filled with need, “brains. It turns me on.”

“What else turns you on?”

“A man who can admit he's wrong.”

“Then be prepared to bust a nut.”

Harlan burst out laughing at the unexpected comment. Giving up all pretense of dancing, Harlan climbed on the couch, putting one leg on either side of Sawyer's hips and sat down on his lap. “What am I going to do with you?”

“Hopefully forgive me.” Sawyer placed his hands on Harlan's bare buttocks and pulled him in closer to him. “Then come home with me and let me make it up to you.”

“That sounds...”

“Uhhmp.” At the sound of the intruding noise, both men turned their heads to the door, where Shaun was standing, arms crossed over his massive chest.

“Oh brother,” Sawyer muttered as he raised his hands, waving them a bit in the air to show Shaun.

“You purchasing another dance?”

“He still has one more song,” Harlan said, sitting up. Things were just getting good.

“I don't think I could handle another.” Sawyer's husky tone brought Harlan's gaze back to him. “What time do you get off?”

“I'm here until midnight.”

“I'll wait for you in the club.”

Harlan's eyebrows shot up in surprise. “You think you can handle watching me dance for other men?”

“Are you coming home with me?”

“Yes.”

“Then I can handle it.”

Harlan smiled at the sincerity in Sawyer's voice. The night was finally looking up. Midnight couldn't arrive fast enough.

Every clock in the club had to be wrong. Including his watch, because Sawyer couldn't believe it wasn't midnight yet. Two hours ago, he figured the night would fly by. Man, was he wrong.

Each second seemed to take longer than the one before it to pass by. His eagerness to get Harlan home and underneath him was making him antsy. It didn't help that he was in a darkly lit room with a lot of half-naked men coming by, practically begging to sit on his lap for five minutes of unappeased fun.

Harlan included. Only he didn't have to beg, he'd just slip over to Sawyer from time to time, smelling faintly of some other man's cologne and rub up against him. Just enough to get him riled, before he winked and danced off to his next victim. If that weren't bad enough, the brat sent a few of his dancing friends over as well, with the explicit order for them to give Sawyer a little free sample of their charms.

Thanks to Harlan, Sawyer had had more men in his lap in a single night than he had his entire freshman year in school. The brat was purposely keeping him on edge, ensuring Sawyer suffered, and suffered greatly, for his earlier misdeeds.

Payback was a bitch, all right, and Sawyer had the killer hard-on to prove it. He was horny as hell. If they made it past the parking lot, he would be amazed.

Harlan was such a fucking tease and the bastard wasn't just doing it from the dance floor. He'd only gone back on stage once more, and that was at the request of another dancer, Inferno, who'd called him out of the audience to come dance with him. Amid mock protests, Harlan joined the sexy African-American dancer and the two of them damn near had the entire club coming in their pants by the end of the show.

Sawyer had expected to be jealous, but damned if he hadn't been turned on watching Harlan entwined with the other man. The two men not only complemented each other as dancers but aesthetically, as well. Not that he could really call it dancing, they were basically just dry humping in different positions, much to the enjoyment of the crowd.

Sawyer was tempted to throw money on the stage himself, but he was sure his twenty would get lost in the sea of green cascading around their feet. When the number was up and the two men finally left the stage, Sawyer gave up his seat and went to the bar in desperate need of a drink. That was exactly where Harlan found him, ten minutes and two drinks later.

"Hey." Harlan sidled up beside Sawyer dressed in street clothes and sunglasses.

"Hey." Sawyer tried to keep his voice at an even keel, even though he felt anything but. "Nice shades."

"Thanks. Helps to let people know I'm off the clock." Harlan signaled to the bartender, who snagged a bottle of water from under the counter and brought it to him. Harlan slipped him an envelope, then took the water and turned towards Sawyer. "Ready to go?"

Was he ever? "You done?"

"Yep, just tipped out." Harlan gestured with his head towards the front door. "Let's go."

Sawyer downed his whiskey, and then followed behind Harlan, giving the other man plenty of space,

so it didn't look like they were leaving together. He was trying his best to be respectful of Harlan's job and not ruin the fantasy for the poor schmucks who weren't as lucky as him to go home with the main attraction.

When they exited the club and moved away from the front of the building, Sawyer took Harlan's hand in his, and began to walk with him to the public parking area in the direction of his car.

"Where are we going?"

"To my car." Sawyer's brain was on autopilot. "Want to talk to you."

"Just talk?"

The amusement in Harlan's voice was nothing compared to the need in Sawyer's own. "For now." And now only.

It didn't take long at all to spot his car, and even less time to get to it. When they reached the silver sedan, Sawyer took hold of Harlan's arm and moved the other man until he was standing in front of the passenger's side door. Moving quickly, he pressed Harlan back against the car, pinning him there with his body. He could feel the impression his erect cock made from behind his tight jeans, and it caused Sawyer's dick to ache all the more. There was nothing he wanted to do more than kiss Harlan, but he refrained, wanting to get the necessities out of the way first. "Do you forgive me for earlier today?"

"Yes." There wasn't even the slightest bit of hesitation in Harlan's voice.

Sawyer nodded his head arrogantly. That was what he'd been hoping for. "Feel vindicated?"

"Maybe a bit."

"Did you love having me on the rails? Getting me worked up in there like that?"

"Yes. I liked it a lot."

"Good. I'd hate for you to go through all that and not enjoy it." Sawyer rubbed his crotch against Harlan's. "Especially since I'm going to make you pay for it."

"I can't wait."

"Don't worry. You're not going to. I'm so turned on I could bend you over the trunk of the car and fuck you here."

"Be my guest. I see how much the public scene seems to get you hot." Harlan placed his hands on Sawyer's ass, and pulled him even closer to him. "Do you know how many people told me tonight how lucky I was? Those bitches back there got one feel of your cock and wanted to strangle me with my g-string just to get a chance with you."

"It's all yours. Every inch of it. But not here. Get in the car."

"I brought my own."

"We'll come back for it. Later." *Much, much later.*

"I..."

"I wasn't asking, Harlan. I was telling." Sawyer had been good long enough. "You had your fun. Now

it's time for me to have mine."

"Damn bossy tops." Harlan's smile was anything but that of a man who was put out.

"Damn mouthy bottoms." Sawyer pulled the car door open. "Get. In."

"Aye. Aye." Harlan leaned forward to kiss him, but Sawyer pulled back.

"Not here."

"Prude."

"Says the nude dancing queen." Sawyer waited until Harlan was seated and reaching for the seatbelt buckle before he closed the door and walked around the trunk of the car to his door. Before opening it, he took a deep breath, trying to calm his out-of-whack hormones down. Way down.

When he was calm enough not to toss Harlan in the back seat and fuck him six ways from Sunday, Sawyer opened the door and got in.

"Everything okay?" Harlan asked, as he took off his sunglasses and placed them in his jacket pocket.

"It will be." As soon as he got Harlan home. Sawyer quickly buckled up and started the car. He was just about to back out when Harlan placed his hand over his on the gearshift.

"Before we go though..."

Confused, Sawyer turned to look at the man. "What?"

"This." Harlan moved in for the kill, closing the space between them with a single kiss. The second their lips touched, Sawyer was lost.

Groaning, he tried to will his hands up to push Harlan away. He really did, but his hands, like his mouth earlier, weren't listening to him. Getting started here wasn't a good idea. He needed a bed, or a couch, or hell, even a floor. Something that guaranteed them room to maneuver.

This was just not a workable situation, but damn, the little fucker could kiss. With strength of steel, Sawyer broke away from Harlan's too-tempting mouth. "Stop, baby. We'll be home soon enough."

Harlan gave Sawyer's cock an open palm squeeze over his jeans. "Sure you can wait? Back seat seems roomy enough."

Sawyer didn't even want to think about that. He knew if he dwelled on the idea for too long, he would forget all the many reasons it was a bad idea. "Not for what I have in mind." Sawyer shook his head to clear his lust-filled brain. Tricky Dix's, with heavy traffic, was only about twenty minutes from his house, but Sawyer was so motivated he was sure he could make it in ten. "Man, we have to get out of here. Just sit back and let me drive."

"Fine." Harlan sat back with a pout.

Normally watching the hunky guy pout would have amused Sawyer, but he was too tightly strung to find humor in anything. Besides, Sawyer couldn't waste time pacifying the other man right now. He had to get them home so they could fuck.

Unfortunately for Sawyer though, Harlan didn't pout for long. Nor did he sit back as he was told.

Apparently, the dancing hadn't been foreplay for just Sawyer. Harlan wouldn't keep his hands to himself. Sawyer was beginning to lose count of how many times he had to push the other man's hand away from his dick.

"Baby," he growled, this time pressing Harlan's hand down on his erection, instead of away from it. Maybe a little touching would soothe the both of them. "Wait 'til we get home."

"I don't want to wait. I want to suck you dry here."

How the hell was he supposed to argue with that? "Harlan."

"Please," he begged prettily, looking up at Sawyer through lowered lids. "Let me. Want you so much. Can't wait."

"Damn, baby, fuck." That wasn't a no though, and from the Cheshire Cat grin Harlan gave him, he knew it.

Sawyer was so done.

"Light's green," Harlan said, as he unbuckled his seatbelt.

Cursing under his breath, Sawyer moved both hands to the steering wheel, giving Harlan his silent consent to continue with the madness that would probably end up getting them both arrested and thrown in jail. So much for tenure.

"You worry too much," said his own little sexy bane of existence, as he unbuckled Sawyer's pants. "Let me see what I can do to redirect those wayward thoughts."

The only thing wayward in the car was Harlan's fingers as they made quick work of unzipping and freeing Sawyer's cock. Harlan quickly covered Sawyer's cock with his hand and began to pump him as he drove. There wasn't a lot of room for Sawyer to drive while Harlan fisted his cock, but they made do with the space they had.

When they had to come to a stop at the next red light, Sawyer threw the car in park real quick and lifted his ass to work his pants open to give Harlan just what he wanted. The second he was more available Harlan went for him. "Wait."

"Tired of waiting. Want your cock now."

He was going to come. Fucking come without Harlan even touching him. "I know, pretty, but let me move the seat back a bit." If dancing always made Harlan this randy, Sawyer was going to have to insist the other man continue working there. At least once a month.

"Hurry."

"I am." Sawyer hit the switch on the side of his seat, moving it back to give Harlan more hand and headroom. His seat had no sooner moved back where he wanted it than the light turned green. Before he forgot and made a total ass of himself, Sawyer put the car back in drive and pressed the gas pedal just as Harlan dove for his cock again. His greedy hand was stroking before Sawyer even made it across the pedestrian lane.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” No word seemed better suited than that one at the moment, so he repeated it over and over, as he focused with all his might on the road ahead of him. This was dangerous. He knew it, but for the life of him, he couldn’t tell Harlan to stop. He wanted it too badly to pretend otherwise.

While he was busy watching the street, Harlan was busy jacking his cock. Slowly. As if he had all fucking day to toy with Sawyer. *Bastard*. “Are you going to suck me or give me a limp wrist hand job?”

Harlan leaned down, his mouth so close Sawyer could feel his warm breath against his precome-leaking crown. “Complaining about my technique?”

He wasn’t that stupid. “No. Just making...” Harlan lapped just under the head of Sawyer’s cock, hitting that sweet spot that drove him wild. “Conversation.”

“Then let me give you something to talk about.”

Harlan engulfed Sawyer’s meat in one swift down stroke, stealing all reason from the other man. *Something to talk about*, hell, at this present point in time, Sawyer didn’t think he could recite his name.

The boy had fucking skills and he was putting them all to good use, sucking, stroking, licking him just right as Sawyer fought to keep his eyes open and on the road.

The way Harlan moved his mouth made him crazy. Sawyer was sure he was going to get a ticket. Not because he was driving fast but because he was driving too fucking slow. He couldn’t concentrate and he was driving slow enough to satisfy Miss Daisy, but it was either that, or crash and kill them both. Not much of a choice to him.

“Fuck this.” Sawyer turned blindly at the very next light, not caring what street it was. He just needed to stop driving so he could come. The second he put the car into park, Harlan stopped playing nice.

He bobbed up and down on Sawyer’s cock, milking his shaft with his hand as he skillfully suckled the last ounce of sanity from Sawyer. Normally, it took more than just a blowjob to get Sawyer off, but adding in the club and the dancing, Sawyer knew he was toast. He was even feeding off Harlan’s arousal, which was off the chart. His sexy little boy was so wound up he was stroking his own cock while he swallowed Sawyer’s.

“Oh, baby. That’s so hot. I wanna watch you beat off for me. Wanna see you go. Come for me. Come.”

Harlan’s groan spilled out around Sawyer’s dick, seconds before his seed spilled out over his hand. Watching his lover go over was like a kick to his solar plexus. It stole his breath, made him dizzy and knocked down all his mental barriers. Sawyer couldn’t hold out anymore, so he didn’t. He let go and came, arching his ass up to get as much of his cock down Harlan’s throat when he did.

”Harlan.” His name was the warning the other man received before Sawyer flooded his mouth with his come.

Harlan sat up, licking the escaping evidence from the corner of his mouth.

“Come here,” Sawyer growled. He pulled Harlan to him and kissed him, slipping his tongue between



the other man's lips to lap up the salty leavings out of his lover's mouth. Semen was so much sexier when shared. When all that was left was Harlan's own sweet flavor, Sawyer pulled back and broke the kiss. He laid his forehead against Harlan's and stared into his passion-filled eyes. "I'm going to fuck you so hard when we get home."

"Promises. Promises."

"It's not a promise. It's a fact." And Sawyer couldn't wait to prove it.

## Chapter Seven

The ride from the sex pit stop to Sawyer's house went by in a blur. Even though he came, Harlan wasn't remotely satisfied, and from the way Sawyer attacked him as soon as they entered the house, neither was he.

Before Harlan could even take the time to remove his clothes, Sawyer had him pinned against a wall in the living room, his tongue down his throat. Sawyer kissed him like he was mad with lust, a feeling which Harlan could well relate to. He felt as if he was on the edge of reason. The quick little release in the car had been nothing but a much needed appetizer. Harlan was too hungry to be satisfied with just that. He was ready for the main course.

The best part though, was Sawyer seemed to be right there with him. His buttoned-down professor was anything but reserved. He was all over Harlan, just the way he wanted, too. If things between them were always this hot after an argument, Harlan was going to have to pick a few from time to time.

With a groan, Sawyer broke the kiss, but he continued to nibble at him, moving his lips from Harlan's mouth, to his jaw, then to his ear, where he used his tongue for more than teasing. "Tell me you want my dick inside you. And no one else's."

"Will you believe me?" Harlan whispered back. Harlan needed to know Sawyer trusted him just as he trusted Sawyer.

"If you say it's so," Sawyer pulled back a bit, so Harlan could look into his eyes. What he saw in his gaze meant more than any words Sawyer could say to him would. "I'll believe you."

Harlan believed him as well and it made everything he'd gone through today worthwhile. "I want your dick inside me and no one else's."

"You're *it* for me."

"You're *it* for me too."

Sawyer smiled. "You didn't have to repeat that."

"I wasn't saying it because you did. I said it because I meant it." Harlan looked deeply into Sawyer's eyes, and with all sincerity said what was in his heart. "I love you, Sawyer."

"Love you too. For so long."

"So long?"

"Years." Sawyer smiled slightly. "Way before I ran into you at Tricky Dix's. Way before you even became my TA. Hell, Harlan, I can't think of a single day since the first moment you walked in my class I

didn't want you. Loving came after, but it came."

"Then why did it take you all this time to say something about it?"

"I was biding my time."

Harlan couldn't get his mind to wrap around the madness of it all. *Years*. All the time wasted made him ill. "Until?"

"Until I could have the two things I wanted most, all at the same time."

"Which were?"

"You and my job." Sawyer's expression stilled and grew serious. "I knew I couldn't be with you while you worked for me, no matter how much I wanted to, so I waited and hoped."

"Hoped for what?"

"That someone wouldn't scoop you up before you graduated."

"And what if they had?"

"You would have earned yourself a stalker."

Harlan couldn't help but chuckle at the mere idea of Sawyer skulking around after him. "You say that like it's a bad thing. I just see it as dedication."

As if encouraged by the laughter, Sawyer gave a small smile. "I've been waiting for you too, for a while now. I think I have this dedication thing down pat."

"I'd say." All this time, he thought Sawyer had been immune to him. He couldn't have been further from the truth. "I think such dedication should be greatly rewarded."

"Do you now?"

"Yes."

"What do you have in mind?"

His ardor had cooled but it hadn't faded away. "I figured I could dance on your dick again."

Sawyer let loose a sharp burst of laughter. "I do like the way your mind works."

"Good, 'cause you're going to have to get used to dealing with it, and me, on a daily basis."

"Very doable." Before Harlan could reply, Sawyer covered his mouth with his own, slipping his tongue between Harlan's parted lips. Sawyer kissed him roughly for a few mind-numbing seconds before pulling away. The overwhelming, 'man overboard' feeling swept over him again as he surrendered to the other man's soul-searing kiss. As abruptly as Sawyer began, he stopped, sighing as he pulled away. "Damn, baby, you taste good."

"That's because I taste like you."

"I taste only you," he said with a small smile. "Stay here. I'll be right back."

"Back?" Confused, Harlan frowned. "Where are you going?"

"To the bedroom."

"Nice. I'll join you."

“No, I’m going to bring the party to you. Strip while I’m gone. I want you naked and ready for me.”

Harlan didn’t think it was possible for him to get any more ready. His cock was rock hard. It was almost as if the orgasm in the car had never occurred. “I thought you liked it better when I stripped in front of you.”

“I do, at that. I don’t know about you though, but I’ve had enough foreplay to last a lifetime.”

“Well, when you put it like that...” Harlan shrugged off his jacket and tossed it on the couch. “Don’t be long.”

“I won’t be.”

True to his word, Sawyer was back in less than two minutes, but unlike Harlan, however, Sawyer still had clothes on, having taken off only his shoes and shirt in the bedroom.

Standing nude and proud before his lover, Harlan crossed his arms over his chest. Harlan didn’t mind being undressed, he did, however, mind that Sawyer wasn’t. Not because he was shy, he was a stripper after all, but because he really enjoyed looking at Sawyer’s naked body. “Need help getting those pants off?”

“Not at all.”

“Did I undress too fast?”

Sawyer smiled. “Not at all.”

“If you want me to parade around in here, you’re going to have to turn the heat up a notch.”

“Don’t worry, it’s going to get damn hot in here real fucking fast.”

Sawyer certainly had a way with words. His voice was soft, but the volume in no way took away from the intensity of what he was saying. His very presence made Harlan want to fall to his knees before him and worship him in any manner Sawyer chose. Dropping his arms to his sides, he took a step toward him and whispered, “Tell me.”

Sawyer ate up the rest of the space between them in a few short strides and took Harlan into his arms. He buried his hand in Harlan’s dark chocolate hair, tilted his head, and peered deep into his eyes. The domineering way he held Harlan made his gut clench and his balls ache.

“Tell you what?” Sawyer said roughly.

Harlan had to lick his lips twice before he could get words to pass through them. “What do you want me to do?”

Sawyer’s grip tightened in his hair. “You like it when I order you about, don’t you, pretty?”

Harlan closed his eyes, trembling as he answered Sawyer’s question. “Yes.”

“And you’d do anything I asked you, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Open your eyes.” Harlan didn’t even think twice about obeying his order.

“If I told you to go across the room and crawl to me, you’d say...”

“Yes, Professor.” His knees buckled under his desire to obey.

“What a little slut you are.”

“Slut for your cock.”

“Hmmm.” Sawyer moved his free hand to Harlan’s chest and began to toy with his right nipple ring. Every tug of the piercing was like one on his dick, making Harlan weak-kneed and simple. He thought it was actually quite possible for him to come without Sawyer even touching his erection. “You should see what I see. Your sweet nipples are hard as slate and your cock is leaking precome all over the place. I think you even got some on my jeans. Might have to make you lick them clean.”

Harlan shivered, so worked up that the mere idea of licking up his own spunk had him ready to blow.

“God, look at you. So ready to go. I bet I could word-fuck you into coming.”

“Please don’t.” He didn’t want words, he wanted his mouth, his ass, or even just his hands.

“What? Don’t make you come like that? Don’t make you,” Sawyer leaned forward and whispered in Harlan’s ear, “blow all over my leg, then force you to the ground to lick it clean.”

“Fuck.” Harlan’s cock jutted up towards Sawyer, practically begging the other man to come down and say hi, but to Harlan’s ultimate dismay, Sawyer resisted. “Sawyer.” Harlan wasn’t above asking for what he wanted. “Touch me. Please.”

“Not until I’m good and ready,” Sawyer insisted with a wicked smile. “I feel this uncontrollable need to tease and torture you, much in the way, I might add, you did me in the club.”

*Damn.* Harlan should have known that was going to come back and bite him in the ass. And not in a good way, either. “What if I beg nicely?”

“You’ll beg either way.” Sawyer’s voice was filled with promise. “I guarantee that. Now on your knees, slut, and lick my pants.”

Harlan released his hold on Sawyer and he dropped gladly to the ground in front of the professor. He greedily searched the dark fabric of the denim for the shiny shimmer of his desire and found a few spots just south of Sawyer’s crotch. His mouth watered, not for the taste of his jism, but for the taste of pleasure that would spill across his tongue at doing what Sawyer bid him to.

Closing his eyes to savor the moment, he leaned forward and lapped at the bitter taste of his own come happily. “Hmmm...” he moaned, as he pulled back and looked up at Sawyer expectantly.

“Did you like that?”

Harlan nodded, unable to form the words to describe just how much he enjoyed it.

“Not as much as I did.”

Somehow, Harlan sincerely doubted that.

If ever there was a sexier sight than that of his lover on his knees before him, Sawyer had never seen it. Watching Harlan clean up the precome from his pants had been so arousing Sawyer had almost gifted

him with another few ounces of jism to lick up. Even he, who prided himself on his restraint and control, was no match against the sight of Harlan's sexual submission.

Sawyer knew, without a doubt, if he didn't get the show on the road, things were going to end before they even had a chance to begin. "Come with me."

Harlan rose shakily to his feet. "Whe—where are we going?"

"Dining room."

"If you think I can eat right now, you're crazy."

"I think you're going to do what I say or suffer the consequences."

"Bossy top," Harlan said with a grin.

Teaching him more about his former pupil than he'd ever figured he'd learn. "Mouthy bottom."

Sawyer left the room with Harlan trailing behind him. When they entered the dining room, Sawyer turned up the light he dimmed earlier and stepped out of the way for Harlan to precede him. "Go over by the table." Without waiting idly to see if Harlan was following his instructions, Sawyer left the dining room and went to his office to retrieve his leather armless chair.

He carried the black seat back into the kitchen and set it a few feet away from the table. Once it was situated, as he wanted, he walked over to where Harlan stood. The other man was staring down at the assortment of goodies Sawyer had placed out for them to use before he'd joined Harlan in the living room earlier. There was even a hand towel for clean up.

"See something you like?"

"Uh huh." Harlan looked up at him. His lips twitched as he brushed his hand across Sawyer's favorite dildo. "Isn't that pretty?"

"Let's see how loud you're laughing when it's buried to the hilt inside you." Sawyer didn't really care that the dildo was Barney purple. It felt divine. The sleek, silicone, imitation cock curved up at the crown in the best possible way, with a swirl hook ending that made a perfect handle to drive it deep into Harlan. It was a toy definitely made for two.

"Hmm...let's."

"Okay." Sawyer picked up a swath of black cloth. "But first things first. Turn around."

Harlan's gaze was full of questions as he glanced down at the dark material in Sawyer's hand. "You into bondage?"

"I'm into lots of things." Sawyer took hold of Harlan's arm and turned him around. "But this isn't to tie you. It's to blindfold you."

"Damn, you're kinky."

"You have no idea." Sawyer lowered the cloth over Harlan's eyes and secured it with a knot behind his head. "But you're about to find out. Lean over the table."

He helped Harlan face the table, then pushed him down, until his torso was against the wood and his ass was bubbled up for his viewing pleasure. The sexy sight had him rubbing his dick through the thick material of his pants. For someone who came not too long ago he was extremely randy. It didn't help that he was in the vicinity of such a sweet piece of ass, either.

Reaching down, he ran his hand over the object of his affection. His soft touch brought forth a moan from Harlan. "Do you know what I'm tempted to do?"

"Fuck me, I hope."

"That too," he chuckled, dipping his fingers between Harlan's firm cheeks, down past his hole, to cup his balls. He palmed them for a moment before moving his hand back up. "But that's not all."

"Then what?"

"Let's just say," Sawyer moved his palm in circular motions on Harlan's cheeks, "that you're very lucky you have to work tomorrow or I'd smack this ass of yours good."

Harlan pressed his bottom back against Sawyer's hand in a blatant invitation. "Then I'll just have to make sure I get in trouble again."

The mere idea made him smile. "I'm sure you won't even have to work very hard at either."

"Probably not."

Sawyer gave Harlan a few sharp love taps, before stepping away and walking around the bent man. "Reach behind you and grab your cheeks. I want at that hole."

After taking a few seconds to make sure Harlan did as he was told, Sawyer picked up the lube. He went to slick up his fingers, but paused and walked behind the other man once more.

Since he had him in this position, he might as well...

Without touching Harlan's cheeks with his hands, Sawyer leaned over and French kissed his lover's puckered hole. Harlan groaned at the first swipe of Sawyer's tongue, giving him all the encouragement to turn the impromptu snack into a meal. Moving his free hand between his lover's legs, Sawyer stroked Harlan's cock as he feasted on his lover.

Harlan trembled under the sensual assault, as did Sawyer's cock, warning him he was treading a very thin line. Besides, he didn't want Harlan to blow until the other man was riding his cock. With one final lick, he stood up, reached over to the side and grabbed the lube.

"Fuck..." Harlan panted. "Are you trying to kill me?"

"Far from it, pretty. Far from it." Intent now more than ever on burying himself within Harlan, Sawyer picked up the dildo with one hand and lubed it with the other. Once the toy was coated to his satisfaction, he wiped his hand on the towel then dropped it back on the table.

"What are you doing?"

Sawyer rubbed the slick tip against Harlan's hole, smiling as the other man arched up on his toes. "What does it feel like?"

“A poor imitation of the real thing.”

“Got it on the first guess.” Despite how much Sawyer liked the toy, even he had to admit there was nothing like the real thing. But this, like most things in life, served a purpose. “Want to warm you up a bit first.”

“I’m warmed up. Fuck that. I’m on fire.”

“You haven’t seen fire yet.” Sawyer pressed the dildo forward, watching attentively for any sign of discomfort or pain. The very last thing he wanted to do was hurt Harlan, quite the opposite, in fact, but in this position, he would have to rely on the other man to tell him what was good and what was bad.

From the choppy little moans Harlan made, Sawyer could only surmise pain was the last thing his lover was feeling. In fact, the other man was rocking his hips back as he begged for more. “Further. Push it in,” he pleaded, drunk off lust. “I can take it.”

Sawyer didn’t doubt for a second Harlan could. The dildo wasn’t as thick as Sawyer’s cock, but it was a close second, and it would give Harlan just the warm up he needed to take Sawyer in deep.

“Is this what you want?” Sawyer asked, as he fed more of the toy to Harlan’s greedy hole. “Want me to fuck you hard and fast with this?”

“Yes. Christ, yes.”

“Then take it, pretty. Take it all.” The further he pushed, the louder Harlan moaned, and begged with his thrusting ass for more. Watching the way Harlan fucked himself back on the toy put other dirty ideas in Sawyer’s head. One in particular, he didn’t mind sharing.

“Soon, very soon, there will be nothing between us but lube.” He twisted the toy just to watch Harlan squirm. “Right?”

“Yes.” Harlan’s back broke out with beads of perspiration. “God, yes. Want to feel you…”

“Feel me what?”

“Fuck me bareback, come inside me.”

“I want that too.” Sawyer knew he was clean and he was sure Harlan was too, but it never hurt to have the proof. They could get tested next week, and when the results came in they could celebrate with dinner, wine and lube. “Soon, baby boy. Soon.”

“Can’t wait. Want to feel you. Inside me.”

“You will. I promise you that. But until then, I want you to feel this.” Sawyer adjusted the thrust of the dildo so it was hitting the sweet spot inside Harlan.

The change in angle had Harlan groaning and arching up, wordlessly asking for more. So Sawyer gave it to him, fucking him. “Is that how you like it, hard and deep?”

“God, yes.” Harlan bucked back into the toy. His fingertips were white from gripping his cheeks so hard, but he held on as Sawyer had commanded him to. The way he obeyed, even in the heat of passion, had Sawyer’s dick aching to drive deep within him. Harlan was just so fucking sexy.



“Sawyer,” Harlan sobbed. “Going to come if you don’t stop. Going to go off.”

“Well, we can’t have that.” Sawyer pulled the toy out and dropped it onto the table, next to the trembling man. “You don’t come until I say so.”

He reached down and helped Harlan stand upright. When he was sure the man was steady on his feet, he untied the blindfold and let it fall to the floor. Harlan spun around, eyes wild with need. “I...I...”

“I know, pretty.” The same unappeased fire burning Harlan alive was also scorching Sawyer. With his gaze centered on Harlan, he unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, pushing them, along with his boxers, to the floor. The instant freedom relieved the immediate ache in his cock, but also took away the one barrier that had held him together.

Harlan’s gaze went straight to Sawyer’s dick. “Now. Sawyer. Can’t wait much longer.”

“You won’t.” Sawyer grabbed a condom from the table, ripped into the silver wrapper and rolled the latex sheath down his erection. He quickly lubed it up, nice and slick, just to make sure Harlan would have no problem sliding down his shaft.

Keeping his hand on the base of the condom to hold it in place, he walked over to the chair and sat. He scooted down a bit so he was at an angle and gestured for Harlan. “Come here.”

Harlan walked blindly towards him. “How do you want me?”

“Facing me,” Sawyer ordered softly. “I want to watch you come.”

“Do you now?”

“Yes. Give me a lap dance.” Sawyer held the base of his cock with one hand, and placed the other on Harlan’s hip. In this position, he had to be careful not to hurt Harlan. Despite his desire to just plunge straight up into his tight hole, Sawyer was going to resist and let the other man control the speed. For now, at least. “Take me in your hand and put me in. Make it right for you.”

“kay.” Harlan straddled Sawyer’s lap, placing a leg on either side of his hips and his feet flat on the floor. Sawyer released his cock and gripped Harlan’s hips, helping the other man get settled. When he was positioned just right, Harlan moved his hand between their bodies, lined up Sawyer’s cock with his entrance and slowly lowered himself.

Harlan’s eyes widened and glazed over as he took Sawyer’s cock to the hilt inside him. The men groaned simultaneously. His dildo had prepared Harlan so well he was able to slowly sink onto Sawyer’s dick with ease.

“Still with me?”

“Yeah.” Harlan licked his lips and closed his eyes, his face a billboard for ultimate pleasure. “I’ve never done it like this before.” He rolled his hips forward, hugging Sawyer’s dick with his tight channel.

For a novice, he was doing extremely well. “Just do what comes natural.” But just to give him a little help, Sawyer moved his hands from Harlan’s hips to his ass and gripped Harlan’s firm cheeks with his fingers. He rocked his lover forward, setting the rhythm he wanted the other man to follow. “Ride me.”

Harlan opened his passion-filled eyes and stared hungrily at Sawyer. "You sweet talker, you."

Sawyer flexed his cock inside the other man, biting back a groan at the intense pleasure he felt. "Do you want sweet talk or do you want to come?"

"Come," Harlan groaned, as he gripped the back of the chair with his hand and began to move his ass in his sexy dancer way. Harlan got into the rhythm of things quickly, using his legs to brace the brunt of his weight as he rode up and down Sawyer's cock like a freight elevator. "Definitely to come."

"Good. Then fuck my dick." Sawyer pressed his hips up, burying his shaft even further inside Harlan. "Fuck me good."

Sawyer moved his hips hurriedly, thrusting up as Harlan pumped down. "Feels good. So good." His cock glided over and over again into Harlan's welcoming ass and it took everything in him not to come like a virginal twink.

"Yeah..." Harlan moved his fingers from the back of the chair to Sawyer's shoulder, digging them in as he milked his cock. "Oh yeah."

"Can't stop fucking you."

"Don't." He panted. "Don't ever stop."

As if he could. Things between them were far too good for him to ever give him up. He'd almost lost Harlan once. He wasn't fool enough to let that happen again. "Mine. You're mine."

"All yours. Forever." His promise was almost drowned out by the noise of their loving.

The room was a cornucopia of erotic sounds. From the resonant slaps of Harlan's ass smacking against Sawyer's lap, to the heavy lustful moans they made. It was a heady combination that pushed Sawyer closer and closer to the edge of madness. From the wild look in Harlan's eyes, Sawyer wasn't the only one getting close. "You ready, pretty?"

"Yes..."

"Stroke yourself." Harlan didn't wait for a second invitation. He frantically gripped his cock and rose, pumping up and down in a frenzied motion as his body clutched tightly to Sawyer's cock.

While watching Harlan's erotic one-man show, Sawyer gripped Harlan's hips tightly and worked him up and down his shaft, while the other man fisted his dick.

"Sawyer. Now. Please, now."

As if he could ever deny such pretty begging. "Come for me, baby," Sawyer ordered, close himself to erupting. "I want to see you go."

Harlan tossed his head back and jerked his cock furiously, coming like a geyser all over their laps. "Sawyerfuckcomingfuck."

The jumbled words were almost as exciting as the sight of Harlan's cock spurting rope after rope of creamy sticky fluid over his tightly clenched fingers. He looked like a fallen angel, his face a mask of

unfettered pleasure. Knowing it was he who brought the expression to his handsome face was a high like no other, and it was also the catalyst to his own release.

Waves of pleasure radiated throughout his entire body, stronger and brighter than the sun as Sawyer came, grinding his dick into Harlan's ass. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." His voice was raspy, his head was pounding, and he could barely breathe. Without a doubt, Sawyer could honestly say this was well worth the wait.

Trembling, Harlan fell forward on Sawyer. Resting his sweat-damp body against Sawyer, Harlan laid his head on Sawyer's shoulder and let out a deep sigh of contentment. They were a mess, a sticky sweaty mess, and it was beautiful.

"I have to tell you," Harlan said after a few seconds. "That wasn't romantic in the least."

Sawyer chuckled and tightened his hold on Harlan. "No, but it was fun."

"That it was, Professor." Harlan leaned up a bit so he was staring into Sawyer's eyes. "That it was. What's your plan for round three?"

"I guess you'll have to hang around to find out."

Harlan smiled. "I guess I will."

## About the Author

Lena Matthews spends her days dreaming about handsome heroes and her nights with her own personal hero. Married to her college sweetheart, she is the proud mother of two beautiful daughters, three evil dogs, and a mess of ants that she can't seem to get rid of. When not writing she can be found reading, watching movies, lifting up the cushions on the couch to look for batteries for the remote control and plotting different ways to bring Buffy back on the air. You can contact Lena through her website: [www.lenamatthews.com](http://www.lenamatthews.com)

Look for these titles by Lena Matthews

*Now Available:*

*Jokers Wild*

Call Me

Three Nights

Stripped Bare

Something, Borrowed, Something Blue

Head Over Heels: A Cinderella Story

*What if the man of your dreams is also the one of your nightmares?*

## Sleight of Hand

© 2008 Katrina Strauss

Edwin Matthews just wants to get some sleep. Traveling by steam train with his family, the melancholic nineteen year old is plagued by restless nights and recurring dreams of a fiery disaster. When a mysterious magician comes aboard, the troubled insomniac's trip takes an interesting turn.

Tall, dark, and incredibly handsome, the flamboyant Sir Marco Satori offers to cure what ails Edwin. Spurred by equal parts curiosity, desperation, and attraction, Edwin agrees to the experiment. Suddenly he finds his quiet journey turned into a wild ride of life, love, sex, death..and a few strange things in between.

He also finds himself claimed—in more ways than one—while a promise of “eternity” may be more than Edwin bargains for.

*Warning: This book contains violence, dubious consent, masturbation, anal penetration, light D/s, frock coats, cravats, questionable Victorian parlor tricks, and hot sex between beautiful men on a fast-moving train.*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Sleight of Hand:*

Edwin sat in the center of the tufted fainting couch, spine straight and hands folded primly in his lap. Satori rummaged through the bar selection, tracing a finger across the bottles rattling gently together in time to the clack of the train wheels. Edwin stole a glance at the older man's backside. Satori had removed his coat, revealing his svelte frame of slightly broad shoulders tapered to a narrow waist. A strip of white silk shirt showed between the hem of his waistcoat and his tightly fitted trousers, the waistband hanging unfashionably yet enticingly low on the hipbone.

Tearing his eyes away before they drifted lower, Edwin scanned the coach's interior and was affected by the same vague sense of disorientation he'd experienced upon entering the carriage. The space was furnished with the usual trappings of a gentleman's parlor, adorned in sumptuous velvets, silks, brocades and leather, in varying hues of black and red trimmed in ebony wood, the floor checkered with black and white tiles—nothing too out of the ordinary, if perhaps a bit ornate.

What lent the private saloon such an unusual quality was that the dimensions seemed off. At first, the space had appeared a touch wider than it should have been. Now, as Edwin shook his head and blinked, the width seemed proportionate but the floor appeared to have been stretched a few feet longer. He considered that the checkerboard pattern created an optical illusion—at least that was the only logical explanation for Edwin's skewed spatial perspective.

His gaze focused back on the bar, a curiosity unto itself. The requisite bottles of brandy and rum and such were interspersed with various sizes, shapes and colors of bottles, jars and crockery, appearing to serve more as a pharmacopeia than a place to shelve liquor.

“Ah, here we are,” Satori announced. He stepped from behind the curved, polished counter with a small blob-neck bottle in hand. On first appearance Edwin thought the glass to be black, but as the illusionist passed through the window light, Edwin noted it to be dark olive amber.

Satori levered the wire bail stopper from the neck, releasing the pressure of the contents with a soft *pop*, followed by the tell-tale hiss of effervescence. He passed the bottle to Edwin, the brush of fingers sending another surge of current down Edwin’s arm, charging him to the very core. Clearing his throat, Edwin wafted the opened neck under his nose. The liquid bore no scent, the fizzy substance greeting him only with a light kiss of moisture across his upper lip.

“Mineral water,” Edwin observed, one eyebrow lifted in question.

“Lithia water, to be precise.” Satori took a seat in the wingback chair directly across from Edwin. “Bottled at a secret source for which the location may not be divulged. Widely touted as a hangover cure, although users have reported other benefits.”

“Such as?” Skeptical, Edwin held the near-opaque glass up to the light. He thought back to the acrid tincture of black hellebore he’d been prescribed daily at the hospital, the one which had left him doubled over for the next hour while his gut clenched in painful spasm. After his discharge, he’d read up on the herb and learned it to be toxic. He’d concluded that the alienists were no worse than charlatans peddling snake oil.

“A calming of the mind,” Satori replied, “a soothing of the nerves.” He crossed one leg over the other and propped an elbow on the chair arm. Two fingers denting his brow, he nodded. “Drink.”

Deciding he had nothing to lose—and at the point where he would gladly welcome being poisoned—Edwin took a tentative sip. The bubbles fizzed pleasantly against his lips, while a scant taste of metal lingered on his tongue. Head tilted back, he continued drinking, allowing the cool beverage to trickle down his throat. Pausing to lick his lips, Edwin hazarded a glance at his would-be shaman and found the other man watching him intently. Despite the cool drink, Edwin felt the unwanted flush creep back up his neck. He shifted in his seat, and realized the bottle had gone dry.

Satori rose. “Very good. Let’s get started, shall we, before we enter the tunnel.”

As he took the bottle, their bare fingers brushed, jolting Edwin’s senses once again. Attempting to cover his reaction, he cupped his fist to his mouth with a feigned cough.

His ploy failed. “My dear boy, this simply won’t do.” Satori set the bottle aside on the end table. “If the hypnosis is to be a success, you must relax.”

Satori nudged between his knees and thumbed Edwin’s chin. Edwin had long grown accustomed to the closeness necessitated during a physical exam and had learned to tolerate the trained, analytical touch of

the medical practitioner. However, Satori was no licensed physician, and his approach came off as decidedly more intimate. Discomfited, Edwin began to shut his eyes, but instead found himself captivated by the mage's searing gaze.

He flinched at the sensation of Satori unpinning his tie. His pulse raced at the whisper of crisp silk being slid from around his collar.

"There, doesn't that feel better?" Satori asked.

"Yes," Edwin conceded with a mumble, his neck free of the starched fabric.

Satori opened the first few buttons of Edwin's shirt. Edwin swallowed, his heart pounding now. The magician cupped his face in both hands and rolled his head from side to side, tracing the pads of his thumbs across Edwin's cheekbones. He massaged the pressure points behind Edwin's ears. Examining the throat nodes, his touch lingered at Edwin's throbbing jugular.

"There's no need to be nervous, Master Edwin. Lie back and make yourself comfortable."

Cradling Edwin's head in one hand, he eased Edwin sideways. Following Satori's lead, Edwin lay back against the headrest. Peering up, he watched the magician take his place behind the high rounded corner that graced one end of the sofa. Satori smiled downward, his ebony mane framing his face, and began to massage Edwin's temples



*In this town, danger moves to a steamy Latin beat.*

## Mexican Heat

© 2009 *Laura Baumbach and Josh Lanyon*

*Crimes & Cocktails, book 1*

SFPD detective Gabriel Sandalini might as well have put a gun to his own head. One red-hot sexual encounter in a bar's back room has put two years of deep undercover work in jeopardy—two years of danger and deception as he worked his way into crime boss Ricco Botelli's inner circle. Gabriel can't afford emotional entanglements. Hell, he can't afford emotions. But that was before he had a name to pin on that anonymous one-off—Miguel Ortega.

Miguel Ortega doesn't trust anyone, but tough, street-smart Gabriel brings out the conquistador in his Spanish blood. But distractions are nothing short of deadly right now, not with his boss's impending marriage to Botelli's sister, which will ensure peace—and massive drug profits—for both families.

On a trip to Mexico to set up drug supply lines, a violent confrontation proves they've got each other's backs—to a degree.

Then one savage act changes everything, testing not only their fragile bond, but Gabriel's will to live.

*Warning: Combination of Italian stallion and Spanish conquistador could cause spontaneous combustion. Read with icy cold margaritas on hand for emergencies.*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Mexican Heat:*

Mesmerized, body swaying slightly to the throb of the music emanating through the floor and walls, his own sexual need tight and hot in his belly, Gabriel reached out to brush a fingertip over the surface of the nearer painting as though trying to touch the indescribable, seductive emotions on the canvas, emotions he craved but had yet to acknowledge even within himself.

He was leaning closer to get a look at the signature in the bottom corner of the canvas when a scuffling sound jerked him back to reality too late. Beguiled by the exotic sights, the primal beat, and his own personal demons, Gabriel never heard the man behind him until he was seized and pinned face down over the broad oak desk.

He struggled, but alcohol and shock at his own carelessness slowed his reactions. His arms were twisted behind his back, his wrists painfully bent.

Belatedly, he remembered the semiautomatic pistol in the glove compartment of his SUV. He'd deliberately left his piece behind, expecting to be frisked entering the club; he hadn't really anticipated trouble that night. But that was no excuse. He'd been foolhardy. He deserved to get popped just for being stupid.

And the odds of that fate were good because he could feel the outline of the other man's shoulder holster and gun pressing into his back. The good news was he hadn't already pulled his weapon and blown Gabriel's head off.

In fact, now that Gabriel considered it, although the other man's hold was effective, it wasn't particularly...professional. It wasn't even genuinely threatening though the full weight of his assailant had landed across his back, forcing the air from his lungs in an *oof*. The most immediate danger seemed to be to Gabriel's dick, which was trapped between his hips and the rounded edge of the hard surface.

Warm, tequila-laced breath danced across the cheek not rammed into the desktop. The scent of sandalwood soap and clean sweat teased his nose. Gabriel squirmed until the feel of a thick cock pressed against the back seam of his jeans froze him.

This was...different.

"Listen," he got out. "The door was open, and I saw the paintings. I'm not trying to steal anything."

No response.

Torn between the fear that he was really in trouble and the illicit thrill of being trapped and helpless in such a compromising position, Gabriel forced himself to remain still. When nothing further developed, he tried to turn his head to see his attacker, but a rough-velvet cheek landed on his own cleanly shaved one, immobilizing him.

"Hey, asshole," Gabriel managed. "You hear me?" He gave one angry heave, which the other suppressed without much effort.

"Uh...something you want to say to me, asshole?" he inquired with an effort.

A genuinely amused chuckle rumbled out of the chest pressed into Gabriel's back and a low, honey-coated voice interrupted him just as he was getting started. There was a shift of hips and the thick rod riding the crease of Gabriel's jeans slid over him in short, slow strokes. Rubbing his bristled jaw over Gabriel's cheek, the man teased in a seductive growl, "Speaking of asses, *pequeño asno elegante*, I must say, *yours* is very fine."

That lean jaw moving against his own, those deep, smooth tones—that sexy trace of Spanish accent—vibrated through Gabriel's whole body, tingling all the way down his spine to his tailbone.

A tongue traced the edge of Gabriel's ear. His cock jerked at the touch, desire rippling from his groin directly to his brain, flooding out common sense, reason—self-preservation—and Gabriel found himself pushing back, craving that increased contact. He closed his eyes, biting his lip, feeling the answering hard heat through their clothing—too much clothing.

The man chuckled, a deep, slightly breathless laugh. "So you want to tell me what you're doing in this private office, gringo? Besides offering up this pretty ass of yours?"

The laugh, even more than the words, recalled Gabriel to himself and his situation. His eyes snapped open. What the hell *was* he doing?

"I told you what I was doing. I was admiring the art collection. If you don't want people in here, then don't leave the fucking door open. It's a public place. An open door is an invitation to enter."

Unimpressed by this speech, his captor said softly, breath warm against his ear, "Possibly. Or did you think I was in here? Were you following me? I think maybe you were, gringo."

*Say what?* Gabriel made another attempt to free himself, but he could buck and pitch all he liked; he was just wearing himself out. Expelling a frustrated breath, he made himself relax once more on the hard surface. His breath fogged the glossy wood beneath his cheek.

"You're out of your fucking head..."

But of course he knew now. Only one man in Club Madrone that night had reason to think Gabriel might be looking for him. Well, two men counting Benny, but this powerful build and confident voice in no way belonged to that skinny, whiny weasel.

Gabriel renewed his struggles, nearly levering himself up from the desk, before giving in to the greater weight and strength forcing him back down.

Body tense, Gabriel waited, ready for whatever the next move was.

And there it was: that honeybaked chuckle again. It drove Gabriel frantic.

"Whatever you're thinking, *dickhead*, forget it because I don't know what the *fuck* you're talking about. I don't know who you are, and I wasn't fucking following *anyone*."

The hard shaft against his ass pressed closer, and Gabriel involuntarily flexed his hips, rubbing himself over the desk edge and then back against the bulge snuggled into his crack. *God. Please, please. Yes. Jesus, please some kind of release...*

Hot breath scalded his neck and cheek. The man said silkily in his accented English, "*Madre mios*. You, my ferocious little one, have a gutter mouth a demon would be proud of."

Little? Little?

"Fuck. You." Incensed, Gabriel tried to headbutt his captor, only to have a forearm bear threateningly down on the back of his neck. Face smooshed against the slick wood again, he found breathing increasingly difficult.

He jerked as teeth nipped at his nape, the sharp sting startling a shudder out of him. The man gave a satisfied grunt.

"I think"—there was a deliberate pause—"I'd prefer it the other way around."

Gabriel tried to remember exactly what he'd said, and hissed as he was unexpectedly hauled off the desk. Hands momentarily free, he lashed out, managing to land a couple of hard but largely ineffectual blows at the other's head. A second later his arms were yanked behind his back, wrists pinioned by one large, capable hand.

*Christ, this guy's strong.* Gabriel felt a flicker of genuine alarm. Even if he really wanted free, he wasn't sure he'd manage it. Once again he was manhandled over the desk.

Fingers threaded his hair, caressing, curling through the long strands. "So soft," the big man murmured. "Like a kitten."

"K-kitten? I remind you of a goddamned *kitten*?" Gabriel stuttered his indignation. He didn't want tenderness, didn't want caresses. He tossed his head, but the questing fingers merely clamped in his hair, demanding stillness.

"Shhh." And the guy said it gently, like he fully expected Gabriel to hush up now.

And appallingly Gabriel felt a melting in his gut, a desire to shut up and do whatever this prick told him to do.

The larger man deliberately shoved his hips against Gabriel.

"D'you...mind..." he gasped.

"I might," he was informed mildly. "I might be quite sensitive. You might have seriously hurt my feelings."

Once again the sonofabitch was *laughing* at Gabriel. He ground out, "Yeah, right. Okay, asshole. Fun is fun. Now let me up. I've got things to do and places to go. Not that this hasn't been a night to remember..."

A breath of tequila huffed against the side of his face, tickling his ear. "Is that what you really want, little tiger? You do not like my attentions?"

Gabriel shivered as the man plastered himself closer still, his stiff member rubbing up and down Gabriel's ass. "You do not want my warmth against your body?"

He shook his head, not trusting his voice.

"We both know you're lying, *mi gatito parvulo*." A big hand slid between Gabriel's legs to grope the hard bulge there. "You desire me, *si*?"

"No, I don't see," Gabriel gritted. But, oh God, the feel of that big hand fondling him through the stiff denim of his jeans. It was all he could do not to beg.

The exploring hand found his waistband and worked the button fly of his jeans. Before Gabriel could do more than grunt out a protest, his Levi's were roughly dragged down. Cool air wafted over his bare cheeks as the jeans slid down his long strong legs to pool at his feet. He was left standing there in his jock strap.

"Silk," the big man murmured approvingly. "Yes. That is you. That is perfect."

Perfectly embarrassing, maybe.

And the wisp of silk and elastic went with one swipe, freeing Gabriel's swollen cock to jut up against the polished wood of the huge desk. He started to turn, then thought better of it, tensing at the clink of a belt buckle. This was followed by the slide of a zipper. Gabriel stood frozen, the blood pounding dizzily in his ears. His cock was already leaking in excitement.

The big man said something soft in Spanish, something Gabriel couldn't quite catch, but the velvet growl of words nuzzled into his hair set his heart tumbling.

Long steely fingers wrapped around his shaft. The blunt, callused pad of a thumb slowly massaged the head, teasing the underside and tracing the creamy slit. Gabriel bit his tongue to keep from moaning, but as the edge of that thumb smeared the precome, a faint sound escaped him. His knees weak, he gratefully acknowledged the hard arm about his waist, only noticing then—distantly—that his hands were free. Good thing. He needed them to steady himself on the edge of the desk.

Hard fingers moved between his legs, exploring the tight sac and then leisurely moving on. A sliding caress of one angular hip and then the long blunt fingers slowly traced the crack of Gabriel's taut ass.

Then came the delicate press of a thick fingertip on the hot pink hole of Gabriel's anus.

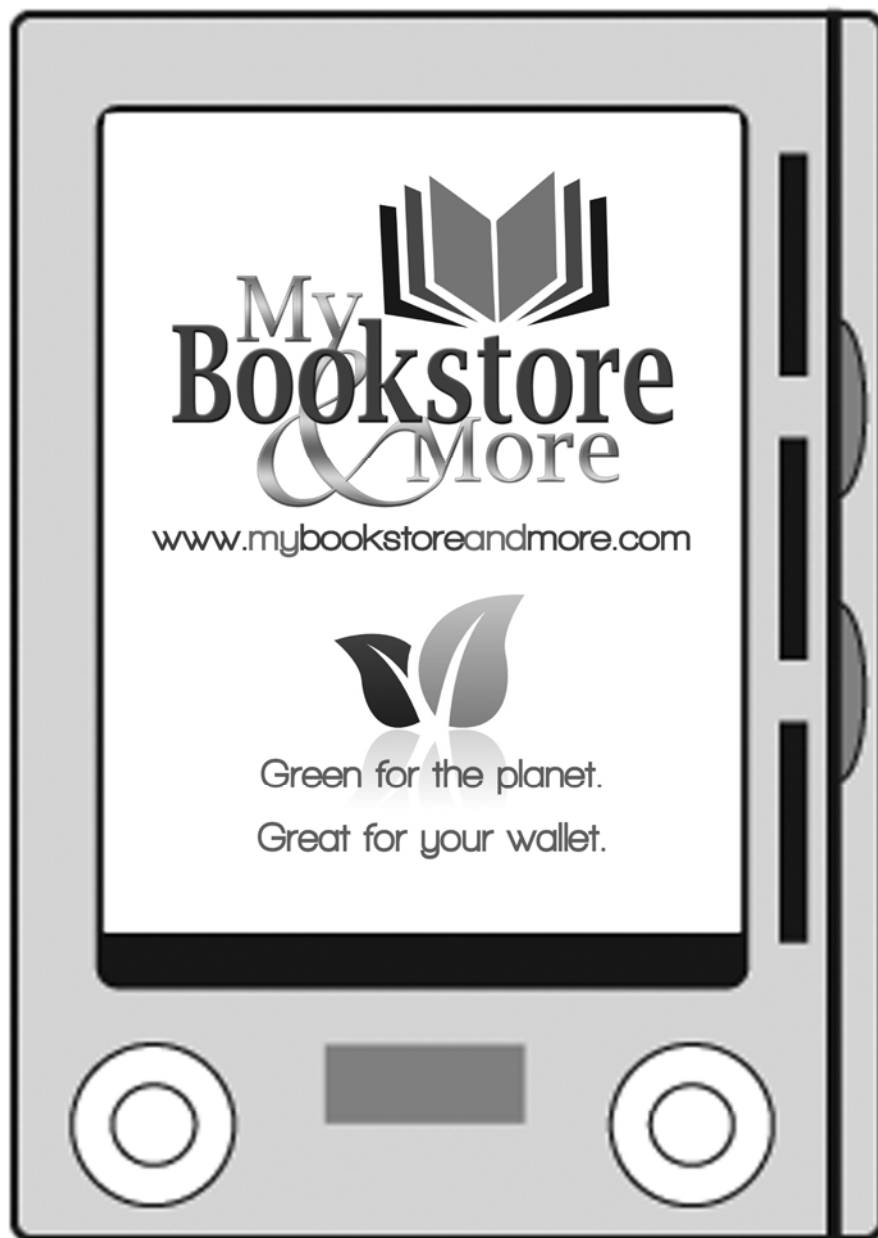
"Holy mother!" the man said huskily. "You feel so ripe, so ready for me."

Gabriel moaned again, shivering. "Oh...fuck!"

The fingers pierced him slowly, sweetly. Slickly. Slickly? *Lube? Where did this guy get lube?* Was he some kind of always prepared sexual Boy Scout or did he find it in a desk drawer? It wasn't hard to believe in this place: tubes of KY dispensed with the bottles of Wite-Out.

"Is that a request?" The man pressed his lips next to Gabriel's ear. The hand holding Gabriel's straining cock in its callused warmth stilled. "Because if it isn't, I'll stop now." Though the voice was no less seductive, an undertone of inflexibility cut through the haze of Gabriel's lust. "I have no wish to take what is not truly desired."

Gabriel twisted, staring back at the stern, handsome face watching his own. The big man's cock was nestled hotly in the crease of his ass. His own shaft rested trustingly in the other's tight grip. And *now* the guy wanted to discuss it? Jesus fucking Christ!



# Samhain Publishing, Ltd.

*It's all about the story...*

Action/Adventure

Fantasy

Historical

Horror

Mainstream

Mystery/Suspense

Non-Fiction

Paranormal

Red Hots!

Romance

Science Fiction

Western

Young Adult

[www.samhainpublishing.com](http://www.samhainpublishing.com)