

Heads Or Tails

by Jamie Hill

Chapter One

It wasn't the best sex he'd ever had, but it was decent. *Any sex is good sex*, his friends would say, and Jeff Roberts tended to agree. But lately, something was different. He rolled away from his fiancée, pretending to be asleep.

When he heard her steady, rhythmic breathing, he rolled back over. Lana Birdwell looked peaceful in slumber, and much quieter than she ever was when she was awake. Long, blond curls framed her face, giving her a deceptively angelic appearance. He bit back a chuckle at the thought—no one who knew Lana would ever confuse her with an angel.

A 'bubbly personality' was how her father described her, and that was putting it mildly in Jeff's estimation. She was an outgoing, opinionated girl who liked to hear her own voice. Her slight stature might indicate frailty or shyness, but he knew she was tough as nails—a real saleswoman without a shy bone in her body.

But what a body, he thought, glancing at her round, perfectly formed breasts. They sat high atop her slender torso, which also sported bikini-worthy abs. Her legs were long and shapely, converging at a neatly trimmed apex of soft blond hair. Jeff looked at the V-shaped patch of fuzz and wondered why the sight didn't arouse him as much as it used to.

With a flick of his wrist, he tossed the sheet and covered her body. Lana sighed and snuggled into her pillow without waking. Jeff rolled over and tugged the sheet up to his neck, willing sleep to overtake him.

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"Rise and shine," Lana murmured in his ear, planting a kiss on his temple.

Jeff opened his eyes, unsure of when he actually fell asleep. The last time he noticed the clock it was three a.m. He'd tossed and turned half the night, and now felt like hell. "Ugh," he grunted.

"Didn't sleep well?" She stood, fastening a large earring on her left

lobe. "Seemed like you were up a lot."

"Yeah." He threw one arm across his forehead.

She went to the dresser and picked up her other earring. Looking in the bureau mirror, she put the hoop on and glanced at him. "You always stress out about month's end. Running all the paperwork, making sure everything balances—which it always does, by the way. I don't know why you worry so much."

He started to say it wasn't month's end bothering him, but then she'd want to know what was. Jeff wasn't sure he could answer that question, so it was better to let her believe it was work. "Yeah," he answered noncommittally.

Lana double-checked her appearance in the mirror one last time before turning to face him. "I've got to go. I have a seven-thirty appointment to go over some real estate listings, and I want to pick up coffee and rolls first."

"See you later." He waved one hand in the air, and she grabbed it and squeezed.

"You bet you will. Want a bearclaw? I can leave it on your desk."

"Sure." Jeff tried to muster enthusiasm he didn't feel.

She was in too much of a hurry to notice. Placing a light kiss on his forehead, she murmured "Goodbye," and left the bedroom. He heard the front door to their condo open and close, and he exhaled. He hadn't even realized he'd been holding his breath.

Jeff showered and dressed in his normal workday attire: Khaki Dockers and a white shirt, with a black necktie and shiny black loafers. He brushed his short blond hair to the side and noticed it reached the top of his ear again—time for a trim. He'd stop by the barbershop in the next couple days after work.

He locked the house and exited through the garage. When the weather was bad, he let Lana park there, but the fall had been mild, so whoever arrived home first claimed the inside parking spot. It didn't matter that much to him, but winter was coming and Lana had begun nagging about finding a bigger place to live—one with a double garage. Backing out, he pushed the remote button and made sure the garage door closed before heading to work.

The offices for Birdwell Development were located in a sprawling complex in suburban Kansas City, Kansas. Myron Birdwell, Lana's father, formed and ran both divisions of the organization—the

construction company and the real estate agency. Lana was his brightest star, an up and coming Realtor who made deals frequently, and with little apparent effort. Her father couldn't speak highly enough about her, sometimes to the disdain of other employees.

Jeff was one of three who worked in the finance department. He was also held in fairly high esteem, and it was common knowledge when the chief financial officer retired in a few years, Jeff was next in line for his job.

Myron was fifty-seven, and the way Lana had it figured, by the time he was ready to retire, Jeff would be there to step into his shoes. The elder Birdwell had never spoken to him about it, but Jeff knew Lana got whatever Lana wanted when it came to her father. Her mother was a quiet, mousy woman who conceded to her husband in all matters. Myron's pride and joy, besides his company, was Lana. The two were destined to go hand in hand.

Jeff was content to go along for the ride. He'd graduated from college with a degree in business finance, and hoped to work himself up in a company such as this one. Meeting Lana and falling in love had apparently put him on the fast track to achieving his goals, which he didn't mind one bit.

Entering the building, he greeted the receptionist with a smile. "Hey, Sara."

"Good morning, Jeff. How's it going?"

He liked his coworkers in the front office. Cindy and Diane worked with him in finance, and Sara covered the secretarial and reception duties. Lana didn't get along with any of them. She said Sara shoved her size sixteen ass into size twelve slacks, and it showed. He didn't notice, and didn't care. The woman was nice to him and competent in her job, which was all he cared about. "Pretty good so far today. Anything going on?" He glanced around. The office appeared quiet.

"Nothing yet. A real estate meeting going on in the back, but I guess you knew about that."

"I did, thanks." He smiled and headed to the cubicle where he worked. A glazed bearclaw sat on a napkin on the edge of his desk. His stomach rumbled, but the sweet roll wasn't what he wanted.

"Hey, how'd you rate?" Cindy glanced in his cubicle at the bearclaw.

"Good morning, Cindy." He smiled and ignored the question.

"Oh," she nodded with understanding, snapping her gum and pushing her black framed glasses up her nose.

"Would you like it? I'm honestly not hungry this morning."

"No, it's for you," she replied without much conviction.

He picked up the napkin and roll, and passed them to her. "You take it, or give it to Sara. I'm not going to eat it, really."

Cindy smiled. "Thanks, Jeff. You're too good for her, you know."

"Don't be saying that," he admonished lightly. It was no secret he treated his co-workers far better than Lana did, but that was his manner. He wasn't apt to change, whether he was in management or on the lowest rung. It was simply the way he was, and people seemed to like that about him.

She stepped around the corner to her desk and raised her voice. "Let me know when you want to start running month's end."

"I need to enter a few more figures and then I'll get with you," he replied, and heard her acknowledge him with a full mouth. Jeff smiled, then the humor faded. It wouldn't kill Lana to bring donuts for everyone, but she never did. If he'd mention it, she'd react with surprise, like the thought never occurred to her. He was quite sure it hadn't. She was just that way.

He rinsed his coffee mug out in the break room and poured himself a fresh cup. There were the usual crackers and other snacks on the counter, and he grabbed a pack of saltines before heading to his desk. He needed something in his stomach. It felt unsettled; he wasn't sure why.

The end of month computer reports took hours to run and print. Either he or Cindy had to stay near the printer to make sure it didn't jam and wreak havoc. Once they were done, it was his responsibility to give the various copies to different people in the office. Max, the real estate broker, needed sales figures, and Joe, the construction manager, wanted payroll reports. Myron Birdwell got the computer generated payroll checks along with copies of *everything*. If there was the slightest error, he'd find it. It was Jeff's responsibility to catch mistakes before the boss did.

"Real estate is done," Cindy stated a little later, stacking the lengthy report on his desk.

"Excellent. I'll start going over it."

"They had a good month." The report was impressively bulky.

"I know." He smiled at her. Lana kept him updated on their daily

activities, plus the sales paperwork now landed in his office with their co-worker Diane on maternity leave.

"Two more weeks and Diane's back. I feel bad that you've taken most of the burden," Cindy told him, her eyes on the computer printer as it clicked away.

"Nah, it's fine. I want to learn all aspects, and doing is the best way to learn."

Before she could reply, a man in a t-shirt and blue jeans stepped into their office. He had thick, wavy brown hair that touched his collar and a three-day growth of beard. Dark brown eyes glanced at Cindy but settled on Jeff. "I'm supposed to fill out form number four or some such thing to get paid," he said.

Cindy spoke up. "It's a W-4, and you should have filled it out before you started working. Payroll checks come out today, but you won't get paid without your paperwork."

"Joe hired me and put me right to work. He said there'd be time for paperwork later." He spoke in a slow, leisurely drawl.

"Joe knows better," Cindy insisted.

The man simply looked at her, and Jeff spotted a hint of amusement in his eyes. Cindy crossed her arms and stared back, all business and matter-of-fact.

He didn't plan to do it, but Jeff found himself speaking up. "I'll take care of it, Cindy." Against his better judgment, he motioned to the chair beside his desk and said, "Have a seat," to the handsome new employee.

"You're busy," she protested. "I suppose I can do it. But it's too late to get paid this month." She cast a haughty glance at the construction worker.

"Thanks Cindy," Jeff told her. "But he's been working a couple weeks and probably needs his check. I can float him an advance that'll be pretty close to his paycheck amount." He winked at her. "You learn how to sidestep the system, sometimes."

"Thanks." The man dropped into the chair by Jeff's desk.

Cindy made a face behind his back and told Jeff, "I'll keep an eye on the printer."

"Great." He swiveled his chair and yanked open a file cabinet, removing the new employee paperwork the man needed to fill out.

"How'd you know I've worked here a couple weeks?"

"Joe sent in your time sheet. We couldn't authorize payment without

the signed paperwork, though. Sorry, you know how it is." It was a good story, but it was a lie. Jeff had spotted the new guy his first day on the job. He was impossible to miss.

The development company offices were attached to a big garage and warehouse where the construction workers kept supplies. Most days the workers were in and out of the warehouse, picking up things for their various jobs.

Jeff's office had windows facing that side of the building. He usually paid little notice to the comings and goings, but the new guy captured his attention. A firm, muscular physique was common for construction workers, but this guy was in really great shape. Tight abs bulged through his thin t-shirts as he worked. He walked with a self-confident swagger, and Jeff was mesmerized watching him. When he found himself checking out the other man's tight ass, he became worried.

He admired the man's build, was envious of his obviously excellent physical condition. That's what he told himself, but deep down Jeff realized there was more to it. When he caught himself checking out the bulge in the other man's denims, he had to face facts. Like it or not, this guy turned him on.

The erection that tented his Dockers whenever he spotted the man was difficult to ignore. At first, he tried keeping his blinds closed, but that only made it worse. He found himself peeking out between the slats, hoping for a glimpse of his unknowing subject. Searching for him became all-consuming, with Jeff giving the man far more thought than he should have.

He'd felt this way a couple times before. The first was as a senior in high school when a new student entered his class. That situation ended painfully and wound up humiliating Jeff. He'd graduated and moved two hundred miles away for college, hoping for a fresh start.

The man who captured his attention in college made the first move, so there were no mortifying misinterpretations to deal with. Jeff cared for the man, but felt a constant sense of something being wrong in the pit of his stomach. Finally, determining he needed to straighten his life out, both figuratively and literally, he broke off the relationship. When college ended, once again he moved hundreds of miles away.

He liked Kansas City and enjoyed his job at Birdwell Development. Lana was an unexpected bonus. They became friendly when she began working for her father, about a year after Jeff did. Six months later, they

were sleeping together, and after another year he moved into her spacious condo.

He scraped together enough for a decent diamond ring and proposed. They hadn't set a date, at the time neither felt rushed to do so. But another half year had passed, and she began pressuring him, dropping little hints that they needed to pick a date. Then Kurt Lacey appeared at Birdwell Construction, and suddenly Jeff was dragging his feet again.

He looked across the desk at the dark-haired man, and slid the paperwork his way. "I just need you to fill these out...Kurt, isn't it?"

"Yeah." Brown eyes locked onto his and held. "Kurt Lacey."

Jeff forced his gaze away and searched for a pen. He shoved it over. "Here you go. While you do that, I'll add up your time sheet and see how much you were supposed to get paid."

"Thanks." He drew the word out into two syllables.

His cowboy drawl had Jeff's erection throbbing again, and he rolled his chair under the desk to make sure the bulge was hidden. He cleared his throat, trying desperately to clear his mind. "Where you from?"

"San Antonio, Texas." His eyes still watched Jeff, even as he picked up the pen and began filling out the forms.

"Texas, wow. How'd you end up in Kansas City?"

Kurt signed the last paper and smiled, shoving them in front of Jeff. "Fate, I guess. Looking for something different."

"Fate, huh?" Jeff chuckled nervously. "Well, I don't know how different things are here, but they're pretty interesting sometimes."

"Oh, I definitely agree." He glanced at the desk and picked up the pen. "Here you go. Thanks." Handing it over, Kurt let his fingers scrape across Jeff's palm.

His palm tingled at the contact, and it took him a moment to form a coherent sentence. He finally managed, "I've estimated your wages and did a quick tax calculation. I think I can get you five hundred dollars in pay. If we go ahead and deduct the taxes now, it won't be such a hit from your next check."

"Sounds fine. Should I wait, or stop back by after work?"

Jeff nodded. "If you could come back, that'd be great. I can write the check, but Mr. Birdwell has to sign it, and he's out until about three."

Kurt stood, and Jeff forced himself to look at the man's face, rather than stare at his eye-level crotch. It wasn't easy, but Kurt got his

attention when he asked, "Being as it's Friday night and I'm getting my first paycheck, I was thinking about grabbing a beer after work. Care to join me?"

"Oh," Jeff mumbled, surprised. As appealing as the offer sounded, he knew he couldn't. "I—uh, sorry. I've got to get home. Thanks, though."

"Too bad." Kurt's eyes twinkled.

Jeff's stomach clutched. *It was too bad.* "Yeah, well, like I said, sorry...and thanks."

"Catch you later," he drawled, giving a quick nod before leaving the office.

Jeff breathed deeply a few times, trying to compose himself. There was no mistaking the other man's meaning, that much was clear. For a moment his cock throbbed, and the idea of going with Kurt seemed wildly exciting. Then Cindy reentered the room and reality came back into focus.

"The last of the payroll reports and checks printed off fine. The invoices are printing now."

"Great, thanks. Put everything on my desk. I'll sort it all out after lunch."

"You bet. See you later."

"Right." Jeff hurried to the men's room and washed his face with cold water. He needed to find Lana. Maybe she'd want to have lunch with him. Maybe she'd want to skip lunch, and they'd go somewhere and fuck like they did when they first started dating. He went into a private stall to pee, and squeezed his half-erect cock a few times after he was finished. He really hoped Lana was free for lunch—or something.

With that thought in mind, he strolled to the back of the building. She wasn't in her office, so he used her desk phone to call her cell.

"Lana Birdwell," she answered.

"Hello, Lana Birdwell. This is an obscene phone call."

She chuckled. "Oh, goodie! If I'd have known it was you, I would have answered differently. But the first time I do that and it's daddy on the line, I'm screwed."

He glanced around and saw the office was empty. "Actually, screwing you was what I had in mind. Where can I meet you, and how long will it take to yank your skirt up?"

She gave another throaty chuckle. "What's gotten into you? Last

night when I was hot and bothered, I practically had to beg you. Now you're looking for a nooner?"

"Just trying to keep things interesting. So what about it? You game?"

"I'm sorry, sweetie. I have an appointment in ten minutes and another at two. But I'm done early today, and should be home about the same time as you. Maybe I can meet you in the shower for a game of drop the soap? I know how much you like that."

He bit back a groan. She was right, he loved anal sex. She just didn't know why. He'd never shared his past with her. Somehow he sensed she wouldn't understand. "I guess I can wait."

"I thought so. Gotta go, sugar. See you later." Lana disconnected the call.

Jeff clutched the phone tightly before returning it to the cradle. Not as sure as she was that he could wait, he thought about returning to the bathroom for some privacy and relief.

The sound of laughter permeated the air. People were gathered in the break room for lunch. The break room and the bathroom were side by side. He'd never be able to get off with noisy people on the other side of the wall. Adjusting his slacks around his deflated erection, he wandered into the break room and grabbed his sack lunch from the fridge. Might as well join them, he decided, and found a place to sit.

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Just past four-thirty, Jeff kept an eye out for Kurt. He'd be back at anytime to pick up his check. It was in an envelope with his name on it, but Jeff kept it at his desk so he'd have to give it to the man, personally.

His phone buzzed and he picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

"Lana's on line two," Sara told him.

"Thank you." He punched the second line and said, "Hi there."

"Don't kill me," she began. "I just got a call from a couple who are only in town for the day. They've been looking at houses with another agent but haven't found anything. They spotted one of my listings, and if I can get them in to see it tonight, I might have a sale on my hands. They're very motivated."

"Tonight?" He pouted. The only thing that got him through the afternoon was thinking about what waited for him at home. Now, apparently, that was nothing. "It has to be tonight?"

"They're only in town for one day."

He knew she wasn't really asking, but waited for his approval anyway. "Okay, sure," he replied, and heard her sigh of relief.

Her words tumbled out in one long sentence. "Thank you, sweetheart! You're such a wonderful man! I'll make it up to you, I promise! Don't wait up. I have no way of knowing how late I'll be."

"Okay, yeah, all right. Bye." He heard her click, and knew she'd already hung up. So much for their evening plans. Her 'don't wait up' sealed it.

"Excuse me?" Kurt stepped around the corner in front of his desk.

"Oh, hey." Jeff glanced at him. The man had been working in the sun and wind all day, and still looked fucking incredible—and sexy as hell. It was almost more than he could bear.

Kurt smiled. "Were you able to get my check?"

"Oh! Yeah." Jeff came back to reality. He picked up the envelope and started to hand it over, then pulled it back. "I was wondering..."

Kurt reached for the check and stopped mid-grab. "Uh huh?"

"Were you still thinking about that beer? My evening just opened up."

A warm smile spread across his face. "Absolutely! I should probably clean up real quick first—"

Jeff waved his hand. "Don't bother on my account. Whatever's easiest."

"Okay." Kurt nodded, still smiling. "I know a great place, not too crowded. You want to follow me?"

"Sure. I just need to finish a couple things here."

"Take your time. Meet me in the parking lot whenever you're ready."

"Will do." Jeff watched him turn to leave, wondering just what he'd gotten himself into. He saw the slightest shake of Kurt's sculpted ass, and he smiled.

Chapter Two

Kurt sat astride a motorcycle in the parking lot when Jeff got there. "Oh, Jesus, that's yours?" He walked around the big black Harley, admiring it.

"Yep. Do you ride?"

Shaking his head, Jeff replied, "I have a little in the past. Not for a long time."

"We might just have to change that." Kurt smiled at him, fastening a black helmet on his head by the chin strap. "So, are you going to follow me?"

"Don't go too fast." He pulled the keys to his Accord from his pocket.

"Only as fast as you can handle." Kurt grinned, revved the engine, and zipped from the parking lot.

Laughing, Jeff hurried to get in his car and catch up. He found Kurt waiting for him a half block away, and laughed as the man shot him another wicked grin before again speeding off.

The motorcycle slowed to a reasonable pace, and he was able to follow with no problem. Jeff didn't recognize the bar they parked in front of, but it looked like a decent place. "I've never been here," he commented when they met on the sidewalk.

"It's a nice place. I think you'll like it. Say, can I stick my helmet in your car? I won't have to hang onto it inside that way."

"Sure." Jeff unlocked his car door and Kurt set his helmet on the seat. Securing the lock, he followed the other man to the front door of the bar called *Quincy's*.

Kurt held the door open for him and Jeff entered. The bar was dark but obviously clean and nicely kept up. "This is nice."

"Yeah. Somebody recommended it to me, and I've been coming here ever since." Stepping up to the bar, he glanced at Jeff. "I'm drinking Miller in a bottle. What's your pleasure?"

"The same," Jeff agreed. He didn't drink much beer anymore, and wasn't choosy about it. Lana preferred wine, or even champagne for celebrations.

"So." Kurt settled onto a barstool and reached for his beer. "You're not from around here, either?"

Jeff picked at the label on his beer bottle, something he used to do when he was nervous. "Closer than you. I grew up in St. Louis."

"How'd you end up in K.C.?" Kurt took a swig of his beer.

"Looking for something different," he replied, quoting the line Kurt gave him earlier. He shrugged.

Kurt smiled. "Fate. So, I have a question for you. I heard a nasty rumor about you at work."

Jeff was surprised. He got along well with everyone at Birdwell, what kind of rumor could there be? "Really?"

"Yeah." Kurt took another sip and then smiled almost shyly. "I heard you were engaged to the boss's daughter...what's her name, Laura?"

Jeff breathed a sigh of relief. He hated being the subject of gossip, and went out of his way to avoid it. "Lana. Yeah, I am. We got engaged about six months ago."

"Is that so?" Kurt asked thoughtfully and took a long, slow drink.

"Yep. I've worked at Birdwell about three years. She's a year younger, so she graduated from college a year after me. She's been there about two years..." he trailed off. Kurt watched him with amusement as he rambled. "You don't care about all this."

"Sure I do. It's very interesting. Perplexing, too."

"What do you mean?" Jeff took a sip of his beer, suddenly feeling nervous.

Kurt gestured with his hands as he spoke. "See, I pride myself on being a good judge of people. I had you sized up the first time I saw you—or so I thought. Apparently my 'gay-dar' was off track this time."

"*Gay-dar?*" Jeff repeated slowly, glancing around. For the first time he realized there were other couples in the bar, talking quietly like they were, and all of them were men. They were in a gay bar. "Oh, Jesus." He took another quick drink.

Kurt grinned. "I'm really sorry, man. Didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I just assumed—well, never mind. Then I heard a couple people talking about you and Laura today, and I discovered I might have

made a mistake."

"Lana," Jeff said slowly.

"Whatever." Kurt tossed his head back and polished off his beer. "Let's have one more before we hit the road. Two's my limit when I'm driving." He glanced around. "I need something to eat. Where's that popcorn?" There was a bowl farther down the bar, and he stood and reached across Jeff to get it. "Two more beers over here!" he called.

Kurt's thighs and ass were practically in Jeff's face, and he stifled a groan. His cock stiffened for about the tenth time that day. It'd happened once when he thought about Lana, and about nine times thinking of Kurt. He watched the good-looking man settle back onto his stool and grab a handful of popcorn. "I...uh, you weren't completely wrong."

"Hmm?" Kurt raised an eyebrow. They paused as the bartender placed two new bottles of beer before them.

Jeff watched the man walk away before stating, "It's just that—well, I'm not gay." He wanted to make that perfectly clear. Putting the rest of his thoughts into words wasn't as easy. "I've had a couple encounters—with guys, that is—but I'm really straight. I'm marrying Laura. I mean...Lana!" The other man had him totally flustered.

"Is that so?" Kurt appeared thoughtful as he took a pull on his beer. "Really straight, you say? I wonder about that."

Jeff was embarrassed, but had to try and explain. "I had this relationship...in college...but it never felt quite right. I mean, it felt good—" He was flustered again. If his face wasn't beet red before, it had to be now.

Kurt simply looked at him, an amused half-smile on his face.

"Shit. I don't know what I mean anymore." Jeff took a long drink, finishing off his beer. He shoved the bottle aside and reached for the fresh one.

"Don't be embarrassed." Kurt nudged elbows with him. "There's always some awkwardness at the beginning of a new relationship, whether men or women are involved. Personally, I think it's more complicated with women."

"You've dated women?" Jeff was surprised. He figured guys were either gay or straight, and he was the only one sitting on the fence.

Kurt shrugged. "A couple. It's not really my thing. Had to give it a shot, though, to see what I might be missing out on." He chuckled and Jeff laughed.

"That's funny."

With another shrug, Kurt added, "Pretty common. Most people struggle with their sexuality at some point. I finally decided to stop struggling. I know what I like, and I go after it." He gave Jeff the once-over with his eyes.

It caused another flush, and he felt the heat not only in his face but also lower. His cock twitched when he saw the look of desire on Kurt's face. His emotions tugged at him. "I wasn't really looking for a new relationship. I was thinking—"

Kurt spun to face him, planting his hands on Jeff's knees. "In the immortal words of some great country singer, *'This ain't no thinkin' thing'.*"

Surprised, Jeff looked at him. Conflicted emotions raced through him, and all he could think to say was, "Oh, God. You like country music? Could we be any more different?"

Leaning in, Kurt said softly, "We're alike in ways that count. I'm attracted to you, man. I have been since the first time I saw you."

With a muffled groan, Jeff's words rushed forth. "I feel the same way! I couldn't keep from staring out my window, hoping to get a glimpse of you every day."

Kurt smiled and moved his face closer for a kiss. Jeff's mind screamed protest, but remembered they were in a gay bar, and realized it was probably commonplace behavior there. He stopped thinking when Kurt's face drew closer and his eyes closed. His lips pressed against Jeff's and both men sighed.

He parted his lips and Kurt's tongue slid in, exploring new territory. It ran across his teeth before batting against his tongue, wanting to play. Kurt tasted masculine, like beer and popcorn with a hint of something minty, and Jeff groaned with pleasure. He'd forgotten how much he enjoyed kissing another man. The rough scrape of the unshaven chin felt heavenly against his softer face, and he raised one hand to cup and caress a cheek.

Kurt pulled back a little and whispered, "Come home with me."

Home. Thoughts of Lana zipped through his mind and he fought for breath. He finally said, "We can't go home."

With a smile, Kurt curled a finger under Jeff's chin. "Not your home, my home. I have an apartment close by."

"I—" He was utterly conflicted. He knew he needed to leave, but he

wanted this more than anything he could remember wanting for a long time. "I can't. Lana..."

"Shhh." Kurt pulled his face closer and nuzzled his neck. "Don't think about her. Don't think at all. This doesn't have to be serious. How about just a little bit of fun?"

His breathing was labored as Kurt continued kissing his neck. When the man's hand slid up his thigh and squeezed, he knew he was lost. "I like fun," he murmured.

Kurt allowed his hand to brush over Jeff's rampant hard-on before standing. "Wait right here." He adjusted the bulge in his own jeans before moving to speak with the bartender. He handed the man some money. When he returned, he reached for Jeff's hand and said, "Come on. I know a place we can go."

Jeff stood and allowed himself to be led toward the back of the bar. They passed restrooms and a room with a pool table before coming to what appeared to be an office. Kurt drew him through the small space into a larger room with a sofa and two chairs. He locked the door and turned so they faced each other.

"What is this place?" He looked around quickly.

"You don't want to know." Kurt grinned. "I wouldn't get too comfortable on the sofa." He glanced down. "The chairs don't look bad, though."

"Oh, God," he muttered. It was a room men used to have sex in the bar. He'd heard of such places, but never seen one up close. "That's gross."

Kurt looked into his eyes as he unfastened Jeff's belt and unzipped his pants. "You're thinking again. What do I have to do to get you to stop thinking?"

"Whatever you want to do," Jeff breathed, and inhaled as his trousers and briefs were shoved to the floor. His cock bounced free, hard and firm, and to his pleasure he heard Kurt groan.

"Oh, yeah." The other man dropped to his knees, cupping Jeff's balls in one hand and his stiff rod in the other. "This is nice. This is what I want."

"I want it, too," he mumbled, barely able to speak. He grabbed the wall behind him for support.

"You want to sit? We could move to the chair." Kurt buried his nose in the coarse blond hair that surrounded Jeff's cock.

"No, I'm fine." He pressed his back into the wall, relishing the feeling. Standing felt right, somehow. "Oh, God, I'm more than fine." His ball sac disappeared into Kurt's hungry mouth, and he gasped.

"You taste so good," the handsome man on his knees murmured when he released the heavy load. "I want to taste your cock." His tongue dipped into the slit at the tip, lapping up the first traces of pre-come. The strokes grew larger, wetter, until his mouth engulfed the swaying staff and drew it in.

Jeff panted for air and thrust his hips forward. "That's it, yeah. Suck it. Oh, damn..." His insides churned as hot seed rumbled up, already preparing to gush forth.

"Not so fast." Kurt removed his mouth and clamped his hand firmly at the base of Jeff's cock. "Shit, buddy, you're ready to explode here. How long's it been since you had a good blow job?"

"Forever," he sighed, leaning back against the wall. It felt that way, at least. Kurt's strong hands and stubbled face turned him on quicker and more strongly than anything ever had. He still felt ready to shoot, even with pressure holding him back.

"Well, in that case..." Kurt chuckled sensuously, and released his grip. "You deserve it. You taste so good, I'm going to savor every drop."

"I'm clean, by the way," Jeff said, glancing down.

With an amused snort, Kurt nipped at the head of his cock. "Can't say much for your timing, but that's good to know. So am I. Always use condoms and have myself tested regularly."

"Me—too—" he gasped as Kurt's mouth enveloped him again. This time there was no holding back. The suction was too great, and felt too fabulous. Combined with a few firm strokes of his shaft and feather-light fingers dusting over his balls—he shattered. Waves of pleasure flooded through him as he filled the man's willing mouth and throat. It seemed to take forever before his shuddering and quaking subsided, and he could focus his eyes again. Glancing down, he saw warm brown eyes watching him affectionately.

Kurt pulled back, lathing his cock with a few last licks. "Hope that felt as good as it tasted."

"That felt..." Words escaped him. There wasn't an adjective big enough to describe how great it felt. He settled on, "fantastic," adding emphasis to his voice to convey exactly *how* fantastic he meant.

"Great." Kurt kissed the area around the flaccid cock and worked

his hands up to Jeff's stomach. Kissing his way up, he lingered on the belly button, dipping in with his tongue a few times. Shoving his shirt up, the man placed soft kisses in a trail up to each flat nipple, and sucked them until they puckered.

Back on his feet, he pressed his clothed body against Jeff's almost naked one.

Jeff felt the other man's hard cock nudging his thigh, and groaned. Kurt's tongue invaded his mouth, the salty taste of his own come still prevalent. Pleasant memories of hot college sex filled his mind, and he kissed the other man hungrily. Their tongues batted back and forth, mouths pressed tight, until they were forced to come up for air.

"I want you," he murmured, his thigh pressing into the hard cock.

"I want you, too." Kurt dry humped his leg. "If we were at my place, I'd grease my cock up and shove it inside you." He pressed harder. "Damn, that sounds good."

"It's okay. Let me reciprocate." He tried to drop to his knees but Kurt held him up.

"I'm sweaty from working outside all day. That's the other thing we're missing, not being at my place, a shower."

"I don't mind."

Kurt turned his back to him, unfastening his jeans and shoving them down. "I mind. Just use your hand. Leave your mouth up here where I can enjoy it." He leaned against a chair for support.

Jeff pressed against the man's ass, slipping his hands around to grab his cock and balls. The rigid staff was about the same size as his, with a similar bend to the left. It felt natural and comfortable to grab it and squeeze, then stroke it up and down slowly. His other hand caressed Kurt's ball sac, already swollen with desire.

"Jesus," Kurt breathed, and turned his face sideways. "That feels fucking incredible."

"Your body is incredible," Jeff breathed in his ear, and began kissing around the lobe. He murmured as he made a trail to the man's neck, "I can imagine myself fucking you for hours." His limp cock had firmed up, and he forced it between Kurt's ass cheeks.

"Next time," Kurt panted. "We'll plan better. We'll have more time...and the right supplies."

"Oh yeah," he agreed, vaguely realizing there shouldn't be a next time. *Couldn't be a next time.* He was marrying Laura—Lana! *Shit!*

"Kiss me," Kurt urged, looking back at him.

Thoughts of Lana—Laura—whatever—left his mind. "Oh, yeah." He drove his tongue into the open and waiting mouth. His hand found a rhythm, stroking and pulling the throbbing cock. Pre-come leaked from the tip, and using his other hand, he scooped the drops from it. He brought a sticky finger to their mouths for both of them to taste.

"Fuck!" Kurt muttered into his mouth, and he chuckled.

He knew the other man was close, and enjoyed the look on his face as he frantically tried to kiss, lick, and breathe all at one time. "That's it, baby," he encouraged. "Come for me." He moved his mouth to Kurt's ear and whispered, "Come on. This time in my hand. Next time in my ass." He thrust his cock into the quivering ass cheeks before him, and heard a low growl.

Kurt began to shake and his cock erupted. Streams of milky liquid spurted, filling his hand and overflowing to the floor. Kurt jerked forward, but he grabbed him and pulled his body close. "That's it," he murmured softly into one ear. "You got it. There you go."

When the obviously intense orgasm ended, Kurt glanced back at him. "Oh. My. God."

"Yeah," Jeff chuckled, "Damn, that was hot." He straightened, and Kurt did the same. Raising his briefs and trousers, he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his hands. He turned to Kurt and attempted to clean up the man's drooping prick.

"Thanks." Kurt smiled and got dressed. He grabbed some tissues from a box on the table and wiped up a puddle on the floor. "This is a little gross."

Jeff laughed, wondering how many other people had made deposits there. "Just a little," he agreed. He tucked in his shirt and watched Kurt compose himself similarly.

"Next time it'll be better."

With his senses back intact, reality again took hold. Jeff sighed and looked in the other man's eyes. "There can't be a *next time*, you know."

A flicker of unhappiness clouded his dark eyes as Kurt answered, "Sure there can. We just have to be careful."

Jeff shook his head. "This was great, but I can't cheat on Lana."

Kurt chuckled. "That ship has sailed, buddy."

"Not the way I've rationalized it in my mind. This was a one-time thing. I needed to get it out of my system."

"Is that so?" Kurt left the sitting room and entered the outer office. Grabbing a pen and paper from the desk, he wrote something down and tucked the sheet in Jeff's palm. "My address. Just in case you have anything else to get out of your system. If I'm not working, I'll be there."

With hesitation, he shoved the paper in his pocket. "I shouldn't do that to her, or you. You should be free to see other people. If I dropped in, you might be with someone—"

Kurt leaned forward and squeezed his cheeks with one hand. "There's no one else I want to see. You're the only one I'm interested in...make that *infatuated with*. I want more—of you." He planted a light kiss on his mouth, and Jeff groaned and returned it.

When they separated, he said, "I can't promise—"

"No promises," Kurt agreed. "Keep my address and use it anytime."

Kurt exited the bar with him in tow, stopping by the Honda to retrieve his motorcycle helmet. He strapped it on and glanced at Jeff, offering one last smile.

He watched Kurt toss a leg over the large bike and mount it. The simple gesture aroused him unbelievably, imagining the taut thigh naked and straddling *him*, mounting *him*. He shivered as the bike roared away, realizing how much he wanted there to be a next time. The thought of being alone and naked with Kurt was almost more than he could bear.

Patting his pocket to make sure the address was still there, he got in his car and headed home. He hoped Lana hadn't arrived from work yet. He needed time to shower and think. Jeff hadn't sorted out his feelings, but he already knew—the thought of *not* being with Kurt again cut him painfully, like a knife. He'd find a way to make it work. He had to.

Chapter Three

Jeff had time to shower and grab a sandwich before Lana arrived. The couple she'd pandered to all evening hadn't made a decision, and she was in a rotten mood. He feigned interest in a football game, causing her great irritation, and she stomped around for awhile before going to bed. With a sigh of relief, he turned off the game and focused on his memories of Kurt, and their time together in the bar.

It bothered him how easily he'd slipped back into that lifestyle. Five years had passed since he'd broken up with Scott in college, but in a matter of minutes he'd fallen back into old habits, and the whole thing scared him. He'd convinced himself that he was straight. *Wanting to be straight, acting straight, made a guy straight, didn't it?*

He wasn't sure anymore. All he knew was once he caught a glimpse of Kurt, things between him and Lana hadn't been the same. He even looked at her differently, but he didn't know what to do about it.

If he slept on the sofa, she'd be suspicious. At midnight, he dragged himself to bed, quietly, so as not to wake her. He fell asleep hugging his edge of the bed and thinking about the dark haired man who'd turned his world upside down.

* * * *

He woke to someone sucking his dick. He was drowsy, and the tongue lathing over his erection was wet and persistent. "Kurt..." he mumbled, half-awake.

"Hmm?" Lana's head popped up from between his legs.

He woke fully and stared at her. "I said 'good'," he backpedaled, and jerked his hips. "That feels good."

She smiled. "I thought it might. We were both so tired last night." Pressing one last kiss on his cock head, she squirmed her way up his body, kissing skin as she tugged off his t-shirt. She spent a brief moment at his chest, then continued up until her thighs straddled his head. "Wonder how good you can make me feel?"

Before he could speak, Lana pressed her pussy into his face. He could do nothing but open his mouth and begin licking. He wished he'd had more time to wake up, but she was a person who knew what she wanted, and *when* she wanted it. Most things in their relationship were ruled under her thumb, their sex life included.

Eating pussy had never been Jeff's favorite, but he did it regularly, and pretended to enjoy it. It never took long. He was skillful with his tongue and knew just the spots to concentrate on. Long, slow strides through her folds, followed by quick flicks over her clit, and finally a deep tongue-fucking of her pussy. Lana came explosively, spewing sticky juices over his mouth and face.

As soon as her orgasm abated, she climbed back down his body and impaled herself on his shaft. She clutched her bobbing tits while she rode him fiercely, bouncing up and down, until another climax carried her away.

He merely watched, thrusting his hips at appropriate times, and allowed her to do all the work. When she tugged each of her nipples out, twisting and extending them to inch-long pegs, she came a third time and collapsed on his chest. Jeff rubbed her back lightly, thinking suddenly how predictable their sex life had become. There were two or three scenarios they played out repeatedly and, watching her just now, he realized how boring they were, how bored he was.

He was as much to blame as she was, maybe more. If he tried, he could come up some new games for them. Maybe that's what he needed, something different to spice things up. His hand drew down to her butt, where he cupped one cheek before spreading them open.

"What are you doing?" Lana asked, rolling off him.

"Nothing." He dropped his hands. She put up with his penchant for anal sex, but preferred it in the shower where it wasn't so 'dirty'.

She glanced at his rock hard cock. "You didn't come!"

"It's okay." He rolled away and sat up.

"What happened? That was so great."

Glancing back over his shoulder, Jeff said, "My fault. I held back too long. Now I can't come."

She cuddled against his back. "Want me to use my hand, or try something else?"

He thought briefly about suggesting she get on her hands and knees so he could fuck her ass like a dog. Burying her face in the pillow,

asshole greased and gaping open. That's what it would take to get his rocks off. Of course, it was an impossible fantasy.

"You remember we're going to Mama and Daddy's this afternoon."

His erection fell with a thud. "This afternoon? I thought it was for dinner tonight?"

"Daddy wants to play croquet in the backyard. He's invited a bunch of friends. I think Mr. Walters beat him the last time they played, so Daddy has it in for him. He wants the two of you to be a team, and wipe up the lawn with that guy."

Closing his eyes, Jeff imagined an afternoon of hitting colored balls with mallets around the make-shift playing field Myron created in his enormous backyard. Sixty-year-old men in polyester pants, drinking gin and tonics and cursing up a storm until the last man staked out. He cringed. "I didn't know we were playing croquet. I thought it was just dinner."

Lana rubbed the back of his neck. "You know how much Daddy loves croquet."

"I do. I also know with you working on Sundays, we only have one day off a week together. Do you really want to spend it playing croquet?"

He heard her chuckle and felt her nuzzle his shoulder. "We've already had amazing sex. Mama will make a great meal. The day sounds just about perfect, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yeah. I'm going to hop in the shower." He rose and made his way to the bathroom, turning the water to steaming hot. He intended to stay in there until the hot water was exhausted, then tell Lana the shower was all hers.

Stepping inside and yanking the plastic curtain closed, Jeff stroked his cock and tried to conjure an image of Kurt to help him beat off. All he could manage was an image of Myron Birdwell in yellow polyester pants and a wild Hawaiian print shirt. He waved his mallet like a madman as Jack Walters tapped his croquet ball out of bounds.

Releasing his cock, Jeff stood under the stream of water dejectedly, determined to stay there until the spray turned cold.

* * * *

It was exactly as bad as he'd pictured it. Myron wore green shiny polyester pants, but the crazy print Hawaiian shirt was just as Jeff imagined. The weather was beautiful, not a cloud in the sky nor sprinkle

one to keep them from playing croquet from two p.m., well into the blessed evening.

Around the festive picnic tables Davna Birdwell had set up on the patio, Myron regaled his guests with stories that even Jeff had heard repeatedly. During a particularly boring tale about fly fishing in the Canadian wilderness, Jeff did mental calculations. He'd worked for Myron for three years, and had been close with Lana about two and a half. So for approximately two years he'd been listening to the same stories over and over again. He knew some of the other couples present had been friends with Myron and Davna for ages—the Walters well over thirty years.

Jeff guessed he heard the same stories repeated every couple months, so probably six times a year. If Jack Walters was as fortunate, he might have heard the tales, give or take, 180 times. He smiled to himself, wondering if he'd listen that many times, or eventually speak up and say, "I've heard this one a zillion, you old fart. Got any new material?"

"What are you smiling about?" Lana snuggled into his shoulder.

He glanced down at her. "I just love that story."

Her eyes widened in horror. "When Daddy fell out of the raft and almost drowned?"

Jeff gulped. "Not that part, exactly. But he was rescued, and reunited with your mother. It has a happy, romantic ending."

"I guess it does," she agreed, cuddling again.

"Don't they make a cute couple?" Myron said to Jack, loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Didn't he give her a ring?"

"A nice one," Davna added.

"Then what's the hold-up, boy?" Jack Walters said loudly. He was a short, balding man with a big mouth. Jeff hadn't minded grinding him into the dirt that afternoon as they beat him at croquet.

"We're waiting for the perfect time," he replied, placing an arm around Lana's shoulder.

"Well, it's not going to pop up in front of you. *You* have to call the shots. Pick a date, go for it. What about Christmas?"

"Oh, Christmas weddings are lovely!" the man's wife agreed, and other women murmured assent.

"Christmas is in a few months!" Davna snorted. "There'd never be

time to pull off a respectable wedding in that short time. We'll be pushing it to get it in by next fall."

"Oh, Mama!" Lana protested. "That's a year! I don't want to wait a year."

"We might be able to do July. I'd have to call the Country Club, of course, and make sure they're available for the reception."

"July in Kansas?" Jeff chuckled. "I don't think so, if you want me to wear a tuxedo. I'll melt."

"Of course you'll wear a tuxedo," Davna chided. "Haven't you heard of air conditioning? Lana, if you're seriously thinking July, we need to pick some prospective dates." She stood and the other women stood with her. "Let's go in and look at the calendar, and see what we've got to work with."

"Yes, Mama." Lana cast a smile at Jeff, and followed the group of women into the large house.

"I don't want to get married in July!" he called after her, only half joking.

"Never mind what you want." Jack waved a hand. "That's the first thing you have to learn. The women rule the roost."

"Or think they do." Myron nudged his friend, and the older men all laughed.

He suddenly felt ill. Things were happening quickly. This whole day felt out of his control, and he wasn't sure what to think about that.

"It's going to be great having another man in the family," Myron spoke up. "I won't have to worry about these weekend croquet tournaments with you on my team. We'll mop these guys up every week." He raised his glass in a toast to Jeff, then drank.

Jeff smiled, reached for his glass, and emptied it. "Do you think I could get another one of these?" He needed to get drunk and turn off his whirring brain. Tonight, it hurt too much to think.

* * * *

It hurt even more the next morning, Jeff discovered, as he sat up and reeled from a ferocious hangover. Lana rose early and dressed, meeting some friends for brunch before going to the first of two open houses she was hosting that day. He knew she'd be gone until at least five p.m.

He glanced at the clock and saw it was barely eleven. With the first jolt of enthusiasm he'd felt all day, he jumped in the shower and let the

pulsing water ease his headache. That, plus the aspirin he swallowed earlier, did the trick.

Dressing in jeans and a button down shirt, his excitement took control and he forgot about feeling bad. He felt nothing but exhilaration, and didn't stop to think too much about what he was doing.

Looking at the address Kurt had written on the piece of paper, he wished he'd gotten a phone number. If he showed up and the other man was gone, he'd be in for a major letdown. Sliding into some loafers and grabbing his keys, he headed out the door.

The apartment was in a small, old complex not far from their office. He saw Kurt's motorcycle parked in front, and breathed a sigh of relief. *At least he's home.* Now, if he was receptive to a visitor.

The look on Kurt's face when he opened the door answered that question. Cautious optimism, tinged with pure lust, was evident in his wide smile. "Hey! You're here."

"Yeah." Jeff was self conscious all of a sudden. He'd never made a booty call before, and this certainly felt like one. "Lana's working until five. I didn't know what you were doing—"

"Nothing all that interesting. At least, not as interesting as what I'm *going* to be doing." He grabbed Jeff by the arm. "Get in here."

With a yank, he found himself in the other man's arms. Kurt kicked the door shut and shoved him up against it, his body pressed close. "Oh!" Jeff exclaimed.

Kurt grinned before his mouth grazed across his lightly. "You have no idea how happy I am to see you."

Jeff felt a hard erection straining against the top of his thigh. He returned the smile as he jiggled his leg. "I have *some* idea."

Kurt's mouth pressed his firmly, and they kissed. Lips still touching, he whispered, "I've done nothing but think about you all weekend. After Friday, I knew I had to see you again. I only hoped you felt the same way." He stuck his tongue in Jeff's mouth and they both groaned.

The kiss seemed to last forever. Jeff vaguely realized his shirt was being unbuttoned and dragged off, and that was fine with him. Between kisses he yanked Kurt's t-shirt over his head and tossed it aside.

"Come on." Kurt fumbled with the button on Jeff's jeans as he led him into the other room.

He saw a bed, messy and unmade, but it looked good to him. He glanced at Kurt, and they locked gazes as each tugged off his own jeans

and briefs. He got a good look at Kurt naked for the first time, and licked his lips. The darker haired man had a lightly furred chest, with a thin line of hair—which he'd heard called affectionately the 'happy trail'—leading from his navel to his pubic hair. It was an appropriate name. Looking at it certainly made him happy, and he grinned.

Kurt reached for him and they tumbled onto the bed laughing. "I can't believe you're here. I've dreamed about this moment."

"What happened in your dream?" Jeff faced him, kneeling.

"First I laid you back and tasted every inch of you."

"Sounds good." Jeff held his hands up on either side of him, and they lightly touched palms. He leaned in for a kiss, and they pressed back and forth for a few moments, only mouths and hands touching. It was erotic and arousing; both their cocks were stiff and waving as they moved.

"Then I laid you back," Kurt continued, "greased your ass, and stuck my fingers in, one at a time."

"How many did you get in?" He stared in the man's eyes as they tormented each other.

"Three, before I couldn't stand it anymore and I had to fuck you. I greased my cock and pressed it in to you, a slow inch at a time."

Pressing his palms harder, he caught Kurt off balance, and they almost fell. Smiling as they righted themselves, Jeff replied, "That sounds perfect. I had a few dreams of my own, too."

"Tell me." Kurt's face was inches away from his.

"How about I show you?" He grabbed him, tossing him on his stomach, face down on the bed. He covered the tanned body with his own, cupping one hand over Kurt's firm ass. He spoke directly into his ear, murmuring, "I want you on all fours, kneeling before me. I'm going to open your hole with my tongue and then my fingers. When you're gaping open, I'm going to grab your hips with my hands and force my cock inside you. Not slow and easy, but hard and fast. I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before."

Kurt groaned, writhing beneath him, as if trying to break free.

"Got anything to say about that?" Jeff asked, still speaking firmly into his ear.

"Yeah," the other man spouted back, struggling.

"And that would be—?"

Kurt froze, acquiescing. "Please," he gasped. "Do it."

Jeff grinned and rolled him over so they faced each other. "We'll do it all. We have all afternoon, and I want to spend every minute of it in your arms." He pressed a kiss on Kurt's mouth, forcing his lips open so tongues could meet. It was becoming normal again, kissing someone with a scratchier beard than his. He loved the feeling of Kurt's beard growth, and raked his hands over it and through the head of dark, shaggy hair.

"Oh, yeah," Kurt murmured into his mouth. "I want you so bad. I need to touch you, explore you everywhere."

"Be my guest." Jeff sighed and dropped back into the pillow.

Kurt leaned over him, touching gingerly, starting at the top of his head. Hands feathered through his short hair, across his temples, and cradled his face tenderly. "You're so gorgeous," the man whispered, looking into his eyes.

"Sweet talker." He thrust out his chest, desiring more contact. "Tell me more."

With a lusty grin, Kurt continued running hands over his body, stopping every so often to plant tiny kisses in various spots. "Your eyes are like clear blue marbles. I could gaze into them all day." He kneaded Jeff's shoulders and continued, "Your body is perfect. Strong pecs, tight abs..."

"Not as perfect as yours." He squirmed as his nipples were plucked and sucked. He loved the attention that Kurt lavished there. Lana never seemed to think his nipples were erogenous, but *damn!* They were. It felt heavenly as the other man sucked them into tight pearls. "Ooh, that's good!"

"Mmm," Kurt sighed, placing small bites on each nipple before moving downward. "Totally perfect." He massaged and caressed his way over stomach muscles, quivering at the exquisite sensations.

He inhaled when the other man reached his groin, but it seemed Kurt had other ideas. Passing the area without so much as a touch, he kneaded thigh flesh, then licked the inside of his knees.

Jeff groaned, his cock and balls swelling, desiring attention. "Please," he murmured, thrusting his hips.

"All in good time," Kurt teased, and moved down to massage toes and feet. He slowly climbed back toward his upper torso, allowing his bulging cock to rub against Jeff's foot.

He wiggled his toes, caressing the firm member.

"Ah," Kurt murmured, and allowed the contact for several moments. Then he straddled a leg, pressed his prick firmly into the knee, and breathed hot air on Jeff's cock and balls. "The main course."

"Oh, Jesus, yes," he gasped. He was highly agitated from the intense exploration of his body, and ready for some serious action. "Suck it."

"I intend to." Kurt took his time, feathering soft kisses around the rigid staff and over the swollen sac. He spread Jeff's legs wider for better access, and he groaned again.

He buried his face in his pubic hair, mouthing and tonguing the whole area. When the warm tongue traced a trail from balls down to anus, he jerked his ass in consent. A slow circling of the dark hole was followed by tongue thrusts that caused his anus to pucker. "Jesus, yes," he moaned.

"Damn, you're beautiful," Kurt sighed, and thrust his tongue deep.

Jeff felt it prodding his sphincter, and willed the muscle to open. He wanted any or all of this man inside him.

The tongue went deep, and suddenly Jeff felt a finger join it. "Yes," he encouraged, ready for more.

"Want my finger inside you?" Kurt murmured in a lusty, gravelly voice.

"Is that a rhetorical question?"

With a laugh, Kurt sat up and reached for the nightstand drawer. He removed a couple foil packets and a tube of lubricant. With precision he opened the tube, squeezing a glob onto his finger. "Yeah, it doesn't require an answer. I know you want as much of me inside you as possible. I'll start with one finger and see how far I get."

Jeff bucked his hips in agreement, needing no words at this point. Kurt's index finger slid easily into his ass, and the man pulled it in and out slowly. "Good?"

"Mmm."

Kurt chuckled, and added a second finger. It was sucked into Jeff's hot hole quickly, and he squirmed as he was plundered by two digits. He felt Kurt add another finger—or two—he lost count. All he knew was the fantastic sensations were only getting better, and he was nearly wild with desire. "Oh, yeah!" he cried out. "That's great! Fuck me!"

A few forceful thrusts were followed by a sudden emptiness. He opened his eyes to see Kurt kneeling between his legs, rolling a rubber

onto his own protruding staff. He stroked his cock back and forth, liberally greasing it. "I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to spread you wide open and fuck your gaping hole."

"Want me to roll over?" Jeff asked, in a state of drowsy delirium.

"Nope. I like it this way. I can play with your cock while I'm fucking you."

Jeff groaned and allowed both knees to be pushed to his chest and then spread. He felt a finger circle his anus again, darting in and out quickly. Then a larger appendage nudged his hole, and he moaned with delight. "Yes..."

"You're open and ready for me," Kurt told him, sliding his cock in as he'd promised, a slow inch at a time. "Your ass is such a slut for my cock. You want it bad. Damn, your body is sucking me in. Can you feel it?" He propped himself on one knee for better purchase.

"I feel it." Jeff's head flailed from side to side. "I've never felt anything better in my life. Fuck me! Give me all you've got!"

Kurt obliged, clutching Jeff's hip with one hand and his prick with the other. Thrusting deep into his ass, Kurt let his hand match the rhythm as he stroked his bulging cock. "You're so tight. I'm going to fill you up."

"Do it!" Jeff urged, loving the fullness of a man in his ass again—especially this man, who seemed more concerned with his pleasure than his own. He bucked his hips in a matching tempo, and felt the seed bubbling up within him. He was going to come, and it was going to be fucking fantastic.

"Fill me up!" Jeff cried, an explosive orgasm bursting forth. He lost control of his thoughts as glorious sensations overwhelmed him. His own cock pulsed, shooting copious amounts of spunk onto his chest. Kurt's throbbing member pounded him, filling his ass with warm heat. Waves of pleasure washed through him until he had to clutch the bed sheets, for fear he might float away.

When he dared open his eyes, he found Kurt sprawled across his chest, gasping for breath. "Oh my God," he panted. "I've never—it's never—" He shuddered.

"I know." Jeff wrapped his arms around the other man, cradling him close, kissing everywhere he could reach. When they both stretched they could join mouths, and spent the next few minutes savoring sweet kisses.

"I need to pull out," Kurt finally said.

"I don't want you to go." Jeff held him firmly. "I want you to stay in

me forever."

"Ah," the other man grinned. "But then we wouldn't be able to fulfill your fantasy. If we hop in the shower and suds each other up, I'll bet by the time we're done we'll be hard again. I believe you said you wanted to fuck me like a wild dog?"

Jeff laughed. "Not my exact words, but yeah."

"I like it." Kurt nuzzled his neck. "Ride me like a crazed animal. Slap my ass, give me the works. Lordy, I'm getting a woody just thinking about it."

"Then we'd better hop in the shower and get cleaned up."

"At some point, we might think about lunch. I could eat," Kurt suggested.

"I could eat, too." Jeff relaxed his legs allowing the other man to pull out. It plopped out with a slick *thump*, and Jeff felt his sphincter flutter and shrink to normal size. It felt great, and he stopped to enjoy it for just a moment. Then, glancing at the gorgeous hunk in front of him, he couldn't resist saying, "I could eat *you*, that is..." Jumping from the bed, he chased his twinkle-eyed lover, both laughing, to the shower.

Chapter Four

The two men washed, rubbed, and caressed each other until both were in frenzied states of arousal. They pitched forward from the shower, straight into the tousled bed. Kurt shoved the top covers onto the floor and fell flat, spread-eagled.

Jeff climbed on top of him, kissing his neck, making his way down the wet skin. He reached the taut ass cheeks and couldn't resist nipping the fleshiest part of one.

"Ouch!" Kurt hollered.

"I'm sorry," he replied, without conviction.

"No you're not, you prick. You bit me!"

He rubbed the red mark, and kissed around it. "Is that better?"

"Yeah," Kurt replied, mellowing.

"Want me to do it again?"

"Yeah," he repeated, shaking his ass.

Jeff laughed, and dragged the ass into the air. "Up on all fours, man. I've got things to do, and I need you accessible."

Kurt groaned as he positioned him the way he wanted—on his knees, thighs spread wide. Jeff flipped to his back and scooted up between the powerful legs. Running his hands over the fleshy thighs, he marveled in the feel of their bulk, and the crisp hair that covered them. "Mmm," he murmured, both at the legs he grasped and at the cock dangling before him. He opened his mouth and leaned up, allowing it to slide down his throat.

"Oh, yeah." Kurt shook his dick back and forth, causing it to sway.

Jeff chuckled, following the swinging appendage with his mouth and tongue. When he could, he clamped down and sucked with vigor. The other man stopped moving and pressed into the suction.

"That feels so good," Kurt muttered, looking down to watch the action.

"It's only going to get better, my friend." Jeff dragged himself out

from underneath and stood, claiming a condom and the lube from the nightstand. He ripped open the packet and rolled the Latex sheath over his prick. He squirted a handful of lube into his palm and greased his cock and fingers.

Tugging Kurt by the ankles, he positioned the man's ass near the edge of the bed. "That might be too far," he decided. "Don't want you to fall off. Move forward a bit."

Kurt crawled forward until his knees were securely on the bed.

"That's better. Now spread 'em. You're about to get fucked, and I want to make damn sure you feel it."

The man on the bed widened his stance.

"Wider!" Jeff slapped his ass, hard.

"Hey!" he protested.

"Got something to say?" Jeff wrapped one hand around the dangling balls in front of him.

"Nope." Kurt replied meekly, his voice strangled.

With a low chuckle, he rubbed the red spot on Kurt's ass. "I really don't want to hurt you. I just get carried away sometimes."

Kurt glanced over his shoulder, locking his eyes on him. "Hurt me. I want it. Part of the fun is protesting a little."

"Gotcha." He placed both hands on the other man's butt cheeks and spread them. "Mmm, I believe I need a taste before I get started."

"Oh, please..." Kurt's voice was tight.

"And you called my ass a slut." He chuckled. "You want it bad. Maybe worse than I did. Well, I'm going to give it to you, baby. You best hang on." He pressed his nose against Kurt's tailbone, and let his tongue circle the dark rosebud beneath it. "Mmm," he murmured, as the soft ring quivered and accepted his tongue.

The dark hole tasted musky and was wonderfully tight when he pressed his way in. It'd been years since he'd eaten ass, and Jeff forgot exactly how much he enjoyed it. With just enough pressure, the sphincter relaxed and blossomed open. When it happened, his tongue was sucked in as far as it would reach.

He pressed his face against the man's ass to get deeper. Kurt squirmed and bucked, but Jeff held firm and tongued the nether hole, until he couldn't take any more. He needed to fuck this man, *now*. His tongue resisted releasing its treasure, but he backed off. "Damn," he muttered, so horny he hoped he'd last long enough to satisfy Kurt.

"Oh, my God, I can't believe how good that feels," Kurt sighed, now on his elbows with his face pressed into a pillow.

"Raise your ass up!" Jeff slapped one cheek, and the supine man obliged quickly.

He rose back up to hands and knees, and Jeff inserted a greased finger into the dark hole. It went in easily, so he thrust in and out twice and added another digit. It slipped in without the slightest hesitation. He and Kurt both groaned at the same time. He knew how good the stimulation felt, but this end of it was arousing, too. Watching a third finger disappear into his lover's ass was exquisite, and he couldn't resist adding a fourth.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah!" Kurt repeated, bucking back against the hand. "Give it to me. Give me all you got."

Jeff formed all five fingers on his right hand into a cone and eased them into the yawning chasm. Kurt cried out at first, then returned to gyrating his ass in rhythm with the hand. "Oh," he groaned, and Jeff stopped.

"Don't you come yet!" He backed his hand from the opening, and watched the sphincter flutter and twitch. It would take a minute to close after that abuse, but he wasn't about to let that happen. "I'm going to fuck your ass now. It's so huge, I think I could get two dicks in you."

"Fuck me!" Kurt sobbed, his face dropping to the pillow again.

Jeff stood at the foot of the bed, nudging his greasy cock to the well-used hole. It entered without hesitation, and he sank balls-deep in one quick thrust. "Oh yeah, you're ready for me all right. Your ass is hot, almost burning up."

"Do it harder!" Kurt's voice was unnatural, a twisted, garbled growl.

"Damn straight!" He clutched Kurt's hips and rammed his cock repeatedly up the man's ass. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, but he could tell that wasn't a problem. Kurt was spewing spunk over the bed with no stimulation to his cock whatsoever. "Oh yeah, come on, baby!"

"I'm coming," Kurt mumbled into the pillow, exhausted. "I'm coming..."

"Yeah!" His own climax bubbled, and he thrust his cock deep and hard. Kurt groaned and he slapped his ass sharply. Another load of come lurched from the bottom man, whose orgasm seemed endless.

Jeff lost track of time as his body shattered into a thousand beams of light and being. He gripped Kurt's hips and drove himself in tightly to

keep grounded. He floated anyway, and eventually found himself lying atop a panting, gasping Kurt. "Sorry," he started to rise, knowing he was suffocating the man.

"Don't move! Lie still for a minute. I feel so fucking fantastic. I don't want it to end."

"Can you breathe?"

"I'm okay. Just don't move. Hold me."

He kissed his lover's neck and shoulders, and Kurt turned his face to accept a full mouth buss. They kissed and snuggled until Jeff knew he needed to pull out. The condom was loosening from his flaccid penis, and he needed to take care of it. "Relax for me," he murmured, and as Kurt tried, he grabbed the top of the rubber and eased his cock out. "Let me go flush this. Want a towel or anything?"

"Yeah. Bring a couple towels from the rack, will you? I don't want to move."

"Don't you dare move." Jeff smiled at him, and went to the bathroom. He cleaned himself up and returned to the bed with two towels, one to wipe up Kurt and the other to throw over the wet spot.

Sufficiently clean, they wrapped their arms and legs around one another and lay cuddling on the bed. "I swear to God," Kurt began, brushing a lock of hair from Jeff's face. "I've never had sex this good in my life. I'm not just saying that. Something is right with you and me. We mesh, somehow."

"I believe you. I felt it, too. Yesterday, Lana was trying to seduce me. She wiggled her tits in my face, stuck her pussy there, too, but I never felt more than a passing interest." He gazed into Kurt's deep, understanding eyes. "Since I met you, there's only one person who excites me."

"I know the feeling," Kurt agreed. "I just have to think about you, and my cock is like a brick. I tried shooting off in the shower, and still came out hard. I needed you." He touched Jeff's cheek. "I *need* you."

Somewhere, a clock chimed three bells, and Jeff's thoughts returned to reality. "We can't get used to this. I'm marrying Lana, and I need to—"

"To hell with Lana!" Kurt stormed, his eyes flashing. "After what we just experienced, you're telling me you're still going to marry that frigid bitch?"

"She's not frigid. She's just stuck in a routine, sexually. We need to experiment more."

"She makes *you* frigid. She's *not* what you need or want, and no amount of experimentation is going to change that! Until she grows a cock and a beard, she's not the one for you." He reached for Jeff's hand and pressed it against his bristly cheek. "See, I know what you like, already. You like the feel of my scratchy face, my calloused hands, my masculine thighs. I *felt* you, Jeff. I watched your face when you felt me. We were made for each other."

"No!" Jeff insisted, a tear threatening. "I'm not gay. I'm going to marry Lana, and we'll live happily ever after, running her father's business and playing fucking croquet every weekend." He couldn't stop the flow of tears, so he flipped over, his back to Kurt.

Grabbing a towel, Kurt brought it around to swipe at Jeff's tears. He spooned his body against him and wrapped his arms around him tightly. "I understand you don't want to admit you're gay. I'm not sure why—"

"I can't talk about it." His tears had finally stopped, if he had to tell the story he knew the flood gates would reopen.

"Okay," Kurt agreed, caressing Jeff's upper arm. "I also understand about marrying Lana and running her father's business. That's a fantastic opportunity for you. I don't get the croquet bit, though."

He explained about the previous evening at Lana's parent's house, the endless stories and nonstop rounds of croquet. By the time he'd finished, they were both laughing themselves into more tears.

"I told them I didn't want a fucking July wedding, but there they were, setting the date anyway."

"Hotter than hell in July," Kurt agreed. "I suppose you'll be wearing a monkey suit and all that?"

"Oh, you bet." Jeff rolled on his back, staring up at the ceiling. Kurt did the same, and they continued to talk quietly.

"So if you marry Lana, your life is pretty well planned out for you."

"Completely planned out for me. I won't have much say in anything, far as I can tell."

Kurt glanced at him. "It's no wonder you come over here, wanting to slap my ass and fuck me senseless. It's the only control you get in life."

Jeff stared into his eyes, realizing it was true. He rebelled against Lana by dominating Kurt. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize that's what I was doing—"

"Shhh." Kurt touched Jeff's mouth gently. "It's okay. I loved it. I

think I might love *you*, which I'm sure is going to scare the hell out of you."

Jeff was shocked and tried to respond, but Kurt pressed fingers against his lips. "Don't say anything. I know you need some time to process this. But I'm telling you, I want you. I'd rather have you outright, without Lana in the picture. I know we could make each other very happy. But if I have to be the other woman, I will. We need each other, Jeff. Don't try to tell me we don't. After today, after what we shared...experienced...together, don't *even* try to tell me you can live without me. Because I know I can't live without you."

"I don't want to live without you," he sobbed, and sank into Kurt's arms. He didn't try to quell the tears, just let them flow until there was nothing left. When he was exhausted, Kurt dried his eyes and kissed the last of the drops away.

He glanced up into his eyes. "You'll be my other woman?"

Chuckling, Kurt growled, "Hell yeah. I can play that role. You slip over here whenever you can for a quick fuck, and I'll bitch at you that it's not enough. I'll always want more than you can give me, remember that. But as long as I can have you part time, I'll take it."

Jeff sniffed, not believing his ears. "Part time works for you?"

"Sure, until I can convince you to choose me."

He chuckled. "Maybe I should flip a coin or something. Heads or tails."

Kurt pressed his burgeoning cock into Jeff's thigh. "Someday you'll have to choose—my head versus her piece of tail. But not today. Today, just let me love you." He ran his hands over Jeff's chest.

"It's almost four," Jeff protested.

"Which gives me an hour. Lay there, and let me make love to you. I can show you selfless, unconditional love."

"You think so?" He smiled, delighted at the prospect.

"I know so." Kurt nodded slowly, a smooth smile crossing his face. "Lay back, lover. This time is all about you."

"Mmm," he groaned, and did as instructed.

* * * *

It was an unconventional situation, and one Jeff knew couldn't last. One or two nights a week when Lana worked late, he went to Kurt's apartment for the most mind-blowing sex he'd ever experienced. The man knew a thousand ways to aid the coupling of two males, and Jeff

delighted in learning them all. Sundays, when Lana worked all day, he spent the whole day with Kurt. They had time to do more than fuck—they cooked together, or watched a game on TV. It was casual, sensual, and some of the best times Jeff ever had.

His time with Lana improved by his happier disposition. She stayed busy enough that she was usually tired when she got home. Quick sex, a couple times a week, had her feeling like they were back on track. She didn't seem to notice if Jeff came or not. As long as he pleased her, she was satisfied. Sometimes he'd think about Kurt while making love with Lana, and just because he knew she hated it, he'd pull out and climax all over her stomach. It was the little bits of happiness that got him through their time together.

Occasionally she let him screw her ass in the shower, and he made a point of being forceful and rough as he did it. Later, he blamed it on the throes of passion, and she forgave him. Those nights, he fell asleep a happy man.

He knew it couldn't last, but he refused to face that fact until he was forced to. Something would happen to shift the tides, and he'd be required to choose. Deep down, Jeff knew what the choice would be. He'd worked too hard for Birdwell Development to throw it all away. He and Lana would be married, and spend weekends teaching their children to play croquet.

Kurt—well, Kurt was a survivor. He'd find a man worthy of his loyalty and all the other delightful traits he had to offer, and they'd be happy together. That man just wasn't him, and Kurt would eventually face that fact. Jeff wasn't gay.

* * * *

A month later, Jeff was in the hallway by his office, filing some reports. He had one eye on the break room door. Kurt made a habit of stopping in the office after work, ostensibly getting a drink of water from the break room. When Jeff sought him out and gave a small nod from across the room, they knew a rendezvous was possible that night. It was a system that worked well for both of them, and Jeff was comfortable in their routine.

He spotted Kurt come in and his heart fluttered. The man looked sexier than should be legal after working outside all day. Jeff was thrilled that Lana had to work late. He was anxious to get to the apartment and have his way with his gorgeous hunk of man-meat.

"That guy is totally hot," Cindy told him wistfully. "Too bad, I heard he's gay."

"No kidding?" Jeff replied nervously, looking at her quickly. "I never heard that."

"He doesn't hide it. I guess everyone knows."

"Really?" Jeff felt suddenly uncomfortable. He wanted to file the last of the reports he held and shut down his computer to leave.

"It's no big deal." Cindy shrugged, handing him a notebook.

"What's no big deal?" Sara, the receptionist, joined them.

"I told Jeff that hunky construction guy—Kurt—is gay."

"Oh, yeah." Sara nodded. "Too bad. He's hot."

Jeff chuckled. "You two are horrible. Isn't it the construction workers who're supposed to be ogling the women? Here you are, ogling the construction worker."

"You can say that, because you're engaged," Sara replied. "We're still looking."

"You should still be looking, too," Cindy said under her breath, and both women laughed.

"Watch it, or you won't be invited to our engagement party on Friday." Jeff smiled. He knew how they felt about Lana. She was still as rude to them as ever, and he suspected that would never change.

"Tough luck, buddy, we're already invited. Mr. Birdwell invited everyone in the office—" Cindy said.

Sara added, "Plus a couple hundred more people. I know, I sent out the invitations. It's going to be a real shindig. Country Club and everything."

"Two hundred more?" He winced. He knew the Birdwells were going all out, but that was crazy. It was an *engagement party*, for crissakes. He couldn't imagine what the guest list for the wedding might look like.

"Get used to it," Sara commented. "The Birdwells do everything in a big way. That's what you have to look forward to."

"I know." He sighed with resignation. Kurt stepped back in the office after getting his drink and glanced Jeff's way. Jeff nodded ever-so-slightly, and the other man offered the tiniest hint of a smile before walking out.

"Too damn bad," Cindy muttered, watching the sculpted, blue-jeaned ass walk away. "Hate to see him go, but love to watch him leave."

Jeff laughed and shoved the notebook back at her. "You said he's gay, remember? Move along."

"A girl can dream, can't she?" She gave a wicked grin and added, "When you first started, we thought you might be gay."

"What?" Jeff almost hollered. "Why the devil would you think that?"

Sara smiled. "You're so neat and clean. Your hair is always just so. You've got to admit, you have that metro-sexual thing going for you."

"I like to be neat, that makes me gay?" he protested.

"Nah, we learned differently when you started dating Lana. No gay man would subject himself to that torture."

The roar of Kurt's motorcycle zooming past the window caught their attention. Cindy looked at the window and added wistfully, "Especially when there are better things out there."

"No kidding." Sara glanced at the window, then back at Jeff. "Being gay is no big deal, you know. Tons of people are."

"I know." Jeff filed the last report and closed the cabinet. "It's no big deal."

"Did I ever tell you my sister's friend Lenny is gay?" Cindy said to Sara, and Jeff took that moment to escape. He slipped into his cubicle, shut down his computer, and straightened his desk. He had some place to go, and had heard enough talk about being gay. Personally, he didn't know any gay people. That was his story, and he was sticking to it.

* * * *

Kurt greeted him with open arms, and they fell into bed doing very little talking for the first hour together. When they were both sated and exhausted, they lay sprawled on the bed, limbs intertwined, speaking quietly.

"I can't believe you're having an engagement party. Am I invited to the festivities?" Kurt teased. Jeff knew he was only half joking. It was becoming a sore subject.

"Please don't come. I couldn't stand seeing you there. I'd want to drag you into the bushes for a quickie."

"Oh! But then people might discover you're—how shall I put this? I know how much you hate the 'G' word. Let's just say, *not straight*."

"Don't." Jeff pulled one of Kurt's hands to his mouth and kissed the knuckles. "I don't want to get into this tonight."

"You never want to get into it." Kurt rolled on his side to face him.

"Tell me why you're so scared of being labeled 'gay'."

"I'm not scared," he scoffed, but Kurt squeezed his face with one hand.

"Tell me. There's nothing that's going to shock or surprise me. Just let it out."

Jeff didn't speak.

"Was it something about that college relationship? You said it didn't feel quite right."

"No, that wasn't it. But it's true—the guy I was with in college, well, that whole thing never felt right."

"Did you ever stop to think that perhaps it was the man who wasn't right for you, not the being gay part?"

Jeff sighed, staring at the ceiling. "I don't know. I guess not. This other thing happened in high school. I've really never talked about it."

"I'm a good listener," was all Kurt said.

Jeff glanced at him, then back at the ceiling. "I was a senior. I'd never been interested in girls—I dated a few for appearances, I guess. Went to proms and all that. But in the last semester of my senior year, a new kid moved in. Jeremy Buddig." He took a shuddering breath.

"What happened with Jeremy?" Kurt prodded softly.

"I felt something instantly, but it was hard knowing what to do, you know?"

Kurt nodded, and Jeff realized he did know. He was one of the few people who *would* understand. "He was a junior, but we had a couple of the same classes. I offered to help him with homework, so we started spending lots of time together. One night we were studying and he touched my hand. I remember looking at him, surprised, you know. We were just inches apart. I don't know who kissed who, but we kissed. Pretty soon we were jacking each other off. It was scary...incredible...thrilling. I don't know how else to explain it."

"I understand."

"You do, don't you?" He looked into his eyes, and Kurt smiled.

"What happened?"

"We made out like that for a few weeks, and finally made plans to go all the way. His folks were going to be gone one Saturday night, and we got condoms, lube, the works. We were just getting to the good part." Jeff chuckled bitterly. "I had my cock halfway in his ass, when his old man walks in. He starts yelling, Jeremy starts crying and screaming that I

raped him."

"You have got to be fucking kidding me," Kurt said with disbelief.

He shook his head sadly. "Nope. His old man really let me have it. Jeremy was on the football team, so no way he was queer. He was going to be the team's star player that next fall. I was some sick, perverted fuck, preying on his kid. He called my old man and sent me packing, with a warning if I ever came near his kid again, he'd kill me."

"Oh, my God. What did your father do?"

"Before or after he beat the shit out of me? Before, he yelled at me for about an hour. After, he grounded me until graduation. Wanted to make sure I didn't have the chance to meet up with any other fags and perform perverted acts against nature."

Kurt groaned and pulled Jeff into his arms. "Oh, my God." He repeated. "No wonder you're fighting it so bad. Your father was a homophobic asshole."

"Maybe just a little," Jeff agreed.

"So, what happened?"

"Nothing. I kept my head down, finished school, and applied to college two hundred miles away. They were happy to see me go. When I graduated, they sent a check. I talk to my mom regularly, but not to him very often. He's sick now, so it's hard to stay mad at him. But I don't see them much."

"What did your mom think about it?"

"She was a good wife. She let her husband make all the decisions. Deep down, I don't think she cared one way or the other, but she always stood by him."

Kurt cradled him gently, kissing the top of his head. "I'm so sorry. I can't imagine a family like that."

Jeff smiled up at him. "How about you? What's your family think about your—lifestyle?"

"About the fact that I'm gay, Jeff? That's what I am—gay."

"Stop it." Jeff closed his eyes.

Kurt nuzzled him again. "They put a 'Hot Fireman of San Antonio' calendar in my Christmas stocking last year. They're cool with it."

"You're fucking kidding me."

"Nope!" He grinned. "I have a married sister and brother, and they each have a pack of kids. They all think I'm a cool uncle. It's fun spending time with them, that's the one thing I miss about Texas." His

doorbell sounded. "Who the hell is that? Maybe I won't answer it. I'm not finished with you yet." He kissed Jeff's neck, and the bell sounded twice more.

"Sounds like an impatient Girl Scout selling cookies."

Kurt stood and grabbed a towel, tossing it around his waist. "If it is, I'll make her sorry she rang my bell."

"Put some clothes on!" Jeff called after him, laughing.

"No way! I'm coming right back to bed. I told you, I'm not finished with you yet."

Jeff lay back, smiling. It felt good to have someone to talk to. Really talk, about serious things. He and Lana hadn't discussed anything but wedding plans for a month.

"Where is he?" A female screech came from the living room.

Jeff gasped. "What the fuck?" He sat up quickly.

"I know he's here. I saw his car!" Lana stomped into the bedroom and came face to face with him, reaching for his pants. "You god-damned son-of-a-bitch!" She swung her purse and whacked him in the side of the head.

Chapter Five

"Lana, I can explain!" Jeff fended off her crazed attack.

"Explain what? Two naked men in an apartment? Am I supposed to believe you were playing poker?"

"Maybe strip poker," Kurt said, stepping up behind her.

She whirled to face him, her finger shaking angrily in his face. "Don't you dare speak to me! You're the cause of all this. I want you out of here! You can either quit, or I'll see that you're fired. Either way, I want you gone by Friday."

"You didn't hire me," Kurt replied coolly.

"But I can damn sure see that you're fired! So you can go quietly, or I can spread the word that you got caught fucking the wrong man, and make your life hell. Your choice."

"Seems like that might make *your* life hell, Mizz Birdwell. See, I've never hidden the fact that I'm gay. You're the one who can't seem to satisfy her man."

"Kurt!" Jeff interjected, his stomach a bundle of nerves. This was not going to end well. It couldn't.

"It's the truth!" The other man told him. With a flick of his wrist, he dropped the towel which covered his groin and he was naked before them. "See, Mizz Birdwell, this is what Jeff wants. A cock, and a man who knows how to use it."

"Not much of a cock!" she spouted back angrily. "Christ, I can barely see it!" She turned to face Jeff. "I can buy a strap-on bigger than that and fuck you with it, if that's what you want. But you are not leaving me for this pathetic, hammer-wielding faggot. I've got too much invested in you, Jeffrey Roberts. Now put your god-damned clothes on. You're coming home with me."

She spun back around to Kurt. "And you, you sick, fucking cock-sucker, stay out of our way. Don't give notice, just get the hell out of town. I never want to see you again."

"We don't take orders from you, you frigid bitch." Kurt replied, but Jeff began dressing quickly. "Jeff, stop. You don't have to do what she says. You're in control of your own life. Be a man."

"He is a man. He's my man. I promise you, if you don't do as I say, my father will see that you never work in this town again. Maybe the state. Maybe the tri-state area, you freak."

"Lana, stop." Jeff slid into his loafers. "I'm going with you. Just leave him alone."

Kurt stepped in front of him. "Jeff, no. Don't do this."

Jeff's heart sank. He knew this day would come. He'd never imagined it like this, but somehow he knew it would end messily. "I'm sorry," he said softly. "I've got to go."

"No, you've got to pull your balls out of her hand and stand up for yourself. Think about what you want for a change, not what she wants, not what is expected of you."

He shrugged. "It's all decided. Everything's arranged."

"No, it's not! You have a choice, Jeff. The coin is in your hands. Flip it. Heads or tails."

Lana grabbed Jeff's arm and shoved him toward the front door. He glanced back at Kurt helplessly. "I'm sorry."

"Heads or tails, Jeff!" Kurt yelled at him, tears streaming down his face.

The door closed between them.

* * * *

Memories of high school flooded back to him as Lana berated him half the night. She was right; he could have messed up their lives by his foolish behavior. He'd been thinking only of himself. By the next morning, it'd been drilled into his head—she was right, and he was wrong.

He went to work dejectedly. The joy had been stripped from him, and it felt like drudgery putting one foot in front of another. He barely had a moment alone. She drove him to work and drove him home again.

He heard Kurt quit his job, and wondered when he might get a chance to talk to him. He had to find a way to explain. Lana, possibly suspecting as much, made sure he wasn't alone for the rest of the week.

Friday night, they prepared for their engagement party, and he barely dredged up the energy to change clothes. She finally faced him, hands on hips, and snarled, "You'd damn well better snap out of it."

You've been fucking mopey all week long, and I've had it. My parents invited over two hundred people tonight, and they want to see 'happy'. So put a smile on your god-damned face, and fucking *get happy*."

"Yes, dear," he replied meekly, wondering if he'd ever be truly happy again.

She drove them to the Country Club, where they greeted their guests and sipped cocktails before dinner. It was a warm fall evening, and the party filtered out into the courtyard.

Lana didn't allow him out of her sight, but when he found a group of his coworkers and stopped to talk to them, she sauntered over to some of her parents' friends. Jeff grinned for the first time that night, realizing he'd finally found sanctuary. If he stayed with Cindy and Sara, Lana would keep a safe distance. She wouldn't waste her evening chatting with 'the help'.

"That's the first smile I've seen from you all week," Cindy nudged his arm.

"It's been a shitty week," he agreed.

A waiter walked by with a tray of champagne-filled glasses, and Jeff grabbed one. As an afterthought, he grabbed two, and held them both.

Sara laughed. "A two-fisted drinker! This might be a fun night after all."

"Sure," he gulped one drink. "Watch Jeff get drunk and do something stupid."

"I hear he already did." Cindy sipped her drink, watching him over the rim.

"What did you hear?" He looked at her.

"Just office gossip," she replied, and looked around. "This really is a beautiful place. I guess that's the golf course, right over there."

"Yes, it is," he agreed. "Now, what did you hear?"

"Kurt quit," Sara spoke up. "Didn't give notice or anything. I saw him and Joe arguing in the parking lot. Neither one looked happy."

"That's a shame." Jeff looked around, then shrugged. "Construction workers come and go all the time. So?"

"Seemed to coincide with someone's bad mood," Cindy said to Sara.

"And with someone else lurking about the finance office. All of a sudden, Lana's hanging around like a vulture. What's up with that?"

"I don't know what you mean." Jeff looked around again. "Where's

that waiter with the drinks?"

"Look." Cindy faced him. "We're your friends, have been for several years now. We spend all day with you, five days a week. Believe me when I tell you we're sensitive to your moods."

"And we notice things." Sara added. "Like Kurt all of a sudden stopping by the office every day for a drink of water. What, they don't have water on the job sites any more?"

He felt his face redden. Perhaps they hadn't been as discreet as he'd thought.

Cindy took a step closer and spoke quietly. "The looks you two exchanged were scorching hot. You were subtle, not many people noticed, but we did. And do you know what we thought?"

Jeff dropped his face into one hand.

Sara said, "We thought, '*Good for them!*' We were happy for you. We tried to tell you that the other day, but it's a difficult thing to bring up."

"Yeah, it is." He glanced from one woman to the next. "Thanks for your support. But it's over. Kurt's leaving, or has already left, and Lana and I are getting married...in July."

"That's a stupid month for a Kansas wedding!" Sara snapped.

"And you're a stupid man, if you chose her between the two of them," Cindy said.

"It's not that simple." He shook his head.

The sound of an engine revving had heads turning toward the golf course. Jeff gasped when he spotted Kurt on his motorcycle, sans helmet, zipping across the fairway. "Oh, shit!"

"Oh, my God!" Sara squealed, and both women laughed.

"What the fuck?" Myron Birdwell could be heard spouting. Jeff watched the man storm to the edge of the courtyard. Lana was hot on his heels, Jeff, Cindy, and Sara not far behind.

"This is private property, young man!" Birdwell hollered over the noisy engine. "You better get that vehicle off the grass!"

"I'm here for the party!" Kurt raised a beer bottle and took a swig, then tossed the empty across the lawn.

"I'm calling the police!" Lana stormed.

"Don't get your panties in a wad." He grinned at her. "I'm not staying. In fact, I'm leaving town."

"Then you best get going," Birdwell growled through gritted teeth.

Not all of the two hundred guests were listening, but the crowd grew bigger by the minute.

Kurt looked at Jeff. "I'm giving you one more chance. Catch." He flipped something in the air, and Jeff caught it. It was a quarter, and it landed on heads. "Heads or tails, man. Last chance to choose."

Jeff was dumbfounded. He glanced at the growing crowd, and knew the scene would soon be out of hand. He looked at the anger-distorted faces of Lana and her father. The future flashed before him, with images of snotty, spoiled children making that same face at him when he tried to deny them something one of the Birdwells wanted to bestow. It was a stark, unwelcome image, and Jeff closed his eyes.

"Go on," Cindy whispered, nudging him. "You're a smart man. You can get a job anywhere. Do what your heart tells you."

"My heart?" he repeated. He hadn't listened to his heart in years.

"Look at that face," Sara said, nudging him toward Kurt. "Look at what you see in those eyes! Do you see that in any other eyes around here?"

Jeff opened his eyes and glanced at Kurt. There was definitely something there that was missing from Lana's stern frown. He was torn.

"You need to shut up!" Lana stepped toward him, speaking to Cindy and Sara. "Or you'll be the next ones looking for jobs!"

"Damn," Jeff muttered softly, and cast smiles at both of his coworkers. He reached for Lana and pulled her into his embrace. "Lana, sweetheart. Leave the girls alone. The office needs them." He planted a firm kiss on her forehead, and she snuggled into him.

"If you think so," she agreed.

"I do. Cindy's the only one who knows how to do my job, and you'll really need her, because I'm quitting."

Lana pulled back and gazed up at him, mouth agape.

He smiled at her, and over her head he smiled at her father. "Sorry, Mr. B. I've discovered what I have to do, and that's follow my heart. You see, I'm gay."

"You stupid son-of-a-bitch!" Lana took a swing at him, but he was already moving.

He jogged toward Kurt, both grinning like fools, and threw his leg over the back of the bike.

"Hang on!" Kurt told him, and revved the engine, pulling out in a big circle.

Jeff waved to the smiling Cindy and Sara, and caught a glimpse of Lana stomping her feet in anger. He closed his eyes and said, "Let's get the hell out of here."

The motorcycle pitched forward, and Jeff grabbed Kurt's waist tightly.

"I told you to hang on!"

"Are you drunk?" Jeff hollered in his ear.

"No! Are you?"

"Nope. I was determined to get there, though. Until you showed up."

"I couldn't let you make the wrong choice." Kurt called over his shoulder. When they'd gone several blocks away from the Country Club, he slowed so they could talk easier.

Jeff hugged the other man's waist. "When you tossed me that quarter, it landed on 'heads'."

"Do you still have that coin?" Kurt asked.

"Yeah." Jeff opened his palm, exposing the quarter.

"Look closer at it."

He studied the first side, heads. Flipping it over, Jeff found heads on the back side as well. He laughed out loud. "It's a trick coin! Both sides are heads!"

Kurt grinned back at him. "Like I said, I couldn't let you make the wrong choice. I had to hedge my bet."

"You're crazy!" Jeff hugged him tightly, and Kurt pressed back into him.

"It's been said before. I hope you're ready for a little crazy in your life."

"I am." Jeff sighed, and rested his head on the shoulder before him. When he finally glanced around, he didn't recognize the neighborhood. "Where we going?"

"To a motel, tonight. I wanted to make sure our reunion wouldn't be disturbed. Then tomorrow, we have some decisions to make. The world is open to us—we can go wherever we like."

"I was thinking San Antonio sounded good. It might be nice being close to family."

"Are you serious?" Kurt glanced back again.

"It's up to you. I want you to be happy." They locked eyes and Jeff said, "I love you."

Kurt grinned in delight. "I love you, too! We're both going to be happy—very, very happy."

"Watch the road!" Jeff nudged him, and Kurt straightened quickly, veering back into his lane.

"Ah, where's your spirit of adventure?" he joked.

"I think I just found it, today," Jeff replied, and squeezed Kurt's waist again.

With another wide grin, Kurt hollered, "Hang on, baby! It's going to be a wild ride!" He revved the engine loudly, and the bike zipped down the road.