

Dreamspinner Press Presents

NAP-SIZE DREAMS



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JIM ALEXANDER had just been just sworn in as mayor of Blalock, California, a small city north of San Francisco, on a bright sunny day in January. Jim was an impressive young man only twenty-four years of age who stood 6'4", with coal black hair, green eyes and a powerful build. He was one of the youngest people in the country to hold the position he now occupied, which came about when the people of Blalock became tired of the "old ways."

As he mounted the last of the steps to City Hall and his new office, the press continued to mob him while shouting questions both intelligent and stupid. "What do you plan to do for vacation?" was one of the more brilliant questions from a local newspaper that had covered the campaign. Others included, "Who are you dating now that you are Mayor?" and "How long before you address the rate increase in sewer fees?"

Jim answered the ones that merited a serious response and continued to follow the police who were escorting him through the crowd and into his new office. Finally with the door closed behind him, he took a deep breath and smiled. It was hard for him to believe that he had actually pulled it off. He had defeated the incumbent and was now experiencing the dawn of his political career; a career he hoped he hoped to enjoy the rest of his life. There was no telling where his ambition would take him. Before he could dream too much, the reality of his new position dragged him back into the moment.

"Mr. Mayor, Steve Cavanaugh, your press officer is on line one for you, should I take a message?" asked Sally, his secretary.

"No, Sally, I'll take his call." He sat at his desk. "Hello, Steve, were you at the swearing in? I couldn't tell with so many people and press there."

"Sure was, Jim, but I was stuck way in the back. I'm calling for two reasons; one, to congratulate you, Mr. Mayor, on your first day in office and two, I just wanted to remind you that you were invited to the dedication of the downtown revitalization project starting tomorrow at nine a.m. You're going to be there, right?"

"I wouldn't miss that for the world, Steve. It was one of my fondest wishes during the campaign that this particular project meets with great success, as I feel it is vital to the on-going economy of this city. I'll see you there about 8:50, how's that sound?"

"Great, Mr. Mayor, I will look for you and we can have a quick chat before you're on. See you tomorrow."

"Sally, would you please put on my calendar for tomorrow the downtown revitalization project for 8:50 a.m.? I'll go there directly from home and then head into the office after that," Jim said into the intercom.

"Certainly, Mr. Mayor."

THE rest of the day was filled, mainly with photographs taken with the well-wishers who stopped by City Hall to congratulate him, and the signing all of the many papers that made

him Mayor in the records of various bureaus. At 5:00 he headed home, saying good night to his secretary as she was preparing to leave also.

As he walked into the home he had inherited early in life when his family was killed by a drunk driver, he felt a combination of elation at the day's events and loneliness as the empty house he sat down in echoed with the consequences of the secret of his life. There were no wife and kids present, no girlfriend to ask to come over for dinner and to spend the night. These things did not exist for Jim because he was a gay man in a straight world. The papers wanted to know who he was dating and he could truly say, "No one." He'd had to sacrifice his personal life if he wanted to make it in his chosen career. Politics was a very unforgiving bedtime companion if you desired and slept with what society considered "the wrong choice." Of course, society was ignorant of the fact that it wasn't a choice, but a state of being.

He heated up some leftover Chinese food and settled into another evening before the television, watching basically garbage which was most of what was on television anymore. The food gave him indigestion for some reason and he went to bed early and alone, as always. Most of his friends could not understand why a good looking guy like him was alone and unattached. Most just thought he spent too much time working towards his future in politics to be able to have a personal life, and they assumed that once he was settled into office, he would find a girl or a wife. This of course was not to be, and he didn't know how he would explain it away when he would one day be asked about it. He drifted off to sleep with a deep abiding personal sadness weighing heavily on his soul.

JIM'S alarm clock went off at exactly 7:00 a.m. He jumped out of bed and got into the shower, which did much to relieve him of his mood from the evening before. As he stood in front of the mirror, he remarked to the image that stared back at him: "Damn, you are one fine looking man, and no one is getting any benefit from that body. Ought to be a law against it." Jim laughed out loud after saying it, feeling a little bit caught up in self-conceit. But hell, truth was truth, wasn't it?

He made coffee and toast to go along with his orange juice. As he ate, he read the morning newspaper that was delivered to his home just as he had done the previous four years. He finished dressing, checked himself out in the mirror and jumped into the car, heading downtown toward the construction project. On the way, he tried to figure out how long it had been since he had gotten laid. It had been quite a while.

He was among the last to arrive at the construction site and was warmly greeted by both the contractors and the citizens that turned out for the ceremonial "first shovel." Everyone of course knew Jim since he was now the mayor and everyone wanted to talk to him. After working his way through the crowd, he mounted the small stage that had been brought in for the occasion and took his seat. The speeches began and the mayor was introduced. He made all the proper acknowledgements and gave his best wishes for the success of the revitalization project. Finally Brent Morgan, the principle contractor, gave the closing comments to applause and the ceremony was over.

As he was almost to his car another young man stopped him. "Excuse me, Mayor; can I talk with you for a moment?"

As Jim turned around he found himself looking at a breathtaking guy about his own age with black hair and blue eyes and put together very well. "Of course - call me Jim," he said as he extended his hand.

"Hello, I'm Scott Morgan and I just wanted to say how good your remarks were. We need public officials behind projects like this in order for them to be taken seriously and for the tax payers to support the goals of the project."

"I couldn't agree with you more. Scott Morgan? Are you Brent Morgan's son?"

"Yep, that's me alright. I'm working with my father, learning the business as he wants me to take it over one day, whether or not I want to," he said a smile and a laugh. "Course it's not bad being around all the money the family has for two generations now, but I can't just lie around and mooch off of the family nest egg, now can I?"

"Well, some people do exactly that and others are like you; you've got to be engaged with something, have goals to get you up in the morning. I'm glad you're the latter type of man."

"Listen, do you want to get a cup of coffee or something?" Scott asked.

The mayor looked at his watch and said, "Well, I really need to get into the office but I am free for lunch. How about that? Besides, I would enjoy picking your brains a little bit."

"Sounds like a plan. Shall I swing by City Hall, say around 12:15?"

"Perfect time to take a break. We'll go over to the Hancock restaurant; they have pretty decent food there."

"Great, I'll see you a little after noon then, Mayor. Nice talking with you."

As Scott walked away, Jim couldn't help but take a quick furtive peak at his ass which looked like the rest of him; perfect. Jim got into his car and headed to City Hall, where he had a mountain of work to go through. He advised Sally that he was going out for lunch and to remind him so that he didn't work through noon. His mind, however, kept drifting back to Scott and eventually desire and fantasy kicked in, leading to images of Jim making love to the beautiful Scott. In reality, Jim was better looking than Scott but you would never convince Jim of that fact.

BEFORE Jim knew it, Scott had arrived to pick him up for lunch. Jim didn't get into the office until a little after ten, so in fact it hadn't been that long since they parted.

"Mr. Mayor, there is a Scott Morgan here to see you; he says you're expecting him?"

"Yes, Sally, have him come in, please."

“I hope I’m not too early, Mr. Mayor?”

“No, not at all, and please call me Jim, will you? Mr. Mayor makes me sound so old!”

“Okay, Jim, shall we go?”

The walk to the restaurant was filled with small talk between the two men who instantly liked each other and were very comfortable in each other’s presence. They ordered lunch and , began to talk about a variety of topics.

“Well, my father has a lot tied up in the revitalization of downtown. His reputation is on the line with this project. If he does well like I know he will, there will be more work than we can handle and we’ll probably have to expand the company. But that would make him very happy. I guess I’m trying to tell you this so you know he will not be cutting corners and things like that. This will be a quality project.”

“Scott, I have complete confidence in your father and your company. Even though I wasn’t mayor when the contracts were signed, I support the choice of Morgan and Son construction for the overall contractor on the project. I actually visited other jobs that your company did and was impressed with the work. So you guys can relax, if that’s why you wanted to get with me over coffee.”

“I’m glad you feel that way, Jim; and no, that’s not why I wanted to have coffee and chat. You’re an interesting man and I would like to get to know you better. We are both young and somewhat privileged and we are natural peers in this city. We should know each other, both professionally and socially.”

“Well, I’m afraid I don’t have much of a social life so that part might never materialize, but certainly I’m interested in anyone who is playing a part in making this city a better place to live and work in.”

“No social life? How is that possible? You’ve got looks, a house, and an important position. The girls must be chasing you down the street, or do you have a girlfriend? That never came out during the campaign.”

“Actually no, I don’t have a girlfriend. I live alone and have a nice quiet home life.”

“Well, I certainly know a lot of beautiful girls that would love to date a guy like you. Why don’t I fix you up with one or two?”

“No, that won’t be necessary, but thank you for the offer. More coffee?”

“Sure, one more cup. Is it that you have a boyfriend or would be more comfortable dating a man?”

“Mr. Morgan, that is none of your business. This lunch is over.”

Jim got up and left the restaurant after throwing some money on the table. He was angry and Scott knew it. Scott wondered if he was wrong to be so bold as to basically ask if the

mayor was gay. Was it possible that Scott had found another handsome man in the closet who had position and social standing like himself? He didn't know but he was now determined to find out. After a few minutes Scott tried to get the mayor on his cell phone but there was no answer. Later that day, he called the mayor's office and tried to get put through, but was told by the secretary that Mayor Alexander was in meetings all afternoon and she would give him a message that Scott called.

Scott knew when he was getting the brush off and regretted being so forward. He guessed correctly that it really was none of his business. But then there was the extreme attraction that Scott felt for Jim - if Jim was gay, he needed to know. The problem was, how? Scott did not go to bars because he was in the closet and was known in the area. If his father found out he was gay, he might be thrown out of the family and that wouldn't do. The answer came to light two weeks later, when he read that the mayor was attending a conference in Las Vegas put on by the United States Conference of Mayors. It was just a week away and Scott had a lot of work to do.

Through phone calls to friends in Las Vegas, he found out where the mayor was staying. He managed to get a room on the same floor for the entire four-day conference, as well as a ticket to the dinner for mayors and business leaders. Scott had talked his father into letting him represent the family construction company at the Vegas conference. The rest was up to fate.

"OKAY , Sally, I'm leaving for the airport now. You have the numbers where you can reach me if you need me. You know what topics I want notifications on if something happens while I'm away. Wish me luck!"

Jim was excited to be on his first official trip as mayor of his city and could not have been more pleased that the conference was being held in Las Vegas. He knew that since he wasn't the mayor of a major city, he would be able to sneak away and would not be recognized if he went to one of the gay bars in Las Vegas. This secrecy was natural to Jim but also added some excitement to his potential evening's entertainment. He couldn't wait for the conference or exploring the gay side of Vegas.

Scott had arrived three hours ahead of Mayor Alexander, wanting to be settled into his room prior to Jim's arrival. He checked in without problem and tipped the desk clerk friend-of-a-friend to call his room and let him know when Jim was on his way up. Scott planned to "accidentally" bump into the mayor in the hallway and take things from there.

As Scott lay on his bed, he went over the speech in his head that he would give to the mayor when he saw him. He was confident that at least he would not piss off the guy any more than he already was, so at least no more damage could be done. The phone rang sooner than he had expected, and he picked up the phone to hear the desk clerk say that Jim Alexander had finished checking in and had just entered the elevator. Scott jumped up and left his room and began to head down the hallway, pausing at a certain point to await the "ding" of the elevator signaling its arrival on their floor.

Scott heard the elevator and began to slowly walk towards it, his eyes cast down on the carpet. It worked like a charm. As he looked up he acted as surprised as Jim really was at meeting him on his hotel floor.

“Jim! I can’t believe that I’m bumping into you like this. Are you here for the Mayoral conference?”

“Yes, what are you doing here?”

“I’m representing my father’s company at the dinner in a couple of days and decided to come a little early to enjoy Vegas. It’s one of my favorite towns. Look, can we talk? I would like to apologize for the other day at the restaurant. I had no right to ask you that question and I want to make it up to you. I would like to take Jim to dinner, not the mayor. What do you say?”

“I’ll think about it. What room are you staying in?”

“Well, I guess just down the hall from you, in room 2197.”

“I’ll call you later and let you know. But you are right; you had no right to ask me that question. I’ll talk to you later.”

Scott watched Jim walk down to his room, which was exactly three doors from his, before returning to his own room. He had nothing to do but wait for the call that he hoped would come. Scott had detected a note of softening in Jim’s voice, so he was reasonably sure that his invitation would be accepted. Three hours later he was proved right when Jim called and agreed to go to dinner. They would meet in half an hour at Jim’s room.

Scott jumped into the shower and shaved again. He took great care in the underwear he selected, just in case he was right about Jim being gay and obtainable, putting on a black pair of Calvin Kleins along with tan slacks and a green Polo. He threw on some cologne and made reservations at Spago’s in Caesar’s Palace. After collecting his wallet and room key, just in case, he slipped a condom into his right front pants pocket. Moments later he knocked on Jim’s door.

When Jim answered they were both captivated with the other. After quickly looking each other over, Jim came out of his room and said, “Shall we go?”

“Yes, you look nice by the way. I made reservations at a private table at Spago. I think you will enjoy the food there, especially if you like pasta.”

“I’ve always wanted to eat there and have never had the opportunity. You do realize that this isn’t necessary, right?”

“In my book it is not only necessary, but my pleasure. This will give me a chance to start over.”

“Start what over?”

“Well, our friendship, I hope. I’m not always as clumsy as I was before and want to explain. I appreciate your giving me the chance to do so.”

After drinks and the entrées were served, Scott decided to take the plunge and hopefully find out whether or not he was fishing in the right pond. “Okay, let me explain while we eat, and if you walk out on me at Spago’s, I’ll bounce a roll off of your head! First, I was genuinely interested in why you didn’t have a social life with so much going for you. When you said you didn’t have a girl and didn’t act like you were interested in one, I naturally assumed that you might be gay. In fact, I was rather hoping you were gay and I was upset when I made you angry.”

Jim swallowed fork full of pasta and asked, “Why would you hope I was gay?”

“Well, because I’m gay, and I was hoping you might be too.”

“*You’re* gay? Are you serious?”

“Yes, why wouldn’t I be serious? It’s not like that’s something to be just dropped on someone for fun. Yes, I am gay, and the fact that I find you incredibly attractive was the motivation for me finding out if you were gay or not. Call it wishful thinking on my part and let it go.”

“Does your family, your father, know?”

“No, I’m in the closet, deep in the closet. Are you kidding now? The son of Morgan and Son Construction Company, gay? That knowledge would positively curdle the morning cream if it got out. *I* have to be very careful and therefore I have no social life that is real. I bring girls to the right functions and act happy to be with them when all I really want is to be with a guy. I take them home and none of them understand why I don’t hit on them or even try to kiss them. It’s difficult to live this way.”

Jim put his fork down and sat back in his chair while looking at Scott. He finally decided that Scott was being truthful and not spinning a lie for some ulterior motive. But should he admit that he himself was gay? Scott certainly was an attractive man and the possibilities made Jim’s head swim.

“Thank you for being honest with me. It took a lot of guts to come out to me like this; guts that I don’t have. You were right from the beginning. I am gay. Just in the closet like you are and just as miserable. My life is not as much a façade as yours is; it’s worse. Where you at least get out and go to parties, I stay cooped up in my house, afraid that someone will find out I’m gay and ruin my political future. I don’t dare go to any gay bars in the region because my face is known in the immediate area due to the campaign. I was hoping to ‘spread my wings’ here in Vegas.”

It was now Scott’s turn to put his fork down and sit back. He looked at Jim and smiled. Reaching across the table, he shook Jim’s hand and said, “Hello, my brother, care to go out on the town tonight and have fun, the kind of fun we really want to have?”

Jim replied with a smile and said, “You bet, and you know where all the good bars are here, right?”

“You can say that again. We’re going to have fun tonight, but first let’s finish this outstanding dinner.”

Scott and Jim talked incessantly throughout the rest of the meal like two old college friends who had a lot of catching up to do. They laughed and whispered and both men began to relax and finally enjoy themselves.

After a night of bar hopping and dancing they headed back to the hotel, feeling no pain whatsoever. It was after two in the morning when they entered the elevator. The question hung in the air, begging to be asked and answered: Would they be sharing a hotel room together?

“Jim, I don’t mean to be forward, but can we spend the night together? Let’s take showers and climb into bed and just enjoy each other’s company as we fall asleep. We don’t have to even screw around.”

“Fuck that, if I’m showering and climbing into bed with you, we’re fucking. It’s been far too long for me since I got laid, and I can’t believe that someone as handsome as you wants to climb into bed in the next few minutes.”

“Okay, have it your way, stud. Let’s do it. My room or yours?”

“Let’s make love in the mayor’s bedroom. What do you say?”

“I’d say, let’s make love in Jim’s bedroom.”

The elevator arrived at their floor and they headed to Jim’s room. As soon as the door closed behind them, they were locked in a passionate pent up kiss that lasted well over a minute. Even though their hands traveled over each other’s bodies, there was no immediate urgency to strip off clothes in a fit of passion. It had been so long for both men that they wanted to take their time in getting to where they wanted to be. The word of the hour was “savor.”

Jim pulled Scott towards the bed, never breaking a new kiss that had them locked in the excitement of the feel of lips on lips, tongue searching out tongue and the sound of deeply throated moans. They fell upon the bed still kissing, still searching to quench their thirst for companionship, for love, for tenderness. Finally, they broke off their kiss and just looked at each other while Jim stroked Scott’s hair.

“I can’t believe that after all this time I am with a man as handsome and as compelling as you, Scott. You’re everything I always wanted to find but never could. Even if this is a one night stand, I am thankful to have found you and am so happy that you were persistent in setting me straight, so to speak, on my misunderstanding. Thank you for going through all this trouble.”

“I wanted you so bad that I couldn’t see straight. I knew I had to have you in my arms and hoped and prayed that you were gay. I had the feeling you were, but wasn’t totally sure. I was never so glad to be proved right.”

They began to kiss again and Scott pulled Jim’s shirt out of his pants, reaching for the waistband. Jim broke the kiss and removed his shirt and stood up beside the bed. He slowly unbuckled his pants and lowered the zipper.

“Wait, let me do that. It’s kind of like taking the wrapping off of a Christmas present.”

Scott got off the bed and stood before Jim as he lowered Jim’s pants, dropping them to the floor. Scott looked down at Jim’s gifts hidden in the underwear he was wearing. Jim kicked off the pants after having removed his shoes and socks, then returned the favor by taking off Scott’s clothes, leaving him standing there in his black Calvin Kleins.

“Beautiful, Scott. You have an incredible body along with a handsome face.”

“Well, the construction trade which I had to learn from the bottom up is responsible for the body, and God is responsible for the face. Looking at you, I would say that God was good to you, too.”

Jim lowered Scott’s Calvin’s, allowing Scott’s dick to spring out and up. He pulled them down to his feet while kneeling in front of Scott and then stared at the object of his immediate desire. Jim reached out and took Scott’s balls in his hand, caressing them while Scott’s dick begged for attention. He released the balls he had captured and began to stroke Scott’s endowment, eliciting a subtle moan from Scott that signaled pleasure wanting more pleasure. Jim could wait no longer and took Scott into his mouth slowly and deliberately, savoring the texture of Scott’s cock while taking it all the way down to the base. He began to slowly suck and to fondle Scott’s balls once again.

Scott pulled out of Jim and urged him to his feet where he kissed him gently, feeling the heat coming off their bodies. Moving Jim back onto the bed, Scott slowly licked his way from Jim’s erect nipples down his chest to his stomach, taking time to appreciate every curve and muscle along the way. Jim was at full attention and tried to move Scott along to what he needed most. Scott resisted Jim’s attempt to obtain immediate satisfaction by maintaining the same pace. When he felt his nose hit Jim’s pubic hair, Scott took Jim’s cock in his hand and began to slowly jack it back and forth. Resting his head on Jim’s stomach, he gazed at Jim’s manhood, relishing the feel of its hardness in his hand.

Slowly Scott moved his head towards Jim’s dick and finally began to lick the shaft with tantalizing slowness, which caused Jim to twitch while being pinned down by the weight of Scott lying on him. Scott then rolled each ball around in his mouth, eliciting a plea from Jim to “just suck it, will ya?”

Scott smiled and moved back to Jim’s shaft after hearing that, rolling his tongue over the head of Jim’s dick, enjoying every moment that brought him closer to when he would swallow Jim’s cock. Finally Jim could not stand the teasing any longer and shoved Scott’s mouth down on his cock with both hands, with such a sense of relief that he whimpered.

Scott rose to the challenge and began to give the best head he knew how, even though he was out of practice since college days.

Jim melted under the attention being given to his cock and sensations he had long ago forgotten. The pleasure of being intimate with another man was one of the most rewarding experiences that Jim could have and it made up for so much in his life that he did not have. As Jim felt himself beginning to climax, he pulled Scott off him just as forcefully as he had pulled him down.

“Easy guy, I’m getting close but damn that was good. Get up here on my chest and feed me your dick!”

Scott complied at once, straddling Jim’s chest and inching forward until the tip of his cock was within tongue distance of Jim’s mouth. Scott was teasing Jim once again, bringing his beauty so close that Jim had to bend his head forward but could only reach the tip of Scott’s penis. He hungrily licked at the head, shooting a look to Scott that communicated very clearly that he wanted the whole thing. Scott more than happily complied and eased his dick into Jim’s mouth, once again allowing Jim to take pleasure as well as give it.

Scott became totally lost in the feelings generated by Jim working on his tool. It might have been a long time since the last time for Jim, but he sure hadn’t forgotten how to work a dick! After a few minutes, Scott felt the beginning of his climax and began to pull out. Jim resisted, keeping Scott firmly planted on his chest.

“Jim, I’m gonna cum! Let me pull out!”

Jim’s response was to suck all the harder and Scott let him have it after another few seconds of heavy sucking. At his release, Scott saw stars and fireworks all at the same time while expelling all the juice that he had within him. When he was finally finished, Jim let his cock ease out of his mouth slowly, trying to capture every drop. When it plopped out of Jim’s mouth and onto his chest, Scott looked down with a very contented smile and complimented Jim on a great blowjob.

“Now it’s my turn to make you feel alive in every sense of the word.”

Scott slid down Jim’s hips and began to lick at his balls and cock until Jim was once again pleading for Scott just to do him, he couldn’t wait any longer for release. Scott complied this time and began to blow Jim in earnest. After only a short period of time, Jim climaxed and filled Scott’s mouth with pure wholesome goodness. When Jim finished, he let out a long stream of air from his lungs and enjoyed the rare feeling of fulfillment that he had not felt in a very long time. Scott slid up next to Jim and put his arm over Jim’s chest.

“Thank you, Scott, that was wonderful. I haven’t felt this good in ages.”

“Do you mind if I sleep here tonight? I really don’t want to bother dressing to go down the hallway to just get undressed again. ’Course, I could go naked. I’m sure it wouldn’t be the first time here in Vegas that a naked man was found wondering the hallways with a smile on his face!”

“Actually, I would love for you to spend the night with me. I need to fall asleep in the arms of a man. Good night, my friend.”

The next morning Jim was late for his first meeting of the Conference of Mayors, but he would not have traded the night before for anything. How good it was to have sex again, and to be intimate with another human being. The trouble now was whether or not he would be able to find this same human connection somehow back in Blalock. He said goodbye to Scott that morning with a promise to meet again that evening after he was done with all of his official business. At least he would enjoy this part of life as much as he could while in Vegas.

Before Scott and Jim knew it, the week was at an end and it was time to travel back to the real world. They hugged and kissed in private and then both men assumed their public persona's to travel back home separately. It had been a glorious week for both of them and Scott was already planning on seeing Jim back home. The question was how to carry on with him without the public or certain nosey people in particular noticing the amount of time they spent together. God forbid that he should be seen coming out of Jim's house at six in the morning! Well, Scott liked a good challenge and Jim had said that he really liked Scott.

AS the next couple of months passed, the revitalization project kept everyone busy in order to keep it on track. Jim's popularity grew with a series of changes that impacted government and people's lives directly for the good. Scott was able to sneak over to Jim's house for a couple of hours about once a week as they carried on their affair. One hot and humid Friday night, Scott came over and announced that he would like to spend the night with Jim, not just watch a little television, fuck, and then go.

“Look Jim, we can continue to carry on like this, spending only a few stolen hours with each other and hot quick sex, or we can spend quality time together along with hot long sex. Which do you really prefer? Am I a series of one night stands?”

“No, of course not, you know better than that. These last couple of months have been some of the happiest I have had in the last five years. You are a wonderful man who is talented both in and out of the bedroom and you are an asset to this city. I absolutely adore you but we have to be careful so as to not expose ourselves. Do you really want your father finding out that you are fucking the mayor of the city who also happens to be a guy?”

“No, it would surely make him react like someone pissed in his Post Toasties at breakfast time.”

“Exactly! So we have to use common sense in order to maintain our relationship. I take it we have a relationship to maintain?”

“If you're asking me if we are a couple, I would say yes. I have no desire to see anyone else, even if that was an option, and I care about you. You're funny, handsome, and good in bed now that I have taught you a few things, good position with social standing and did I mention handsome? In fact the only thing you don't have is lots of money, and I will have that some day. We really are the modern day gay couple!”

“God, you make me feel like we’re on the set of Leave it to Beaver. I agree though, I feel that we have really connected well and would like to continue this way. As for teaching me things in bed, well, maybe one or two but I didn’t come totally ignorant to the ways of making a man smile either. Okay, let me draw the curtains in the living room and you can stay the night.”

“Great, honey, ’cause I even brought a toothbrush,” Scott said while whipping it out of his back pocket.

“Pretty sure of yourself, aren’t ya?”

“Well, who would say no to sleeping with this body,” he replied while sweeping his hand down in front of himself.

“Oh Lord, let me go close the curtains so Gladys Kravitz across the street doesn’t break her neck trying to see in the windows.”

Jim and Scott settled in for the evening in front of the television set, snuggling on the sofa along with the mayor’s Scottie. All three fit wonderfully together in a picture of domestic harmony. After watching a second movie, Jim turned off the lights and they went up to the bedroom which was cool from the work of a widow air conditioner. Mary the Scottie had been let out and back in for the night, so she curled up on her pillow at the foot of the bed while Jim and Scott curled up together in the bed. Their lovemaking was unhurried as both realized that the entire night lay ahead of them with no need to worry about getting up early in the morning. Their relationship had progressed to the point that Jim willingly gave into Scott’s favorite sexual act, butt fucking. Tonight after fucking Jim thoroughly and having taken care of Jim by mouth, they both settled back onto the pillows and just talked. The whir of the air conditioner provided a backdrop to quiet conversation.

“Jim, I have to tell you something. I think I’m falling in love with you. You really are everything I have been searching for in a man and now that I have found it, I want to keep a hold of it. Isn’t there some way we can figure out how to live together instead of this creeping around shit that we’ve been doing for weeks now?”

Jim was surprised to hear Scott’s declaration of falling in love and was smiling in the dark. “Scott, I have already fallen in love with you. After that first night in Vegas I knew that you were the one I was searching for also. You are gallant, witty, charming when you want to be, sexy, handsome, and a fantastic fuck! Yeah, I’d like to keep you around for a while also. But as for living together, I don’t know. Aren’t you worried about people and your father talking?”

“If we always worry about that, we will never have a life together. If my father figures it out and freaks out, he will just kick me out of the business. In that case, I’ll just have to find another way to earn my living. I am smart and very capable and maybe it’s time for the apron strings to be cut that attach me and my father together.”

“Okay, so what do you propose, Einstein?”

“I propose that I move into your nice little house here and become your roommate as far as the rest of the world is concerned. The public line can be that we have become great friends and you live alone and I was looking for a place and we decided to room together. After all, the city doesn’t pay you all that much so the economic argument holds water as well. Beyond that, do we really give a fuck?”

“Well, if I want to remain in politics I have to give a fuck. The California Supreme Court ruling on gay marriage comes out next week and that can have all kinds of ramifications. If the ruling is pro-gay marriage, than being gay becomes a little bit more acceptable, but if it comes out negative, it just gives the right more ammo to keep gay people like us in the closet. I’m really sick of it when I think about living the life that we do. Here we are, two grown men, having to act like sixteen-year-olds so that no one finds out who we’re fucking!”

“Hmm, I know who I’m fucking and I wouldn’t mind another go at it,” Scott said as he drove his rigid cock into Jim’s hip.

“Look, horn dog, I’m a bit upset at the moment over this hiding shit so you’ll have to wait until my mood improves now. Okay, fuck it. Move in when you want to and we’ll just have to deal with any shit that comes from it. Loving you and living with you is more important in the end than a political career. I won’t go through life unhappy any longer.”

“That is the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me, and I’m not busting your balls. I do love you, Jim, and I think we are fortunate to have found each other; especially with how we started out. If I hadn’t chased you down in Vegas, we might not be together now.”

“I hear ya. But you were coming to Vegas anyway to attend that dinner, so don’t act all hero-like.”

“I’ll have you know that I made the trip just to get with you and make right the mess I made. I talked my father into letting me represent the company at that dinner. I also bribed the desk clerk to call me when you were on your way up to your room, so that I could bump into you in the hallway.”

“You dirty dog! You hunted me like a hound chasing a rabbit!”

“Yeah, and I ran you to ground, or at least to bed!” Scott said, laughing out loud.

“That was sweet to go through all that trouble, thank you, Scott. I guess now I’m in the mood for round two, stud.”

THE following week the decision from the Supreme Court of California was announced. The ban on gay marriage was overturned and gays would be permitted to marry. The right wing reacted as suspected and went nuts. They vowed to fight any city or town that gave out marriage licenses to two members of the same sex. Local groups both pro and con asked Jim as mayor to hold a press conference and announce the position that the city would take on this issue. The meeting hall was filled with reporters and citizens.

“This press conference was requested to announce whether or not we would comply with the Supreme Court ruling. The answer is yes. Effective Monday, we will be in possession of the new forms from the state necessary for two people of the same sex to apply for a license to wed. When we have those forms, we will issue them and the license as long as the couple meets all the other requirements.”

The room broke out in a combination of chaos and celebration. The right-wingers were yelling condemnations at Jim and the progressive members of the city in attendance clapped and hugged each other. It took almost five minutes to restore order in the room.

“Mr. Mayor, how can you ignore traditional marriage and place all those marriages in jeopardy by allowing gays to marry?” asked one reporter. Another shouted out a question that made the room go quiet. “Isn’t it true, Mayor, that there is a rumor going around that you are gay yourself and involved with a man right now?”

“I don’t listen to rumors and have not heard this rumor that you speak about.”

“Well, what’s the answer? Are you gay?”

Jim saw his world crash down around him. The question that he hoped would never be asked was now out in the open. He looked around the room as it grew deathly silent. His eyes briefly locked on those of Scott and moved on until his eyes returned to the hostile man who asked the question.

Scott wanted to jump to his lover’s defense but couldn’t bring himself to do it. “Usually I would answer your question with either no comment, or none of your damn business. However, I will say neither. The answer to whether or not I’m gay is yes, I am gay.”

Gasps and moans went out around the room at his answer while others clapped and cheered. The press busily scribbled down notes on what was happening before their eyes. “Is it true that you are sleeping with different guys all over the city, Mayor?” asked a reporter.

“No, that is not correct. Whoever is spreading *that* rumor is guilty of lies. In fact, in light of the decision that has brought us all here, I intend to ask the man in my life if he will marry me. If he says yes, then we will be married.”

“Mr. Mayor, who’s the guy? What’s his name?” shouted several reporters.

“I will not give his name because it is none of your business. He has the absolute right to privacy. I am the public figure, not him. I will not invade his personal space by divulging his name to the public until he says it is alright with him.”

Scott began to walk through the crowd and approached the mayor. Jim tried to warn him off with a look, but it did not work. Scott now stood next to the mayor and faced the assembled crowd. “I am the man in the mayor’s life and I am not ashamed of it.” Scott faced Jim and said, “I would be happy to marry you, Jim.”

He then embraced Jim in front of a shocked crowd as Jim whispered, “You young fool. Your father is going to have a coronary over this.”

“Well, I’ll inherit the company early then, won’t I?”

THE next day the press was filled with the story of the gay mayor and his boyfriend and the fact that they were going to get married. Reporters laid siege to the office of Morgan and Son Construction in an attempt to get comments from the father of the intended. Mr. Morgan had no comment to the media as he was recovering from the shock of learning that his only son was in fact gay. Further weighing on his mind was the fact that his son was marrying the mayor of Blalock in what he supposed would be a public spectacle worthy of the Coliseum in ancient Rome. He knew what the mayor was paid and what his son earned and anticipated that whatever kind of “wedding” they would have, it would be tacky.

As Scott and Jim sat at home in the living room, they began to discuss their future together. So far, there were only limited calls for a recall of the mayor because he was gay. It appeared his job was fairly secure as his gayness was offset by his competence in running the city.

“Well we can limit the guest list to say twenty, ten from each side, and hold the reception here at home instead of in a public facility. That would cut down on costs tremendously. We can go to the city clerk to perform the ceremony and cut out any clergy and associated costs there. I figure we can do the whole thing for maybe three hundred dollars,” said Scott.

“Not exactly the wedding I dreamed about, but the most important thing about it is you. As long as I end up with the stud at the end of the day, I don’t care about the rest of it.”

“Jim, I love you no matter what. Even if we have to get married at the local magistrate and share a cupcake for a wedding cake, you’re all I need.” As they kissed the doorbell rang. Jim answered the door to find Scott’s father standing in the doorway.

“Can I come in?” he asked.

“Of course, Mr. Morgan, come in and sit down.”

“Dad, what are you doing here? If you’ve come to cause trouble, don’t.”

“Sit down, Scott; I want to talk to you both.”

“Mr. Morgan, can I get you anything to drink?”

“I could use a scotch on the rocks if you have it.”

“I think we do have some Scotch, I’ll go get it.”

“Scott before your ... ah, your friend gets back here, I want to tell you that I don’t want you out of my life. You are my only son and I don’t want to lose you. Are you sure you want to go through with this thing with this guy?”

“Dad, if you mean to ask me if I want to go through with my marriage to my lover, the answer is yes; with or without you and the family.”

“You’re pigheaded, just like your old man. Okay, you and your lover. But I’m not having you get married in some tacky venue without all that you deserve ... without all you both deserve. I’m paying for a proper wedding and I won’t take no for an answer. The country club is in for a whole new experience and if they want to keep me and my money there, they will outdo themselves from any other wedding they ever put together.”

As Jim walked back into the room carrying Morgan’s scotch, Scott told him of his father’s offer to give them a proper wedding.

“That’s very kind of you, Mr. Morgan, thank you. Your son deserves it and I do love him with all my heart.”

“I know, I can see it in you both. I’m also paying for a proper honeymoon if you guys do that sort of thing. How about Hawaii?”

“Dad, how about a cruise?”

“Deal. We better get on with making the arrangements, then. How soon do you want to get married?”

“I don’t know; how about in four weeks? Will the club be available?”

“I’ll find out now,” he said as he pulled out his cell phone and hit a speed dial button. He reached the club manager and told him what he wanted and the club agreed without hesitation. After all, money is money, and Morgan intended to spend a lot of it on this occasion.

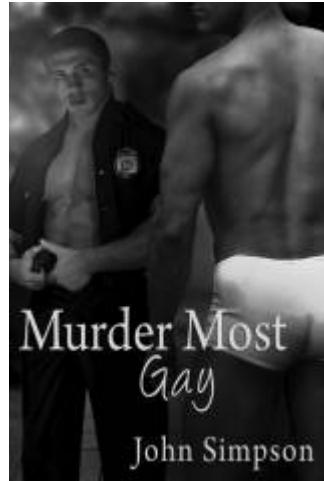
After Scott’s father left, Jim embraced a crying Scott. “What’s wrong, honey?”

“You have no idea how far my father has come since he found out about all this. And now we get to have a beautiful wedding with all the trimmings with no need to limit the guest list to just twenty people.”

“It is all rather incredible; just like a fairy tale. Do we now live happily ever after?”

“Jim, if I have anything to say about it, we will. Now let’s go to bed and make love.”

Novels by John Simpson...



www.dreamspinnerpress.com

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Published by
Dreamspinner Press
4760 Preston Road
Suite 244-149
Frisco, TX 75034
<http://www.dreamspinnerpress.com/>

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