



**BAD BOYS, BAD BOYS**

# *Lust Bites*

**Mia Watts**

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Bad Boys, Bad Boys

ISBN #978-1-907010-07-1

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Edited by Michele Paulin

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2009 by Total-E-Bound Publishing 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spaldington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

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## *Dedication*

To my editor Michele. Who accepts my sucking up because she deserves it after the roller coaster I put her through.

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Toyota:	Toyota Motor Corporation
Killian's:	Premium Beverages International

## Chapter One

Mack hooked the heel of his boot on the barstool rung across the room and wrapped his long fingers around the thick shaft of his beer bottle. Geo shivered with hungry appreciation. He watched the supple stretch of buttery black leather pull taut across Mack's shoulder blades and the lift of the bottle rim to his lips. The bottle paused midway and Mack threw back his head on a bone-vibrating laugh.

"There he is," Will yelled, knocking his shoulder against Mack's.

"Hey," Mack yelled over the din of sports commentary. He lifted his bottle in the air. His coat swung open, flashing the gold-on-leather detective's badge of the Maple Grove police department. "We were wondering where you were. What took so long?"

Geo's lips pulled into an obligatory smile. It was nearly impossible to look Mack in the eye after the graphic sex dreams he'd been having about him for the last week. One had brought him to full wakefulness, belting out Mack's name as his body convulsed in orgasm.

Crap of it was, he couldn't exactly avoid him. Geo fingered his own badge, looped through his belt. Finding another man attractive made Geo gay, he supposed. Finding his fellow detective attractive, made it complicated. Gay partners. Sounded like a redundancy, but Geo didn't think Mack or the other detectives would find it as amusing. Hell, *he* didn't find it amusing, just incredibly erotic.

Pulling himself together, Geo pasted a smile on his face and ploughed through the bar's smoky dimness as though he walked against a stiff wind.

"Covey case," he said when he reached Mack and Will.

Mack shot him an asking look. "What could have happened in the twenty minutes since I left the office?"

He did lift the bottle to his lips this time, and Geo stole a glance at the hard amber glass pressing his partner's mouldable lips. The rolled rim of the bottle resembled the flared head of a thick cock. Unavoidably, he imagined the firm, full lips pressed to the tip of his dick, sipping the mushroom head as he came in ball-wrenching spurts.

His gut clenched on the image. His brain desperately wanted to return everything to normal. The way it was *before* he grew sexually aware of his partner.

Geo slid his hands into his pockets to cover his physical reaction but couldn't tear his eyes off Mack's throat. It worked over each swallow, his Adam's apple bobbing beneath silky tanned skin. Geo broke into a cold sweat.

"Chief wants a 'round the clock stakeout with Douglas and Nix." Hours of sitting, alone, with Mack in a dark car. Not touching but wanting to and not really wishing to explore *why* touching Mack was fast becoming an obsession.

Fucking torture.

Mack lowered his bottle and licked the moisture on his upper lip with the tip of his tongue. Black hair fell over his forehead, partially obscuring one light green eye. Geo had never thought of his partner as sexy, but something in the dreams had shifted his perspective. Mack made his balls tight, and one crooked grin, one rumbling laugh, coiled anticipation in his groin so tightly Geo thought he'd bust.

Confused the hell out of him.

Why after three years did he get a hard-on for his partner? And what the hell was he supposed to do with that info now? Guys like Geo and Mack, they didn't *do* other guys. They made light cracks about men who did, secure in the knowledge that they weren't among them. Not that Geo cared about sexuality one way or the other. You loved whom you loved. But Mack was different. A man who fucked women and slapped other guys on the back.

"Dude, I have to go on a drive-along with you one of these days." Will wrapped his lips around his bottle, too, but it didn't leave Geo with the same effect. "Ever get drunk during one of those things?"

"Hell, no. I drink as little as possible so I don't have to whiz," Mack said. "Fucking miserable to sit on your ass for hours with a full bladder."

"Ever bring a lady on a stakeout?" Will asked, nudging Mack with his elbow.

"I have to listen to Geo whine as it is. Why would I bring along someone who'll just whine in a higher pitch?"

"It's called singing, and my sister thinks I have a great voice," Geo said.

"Your sister thinks I have a great voice too – when I'm humming her clit," Mack teased.

"My sister wouldn't come near your hairy ass," Geo argued.

"Oh yeah, that was your mom." Mack laughed, lifting his bottle to drain the dregs and calling the bartender over for another two. He motioned that Geo should get one of them.

Geo straddled a stool on the other side of Will. No sense getting closer to Mack than he had to. How would he explain a hard-on for his partner? Mack could break his face a hundred different ways for looking at him sideways?

Hell, Geo didn't understand it himself. "Just fucking dreams," he muttered under his breath.

"What dreams?" Will probed.

"Nuthin'."

"That guy," Mack said pointing at Geo. "That guy has some freaky-ass dreams. Tell Will about the one with the playground equipment grabbing at your fly."

"I'll pass." Geo fisted the beer bottle the minute it hit the counter. Tossing back, he downed it while Will jeered and Mack ordered him a second one. As he drained it, he flicked his tongue over the bottom rim, thinking about cock heads. Mack's in particular. Geo's balls throbbed.

"When's the stakeout?" Will asked.

"Sunday."

"Fuck that," Mack growled.

A cell phone buzzed. All three of them reached for their belts.

Will lifted his. "It's mine. Shit, it's Cheryl." He lifted the phone and plastered a phony smile on his face. "Hey baby, what's up?"

Geo tuned him out, pushing back a second empty beer bottle and reaching for a third.

"I gotta go. Cheryl's PMS-ing or some shit," Will said. He shrugged and dropped a couple of bills on the counter. "See ya, Monday. Unless, of course, you're still staked."

"Yeah, yeah." Geo waved him off.

Mack scooted over a stool. "Thirsty, huh?"

Geo didn't answer. With his partner even closer now, Geo thought several more beers might be in order. Hands on the bottle meant no hands on Mack. Yeah, good idea.

Mack slapped him on the back. "Drink up then. I'll getcha home." Mack's slap became a shoulder squeeze before he dropped his arm and leaned on the bar. "So what's eatin' you?"

Perfect choice of words. If only Mack knew.

"Got a lot on my mind."

"Women?" Mack asked.

"Nope."

"Maddie will be disappointed," Mack teased.

It wasn't Mack's little sister he worried about disappointing with his redirected lust. They drank in silence for several minutes. Mack switched to cola. Geo tried to figure out what he felt and why his dick insisted on pointing skyward whenever Mack was around.

It hadn't been unruly before last week. At least, he didn't remember it being so. There were moments on the job where he'd been at half-mast, but that had been adrenaline. The rush of the chase, right?

"I need to get you home, buddy. You drink another, and you'll pass out like you did last time you got deep and ponderous." Mack stood.

Geo stood too although the room tilted. He felt the solid comfort of Mack's arm around his back. Geo leaned in. Mack smelled good. Damn him. Fuckin' A. Geo stumbled, his feet feeling like bricks though he didn't think he'd had that much to drink.

"Only had four beers," Geo grumbled.

"Six. And no food."

"Fuck that. I can drink twice as many and still walk a straight line," Geo argued.

"Yeah, that's why I'm driving you home. 'Cause you're sober and steady as a surgeon."

"S'right. I love you, man."

"Yep. Totally sober." Mack grinned.

The cool air hit Geo square in the chest. He sucked in sharply and blinked when his eyes suddenly watered in the brisk November wind. He turned his face into Mack, bumping his nose against Mack's temple.

Mack eased him into the passenger seat and fastened him in. His fingers grazed Geo's hip, and it was everything Geo could do to keep from shifting his pelvis to force an 'accidental' touch to his cock when Mack withdrew.

Geo unfastened the belt.

"C'mon, man, I just got you in."



Mack leaned over and re-belted him. Geo inhaled traces of piny scent at the juncture of his neck and shoulder. Without thinking too much about it, Geo slipped a free hand around Mack's far shoulder and tugged.

Mack looked at him, instinctively.

It didn't take more than a subtle lift of Geo's chin to make contact. His mouth moved over Mack's. Mack remained motionless, in retrospect, stunned. Geo sank into him, parting and capturing lips as buttery soft as the coat Mack wore.

He tasted the brine of beer and sweet cola. Something salty, too, like peanuts filtering through the dark erotic depths of his hot, sensual mouth.

Mack shoved Geo's shoulder, knocking him against the seat. "What the fuck, Wilson? What the—Shit! What kind of fucking—Dude, you are fucked up!" Mack retreated, slamming the car door. Mack muttered and paced, hands on his lean hips. He shot accusatory looks at Geo and ran his hands through his hair a few times. Long sexy fingers, dark satiny strands of hair. Fine ass.

Geo leaned back. Yeah, he'd totally fucked up all right, but damn if it hadn't been amazing.

## Chapter Two

Mack gripped the steering wheel. His jaw ached from clamping his teeth together, but what the hell else was he supposed to do? His partner had fucking kissed him. What kind of shitty thing to do was that?

He darted a look at Geo. The man's head lolled back on the seat. Thick, black lashes brushed the top of his cheeks before curling up. He knew for a fact they covered silver eyes because his little sister couldn't quit talking about them, writing poetry about them and Geo's coal black hair.

Mack's lips tingled, and as much as he didn't want to remember the taste of Killian's on his tongue, he couldn't ignore it either. Girls he'd kissed drank wine or diet soda. *Geo's* kiss had been—fucking hot, he admitted after a moment.

They'd look back on this and laugh one day. The way they laughed about Geo passing out, not able to hold his liquor. Or the time one of the beat cops had pulled over Geo for speeding and then let him finger her to satisfaction in payment for ripping up the ticket. Total sham pull-over but fucking hysterical at two in the morning.

He returned his glare to the road. "If you fucking kiss me again, Wilson, I'll fucking castrate you. Got it?"

Geo mumbled unintelligibly.

"Just don't remember it. Don't ever bring it up." He slapped the wheel. "What the fuck were you thinking? You like girls, don'tcha? I've seen you with a hundred different girls. And that beat cop."

He was talking to himself.

He stopped at a red and spared another look at Geo. The prominent Italian features set in golden complexion could have been carved from granite. Wasn't anything sissy about him.

Mack relented.

"It was the beer. That's all it was. It's the beer acting on you. I'm not letting you touch another drop of the stuff if it makes you do crazy-assed shit like kissing people you shouldn't

be kissing. What the fuck?" Except it didn't explain his own reaction to the kiss, which still pressed his fly insistently.

He pulled up in front of Geo's apartment building and swore under his breath. No way could Geo make it up there without help. It wouldn't have bothered Mack if there had never been that kiss. Would Geo try again?

Mack's lips tingled anew. If his partner had been a girl, it would have been a different scenario. He might have enjoyed the kiss from a woman. *A woman, I'd take upstairs and fuck senseless for a kiss like that.*

The surprise of it, the foreignness of Geo's firm mouth and beer-stained breath, the sandy feel of their cheeks catching on each other's had been kind of erotic. That's why his pecker had stiffened. The surprise of it all. Kinda hot being caught off guard.

Nah. Not hot. Hot was reserved for women.

Grunting with annoyance, Mack got out of the car and came around to the other side. He nudged Geo through the open door just to make sure he wouldn't attack him with warm lips and thick fingers sifting through his hair again. And damn if it hadn't been at the bar a block from work. Someone could've seen.

He unbuckled his partner and dragged him out of the car. Geo looped one arm about Mack's neck. Mack's arm wrapped his around Geo's torso. Geo stumbled against him, bumping his groin against Mack's hip and leaning heavily on him.

"Fuckin' wake up, Geo. I'm not carrying you over the threshold or some shit like that. You aren't my date."

"Wouldn't date you if you were the last asshole on Earth," Geo slurred.

"Let's keep it that way."

Mack half-dragged, half-carried Geo to the elevator. It would have been easier if Geo had kept his feet, but the man was out of it, face buried in Mack's neck and snoring. The short hairs along that side of Mack's body rose as Geo's snuffling became a wet, mouthy exploration of his neck.

"Keys," Mack growled.

"Front pocket."

"I'm not goin' in after them. Gimme your keys."

Geo dug around and lifted the jingling clutch before Mack's face. Mack pushed him against the wall, shivering as cooler air touched the moisture on his neck. His hand shook when he placed the key in the lock. Mack swore.

Needing to hit something, he shoved his shoulder against the door and reached for Geo again. He kicked it closed behind them.

"Gotta get your ass in bed, buddy. You way overdid the booze tonight."

It took just a few quick jerks to rid Geo of his coat, shirt, and belt. Mack carefully laid the holstered gun and badge across the room. If Geo could kiss another guy in his drunken state, he could easily shoot someone. When Mack got back to bedside, Geo barely sat upright. His slacks loosely circled his hips, and Mack had to admit his partner deserved every line of poetry his little sister had written.

*Fuckin' great kisser.* His cock twitched. Not that he'd ever share that with little Maddie. Would break her sixteen year old heart.

"You gonna be sick? You need help before I go?" Mack asked. He didn't feel like leaving despite the weird night it had turned out to be. He'd known Geo for three years, ever since they'd been assigned together. It wasn't like he could back out on the guy for making some bad choices.

Geo groaned and dropped his forehead on Mack's stomach. "Room's spinning," he muttered. "Just stand still a minute."

His breath heated the front of Mack's pants. Mack's pecker twitched with interest and he thought of that beat cop breathing on him there. The image slipped, and with queasy dread, the reality of Geo's face that close to his dick made Mack harder.

"Don't puke on me. I've had enough surprises tonight." And fleetingly, he wondered if Geo was so far out of it that Mack could experimentally kiss him back without his partner remembering it the next day. The last one had shot straight to his cock. Getting another kiss could help Mack put his doubts to rest. He wasn't gay or anything, but curiosity was a cold, fucking bitch with her hand on his hard-on.

Geo groaned again. It pleasantly vibrated Mack's abdomen. Geo held onto Mack's waist for support.

"Dude, I'm serious. If you're gonna puke, lemme know."

Geo pulled at Mack's waistband. His pants tugged sharply. He'd barely registered the clack of his belt buckle when wet heat engulfed his dick.

Mack didn't think, couldn't think, just scrambled backward, tripping on his dropped pants. His ass hit the floor first, and he stared down at his exposed hard cock, in confusion. Geo crawled across the floor towards him. Geo halfway up his legs spurred Mack to crab-crawl backwards.

"What the fu—" his words broke off in a strangled moan.

Geo's lips closed over the mushroomed head of Mack's cock. He flicked at the underside with his tongue then swallowed him suddenly. Mack rocked sharply to one side, but the surprisingly agile Geo, covered him.

Mack could immediately think of a handful of ways to dislodge Geo, but the sucking heat, Geo's squeezing throat and the slick pumping of his fist at the base made every one of them seem like a dumb idea.

Disbelief, gnawing erotic hunger and shock tore Mack in three different directions, stunting his ability to settle on one and act. His mind clouded over with blinding heat which had everything to do with the milking of his cock onto the sublime precipice of orgasm. He knew he should pull away, but he no longer knew why.

His heels dug into the floor, and he unconsciously pushed away. Geo pinned him down to the carpet sucking him off like his life depended on it. Mack's fingers curled sharply into the carpet's pile, his eyes rolled back and his mouth opened on sharp, stunned gasps. His whole universe centred on his dick and the slick friction of Geo's appetite.

Mack's body twisted, curled in on itself. A tickle of sweat tracking down the centre of his chest towards the liquid pleasure of Geo's mouth served to underscore the necessity that he come and come now by whatever means.

The knee Geo wasn't pinning down came up in a protective move, canting his hip at an angle while still leaning into the sensations at his groin. His chest flexed, and his abdomen clenched hard as breathing became increasingly difficult. His lungs burned for more oxygen. Stupid, lingering reason insisted Mack get Geo off him, knock free. His seduced other half was afraid to move and dislodge the exquisite pleasure to his cock.

"Oh shit," Mack muttered, as he felt the inevitable thrill tighten his balls. "Shit. What the—shit. Oh, shit." His moans grew more frenzied. No way in hell was he pulling away

from the best head he'd ever gotten. His brain went blank and dropped all other thoughts about who, how, or why. His balls ached and his ass muscles clenched as though they could hold his climax at bay.

He forgot everything. Forgot his partner was sucking him off. Forgot the heady sweep of Geo's lips over his in the car. Forgot the unexplainable curiosity of finding out if his erection because of that kiss had been a one-time fluke. Nothing existed but this second and the next.

Something tickled over his hole. Sensation leaped inside him, sending him down that dark spiral until suddenly he was pumping his hips up in mindless, guttural shouts. Cum streaked up his cock, spurted in thick jets, emptying him into orgasm.

"Fuckin' taste great, man," Geo said. His head dropped to Mack's hip, and his breathing evened out.

Mack stared at him. Panic welled up in his chest and something like dread scraped at his lungs with each residual gasp. He blinked, dropped back on his elbows and tried to catch his breath.

Geo slept soundly, his nose inches from Mack's reddened shaft.

Cock still wet, Mack grew flaccid as cool air hit his heated skin. "What the *fuck* just happened?"

Only silence answered him.

\* \* \* \*

Wicked images of a hungry kiss in the dark stilled Geo as he stepped off the elevator the next day. An old lady shoved him from behind. He apologised and moved off to the side, brow furrowed as he searched for some memory just out of reach.

That dream had really messed with his head. Geo no longer knew what was real and what wasn't. Still, the clouded image of Mack's surprise-widened eyes millimetres from his stuck fast.

Had he? Why couldn't he remember it? Did he like it? Who the hell was he kidding? Of course, he'd liked it but had Mack? Geo scrubbed his brain for any trace of reaction, sensation, and came up empty. *Had to have been another dream.*

He sighed and walked out front, keys ready, sunglasses in place against the bright afternoon sun. He went to his usual spot, but the car wasn't there. Bad enough he'd woken with a hard-on again. Now he'd not only be thinking about kissing Mack all day, he'd but misplaced his car. Shit.

He gingerly swung his head to see if he'd parked somewhere else instead but didn't see his little black Toyota. Considering his hangover, he had one other ace in the hole to try.

"Mack, where's my car?" he demanded into his cell phone.

A long silence greeted him. Then, "You don't remember?"

"Shit. It's at the bar, isn't it?"

"Yeah. I drove you home."

"You could have left a note. I'm out here in the parking lot looking for my ride."

"Figured you'd remember last night pretty clear."

Something about his tone, his low gravelly half-whisper, pricked Geo's attention. Nerves fluttered in his stomach. "Why?"

"No reason."

The persistent image of the kiss popped mercilessly to mind. Geo's breath caught, his ears rang. "Did...uh...did anything weird happen I should know about?"

"Weird how?"

"I dunno. There's this image that keeps bugging me. Something which might have happened in your car?"

"Just the car?" Mack asked.

Geo heard the tension in his partner's voice. The way he'd said *just the car*? Like Geo should have remembered something else. "So you're saying something did happen?"

"Hang on." Fabric rustled against the mouthpiece, and Geo could make out the muffled vibrations of Mack's deeper tones mixed with higher pitched ones. Family. "Can't talk now. I'm at my mom's."

"You gonna pick me up tomorrow for the stakeout?"

"Yeah."

"Mack. We okay?" Geo asked.

"I don't know, man. I'll see ya Sunday." Mack rang off.

\* \* \* \*

Mack swung his backpack into the rear seat. Did Geo really not remember what had happened last Friday? Mack wasn't sure if that relieved him or disappointed him. How often did Geo give guys head? Nothing in their partnership had ever suggested the man was a fairy or that Mack was the centre of his little fantasy.

Beer loosened inhibitions. It didn't change people's personalities. Still, it had been great head. If Geo had been a woman, Mack would be chomping at the bit for a repeat. Shit, every mile closer to Geo's apartment, Mack's dick throbbed harder.

He glared down at the thick ridge behind his jeans' zipper. "You liked that, did you? It was a guy, you brainless moron."

A guy. His partner. His best friend. He loved the man, sure, but sexually? It had never entered his mind. Sometimes, it felt like they were on the same wavelength. They finished each other's sentences, and both of them with dark colouring had earned them the label 'the twins' around the department. Forget that Mack was black Irish and Geo was Italian. The heavily muscled builds, similar height, colouring, and propensity towards masculine dominance had sealed the deal.

Maybe male dominance had been the thing. Two guys drinking and both working together and seen as part of the other. Maybe Geo had gotten sick of it and wanted to show Mack who the boss was. In a drunken stupor, it might explain the blow job, but their similarities as detectives were peppered with compatible differences.

Mack was more boisterous. Louder. Geo tended towards silence and brooding charm. Between them they could interrogate anyone and come out with something. Good cop, bad cop. And the ladies...well, the ladies didn't stand a chance against Geo.

Geo oozed sex appeal. His ground-eating stride was predatory and lithe. He flashed those pretty silver eyes, and women creamed their panties. The rare flicker of a dimple in Geo's cheek when humour lit his features made even Mack smile in appreciation for the good-looking man.

He'd learned something else two nights ago, too. When Geo went down on a man, the dimple came out to play. Sexy as hell.

"Shit," Mack muttered as the thought registered.



He jerked the wheel towards Geo's parking lot, spilling hot coffee in on his thigh. He jumped up in his seat as his foot came down on the brake. He snatched several tissues and blotted his lap. "At least my dick is back to normal."

Geo jogged over to the car and slipped in. "Let's get going. Douglas and Nix are off duty in a few."

"I'm goin'," Mack said, pulling back into traffic and heading towards the edge of Maple Grove where it bumped borders with Fridley.

"Start talking," Geo said. He twisted the top off a water bottle and chugged half of it back before looking at Mack again.

Mack stole a glance, noting the dip of Geo's dimple. Mack's cock stirred to life. He shifted, slightly raising his right hip to obscure Geo's view if he looked. Mack had been thinking about that mouth since Friday night. After his brain began working again. Difficult not to think about that mouth after what it had done to him. And after the blow job, he'd been left with the self-examination. What did it mean that he'd enjoyed it? Was it a symptom of great head regardless of the giver or something more ominous?

Unlike Geo, it seemed, Mack remembered everything in sharp detail. Painful, arousing, sharp detail.

"About what?" Mack asked.

"What's bothering you."

Mack opted for a change of subject, not sure he could discuss the topic which most occupied him. He reached in his back pocket and pulled out a folded piece of paper. "Love note from Maddie."

Geo laughed and put the water bottle between his legs as he opened the note. Mack shot a look, thinking how much the stiff water bottle looked like a cock sticking up from Geo's groin. He nearly missed the turn.

He could hardly comprehend a kiss and now he had jumped straight to cock? What the fuck? The kiss had more than thrown him. It had crossed some wires in his brain. It had to have, because after the kiss, Mack had wondered what kissing him back would feel like. He didn't think he'd go so far as to want Geo's cock in his mouth, but the idea of looking at it held appeal. Fuck, had Geo gone and made him gay?

"She thinks I'm handsome. She," Geo laughed sharply. "She wants me to give her a sweet sixteen kiss."

"She's already sixteen."

Geo shrugged. "She thinks her first kiss should be by someone she trusts."

"That's bullshit. She has the hots for you, and she wants to get her groove on. Don't touch her." Geo kissing Mack's little sister twisted something in his gut. He knew how the man kissed, how sensual it felt to be held in place while Geo did it. Maddie wouldn't be able to handle it. It would send her on hormonal overload. Yeah, that's why he didn't want Geo kissing her. The only reason.

He chanced a look at Geo profile. His dimple took the angles and softened them when he smiled. Smiling and sucking, the only two things Mack knew of to make that illusive trait come out of hiding. Maybe kissing, too. He'd have to look next time.

Geo snorted. "I wouldn't. Her big brother would kill me. Besides, I think she's missed the point about me being a cop and her being underage." He waggled his eyebrows at Mack, wrenching a reluctant grin from him. "So this is it? This is what's bugging you?"

They turned the last corner. Mack pulled up behind Douglas. Or was it Nix? Creepy-ass guys. Alien detective people with pasty skin and no sense of humour. The other guys took off. Mack settled in and turned off the car. The exhaust plume would only give them away. He checked the backseat and was relieved he'd remembered the blankets.

"Nothin's bugging me." *Except that your mouth is the most fascinating thing on my mind right now, and I have no straight reason for thinking about you.*

"Friday," Geo reminded. "When I called you the next day, you were distinctly uncomfortable about Friday. Since I can't trust my memory, you wanna tell me what happened?"

"No." Mack couldn't explain it to himself. How could he explain it to Geo?

"So you're going to keep giving me the cold shoulder?"

"Probably." *Better than the hot cock in my pants.*

"How about if I tell you what I think I remember?" Geo asked, suddenly finding the cap on his water bottle absorbing.

"Go for it." *This ought to be interesting.*

Mack watched him from the corner of his eye. Geo looked out the side window towards a naked maple. He took a deep breath and cleared his throat.

"I keep seeing your face. Really close and kinda shocked." Geo reached up and pulled on the collar of his coat. He ran the zipper up under his chin and tucked the lower part of his face in the neckline, hiding his mouth from Mack. "I think," he started, bringing his mouth up again and staring straight ahead. "I think I might have done something drunk and stupid."

"Like?" Mack's pulse thrummed hot and heavy in anticipation of Geo's words. Putting them out in the open for both to hear would give credence to what he remembered. Solidify the event as fact. Did he want that?

Geo's shoulders twitched, like they didn't fit right or he'd stopped a shrug. "Like a kiss or something. Dude, I didn't kiss your ugly mug, did I?" Geo's jaw ticked. He shoved his hands in his coat pockets and fixed his eyes on something down the road.

"Yeah." What else did Geo remember?

"Shit." His gaze dropped to the dash. He squinted then resumed looking down the street. "Sorry, man. Beer fucks me up."

"No shit." Fucked Geo up. Fucked Geo's mouth with his cock for sure. Yeah, beer had changed a few things between them.

"Bet that would change Maddie's mind."

Mack laughed uneasily. "Yeah. Yeah, it would." He scratched the whirl of his ear and decided to throw it out in the open. "But not nearly as much as the other thing."

Geo looked sideways at him. His eyes narrowed. "What other thing?"

Mack cocked an eyebrow as he shifted to face Geo. He wanted to read every nuance of Geo's expression. "Fuckin' A, Wilson. You swallowed my cock."

Laughter exploded from Geo in disbelief. "Fuck you, asshole. In your dreams."

Mack wasn't laughing. He squirmed in his seat, and his face had taken on a ruddy hue.

"I've never sucked cock before, and I sure as hell wouldn't start with your —"

Another memory. His mouth full. Short black curls zooming in and out of his vision. A shout. Geo sucked in a sharp breath. His stomach tipped dizzily, echoed by a sharp, eager pull from his filling dick.

"You remember," Mack said. He checked his watch and studied the front door of the stakeout house. "It's eight-thirty. No one in or out. Make a note."

Geo fumbled with the logbook, grateful for the interruption. He noted the change in expected routine. "Got it."

The men were silent for a long time.

Geo tried to coax the memories forward yet they remained a blur of motion and twisting bodies. Trying to escape? Trying to get closer? Mack's cock finally in his mouth, and he couldn't remember it? Fuck that. Fate sucked ass. He'd been dreaming about the moment in vivid clarity, but the actual moment had been lost to *beer*?

What had it felt like sliding between his lips? Tasted like? Geo's mouth watered. Wait a minute.

Geo half-turned in his seat to view both the street and his partner. Mack didn't look happy. He looked pissed.

"Quit looking at me," Mack grouched.

"I'm thinkin' that I was drunk, and you weren't. How the hell did I get the jump on you to suck cock, and you not stop me?"

Mack squirmed. "Took me by surprise. Thought you were about to puke, and the next thing I know you have my pants down."

The memory of Mack's short and curlies zooming in and out persisted. The only way he could have sucked cock like that was —

"You weren't soft." The realisation dawned on him with a measure of incredulity.

"You weren't, either," Mack countered.

"Yeah." Geo started laughing. Couldn't help it. Mack's look told him he could kill. It only made Geo laugh louder because reluctant recipient or not, Mack's cock had been at attention for the deed. Obviously, his partner had been aroused. "I remember you shouting. Must've been a good blow."

Mack's lips twitched. He turned away his face. Shrugged. Silence stretched between them. "Fucking best head I ever got," he said after a few minutes, laughing.

Geo laughed with him, feeling some of the tension break. "Dude, I don't remember it. No, I'm serious," he said when Mack seemed disbelieving. "Clearly you don't have a memorable cock."

Mack reached over and shoved him.

"I vaguely remember being close enough to kiss you but not actually doing it. And I remember your short n' curlies. That's it."

That almost pissed Mack off. He'd been stressing about the incident all weekend, worrying about the stakeout. Forgetting about Friday hadn't been an option for Mack since he couldn't get Geo out of his mind. Couldn't erase the haunt of him bearing down on Mack's turgid staff. And Geo didn't remember it. Pricked his ego.

"You'd have remembered if I'd kissed you back. Never had complaints before. Come 'ere, and I'll kiss you solid this time," Mack joked, trying to make light of his discomfort. Once Geo joked back, they'd be in familiar territory again and could forget the whole thing. Maybe.

Amusement flickered over Geo's face. "How do I know you'll stop there? My modesty is at stake."

Geo batted his lashes at him, and Mack grinned. He really did have pretty eyes. A puff of breath formed from between Geo's parted lips. He reached back without looking and brought forward a plaid flannel blanket.

Mack found himself staring at Geo. He'd been too stunned to react at the time, but now he remembered, and it didn't seem like such a bad thing to think he might have enjoyed it even more if he'd kissed Geo back.

"Fuck me," Mack swore under his breath. "This stakeout is gonna be too long." Especially if he kept thinking about his partner's hungry mouth and silver eyes. He sounded like Maddie, damn it.

"Nine o'clock and suspect hasn't left for work," Geo said, logging the information in the book. He put it down. "Go ahead."

Mack's breath stalled. "Ahead with what?"

"Kiss me solid. I owe you, and I have no memory of it. Couldn't have been that good." Geo shrugged, but Mack detected some nervous rigidity in his face. The rest of him was under the blanket, huddling for warmth.

"I don't kiss dudes," Mack said. He looked long and hard at Geo's mouth. He *had* wondered though. About Geo. Not about other dudes. Only because the line had been

crossed once already and because Geo seemed to understand the curiosity. Did he wonder about Mack, too, knowing he would keep the secret like so many other personal matters over the years?

"Neither do I," Geo answered, his beautiful lips twisting with ironic humour.

Cold seeped into the car. The windows fogged to the point where Mack could no longer make out distinct shapes. He reached back, bending sideways around the bucket seat. His shoulder and upper arm brushed Geo. Accidentally on purpose. He couldn't explain why he'd needed to touch Geo. The intimacy of the conversation perhaps. Mack found the paper towels and wiped down the inside of the windshield.

Geo pulled the water bottle out from under the blanket and took several long, plastic-popping swigs. Mack watched Geo's throat work. Watched the angled line of his jaw lift and his lips wrap around the opening. Mack's cock throbbed, remembering how those lips felt wrapped around him *there*. It made him hot. Horny. Pissed him off because Geo controlled him in a way he would never let another man control him. Excited him. Irritated him. Barbed him into making choices he had no desire to make.

Or did he? Kissing Geo's water-slicked lips suddenly seemed like a really good idea.

Mack grabbed the bottle, spilling some of the cool water on the blanket. Geo's lips curled into motion, ready to rip out a sarcastic comment, no doubt, but Mack leaned over the centre console. He grabbed the throat of Geo's coat and lugged him close.

"This is payback, got it?" Mack snapped. Payback. Not lust. Not for Geo.

"Yeah," Geo breathed.

Mack's lips came down on Geo's. Without the beard stubble, the sensation was slightly different. Softer, fuller. Annoyance that this kiss made his cock strain, his heart race faster than any kiss he'd had before, reared to the forefront, and he nipped Geo's lip in punishment.

Geo shoved him off. "Fuckin' bit me."

Mack made another grab for him. Geo's fist clipped the underside of Mack's jaw, stunning him. Then Geo took over, grabbing Mack's head between his hands and devouring his mouth. His breath rushed over Mack's lips. He inhaled, and it was like breathing Geo's soul deep into his lungs.

Mack grappled with Geo's coat, shoving him with one hand, pulling him back with the other. Their lips broke contact. Both men, panting and crazed, had fisted the other's coat. Geo made a move first, darting forward to recapture Mack's mouth. Mack met him, angrily pressing his lips to his partner's until they hurt, gasping and pressing again as they each sought to win a battle.

Geo shoved him backwards against the driver's side door. He shoved his hand down the front of Mack's jeans and stroked his cock savagely. Mack twisted and pulled Geo's hand out then bodily shoved him back to the passenger side.

Warily Mack looked down at him. God, Mack wanted him. How could he want him? It was wrong or twisted. It had to be to want Geo this bad.

Geo seemed as confused as he and had the same thick ridge in his jeans, too. Giving in to the urge which seemed at once foreign and familiar, Mack manoeuvred around the steering wheel and clamped his hands on Geo's hips, dragging him closer. The intensity of his lust—no, curiosity—pounded through his veins with a demand to see, touch, taste. To give back to Geo what had been done to Mack. To force *him* to question his own sexuality the way Mack had been, and force Geo into the same hell of confusion and rage and desire with no apparent solution Mack could easily accept.

He didn't wait for Geo to catch his bearings. Mack lowered his friend's fly and reached inside. Geo grunted as Mack's hand closed around him, pulled him out then began to pump.

Geo tried to sit up, but Mack held him down with one hand while he relentlessly pumped Geo's cock with the other. His partner writhed but didn't try to break free. Instead, he locked one hand around the wrist holding him and the other around Mack's forearm, silently urging him on.

"Oh, fuck," Geo moaned. "Not supposed to feel this good. Fucking calluses on your hands."

Pre-cum shimmered over the top of the plump head, and Mack used it to slick Geo's shaft. Experimentally, Mack leaned down and ran his tongue over the slit, levelling a look at Geo which dared him to comment. Geo's eyes glazed over. His lips parted on gasped pants. The tendons in his neck tightened, and he dug his nails into Mack.

Lust hazed Mack's thoughts until taking Geo's tip into his mouth seemed like a good idea. The texture surprised him. The tanginess was a lot like his own cum. Mack's mouth

cleared the rim, popping his lips over the ridge which had Geo thrusting upward to give him more. Geo's bucking hips and powerlessness to do anything more than feel and allow Mack to take him however he chose seared Mack's chest with triumphant pleasure.

"Coming," Geo moaned. "Fuck. I'm coming, Mack."

He fisted a hand in Mack's hair encouraging him off the tangy knob. Mack clamped on him tight lips and suction.

Geo grunted, jammed his hips upward, and forced his cock deep into Mack's mouth. Mack held a gag in check as Geo grunted in rhythm with spurting cum deep into his throat.

Mack sat up, choking. "Damn that stuff is foul." He wiped a sleeve across his lips and grabbed Geo's water bottle, draining it. Cool plastic touched him where blazing skin had been, but nothing could wipe away the numbness brought on by engorged straining flesh rubbing over sensitive lips. Or Geo's musky male smell burned into his memory.

Had he thought doing Geo would cancel out Geo doing him? Had he thought at all? With blinding intuition, Mack knew he'd never be able to forget the feeling of Geo's cock in his mouth.

Next to him, Geo straightened up and tucked himself away. "What are you going to do about that?" he asked, nodding at Mack's lap.

"I'm gonna ignore it." *Shut up before I beg you to suck me off again. I don't want to want you.*

"Let me know how that works out for ya."

"Piss off," Mack snarled.

"Can't. You sucked me dry then drank my water. I'm too dehydrated to piss."

"You think this is funny?" Mack roared. "What the fuck kind of straight guys do what we just did?" And that was the real question. The one which had been plaguing him from the moment Geo had kissed him and opened his eyes to something far more intoxicating and far more dangerous than he'd known existed.

"Flexible ones."

"And to think my sister wants to kiss that mouth." *Fuck if I don't want to, too.*

"Why not? You did? Are you telling me now you didn't like kissing me? Sure have a funny way of showing it," Geo said.

"Fuck off."

"Not until you admit that you liked gettin' me off."



"Piece of shit."

"You're projecting again. Didn't the police therapist talk to you about that?" Geo asked.

*"Fuck off."*

"Next time, you think you could work in a little nipple play?" Geo stifled a laugh at the dark look he received.

He slid behind the blanket, feeling smug. Excited, turned on and completely smug. If Mack's annoyance were any indication, chances were good they might do that again. So, it wasn't just him. Mack fought the attraction, too. Silence returned to the car. He wiped down the windshield. And his heart skipped a beat. "Sonofabitch is gone."

"What?"

Geo pointed to the driveway now missing a rather large navy SUV.

## Chapter Three

Nix and Douglas were waiting for them when they reached the Chief's office half an hour later.

"Report," Chief Whitlow demanded.

"The suspect didn't leave the premises before nine o'clock," Geo said. He handed over the logbook which the Chief ignored.

"At nine forty-eight, you reported that the suspect's vehicle had departed some time earlier." The Chief stared icily between them. "What happened between nine and nine forty-eight when Covey escaped your notice?"

Geo's mind raced with images. None he could share. Mack nudged him. Geo shook his head sharply.

"Well?" Whitlow yelled.

"We were engaged in discussion, sir." Mack shifted his weight.

"Fighting," Geo elaborated.

"That explains the split lips. So while you two lovebirds fought, our one and only lead in the investigation took off."

Chief often referred to partners as *lovebirds*. This time he'd hit the nail on the head. Geo's cheeks heated. Looking at Mack would be a bad idea.

"You two hit the conference room. We need to regroup if we intend to salvage this operation. Hell, I might even pull in rookies and suspend your asses. I don't want to see you two until I'm ready. Get in there and work out your differences and don't *ever* bring them to a case again or I'll have your badges."

Geo and Mack agreed and headed for the isolated conference room. Mack slammed the door behind them.

Geo folded his arms across his chest and propped himself on the table, watching, waiting to see what Mack would do. He knew what *he* wanted to do. All of them involved getting Mack much closer. The weight of indecision had lifted from Geo. Mack knew Geo wanted him. Geo now knew that Mack had been turned on by the truth. Since Geo had no

qualms about who he loved, the hard part was over. At least for him. With everything out in the open, secrecy no longer taunted him with *what ifs*. Geo *knew* they were good together.

Mack paced, all traces of good humour gone.

"I've never lost a man," Mack fumed.

"You gonna blame this one on me?" So they would talk about the case instead of the real problem?

Mack stopped and glared. It looked like he wanted to consider blame, but finally, he sighed. "No. Just as much my fault."

It relieved Geo to hear it. The attraction had been mutual and undeniably strong. Neither one of them could have fought the lure. If Mack had shifted blame, he'd still be in denial about what they'd shared. It encouraged Geo to know Mack took responsibility for his part. There was hope yet. But how hard would Mack fight against the attraction?

It took some bending of Geo's mind to grasp the idea that, whether housed in a male or female form, Mack could be *it* for him. He'd always assumed his preference would lean towards the female gender. It switched his gears, but the outcome was the same. It explained the attraction. After all, it had taken him three years to subconsciously accept a man might be his ideal lover, and that had come first in the guise of a dream.

What did Mack think? What would he do with what had happened between them? Transfer? Work through it? Think it was a moment of bizarre indiscretion? Hell, Geo hoped not.

Mack paced away from him. Geo checked out his ass, tipping his head to the side to get a better look at the firm, flexing muscle beneath his faded jeans. He'd shrugged out of his leather coat. The navy blue police T-shirt didn't hide the wide muscle-packed shoulders or the ridged chest when Mack turned to pace back.

As he watched, Mack's cock filled. It stood out in relief beneath the faded denim.

"Quit looking at my dick," Mack ordered.

"Just noticing that you put it away to your right. I'm a lefty." Amused, Geo realised they'd switched roles. Now Mack brooded and Geo teased. He must have really flipped Mack on his head. So to speak.

The material which had been loose enough to flex in the crotch area stretched taut. Geo's own cock swelled in appreciation. Yeah, whether Mack knew it yet or not, he was taken. Not a chance Geo would let him get away easy.

"Well, quit it."

"Mack, there's something you should think about."

"What?"

"I have every intention of fucking you when we get out of here," Geo said, matter-of-fact.

Mack froze mid-step. "Why the fuck would you say something like that?" He jerked his head around as though anyone would hear them through the conference room walls. "Shut up. Don't say shit like that."

He paced some more and stopped in front of Geo. Geo raised his brows, waiting for Mack to come to the same conclusion he had.

"What happened back there wasn't real. We fooled around and got carried away with shit we have no business messing in. You're my partner so I'm not gonna squeal to the chief that you're a fairy. But you gotta cut this shit out."

"I'm no fairy and neither are you," Geo corrected. *And we're back to denial.*

"Damn straight."

*Great word choice, Mack.* "But I *am* attracted to you, and I'm not gonna sit here and pretend there isn't something going on between us."

"I'm gonna settle down and marry a nice girl some day," Mack insisted.

"I haven't found a girl I want to spend time with as much as I want to spend time with you. I certainly haven't found one who makes me as crazy to fuck her as you do."

"We aren't fucking."

"Did you tell your cock, because I don't think he's in the loop."

They both looked down at the stretched denim. Mack swore, readjusted himself.

"Chief's gonna be in here any minute. You might want to make your dick behave before he walks through the door. I'm guessing he'd notice the wood in your pants," Geo said, calmly.

Mack swivelled and resumed pacing. Fucking Geo? Yeah, the idea had merit. Fucking Geo forever sounded pretty good too—except he wasn't gay. You couldn't spend your life with a guy if you weren't gay. But he hadn't heard of any classification which said a straight guy who wanted his dick in another guy's mouth wasn't secretly gay.

He didn't listen to musicals. He loved the hell out of sports. He left the toilet lid up at home. He'd plastered a picture of Pam Anderson above his bed in college. Didn't that prove he was straight?

"Just answer a couple of things," Geo said.

Mack didn't want to. Sounded like a trap.

"Did you like what happened in my apartment?" Geo asked.

Mack's stomach twisted with lust when he thought about it. His balls ached for a repeat. He nodded abruptly.

"Did you like what happened in the car?"

Wrapping his hand around Geo's thick cock, watching the man writhe desperately for release Mack could give him? The battle of kisses? Seeing Geo out of his mind for Mack's mouth? His cock jerked.

"Yeah," Mack muttered reluctantly.

"What's the first thing you think of when I tell you I want to fuck you inside out?"

Made him ache like hell, is what he thought of. That and beating Geo to it. Mack could easily sink his cock into Geo right now. Maybe lick his balls—fuck. This couldn't be normal.

"Geez, Geo!" Mack whirled. "Don't say shit like that."

"Why?"

"The walls have ears."

"Tell me, and I won't press the point," Geo said.

"The first thing that comes to mind?"

"Yeah."

Mack grabbed Geo's shoulders. Geo looked back insolently as though the conversation bored him. His arms stayed folded across his chest. Brooding charm. Geo had always been good at placid, brooding charm.

"First thing I think is, I want to watch you do it. Second thing is I shouldn't want to watch you do it. Third is, my dick is doing the thinking for me and wants your perfect lips stretched over it to suck me off again. Fourth is why the hell am I thinking that way?"

Geo's lips tugged into a smile. His dimple teased Mack. How could a guy be that fucking sexy to another guy? It made no sense.

"So you're saying you're confused," Geo summed up neatly.

Mack stepped closer. He hesitated in front of Geo, waited for him to back away or say something to discourage him but he didn't. Mack kissed him. This time there was no struggle for dominance, just tasting, feeling, exploring the firm contours of his mouth and the slick texture of his tongue.

Geo remained perfectly still except for that acquiescence. Mack revelled in the way Geo's breath hitched. Yeah, he definitely wanted more of this but how much? How long? Would they tire of each other then slap each other on the back and say, "It's been nice"?

When he finished, Mack pressed his forehead to Geo's, sharing air and space, relishing in the magnetic scent of aroused male.

"One more question," Geo said.

"Shoot." *Preferably down my throat.*

"If I walked out this door and hooked up with the next sex kitten to cross my path, would you be okay with that?"

Mack groaned. "Fuck, no."

"Me either. Doesn't make you gay."

"What the fuck does it make me, then?" Mack backed off. "Tell the chief I have paperwork to finish. He can find me at my desk when he decides to show up."

\* \* \* \*

"I'm giving you one more shot," Chief Whitlow announced four hours later.

"The rookies won't work out for you?" Geo asked.

"You and Mack get out there. Dominic pulled a wiretap from the office phone. There's a meeting behind the elementary school on Hemlock tonight. I need you two in place and

hidden before it goes down,” Whitlow said, ignoring Geo’s sarcasm. “Don’t fuck it up this time.”

“You got it,” Mack answered, his jaw like iron and hands shoved into his slacks like he was shoring up stubbornness. No eye contact.

Fine. Two could play that game. Did Mack think Geo *liked* being attracted to a man who insisted on being a stubborn asshole?

Geo remained silent on the ride over. They parked down the street in front of a gas station and walked a circuitous route towards the school. Full darkness would drop in less than an hour, and finding cover in the bare-bones branches of shrubbery wasn’t going to be easy. Mack hefted the stakeout blankets and his pack, trudging in silence as he did so.

The back of the school stretched out clear and open. A meeting going down here would either be in the bordering tree-line or up against the building. But the building provided a significant blind spot from the street and easy access to the parking lot. Getting close would be a challenge.

Mack seemed to relax once they got settled and he realised Geo wouldn’t push the issue of their changing relationship. After their last exchange, when Mack confessed he didn’t want to see Geo with a woman for sex, Geo had hoped they’d reached a crossroads. Then Mack had gone silent.

What was he thinking? Did Geo asking about where they stood come too soon?

Geo crawled forward on his elbows and lifted his binoculars to his face. Twigs rustled beside him where Mack did the same. Inches apart which might as well have been a wall separating them.

“Great head doesn’t make a relationship,” Mack sighed as though from a great distance. “Fuck. Never thought I’d have to say that after college.”

“Did I ask you to marry me?”

Mack snorted. Geo sensed Mack look at him, but he kept his eyes trained on the back of the building. A second slip would cost his badge.

“What do you want?” Mack asked warily.

“I’m not your wife. I don’t need undying confessions.” He only needed Mack to admit to his attraction. It would be a start.

“Sex?”

"Would be a nice," Geo agreed, grinning.

Silence settled between them again. The back of the school remained clear. A couple of kids running past with their parents pointed at the playground equipment and moved on.

"Not sure I can share you if there's sex," Mack said, finally.

"Physical exclusivity? What if I want someone to talk to?" Geo swallowed hard, trying to sound nonchalant when Mack's line of conversation made Geo's heart pound with renewed hope.

Mack put down the binoculars and picked up a camera. He snapped a couple of shots of the car which had just pulled up. "Teenagers necking," he muttered. "They're gonna fuck up the investigation."

"Log it." Geo let the investigation intrude. It eased the tension, gave them both room to think about their words.

Mack pulled out the book, noted the time and the frame number of the shots. The couple took off after twenty minutes of car rocking. Full dark descended. Mack handed him the night binoculars.

"We're partners. You should talk to me when you got stuff goin' on," Mack muttered as he polished the night lens of his camera.

"Sex and communication. Sounds like strings." Again, Geo prayed his steady voice sounded matter-of-fact and hid his growing excitement. Could Mack be coming around?

"You're my best friend, man. Am I supposed to quit talking to you about shit?" Mack didn't seem as pleased about the conclusions he drew for himself.

Geo put down the binoculars and looked at him over his shoulder. "No. I'd have to beat your ass if you stopped talking to me. But what you're asking for sounds a lot like a relationship from a guy who just wants head."

Mack shrugged. As they both laid on their bellies, it came off more like hunching.

Geo returned to his surveillance. Kissing the confusion away probably wouldn't go over well. But he wanted to. A lot.

"I'd miss talking to you." Mack's words growled sullenly.

Geo wanted to laugh. "You can pick up the phone any time you want, no matter what you decide."

"I'd let you call me."



"Now who's being a girl?"

Mack dove at him, taking Geo to his back. "Take it back."

"No. You playing hard-to-get is kinda funny," Geo said. Sexy, too, especially with the stubbly pout shadowed by night and the day's regrowth of beard.

"God, I want you." The words came out like a revelation.

Mack rubbed his groin against Geo's. The ground had been cold, but Mack quickly heated him up. Geo reached up and pulled him down for a kiss. He parted his legs and let Mack slide between them. Mack hissed, slid his hands under Geo's coat, fumbled with his shirt and finally reached bare skin.

"Cold hands, shithead," Geo complained happily.

But he temporarily lost thought as his partner's fingers tangled and rubbed over his chest and Mack's hips rocked rhythmically against his. Geo grabbed Mack's ass and pulled him tighter, making the friction of their jean-clad cocks sweeter.

Mack's tongue duelled with his. His whiskers burned and prickled Geo's cleanly shaven face in an erotic punishment of promised sex. Had he decided or just given in to temptation? Geo wondered. Fuck if he cared, right now.

Headlights flashed over them, and Geo quickly dumped Mack on his ass. "Later. We've got company."

"Fuck, later. Drop your pants and spread 'em. I'll take care of business while you watch for the deal."

"Nice, Mack. Subtle." But the words made his stomach flip with anticipation.

Another car drove in and already Covey had walked to the apex at the back of the building where classrooms and hallways vee-ed to make a duck-in. Two other men hopped out of the second car and walked towards him. They had a briefcase.

"Looks like murder for hire to me," Mack muttered. He held up a listening cone with a recording device attached. "Fucking too much background noise to make it out clearly."

"Gimme that. I'll go in closer." The sooner this case ended, the sooner he'd have Mack to himself.

"Fuck you will. You're as big as I am, and unless you're invisible, they'll see you."

"It's dark, and I'm quieter than you," Geo reminded.

"And if they see you, you'll get shot. Who'll give me head, then?"

Geo wrested the cone away and slipped into the darkness. "I love you, too, asshole," he whispered.

*Who said anything about love? Better fucking be a joke.* Mack glowered through the night lens, watching Geo skulk towards the back of the building. The two men handed a paper to Covey who looked it over with a flashlight.

All three turned sharply towards the playground. They looked antsy. Mack swung his binoculars, looking for Geo to find him crouched against the back wall of the building. He was close. Very close. Mack's pulse kicked into overdrive, slamming against his chest to see Geo within speaking range of the other three. Close enough to get hurt.

"Back the fuck off, man. They're gonna see you." Mack didn't care that he spoke to himself. He willed Geo to back away. Play it safe. "Dude, back off."

Geo fiddled with the equipment. He looked towards the tree-line as though communicating with Mack whom he could not have seen. Then Geo's shoulders set and everything about him went still.

"Fuck. I know that look. You're going in. You're a lunatic."

Panic ripped at Mack's chest. He could do nothing but watch as his partner crept in. The briefcase made the exchange. Now was the time to close in, but Mack was too far out. Geo, however, had his gun drawn.

"Police. Freeze!" The words carried on the wind, and Mack swore as he leaped into action. Geo didn't have cover. He was a sitting duck.

"He said, *freeze*, motherfuckers," Mack yelled, hoping to draw the attention his way. He ran towards the back of the building. *Don't shoot him, motherfucker. Don't shoot Geo. I'll kill your sorry asses, you sonsofbitches. Fucking don't kill my lover.*

A gun fired from the three, the sound reaching him a fraction of a second after the muzzle flashed. One car tore out of the parking lot with two men. No briefcase had been in their hands when they'd passed under a streetlamp. The hitman, Covey, remained hidden in the shadows.

Another shot, this one from Geo's last location, fired seconds after the first. A third and suddenly Covey was running. Mack got to him, tackling him to the ground and cuffing him.

"Wilson!" he yelled. "Report, Goddamnit."

“Hit,” Geo called hoarsely.

Mack grabbed his phone with shaking fingers and dialed. “Officer down!”

## Chapter Four

Mack dragged the perp over to Geo's side. When the hitman tried to make a run for it, Mack clocked him, and he went limp.

"Where are you shot?" Mack asked. His hands fumbled over Geo's head and chest. "Don't fucking die on me."

"I'm okay just dizzy. Grazed my head." Geo's temple stung when he pressed his fingers to it. So far that he could tell, he hadn't been shot again. The cover of dark had spared him from a marksman. The head wound had been enough to stun him though.

Mack grabbed Geo in a bear hug. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!"

"I'm fine." Geo held him as tightly, running a hand over his back to soothe the muscles tight with anxiety.

He turned his face into Mack's neck, inhaling the tangy scents of leather and man. There was no doubt about it. He'd fallen for his partner. He'd fallen for him, Mack the person. There were no labels to attach.

Geo held him closer, comforting him as much as Mack tried to comfort Geo. It felt good being held like this. Mack's strong arms tucked him against his hammering heart.

"Scared me shitless," Mack murmured into Geo's hair.

Geo laughed. *He may come around yet.*

"Thought I'd lost you," Mack confessed.

"Didn't think you'd mind."

Mack cupped the back of Geo's head and held him in place for a thorough kissing. With his other, he rubbed Geo's cock. Sirens whined nearby, and they drew apart. Mack leaned in for one more, quick kiss.

"I couldn't lose you." Mack's voice shook.

Coloured lights reached the parking lot. Red and blue streaked over Mack's face as he turned from watching them pull in to look at him. Mack was shaken, he could see it.

"Before they get here," Mack whispered hoarsely. "I can't lose you. Not to the job and not to someone else. I think I lo—"

"Police!"

The department descended on them. Geo cursed the bad timing. He caught one more heart-filled look from Mack before he was taken to the paramedics and Mack was questioned.

Their stories were given separately, and someone collected the surveillance equipment. At ten-fifty-two a squad car finally drove Geo home, alone. Geo looked up at the building and trudged inside. His temple throbbed but not nearly as much as his heart.

Maybe he'd been imagining Mack's near-confession. Or maybe Mack hadn't been about to say the "L" word and had meant to say, "I think I lo—ok pretty damn hot in night vision." He did. It would have been a true statement.

Geo smiled wryly for his own benefit. He reached in his pocket for his apartment keys as the elevator doors slid open.

Mack leaned against his door, waiting. Geo stood motionless, hearing and not caring when the elevator doors closed behind him because though Mack hadn't moved, his gaze ran hungrily all over his body. It lingered on the white bandage at his temple, his cock, and finally rested open and naked with fear for Geo to see.

His heart in his throat, Geo approached him. Neither spoke as he unlocked the apartment and ushered Mack inside.

Geo didn't get a chance to shut the door. Mack planted a hand on it over his head and shut them in while effectively blocking Geo from going any farther.

"I'm not the kind of guy who gets all sentimental," Mack pointed out.

Geo raised an eyebrow.

"But I don't hide from things I'm feeling, either."

He stepped closer, pressing chests with Geo. Their breaths mingled, and Geo waited, wanting to kiss him, but he knew Mack had to make the move. This had to be deliberately Mack's choice if this thing was to work between them.

"Your eyes turn stormy when you're turned on," Mack said, huskily. "Your pupils dilate and your lips part like you're waiting for me to kiss you."

"*I am waiting.*" Would he?

His free hand came up and stroked Geo's cheek. He rubbed his thumb over his bottom lip, taking care over the healing split then sighing in defeat as he took Geo's mouth in tender

onslaught. His thumb slid inside, feeling with the tip the way their tongues rubbed against each other, then slicked a wet trail to Geo's chin to open his mouth wider.

Mack devoured him. Tasted him, nipped the tip of his tongue, suckled his bottom lip. On a groan, Mack released his chin to wrap his hand behind Geo's head and sink his fingers into the black curls on his nape.

Geo relished the tang that was the unique flavour of Mack's mouth mixed with mint. Mack's cheeks still sanded Geo's, but now the rasp was audible as it caught on his own light growth and only heightened the eroticism of Mack's capitulation.

Lips still touching but parted for air, Mack moaned softly. "I'm sorry I've been such an ass. It took me a day to work out how much I want you."

Geo was tired of waiting. He caught Mack's hips and pulled them tight against his, silently willing for the confession he wanted to hear.

"God, Geo, I don't want to share you with anyone."

"Your sister will be kinda pissed about that."

"Fuck Maddie," Mack muttered.

"Really?"

"No. Shit. I'll kill you. Then I'd have to kill her for having you."

"Exclusive?" Geo asked for the second time.

"Yeah. Can't think about not having you around and now that there's this," he rubbed his hips on Geo's again, thick with erection. "I just can't. I don't want—"

"I can wait to hear it."

Mack gave a shout of frustration. "I love you. Shit!"

Geo grinned. The admission hit him in the chest with lustful impact. "Yeah, I know, but I'm glad you said it."

"Damn sexy when you smile like that. Your hot little dimple pokes in, and my brain goes to mush."

"Have you always had this affliction?" Geo teased. He'd have to remember to smile a lot more if it got this kind of reaction.

Mack thought for a minute, bewilderment clouding his light green eyes. "You know? I think so."

He reached for Geo's belt, loosening it and opening his jeans. Geo shrugged out of his coat and wrestled from his shirt before helping Mack with his clothes, too. The next few seconds were a blur of disrobing and bumping into each other and against the apartment door in the quest to get naked.

Mack beat him to it, grabbing Geo's cock in his palm while tickling Geo's balls with his fingertips. Geo ran his hands over Mack's body. His nipples poked at his palms, and Geo pinched them.

Mack shuddered while he sucked hard on Geo's neck.

Finally able to step out of his boxer briefs, he probed Mack's ass with a wicked finger. "I think I go in here," Geo muttered. "Hurry up and relax this thing. I can't wait."

"Condom," Mack gasped.

"Bedroom." They raced naked to the bed where Geo dumped the entire contents of a condom box on the covers and rolled one on Mack as though his life depended on speed.

Geo's gaze locked on the dull plastic sheen of condom rolling down Mack's length. The sheathed cock turned nearly purple and already, moisture at the tip made the latex lovingly cling to every plum-coloured ridge. He wanted in Mack's ass, now, but Mack needed to make the commitment first.

Geo was already in it for keeps.

Anticipation, nerves, made Mack jittery. He'd never been with a man, but he couldn't wait until this one was beneath him. He lay down on the bed and tugged on Geo's arm so that he fell on top. "What now?" Mack asked.

"We figure it out together," Geo gasped.

They rolled, and Mack slithered down his body. Like his partner had that first day, Mack swallowed Geo's cock.

Geo's hands twisted on the coverlet as he thrust up to meet him. "Fuck that feels good."

Mack thought about the tightness he'd felt when Geo probed him. Using saliva as he sucked Geo's cock, he gently worked the clenched rosette underneath Geo's balls. Every groan brought Mack closer to orgasm.

Geo tasted good. Substantial and thick. Mack enjoyed the way his shaft moved in his mouth, the way the rounded tip rubbed his hard upper palate and pushed on the soft one behind that. Mack tried to take more, feeling it hit and smash the back of his throat.

He used Geo's panting to gauge when to speed up, when to add a second finger to the hole and pump that, too. Geo's hips lifted off the bed and his head tossed from side to side. When twisting the sheets didn't seem good enough, he reached down and fisted his fingers in Mack's hair.

The erotic twists and clenches of Geo's muscles filled Mack with hunger as he looked up the other man's body. His partner was at Mack's liberty. And right now, Geo's impressive, flexing, clenching musculature from corded thighs, to six-pack, to delineated ribs and defined pecks answered only to Mack's mouth.

God, it gave him a power trip.

He put his life in this man's hands daily. He wouldn't trust anyone else like he trusted Geo and knew Geo felt the same way about him.

Geo's hips pumped up and held. Mack reached his flattened hand up, firmly rubbing Geo's abdomen, tracing the thick line of black hair up until he felt Geo's heartbeat thudding against his palm. Mack pushed in a third finger.

Geo grunted at the intrusion, but his hips had already begun to undulate instinctively as climax rode him.

"Coming!" he shouted.

He held Mack's head in place, but he didn't have to. Mack wasn't going anywhere.

Every muscle in Geo's body clenched, curled in slightly so his hips and shoulders lifted, while his head thrust back and the muscles of his buttocks squeezed Mack's hand. His groan became a hoarse shout. Geo's hips rocked against Mack's mouth in short pulses as cum shot down the back of Mack's throat.

How had Mack ever wondered if Geo was right for him? It seemed stupid to have questioned it. Mack sucked him clean, taking the last few latent spurts with a murmur of approval.

"My turn," Mack growled.

"Ready."



He climbed up Geo's relaxed body. Mack clamped his mouth onto a nipple and pulled. He liked that Geo wrapped a muscled thigh around his waist and nuzzled the top of his head. The sense of power he'd had earlier, watching Geo in the throes of passion and out of control, stuck with him.

He gently lifted Geo's arms above his head. Geo gave him a questioning look to which Mack simply grinned. Then burying his face in Geo's armpit, he inhaled sharply. He couldn't get enough. Mack flattened his tongue on the inside edge and licked.

"Holy shit," Geo gasped.

"You like?" Mack did it again, nuzzling and licking the sensitive skin, while he used a free hand to guide his cock to Geo's hole. "Bend your knee. I want in."

Geo complied.

Mack concentrated on Geo's face as he eased inside. "Tight," he grunted. "Shit, you're like a fucking furnace in there," he said, when Geo's muscles clamped around the flared rim of his cock.

Geo took a deep breath. Focus narrowed his eyes, but they burned hungrily on Mack's face. Mack pushed himself up for leverage, releasing Geo's wrists.

"Kiss me," Geo said.

Mack did. Straining against the urge to thrust, he shook with need. Geo seemed to sense it and kissed him leisurely.

"I'm ready," Geo whispered against Mack's lips.

Mack claimed his mouth and shoved in to the hilt simultaneously. Geo's gasp shot to Mack's balls.

"Feels so good. Tight. Hot. Gotta move," Mack panted.

"Move."

Mack pulled out slowly, shivering over every inch when Geo's body tried to pull him back inside then thrusting forward to sink his cock into the glove-like heat of Geo's body. His eyes sealed in bliss, and he mindlessly ploughed in and out—their rasping breaths and grunts a metronome of increasing frenzy.

Geo's hands raced over Mack's body, rolled his nipples, tickled along his ribs then clutched his ass to urge him on.

Mack pushed Geo's other leg up, forcing it to bend too. He bucked hard, grinding their hips, feeling the soft pat of his balls hit and bounce on Geo's ass where Mack dedicated himself to pumping hard and fast. Geo's cock thickened again and that knowledge along with the teeth Geo sank into his shoulder sent him shuddering over the edge of oblivion.

Panting and still linked, Mack collapsed on him, feeling the sticky evidence of orgasm between them.

Geo kissed his cheek, his neck, his abused shoulder and ran his hands comfortingly down Mack's back before swatting him on the rump. "Tell your sister I'm taken. But I'll let *you* write love notes to me."

"I'm feeling fuckin' poetic at the moment, too," Mack said on a laugh.

"Oh yeah?"

"Roses are fuckin' red. Violets are ball-blue. You're my bitch now, 'cause I fuckin' love you," Mack rasped.

"Fucking poetic genius."

## About the Author

Mia makes her home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she divides her time between a job and spying on people. Mia enjoys long walks in Como Park, daisies, dancing in the snow...(Delete prior sentence, meant for personal ad)...

Mr. Perfect may apply in person for a thorough evaluation and trial. All others will be towed.

Email: [wattsmia@aol.com](mailto:wattsmia@aol.com)

Mia loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.totalebound.com>.

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