



FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS

FROZEN
SPRING BREAK

JAXX STEELE

Frozen Spring Break

by

Jaxx Steele



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Frozen Spring Break

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Chapter One

Gregorio Santos shifted gears in his black Jeep Cherokee and accelerated through another thick heap of snow with an exhilarated “Yee ha!”. Renting a jeep while on vacation was his tradition. It was the perfect vehicle for crashing through snow dunes. He bounded over the snowy terrain and looked at the map given to him by the main office, making sure to follow the direction of the bright blue arrows. He could have stayed in one of the lodges around the lake, but he liked the privacy of having his own cabin. He was not there to socialize; he wanted it to be just him and the slopes.

Greg turned on the wipers to combat the falling snowflakes. Quite a few Christmas vacations skiing at the Powder Keg Lodge in Colorado had kick-started his addiction to the slopes. They were some of his happiest childhood memories. Now, he tried to ski as often as his schedule would allow.

Recently his vacation time had changed from October to mid April to accommodate his boss’s vigorous schedule. The change did not make him happy because the Colorado ski season was practically over by then. It wasn’t until his co-workers jokingly suggested that he should go to Lake Tahoe—thinking it was way too cold to go there at spring break—that things started to look up. Excited at the thought, Greg checked it out and booked his vacation. When he told his co-workers he really was going they stared at him wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

“You can keep your little umbrella drinks, sex on the beach and year-long sun tans, I’ll take a hot toddy by a roaring fire any day,” he told them, snorting at the thought of his friends cooking themselves in the hot sun.

It was April sixteenth and he was running over snow banks, loving every minute of it. Over the years, he had been to several different ski lodges, but this was his first time at Lake Tahoe. He had a feeling this place would be his favorite.

Greg laughed again, crashing through another snow bank, passing a bright red sign that read ‘Cabin Eleven and Cabin Twelve’. Making the right turn that would take him to those cabins, he quickly spotted the first one in the distance. The snow started to blow harder as he moved closer to the nearby lake, making visibility difficult. Although he was having fun driving through the snow, he made haste past cabin eleven.

He pulled up to the front of Cabin Twelve and turned his Jeep off. The lights were glowing through the windows, making the cabin look warm and inviting. Reaching over the seat Greg grabbed his bags from the back and stepped into the frigid air.

“Woo!” he said, closing the door behind him and leaning against it. “Tomorrow I’ll clean the snow off the walkway before I go skiing.” He stomped his feet and shook the snow off.

Greg dropped his bags at the door and hung his coat on a rack on the wall behind it. Smiling his approval, he took in his surroundings. There wasn’t very much furniture—a coffee table, a small sofa with blue and white plaid cushioning and a dark brown recliner that sat by the fire. All of the furniture was made of the same wood and matched the waxed floor. It was a very cozy cabin. Greg took a deep breath, the warmth of the cabin covering him. He walked over to the roaring fire and warmed his hands.

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“Boy am I glad they had this going. I’ll have to thank them tomorrow.”

Greg stretched and yawned. Grabbing his bags, he made his way up the stairs. Dropping his bags off in the first bedroom, he went to start a bath.

Chapter Two

Greg sat up with a yawn and reached for his stomach. "Oh man, I'm starving. I hope the groceries I ordered were delivered before I made it up here," he murmured.

Digging through his bags he found a pair of sweats and a tee shirt to put on before he headed downstairs. Halfway down, a pair of socked feet came into view. Cocking his head to the side curiously, he slowed his walk as more body parts appeared. A pair of long legs covered in thick black corduroy pants came into view. Next was a torso that looked lean and firm, with a solid chest hidden beneath a multi-colored sweater. A square jaw, narrow nose and sensual, slim lips completed a very masculine and attractive package.

The body belonged to a man who smiled brightly, showing clean, straight teeth as he hugged the back of the couch. Although the man was appealing to him, it was his eyes that caught Greg's attention. They were large and a brilliant blue, with an intelligent light in them. Although his confusion deepened, Greg returned the smile and moved closer to the man.

"Hello," Greg said.

"Hello, yourself," the man answered cheerfully, moving a strand of wet blond hair from his forehead.

"Forgive my rudeness, but what the hell are you doing here?"

"My truck broke down."

Greg wrapped his arms around his chest. "Your truck broke down? That's kind of an old line, isn't it?"

"It may sound like a line, but it's the truth. I thought I would wait to ask you if it were okay that I stay here until my sister contacted me."

"I see. And that lame line is the best you could come up with?"

The man laughed. "Hey, it's the truth, clichéd as it sounds. I had no clue who was occupying this cabin until I got here."

"Uh-huh." Greg gave him a disbelieving look.

"For real. I was on my way to the lodge when my truck got stuck in a snow bank."

"And of course you couldn't back it out."

The man shook his head. "Nope, I tried, but it's a two wheel drive and it doesn't have any weight in the back. I just dug myself in deeper."

"Well, maybe I can help you. How is it out there now? It had just started to snow when I got here earlier," he asked, walking to the window. "Damn. It's snowing like crazy. Even if we could get you out you would just get stuck again before you could get far."

"When you're this close to the lake you run the risk of having really bad snow drifts. The drifts could be ten feet high in one spot and only five inches in another." The man walked over to the fireplace and poked at the logs blazing the fire up brightly. "That's why most people stay at the lodges. It's warm and there's plenty to do inside if the weather gets bad."

"So, what were you doing outside instead of being in one of the toasty lodges?"

"I am in a lodge, but Stephanie and Jake asked me to drop off a few things at another lodge and then check on the old couple in the cabin down the road. I was just passing them on the main street when I turned the corner and got stuck in that snow bank. I left my truck and walked back over here. I saw your Jeep outside when I passed by the first time and decided to take my chances with you."

"Take your chances?" Greg turned a questioning look on him.

"Well, it was either take the chance that whoever was renting this cabin was nice enough to let me stay until Stephanie came for me, or wait at the cabin with a very randy older couple on their third or fourth honeymoon," the man explained with a grin.

Greg chuckled and walked over to the ottoman. "I see your point. Well, at least someone is having fun tonight. I wanted to get to the slopes tonight, but I took a nap and woke up too late," he said.

The man smiled. "Yeah, I know."

"Huh?"

"Nothing. So what brings you to Lake Tahoe?"

"I'm on vacation."

"Oh, yeah? For how long?"

"A week."

The man sputtered. "Then you have nothing to worry about. You'll have plenty of ski time on these slopes. Trust me."

Greg watched the man poke at the burning log. The glare of the fire blazed on his profile giving him a warm glow. Greg smiled, liking the effect.

"So, who are you? The friendly neighborhood delivery man?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Dropping the poker, the man sat on the floor and extended his hand. "I'm Thomas Stockli," he said with a smile. "My sister, Stephanie, and her husband own the lodges and cabins up here. They let me stay in a room in one of the lodges as long as it's not booked up. They only ask that when I'm here I lend a hand where needed, checking on the older residents, helping at the front desk or taking over for an instructor if they need one, dropping stuff off here and there, things like that," he explained with a shrug.

"That's a good deal."

Thomas chuckled. "Yeah, especially when you love to ski like I do. I come as often as I can. These slopes are the best I've ever skied on," he said happily.

"Great, I can't wait to get on them."

"I'm sure I won't be in your hair long. They'll be looking for me soon. We can just enjoy the fire until then."

"We?"

Thomas chuckled again. "Well, yeah. I can't go anywhere until then, can I? Although the lodge is only a few minutes down the road, walking is not an option."

"I guess it's better to be stuck with someone than to be stuck alone, eh? Well, I ordered some food to be delivered when I booked this cabin, do you know if they had the chance to deliver it?" Greg asked.

"No, I don't, I haven't been in the kitchen."

"How long have you been here?"

“Not too long, less than two hours I guess.”

Greg walked across the room, his naked feet feeling sticky on the waxed floor before hitting the cooler linoleum in the kitchen. Opening and closing the cabinets, he was glad to find them stocked with the provisions he had ordered.

“So what do we do now?” he called from the kitchen.

Thomas returned to the sofa and looked over the back at him in the kitchen. “I can think of a few things I’d like to do,” he murmured.

Greg moved about putting a pan on the stove. “Did you say something?”

Thomas smiled. “No, just mumbling to myself. Perhaps in an hour or so we won’t have the problem of thinking of something to do because I’ll be back at the lodge and you’ll be doing whatever it was you were doing before I came,” he answered.

“I wasn’t doing anything, just taking a nap.”

“Mmm, yeah,” Thomas said softly.

“I’m making some hot chocolate. Do you want some?”

“Sure, that would be great.”

Greg stirred the ingredients into the pan and carried two steaming mugs back over to the sofa when they were ready. Joining Thomas on the sofa, he offered him a mug. Sitting on the opposite ends with their feet touching and their legs bent at the knee, they sipped their hot chocolate, watching each other over the mugs. Greg could feel a heavy attraction building inside him, being so near Thomas with only the firelight surrounding them. It had been a long time since he found himself in an intimate setting like this.

The last man he was with, Michael, eased himself out of Greg’s life without even consulting him. How can someone break up with you and not even tell you? Just start dating other people like you don’t even exist? It did a number on his self-esteem and even though a year had passed, the sting of it still lingered. The unanswered questions helped build the wall around his heart. Greg decided that in order to keep himself safely behind that wall, away from any other losers, he would just put his energy into work.

At work, relationships were strictly professional. You did your job and reprimands or rewards were the results. Nothing complicated about it. Personal relationships were very different, which is why he no longer indulged in them. He hadn’t even been attracted to anyone since his break up with Michael...until now.

Greg blinked away the memory, sipped his drink and looked over at Thomas, who was staring right at him with those intense blue eyes boring into his soul. A sexual aura seemed to be coming right off the man; Greg could almost see it moving toward him. A surge of desire suffused his entire body—and they were separated. He couldn’t help but wonder how it would be if this man was holding him. Greg was unable to move or even blink. He wanted to get up so he could escape the aura surrounding him, but Thomas’s blatant gaze held him in place.

“So, you say you’re on vacation, huh? What do you do?” Thomas asked.

Greg disguised his relief by blowing unnecessarily on his drink.

“I work for Max Factor. I’m his assistant in New York.”

“Max Factor? You mean the make-up guy?” Thomas asked incredulously with a laugh.

Greg chuckled. “Yes, the make-up guy and don’t laugh. It’s a good job.”

"He needs an assistant?"

"Of course he does. In fact, he has one on each coast."

"Really? Who knew that applying make-up would be such a heavy duty job," Tom said in a teasing tone, sipping his cocoa.

Greg laughed. "It's much more than that, I assure you. Life in the make-up and model industry is chaotic in Manhattan. People throughout the industry use his products, from the actual models to the secretary in the front office, not to mention all the women in the world who use his products on a daily basis. I have to coordinate buys and shipments for stores, deliveries of the latest products to the models for shoots and runway shows. It can be a very hectic position at times."

"So there's no up side to this job?"

"Yeah, I mean, it is Max Factor so I get to go with him and the models to a lot of exotic places around the world."

"I see. Well, it sounds like you definitely deserve this vacation."

"Yes, I do," Greg agreed, toasting his mug.

"If only to be exposed to less hectic positions," Thomas added, emphasizing the last word.

Greg looked over into a grin on Thomas's sensual lips that spoke volumes. He opened his mouth to say something, but another voice interrupted them.

"Tom! Tom, its Stephanie! Are you there?"

Tom chuckled at the startled look on Greg's face. "That's the radio in the other room. All of the cabins have them in case of an emergency," he explained. He put his mug on the coffee table and rushed by him.

Greg shook his head and watched Thomas's long strides take him into a small room beneath the stairs.

"Yeah, Stephanie, I'm here."

Greg followed and when he appeared in the doorway found Thomas sitting at a small desk, talking into an old hand radio. His soft blond hair fell forward as he leaned over to speak. When he turned his head to acknowledge Greg's presence in the doorway, his profile was devastatingly handsome.

"Tom, the snow doesn't seem to be letting up! It will probably snow throughout the night! What cabin are you in?"

"Number twelve."

"Oh! Then you've met Mr. Santos. He's a very nice man, I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you stay there until morning," the static filled announcement came. "We will not be able to dig you out until the snow stops."

"Okay, Steph. Keep us posted on the weather, in case it stops some time tonight, will you?"

"Sure thing, Tom. Good night."

Thomas released the connection button and turned to Greg. "Well, it's official," he said throwing his hands up. "I'm broke down and snowed in."

"You don't say?"

He chuckled. "And you're Mister Santos, huh?"

Greg smiled. "Oh, I never did tell you my name, did I?" He chuckled and left the room. "Sorry about that. My name is Greg, well it's Gregorio, but I like Greg."

"Then Greg it is. Nice to meet you, Greg. So, is it okay?"

“Is what okay?”

Thomas grabbed his hand, stopping him and turned him around. “Can I spend the night with you?”

Damn. Talk about your loaded question.

Greg slowly pulled his hand out of Tom’s. It had already started to tingle uncomfortably from his touch.

“Of course. What kind of person would I be to throw a man out in the snow with no way home?” He turned quickly and headed for the kitchen. “I came down to make something to eat. Are you hungry?”

“I’m hungry for a lot of things.”

Greg raised an eyebrow, but chose to ignore Tom’s statement. “Well, I hope one of those things is hamburger.”

Thomas sat back down on the sofa with a chuckle. “Love them.”

“Good, because that’s what I’m making for dinner along with some half decent-tasting microwave fries. I wasn’t expecting company so....”

“Hey, you won’t hear me complaining. I’ll be grateful for *whatever* you decide to share with me.”

Greg sent a questioning look across the room and their eyes met. Tom’s crystal-blue eyes were smiling at him over the mug while he drank. Greg lowered his gaze and flipped the burgers he put on earlier.

Easy Gregorio, calm down. No need to jump the gun. You just met this man. You’re only together by sheer happenstance. Tomorrow when they come to dig out his truck, you’ll continue your vacation as planned and you’ll probably never cross paths again. That’s usually what happens when you meet fine men like Thomas.

He put the French fries into the microwave.

Uh-huh, I’m just seeing things that aren’t there. I mean, who wouldn’t have sex on the brain being so close to someone as fine as this Thomas person...especially when you’ve been sex deprived for over a year.

He went to the refrigerator and returned to the stove, putting cheese on the burgers.

Yup, that’s it in a nutshell. Nothing there at all.

“Everything all right in there, Greg?”

“Yeah, everything is fine, going great,” he answered, then added under his breath, “Perfect, now he thinks I’m a nut that talks to myself.”

He pushed the arousing thoughts from his head with a determined nod and continued preparing dinner.

A short while later, Greg pushed a few fries and his half-eaten burger around on his plate and shot looks across the table at Thomas through his lashes. Thomas ate with gusto, apparently not bothered by any inner thoughts.

Exposed to some of the most beautiful men in the world on a daily basis, Greg remained unaffected by them, except to respect their outer beauty for what it was. Thomas was different—not only handsome, but funny and one of the sexiest men he had ever met, even inhaling a cheeseburger and fries.

They were going to be together for the near future. Greg groaned inwardly at the thought. He knew he had to find a way to smother the feelings welling up inside him. He watched Thomas eat and all he could think about was how badly

he wanted to grab a handful of that baby-fine hair and yank his head back so it opened his throat and he could hear his screams better. Greg's eyes widened at his thoughts.

Whoa, where did that come from? Dude, get a grip on yourself.

He chuckled and shook his head.

"What's so funny?" Thomas asked.

Greg shook his head quickly. "Nothing." He cleared his throat. "I hope that being here with me isn't making things too inconvenient for you."

Thomas's eyebrows furrowed as he wiped his mouth with a napkin. "What do you mean?"

Greg picked up Tom's empty plate and his own. "Well, you're stuck here with me when you could be having fun at the lodge or with your, umm, significant other," he said, walking toward the kitchen. After emptying the contents of his plate into the trash, he bent over and slid the plates inside the dishwasher. He turned to leave the kitchen and bumped into Thomas.

Tom put a strong hand around Greg's waist to steady him, stopping him from falling backwards. Their eyes locked and Tom's sensual aura swept over him.

"Sorry. I didn't realize you were right behind me."

A seductive smile spread slowly across Tom's face. He released Greg and let him right himself, but he did not move back.

"I kinda liked it there...right behind you," he said softly.

Greg swallowed loudly.

Tom chuckled and stepped out of Greg's personal space. "I just wanted to tell you that I don't have a significant other to rush back to. So, you need not worry about that. I'm not put out at all. I think we could have fun here, too. In fact, I'm glad we're stuck here together. It kinda feels like destiny to me."

Greg merely nodded finding it hard to think. His gaze drifted from Thomas's eyes to his mouth as he spoke. His lips looked so soft. Flashes of those lips on various parts of his body went through Greg's mind. Holding his desire in check around this man was proving to be difficult. He closed his eyes tightly and turned to wipe something invisible from the counter.

"I'd like to get out of these wet pants if you wouldn't mind. I had to stomp through lots of drifts to get here. Do you have a pair of sweats I could borrow until my pants dry?" Tom asked, giving him an opening.

"Yeah, be right back." Relieved to be able to think again, Greg nodded and rushed from the kitchen.

"You can handle this," he told himself, hurrying up the stairs. "Just get the man something to change into and go to bed. If you can make it through the night you'll be fine." He pulled his bag onto the bed. "You are on vacation at the one of best slopes in the country. That is why you are here, Gregorio...to ski, not for some snow-time booty call. So what if it's spring time and all you can think about is mating? You're way too busy for that type of craziness in your life right now, Greg," he mumbled. He dug through his bag.

"Perhaps if he were closer.... No! I'm the assistant to Max Factor for God's sake! That man has my schedule so booked running around for him, fitting in time for a life will be almost impossible." He yanked a tee shirt from the bag.

"That's why you don't have one now, Greg." His words sank into his brain and he sighed. "That, and it never works out in the end."

He snatched another pair of sweat pants and dropped the bag on the floor. "That's it then. I don't have time for this. I can just enjoy the man's company and move on. Yup, that's what I'm going to do."

"What are you going to do, Greg?"

Greg jumped. He turned to see Tom in the doorway. He scanned his brain for a quick answer. "I found you a tee shirt and some sweats. I was about to bring them to you."

"Thanks," Tom said, coming into the room. "If you want to stay while I change I could go slowly so you don't miss anything," he added, his sinister smile turning into a teasing one.

Greg pushed the clothes into Tom's hand and eased pass him. "No, that's okay. I'll wait down stairs."

Greg pulled the door closed behind him, shutting in Tom's laughter. He hurried down the stairs and sat on the couch, but didn't stay long. On his feet again, he ran his hands through his dark hair and paced the floor, wringing his hands.

"What's the matter with you, Greg? You're behaving like a teenage boy in heat. It's not like you haven't been around a handsome man before," he mumbled and then stopped in his tracks. He closed his eyes and took a slow, deep breath as he pressed the air down with his palms. Suddenly he smiled and returned calmly to the sofa. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes again.

"Ahhh," Greg said softly.

A short while later he felt a hand rest on his left shoulder. Greg's eyes popped opened to see Tom extending a glass of wine.

"I thought we could have a glass of wine together. My sister always puts a bottle in every cabin in case the occupants are celebrating something. I thought maybe we could have some and relax. I hope you don't mind a semi-sweet red."

He accepted the glass. Tom came around to sit on the sofa opposite him. Greg opened his mouth to say something, but the words died in his throat.

How could a man look so damn sexy in just a tee shirt and sweats?

Greg felt his mouth go dry. He looked Tom over and gulped the wine. They were not the same size or width. Tom was taller and slimmer than Greg, but Tom's broad shoulders made the shirt stretch smoothly across his chest and rise up over the sweats that fit low on his slender hips. The combination gave Greg peeks of the curly blond hair just below his pelvis.

"Do you like it?" Tom asked sitting.

Greg nodded immediately, but Tom gave him a questioning look. His eyes widened with comprehension and he took a quick sip of the wine. "Uh, yes, it's delicious."

Tom nodded and sipped his own.

Greg felt the intensity of Tom's stare again and tried to distract him with chatter.

"So, have you been snowed in before up here?"

"Yeah, a few times, but it's hardly ever bad. The snow comes and goes pretty quickly around here."

“So what do people usually do when they get snowed in?”

“At the lodges there’s plenty to do. Each has several game rooms, a restaurant and bar so lots of mixing and mingling goes on. It’s sometimes better to be snowed in.”

“Well that’s just great for the people at the lodges. What do the people in the cabins do when they’re snowed in?” he asked.

“Oh, well, those people usually just stay inside, snuggle up and kill the time by having a lot of really hot sex,” he answered innocently.

Greg’s eyes grew to saucer size as he looked at Tom over his glass.

“Or so I’ve heard,” Tom added with a shrug and muffled his laughter with another sip of wine.

Visions of him topping Tom danced before his eyes making his cock throb mercilessly. He could almost see the air around them pop with sexual tension. Struggling already to steady his quickening heartbeat, the visions did not help at all, but affected him so much he had to bring his legs back up to the sofa to cover the obvious evidence.

He tilted the glass to his mouth again, but only one drop of the wine fell from it. Tom’s soft laughter drifted through Greg’s haze to his ears. Tom locked his gaze onto Greg holding him in place, and Greg watched him move closer. Leaning toward him, Tom reached out and ran his thumb across Greg’s lips to catch the drop of wine without breaking his gaze.

Greg pressed his lips together to stop from sucking Tom’s thumb into his mouth. His mouth dropped open as he watched Tom suck the wine off his thumb seductively. Long intense moments passed before Tom moved even closer to him. Finally, he fastened his mouth over Greg’s. Tom’s tongue slipped between his lips and Greg found that he couldn’t suppress the moan of pleasure that vibrated from his throat.

Damn. Nobody should taste this good.

Tom cupped Greg’s cheeks and tilted his head so he could explore his mouth fully. Greg lifted his hands, pressing them against Tom’s hard chest. Tom’s heart pounded beneath his fingers and matched Greg’s own rapid beat. Slowly, he let his hands move across Tom’s chest to his broad shoulders and moaned into his mouth again, his fingers gripping the hard muscle. What sounded like a growl erupted from Tom’s throat when he pulled his mouth away from Greg’s and trailed soft kisses down the pulse on his neck.

“Tom, what’s happening here?” Greg breathed out.

“I don’t know,” Tom answered, pausing to take the glass from him and put it on the floor. Tom returned quickly to his throat, licking and nipping along his ear. “But, why don’t we see where it goes, eh?”

Greg’s cock was alive and throbbing almost violently in his pants in reaction to Tom’s touch. He had to stop while he still had the ability to think. Tom moaned again against his neck and he reached out for the bulge in Greg’s tented sweats. His whole body was electrified, as if a bolt of lightning had struck him. Greg’s body screamed, *more, give me more*, and he wanted more than anything to just give in to its demands, but his brain was flashing a bright red light and blasting a loud buzzer. Tom, having no clue of Greg’s inner struggle, continued kissing him

and caressing his cock expertly. At last, the stronger will prevailed and Greg jumped to his feet. He ran his fingers through his hair and took a step back.

"I'm sorry. I—"

Tom stood up and grabbed his hands. "No, no, it's me that should be apologizing. I don't know what came over me. This is wrong on so many levels."

"What do you mean?"

Tom tried to explain. "Well, we just happen to be here together and, I mean, well, just because you are an extremely attractive man, that doesn't give me the right to attack you. I mean, I had no right to assume...."

"Assume what?"

"Well, I don't even know if you're gay, and here I am—"

Greg laughed. "I'm thinking as hard as my cock got while you were kissing me, you can pretty much say that's a yes."

Tom smiled. "Yeah, I guess I can. Well then, since we have that little confusion cleared up...."

Greg returned his hand to Tom's chest, but this time to stop his advances. "I think we should say good night." He paused before turning to leave, half-hoping Tom would protest.

"Okay, Greg, if that's what you want," Tom said hesitantly.

Is that what I want? Do I even know what I want anymore?

He needed to think, that much he did know and he couldn't do that or even breathe around this man. Turning on his heel, he headed for the stairs.

"Good night, Greg," Tom said softly.

Damn.

His name sounded erotic when Tom said it. He knew one small hesitation would be his undoing. The urge to turn around was almost overwhelming. Visions of pushing Tom over the ottoman and taking him by the fire were starting to creep into his active consciousness and move rapidly to the planning phase. Shaking his head, he hurried up the steps and sighed.

This is going to be a long night.

Chapter Three

Greg lay staring at the ceiling with thoughts of Tom running through his head. Images of each section of the room floated through his mind and he pictured every place he could make Tom his. When he closed his eyes, the thought of holding Tom as they made love on top of the thick coverlet was nearly overwhelming. Not to mention the table, the wall in the dining room, the couch in the living room.... He could almost hear Tom's contented breathing as he lay beside him as they drifted off to sleep.

It had been well over a year since anyone but himself had brought him any physical pleasure. Maybe this was destiny and he and Tom were meant to be stuck here together. Maybe it was time for him to stop being alone, with only his job to comfort him. Maybe he could have a life...but he had pushed Tom away...maybe it was too late.

Greg slid his hand down his body to grip his needy cock. Although he had chosen to be alone, he didn't have to torture himself with another restless and frustrated night's sleep. With one last firm grip, he pushed himself off the bed and shoved his pants to the floor. Pulling his shirt over his head, he tossed it to the floor and then he heard the door open.

"I was just thinking of doing the same thing. Mind if I join you?" Tom asked softly.

Greg gasped and spun around to see Tom standing in the doorway.

Tom pulled off his borrowed clothes quickly. The only light in the room came from the glow of the fire on the stairs in the hall. Tom's frame was long and slender. The slight glow behind him made him look very appealing, like an offering. Free from hair, his chest and torso showed the definition and strength from years of skiing. His half-hard cock bobbed by his leg, protruding from a tuft of blond curls. The long lines of his body moved fluidly as he stepped out of his pants and walked toward Greg.

Tom stood before him and, without hesitation, slid his hand across Greg's face, pulling him close. The sensation of Tom's lips against his again pushed all of his earlier fantasies to the forefront of his mind. Tom ran his fingers through Greg's hair gripping a handful while he sucked on his mouth seductively. His hand drifted down his back to cup his bottom. Greg shook with desire and Tom pulled him closer, grinding their hips together.

"Greg, I can't even express to you how badly I want you, but if you want me to stop, tell me now," he said, stroking Greg's quickly hardening cock and placing soft kisses along his throat. "In a minute I'll be past the point of no return...and so will you."

"No, don't stop," he said quickly, his voice scarcely over a whisper.

"Mmm, I'm so glad you said that." Tom gently lowered him to the bed. "You're so beautiful," he whispered, pulling fingers slowly from his hair. "Even more than I thought when I saw you earlier," he added.

"Earlier?"

Tom sat on the bed and let his hand glide lazily through the soft hair covering the tight muscles of Greg's chest.

“Yes, I pushed my way through the blizzard outside and warmed myself by the fire. When the feeling returned to my extremities I called out to whoever was staying here. Imagine my surprise when I walked by the bedroom to see you lying on the bed asleep.”

“You saw me when I was asleep?” Greg asked softly.

Tom closed his eyes and let his hand moved slowly around Greg’s waist and hips. “Oh, yes, it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. You were on top of a large white towel displaying this magnificent body of yours. I just stood in the doorway taking in your beauty.”

He reached up, flipping Greg’s hair off his forehead. “Your chestnut brown hair was tousled as it lay around your head in thick, wavy strands. Your dark skin looked so beautiful in the low lighting of the room.” He glided his hand over Greg’s cheek. “Those lips, that stomach and especially these thickly muscled legs of yours that hung off the bed,” he continued, gently touching each body part he mentioned.

Goose bumps rose on Greg’s skin everywhere Tom touched. He watched Tom’s eyes close as he recalled the memory.

“Mmm,” he went on with a sigh, still moving his hand along Greg’s torso. “You were naked and looking delicious. I had to force myself to back out of the room or I would have run over and pulled your sleeping cock into my mouth and sucked it until it exploded.”

Greg gasped. He didn’t know if it was from Tom’s confession or his gentle pinching on his nipple.

“I was never so glad to be stuck somewhere before,” he murmured with a soft chuckle. “It was hard to talk to you after that without wanting to rip your clothes off. I could only see you naked and open to whatever pleasure I could give you.”

“Well, I am definitely open to that pleasure now,” Greg offered.

Tom smiled letting his eyes fall over Greg’s naked body. “Yes, and I’m so glad.”

He pushed Greg back and then onto his side and lay down next to him. An exhilarated shiver left goose bumps on Greg’s skin when Tom’s body pressed against his. Tom’s skin felt hot against his suddenly cooled exterior and he groaned at the contrast.

“Are you nervous?” Tom asked.

Tom’s mouth closed around Greg’s already hard nipple and his body ignited from within. Greg’s breathing quickened immediately. His chest rose and fell so fast he thought he would have a heart attack.

“You don’t have to be afraid with me,” he whispered. Tom licked his ear lazily. His hand moved across Greg’s chest.

“I—I’m not afraid, it’s just—oh! It’s just been a long—oh shit!” Greg breathed, another vibration rippling through him. Tom moved to the other nipple while pinching the one he just left.

“God, Greg, you are so damn sexy.” Tom pressed his cock against the firm muscle of Greg’s thigh as he nuzzled his neck. “I don’t have enough hands to...enough lips...,” he said between kisses.

Suddenly, he rolled Greg to his back and hovered over him. His brilliant blue eyes danced as he looked down into Greg’s chocolate brown pools.

"If this is to be our only time together I want you to remember me," he said breathlessly, before kissing him again.

Tom's frenzied kisses moved along his chest, back and forth, nipple to nipple, kissing and licking an erratic, hot trail down to the hard muscles of his stomach.

"I want to taste you," Tom confessed.

Poking his tongue into his belly button, Tom pushed his legs apart, gripped Greg's hips and sucked hard.

"Oh shit!" Greg exclaimed.

Tom's hands were everywhere at once, pinching his nipples, grazing through the hair on his chest and stomach and pressing into his hips. His kisses had burned the skin on his chest and moved lower through the hair on his stomach. Finally his lips wrapped around the swollen tip that touched his chin. With a loud moan, he swallowed it to its base.

"Oh, yes," Greg cried. He fisted his hand in Tom's feathery blond hair and bit his lip with a groan.

Greg pushed himself up on his elbow, guiding Tom's head. Watching Tom's lips swallow his cock repeatedly, his blue eyes blazing with passion, lust, and desire almost made him come. He continued to watch intently as Tom slowly ran his tongue along the throbbing vein of his shaft. Playfully flicking his naughty tongue around the edge of the taut skin of the head, Tom locked eyes with him before engulfing his cock again. The bold erotic act broke the last of Greg's restraint. He grasped Tom by the shoulders and pulled him onto his stomach next to him.

"Tell me this isn't a dream," he whispered in his ear. Greg climbed onto Tom's back.

"This is no dream," Tom said over his shoulder.

Greg settled himself between Tom's thighs and ground against the crack of his ass.

"It's been a long time, Tom. I can't promise I will last as long as I want," he warned, kissing the back of his neck.

Tom chuckled and raised his head to rub his face against Greg's. "Well, since I'm stuck here with you all night, I think we have the time for another round or two. So if at first you don't succeed...", he chuckled again.

Greg chuckled too and ground against Tom's ass again. Gripping a handful of his hair Greg pulled his head back and Tom moaned aloud.

"Yes," Greg hissed. "I've been waiting all night to hear that." He sucked on Tom's neck. "But as good as your moans sound, I want to see your face while it twists in pleasure. Turn over," he demanded and rolled off Tom.

Tom quickly obeyed. Greg positioned himself between Tom's legs again and then pushed Tom's long limbs to his chest. He gripped his cock and held himself at the entrance of Tom's body, already breathing hard with anticipation. Quickly he leaned over and rummaged through the bag on the floor, removing a half-filled bottle of lube.

"Don't close your eyes. I want to see the flashes of passion in those incredible blue eyes of yours when you come, and I want you to see me too," Greg panted, coating his cock with the slippery substance.

He stroked his cock, exciting himself even more. Finally, Greg pushed his cock slowly between the firm white cheeks before him. The slick friction sent delicious sensations tearing through him.

"Oh my God, Greg. That feels so good," Tom said, echoing Greg's thoughts. "Push it in. I want to feel the whole thing."

A deep, primitive sound erupted from Greg's chest. Tom gripped his cheeks and spread them further to accommodate the powerful, intrusive thrust from Greg's large cock.

"Damn, you feel good." His voice was shaky as another wave of pleasure crashed over his body. "Stroke your cock. I want to see it explode when I come inside you."

"Yes," Tom hissed in agreement.

Tom grabbed his already hard cock and started pulling on it. Watching Tom's hand slide over the fat, ruby head continually sent another surge of excitement through Greg's body.

The fire he saw in Tom's eyes was like an aphrodisiac. The more he pumped into him, the hotter the fire burned, and each thrust sent another blissful wave coursing through his body.

"Shit. It feels so good, Greg. Fuck me harder."

Tom's erotic command brought him closer to oblivion. Greg let Tom's legs fall to the bed by his sides and leaned forward. Covering Tom's nipples with his lips, he sucked and teased them into sensitive pebbles. Tom's screams of pleasure filled the room.

"Shit! I could fuck you all night and not get enough of you," he panted against Tom's chest. Tom pressed his legs against his waist.

Greg pushed himself up again. He continued to grind into Tom as Tom stroked his cock again.

"Oh God, you're going to kill me, Tom. I don't want to come yet, but...", his sentence ended with a groan.

Tom let out a soft shaky laugh. "Go ahead and come, Greg. We have all night for you to get your fill of me," he reminded him.

"Yes!"

After another moan, Greg looked into the Tom's eyes. Desire filled the blazing blue color and pushed him over the edge. Greg removed Tom's legs from his waist, he lifted them to rest against his shoulders. Greg held onto Tom's hips, pounding into him with an animalistic growl. Minutes later, he screamed his joy to the four walls. Greg's orgasm ripped through his body with white-hot fury as he pushed as much of his cock into Tom as he could.

Greg fell on top of Tom, breathing erratically in the crook of his neck. He could feel Tom free his hand from between them and then caress his back and butt, relaxing the tightened muscles. His exhausted cock fell from Tom's ass and Greg moaned at the pleasure of it. Rising over him, he kissed Tom all over his face.

"Greg, that was incredible," Tom said, trying to return his frenzied kisses. "Don't you need to rest for a moment?"

Still breathing hard, Greg chuckled. "Yeah, but you were so close to coming and didn't."

Tom's erotic groans filled the room as Greg's kisses lowered. Moving quickly, he took the half-hard piece into his mouth and brought it back to life.

"Fuck yeah! Suck it, Greg!"

Greg obliged him hungrily. It had been a long time since he had sucked anyone's cock; he hadn't realized how much he missed it until now. Sliding his hand up and down the now stiff shaft, he moaned over the head, taking satisfaction from the act.

"Damn, Greg, you are so good at that."

With Tom encouraging him, Greg let his hand move smoothly over the swollen head while he gave the hanging sac long luxurious licks. Tom's pleasurable moans told him he wouldn't last long. He returned his mouth to the head, pulling on it until Tom let out a long drawn out groan of completion. His cock exploded in Greg's mouth, shooting hot spurts of come onto his tongue. Greg let Tom's drained cock fall from his mouth when his breathing returned to normal, then he crawled up beside him.

"Damn that was good," Greg said pulling Tom into his arms.

Tom chuckled. "Talk about an understatement."

Greg sighed happily and kissed the top of Tom's head. "You don't know how hard I tried not to be with you like this. Now that I'm here I'm so glad that I am."

"I don't get it, Greg. I got the feeling you were into me. Why were you fighting me so hard?"

He shrugged. "It's been a while since I was in a relationship, let alone in bed with anyone. You are so fine that I really wanted you when I first saw you and as we talked, I really started to like you. I don't regret it because I really needed that," he paused to hug Tom, "but it's going to suck when we have to part."

"Why do we have to part?"

"Well, I told you, I'm on vacation out here. Eventually I have to return home to work."

"Well, do you have someone waiting for you when you return home?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I don't think I mentioned it before, but I don't live out here either. In fact, I don't live far from you."

"Oh yeah?"

Tom turned over to his side. "Yeah, we can still see each other when we get home, if you want. You said you live in New York, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I live in Jersey, just over the bridge in Hoboken."

"I work a lot, Tom. I won't have a lot of time for a relationship."

"We can make it work, Greg. I work in Manhattan, also. I really like you, too, and I think we could have something special. Like I said before, it feels like destiny to me that we even met."

Greg looked down and saw sincerity in those pretty blue eyes. Tom really wanted them to be together when their vacations were over. It had been a long time since something or someone had made him happy besides skiing, and lying in Tom's arms made him happy. Maybe it was time that he tried to be happy again. He caressed Tom's face almost lovingly and brushed his lips over his.

Frozen Spring Break

“I knew I would like this place the best. This has definitely turned out to be the best vacation ever.”

Tom kissed him and smiled. “And to think, it’s only just begun.”

Excerpt from
Breaking Faith

by
M. King

A Freya's Bower M/M Novel

Breaking Faith

Brett swallowed hard. His mother hadn't stopped talking, but he couldn't catch all of it through the rushing in his ears.

"...came up that way and he said there's police all over, but there hasn't been anything on the news. Not yet. Awful, isn't it?"

"Yeah." Brett tried to marshal his thoughts, think clearly through the jumble inside his head. *No way. Coincidence. Isn't it?* "Uh, thanks, Mom. I have to, uh.... I'll have somethin' to eat later, okay?"

He got up and left the room, just as Monica set the plate of bacon and eggs down in front of him. She called out, but Brett didn't respond, already halfway to the front door as he pulled his cell phone from his pocket and sought out the number he hadn't had the heart to even think about deleting.

Come on. Pick up. Prove me wrong. Please....

It probably wasn't anything but a stupid, sentimental impulse, Brett told himself. He didn't even know why he'd thought it could be anything to do with—

"Hello?" A woman's voice.

His stomach lurched. "Who is this?"

"Uh, my name's Jacqui Austin. I'm with the Hill County Sheriff's Department. Who—"

Brett shut off the phone quickly. *Fuck!* Why the hell would the sheriff's department have Tommy's phone? Unless—*Oh, God.*

He gunned the Bronco into life, driving without thinking, despite the whirl of thoughts in his head. Brett turned off his phone when it rang; Monica, probably wanting to know why the hell he'd left like that. What could he tell her?

Brett drove through the Sunday morning traffic just on the legal side of too fast, taking a loop down by Deacon's Bar, passing close enough to see the scene of crime tape. He hauled the truck in and wound down the window to ask the woman from the florist across the road what had happened.

"Carl Delaney from the corner store found him," she said, sucking on a cigarette, squinting a little at this wild-eyed, crazy kid demanding answers. "Only a couple hours ago. Some Indi—"

"How old?"

"How old?" The woman frowned. "Why the hell w—"

"Please."

"Well...middle-aged, I guess Carl said."

"Thank you," Brett called. The Bronco's tires squealed.

Oh, God. Oh, Tommy...what did you do?

He hit the gas and just drove, not even aware he'd headed for Fresno until he drew up alongside the campground. Brett stumbled out of the truck, sick to his stomach. Tommy wouldn't have, surely. He couldn't have. No...he could. *You can't keep protecting people like that. Not forever.* Brett's own words echoed back at him. He finally caught sight of the Chevy parked sloppily down by the trees that led to the water.

He's here.

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