

— Bottom's Up —



**A
Kinky
ORGASM**

AMANDA YOUNG

BOTTOM'S UP: A KINKY ORGASM

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ALSO BY AMANDA YOUNG

Furtive Ache
Furtive Liaison
Precious Ache

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CHAPTER 1

“Hey, Rabbit, can I get another drink over here?”

Briar Henley pulled a frosty bottle from the cooler. Beer in hand, he strode over to where Ben Kingsley sat huddled at the end of the bar closest to the bathrooms. The old man had been a regular at Henley's Pub since it had belonged to Briar's grandpa back in the day, making him damn near family rather than just another old alcoholic. For that reason alone, Briar ignored the hated nickname from his childhood and graced the man with a smile as he slid the longneck across the gleaming mahogany surface of the countertop. “It's almost closing time, buddy. You have a way home tonight?”

Ben glanced up, his rheumy blue eyes glazed. “You're a

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good boy, Briar. It's a shame you're one of those people. You should find a nice girl to straighten you out and settle down. Pass on the family name like your pa would've wanted."

Briar sighed. It seemed as if they had this same conversation every night. "Thanks for the tip, Ben. I'll take it under advisement." *Just as soon as hell freezes over, and I stop liking dick.* "Is Sally Jean going to pick you up, or am I calling you a cab again tonight?"

Ben took a long slug of his drink and set it down, his hands hovering around the glass bottle. "You're a bossy little thing, aren't you?"

"Nope. You can do what you want, but you're not going to get slammed here and then drink and drive. That would put my ass on the line, and it's too pretty to be thrown to the horny wolves behind bars."

Ben snorted as the bell above the door chimed. Briar turned toward the sound, expecting to see Ben's daughter crossing the threshold. Instead, Briar gaped as the focus of more than one wet dream strolled into his humble little establishment. With his broad shoulders pulled straight and his head held high, the newcomer strode to the opposite side of the counter from Ben and took a seat on one of the stools closest to the door.

It'd been more than a decade since Briar had set eyes on Truman Lee. The other man had gone off to college on a football scholarship, while Briar had stayed behind to care for his ailing father. After his father passed away, Briar had taken night classes in business management and eventually reopened

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the family bar as he knew his father would've wanted.

Since he and the jock had been on opposite ends of the food chain in school, Briar pretended he didn't recognize the other man. Better that than make an ass of himself by pointing out their affiliation only to have Truman feign remembrance.

Truthfully, Briar hoped Truman didn't recall the skinny little outcast he used to be. High school was hard on almost everyone, but it'd been a particular rollercoaster for a scrawny, big-mouthed kid in southwestern Virginia. His piss-poor attitude had gotten his ass kicked more than once. Truman, on the other hand, had been a typical athletic meathead. With his stocky, muscular body and boy-next-door good looks, Truman had been every girl's— and one lonely gay boy's—idea of a walking wet dream. Thank God no one had ever found the yearbook photo of Truman that Briar had hidden under his mattress. He would have died of shame.

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Briar found himself wishing Truman had packed on a little weight or gone bald. But while the other man's dark hair was cut severely short on the sides, there was an inch or two of longer growth on top. Briar couldn't even delude himself into thinking the short style was due to a hideous bare spot on the crown of Truman's big head. The other man's midnight black locks were as thick and lustrous as ever. *Dammit.*

Indeed, the years had been kind to Truman...he looked better than ever. Briar confirmed as much by sneaking peeks at the other man as he fixed the drink, pouring equal amounts of amaretto, coffee liqueur, and Irish cream into a highball glass. The man had filled out in all the right places, his wide shoulders stretching the limits of the salmon polo shirt. Although the bottom half of the man wasn't visible, Briar

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imagined it was just as impressive as the upper portion. Given how tall Truman was, his legs were probably long and muscular. Briar could easily picture the way Truman's ass and thighs would flex and release as he pumped his load into some lucky woman. Speaking of women, there was no wedding ring on his left hand. But that didn't mean the man wasn't married...a lot of men refused to wear jewelry.

After topping the drink with a single scoop of creamy vanilla goodness, Briar slid it across the counter to Truman. "That'll be seven fifty."

Truman handed over a ten-dollar bill and picked up his drink. He took a sip, his eyelids sliding to half-mast. "Damn, that's good. Keep the change, man."

Briar added the cash to the register, his mind calculating approximately how much he'd taken in that day. Not enough to cover the electricity, much less his time and energy. He really needed to rethink opening on Mondays.

"Not very crowded in here, is it?"

"Nah, weekdays are slow, and it's almost closing time."

"Really?" Truman asked, glancing down at the gold-toned watch on his thick wrist. "But it's only ten o'clock."

"There isn't much use staying open when we're this dead." Briar glanced around the small pub, satisfaction rising inside him. Although the business was a hand-me-down and would never make him rich, he was proud of it and the changes he'd implemented over the years. He'd updated the menu, adding greasy, deep-fried finger foods and specialty drinks for the expanding college crowd. Making allowances for time and

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money, the décor had subtly changed over the last five years. While he'd chosen to keep the rustic ambience of the wood paneling and long, mahogany bar, Briar had reupholstered the dozen booths with a deep, forest green fabric and added accessories of the same shade here and there throughout the room. Henley's would always be a small town pub, but it belonged to him.

"I understand why you wouldn't want to keep longer hours. You don't want to work for free." Truman sipped his drink, leaving an adorable milk mustache clinging to his upper lip.

The bell over the door chimed again, tugging Briar's attention away from Truman. Ben's daughter, Sally Jean, breezed inside with a wave and a smile, her warm gaze turning concerned as it landed on her father.

With a mumbled "excuse me," Briar left Truman to his drink and met Sally Jean as she reached Ben's side. Placing her hand on Ben's shoulder, she began the sometimes arduous task of trying to cajole her father into coming home with as little fuss as possible.

As usual, Ben was being stubborn. "I'm not ready to leave yet, girl. Quit trying to boss me around."

"Dad..." Sally Jean sighed. "I've had a long day, and I'm ready to go home. If you want a ride, you need to come with me now. I'm not going to sit around and wait for you all night."

Knowing how loud Ben could get when he put his mind to it, Briar butted into the conversation with the hope of diffusing

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the argument before it began. "You might as well head on home with Sally Jean, Ben. I'm getting ready to close up for the night anyway."

"Fine." Ben took a long swallow of his beer and then slammed the nearly empty bottle down on the counter. "Go ahead and gang up on me. See if I care."

Briar hid his amusement as Ben stomped toward the exit. The man could be a stubborn old cuss, but he was all right. No matter how pissed off he was when he left, he'd be back the following night. Briar could almost set his watch by the man's habits.

Truman walked by Briar, catching his attention. The pressed khaki pants the other man wore hugged his lean hips and cupped his package like a lover's hand. Even after a brief glimpse of Truman's bulge, Briar was left wondering whether or not the other man stuffed his boxers. The swell behind Truman's fly seemed too large to be real.

Briar turned his head to follow Truman's progress to the bathroom, wanting a peek at the other man's backside. He licked his lips, checking out the firm mounds. *His ass isn't half bad either.*

"Hello." Sally Jean waved a hand in front of Briar. "Earth to Briar."

Briar jumped. While he'd been ogling Truman's ass, he'd forgotten Sally Jean was even there. "Sorry, hon. I was in la la land there for a minute. What's up?"

"Hey, I don't blame you for staring. Don't tell my husband I said so, but that is one seriously fine man that just went by.

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Is he single?" Sally Jean grinned. "No, don't tell me. I don't need to know. Before I leave, I just wanted to remind you that I'll be in to settle up Dad's account next week."

"I know you will. Thanks for the reminder, though." Most of the small businesses, Henley's included, still ran tabs for the locals and allowed people to pay when they could. In Ben's case, his daughter and son-in-law had taken over his finances after his most recent stroke, paying off his various accounts when his pension check arrived at the beginning of each month.

Briar walked Sally Jean out, waved to Ben, and turned the sign on the door from "open" to "closed." He turned off all but one of the exterior lights, pulled down the window blinds, and returned to the bar to wait out his last customer. Suppressing a yawn, he picked up the rag he'd discarded earlier and started wiping down the counter. It'd been a long day, and he was more than ready to call it a night. As soon as Truman left, he was going to close out the register and retire to the little apartment he kept above the bar.

At least tonight I'll have some new material stored up in my spank bank. He and his hand were going to have a good ole time before he drifted off to sleep.

Contrarily, he wondered when his right hand had become the norm instead of his former fallback for release—going to clubs after he closed the pub. Now, he was more comfortable with porn and dreams of meeting the elusive Mr. Right. Judging by the way he'd responded to Truman, that was going to have to change very soon. *Maybe I'll drive to Roanoke and*

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hit The Park on Friday. Even if he struck out on meeting someone special, he'd be able to dance and cut loose for a little while.

CHAPTER 2

“Penny for your thoughts,” Truman said, sliding onto a stool across from Briar.

Briar pulled himself together, wondering how he’d missed hearing Truman reenter the room. “I don’t think you’d be interested in hearing about the inventory list that’s running through my mind at the moment.” Sure it was a lie, but it was a lot less embarrassing than what he was really thinking about. What was he going to do? Admit he’d been fantasizing about getting laid because Truman reminded him of what he was missing? Not fucking likely.

“So...I guess it’s just you and me now that the old guy’s gone, right?”

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Briar watched Truman lick his lips, the man's moist pink tongue sliding across his mouth, and shivered in response. Truman's tone almost made the words sound like a come on. "Um, yeah. It's just you and me."

"I figured as much. I couldn't help but notice you'd changed the sign on the door."

"Well, it's getting to be that time, you know." Briar glanced at Truman's drink, sitting all by itself several seats down. "Are you about finished, or is there something else you need before I call it a night?"

Truman's grin widened. "I guess that would depend on what you're offering."

Briar wanted to kick himself for the unintended innuendo behind his words. "I, uh..." Words eluded Briar. Was Truman really flirting with him? It had been awhile since Briar had been with anyone, but it hadn't been so long that he'd forgotten what *that* look meant. Truman's gaze was writing checks Briar's ass would be more than happy to cash. He tried to come up with something witty to say and failed. *Why is my brain short-circuiting, now of all times?*

"Does the silence mean you're trying to let me down gently, or that I've left you speechless with my suave pick-up skills?"

Briar laughed. "Well, it's definitely not Door B."

Truman laid a hand over his heart. "Ouch."

"Ah, you're a big boy. I'm sure you'll bounce back. I just didn't have you pegged as someone who played on my team."

"Yeah, I get that a lot."

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“So...you want me, huh?” There was no harm in teasing a little bit and, more importantly, it bought him some precious time for a reality check. *Can this really be happening?*

“Would telling you that I’ve been hard since I walked in here work? If not, how about a written invitation?”

Briar smirked. “Maybe.”

“All right. I can do that. Do you have a pen?”

Briar handed Truman a ballpoint pen. Their fingers slid together, sending little electrical shocks up Briar’s wrist. The way the hair raised on Truman’s forearm whispered that he felt the chemistry between them as well.

As Truman scribbled something on a napkin, Briar’s mind raced with the implications of what was about to happen. Truman wanted him. *Him*—the skinny, mouthy little punk from high school who’d spent all his time daydreaming about the torrid things he wanted to do with the unobtainable captain of the football team.

Granted, Briar wasn’t that scrawny kid any longer. Although nothing could be done about his short stature, he’d worked long and hard to put some meat on his bones. A high protein diet and a gym membership had given definition to his wiry frame and made him stronger than he appeared.

He’d had his fair share of lovers over the years, but Truman’s very presence brought back the silent yearning Briar had felt for the other man in high school. Only this time around, Truman returned his desire.

It was a heady thought. One that made his blood rush south and fill his prick to full tumescence. He’d been half hard since

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laying eyes on Truman, but now he was aching. The swollen head of his cock pressed against the rough inner material of Briar's fly, which bit into his skin.

By the time Truman held out the napkin, Briar was ready to sell his soul to the devil if it meant one night in Truman's arms. He accepted the note, curious to see what Truman had written. A burst of laughter flew out of his mouth as he read: *Suck me. Fuck me. Ride me all night long. I'm yours for whatever you want as long as you let me touch you.*

Briar looked up at Truman. "This is your idea of how best to get in my pants?"

"Well, I do like to be direct. What do you say? Do you want to hook up, or am I wasting my time here?"

"I could be persuaded to play, with the right motivation." *Like seeing what Truman was packing between his legs.* He wasn't a size queen, but anything less than four inches was a turn off.

"I think I can manage that. Is there anything you need to do before we get started?"

"Nothing that can't wait." Briar hopped over the bar and moved between Truman's legs. "Why don't you show me what you're working with?"

"In a minute." Truman wrapped his brawny hands around Briar's biceps and pulled him closer. "Kiss me."

Briar inhaled the scent of man and musk, the spicy aroma of good cologne and something that was all Truman. Kissing this man wasn't going to be a hardship. He tilted his head to the right and moved in, his lips already tingling. Truman met

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him halfway, their mouths touching down once and then again before Truman took control. His hands moved from Briar's arms to the small of his back, holding Briar close as he flicked his tongue over the sensitive flesh of Briar's lower lip. Briar groaned and opened to the sexy man against him.

He couldn't believe this was happening. He was kissing Truman Lee, quarterback from his most feverish teenage fantasies and one damn fine-looking man. The juvenile part of his brain was doing a hell of a happy dance. He couldn't wait to find out what Truman looked like naked and whether he preferred to top or bottom. *Please, please be versatile.* Although he loved to be fucked, there was nothing better than the feel of a hot, tight ass wrapped around his tool.

Truman's hands slid down Briar's back and cupped his butt in a firm grip. His tongue slid between Briar's lips one last time before he twisted away. "Mmm...I love your mouth. I can't wait to feel it wrapped around my dick."

"You snatched the thought right out of my mind." Briar dropped to his knees in front of Truman. He unfastened the man's slacks and lowered the zipper, revealing a pristine white jockstrap beneath. Truman's slacks slid down his thighs and pooled around his ankles.

A silent thrill ran through Briar, quickening his pulse at the sight of Truman's package trapped under the snug cotton. Briar bent forward and rubbed his cheek over the smooth fabric, inhaling the spicy scent of Truman's body. He licked the material, dragging out the moment and building the sense of anticipation. Truman's cock grew, expanding upward

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toward the elastic band, the flushed red head beginning to peek out over the top.

Truman caressed the side of Briar's face, his fingers lingering over the corner of Briar's mouth. "Don't be a cock-tease."

"You love it." Briar ran his tongue along the groove between Truman's thigh and groin. Tiny hairs tickled his tongue.

Truman sucked in a deep breath. "I might like it a little."

Briar gave the other side the same treatment. "Oh, I'd say more than a little."

"Maybe," Truman said with a chuckle. The laugh turned into a strangled groan when Briar mouthed Truman's balls through the jock, wetting the cotton. Truman bucked his hips, pushing his groin closer to Briar's face. "Oh, yeah. Feels so good."

"Mm hmm," Briar murmured, pulling aside the jock to bare Truman's cock and balls. He buried his face in the sparse, dark brown curls and inhaled, filling his lungs with the scent of Truman's skin.

Using the flat of his tongue, Briar licked a long line from the bottom of Truman's sac up to the base of his erection. Once there, he pressed his lips around the underside of the rod, creating suction and slicking the fragile skin with saliva as he traveled toward the head. Truman's pulse thundered against Briar's lips as he moved upward.

One of Truman's hands threaded through Briar's hair, guiding him. "Please."

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How could he resist? He wrapped his fingers around the base of Truman's dick and aimed the swollen cap toward his mouth. Holding the rigid shaft steady, Briar kissed the tip. He looked up, making eye contact with the man, and extended his tongue, swiping it over the fat, bulbous knob. Truman's salty essence burst onto Briar's taste buds, making him yearn for more. Licking up and down Truman's length, Briar moistened the flesh from base to tip. He paid special attention to the sensitive dip underneath the helmet, laving it repeatedly as Truman's hips bucked. Finally, unable to wait another second, Briar took the spongy crown between his lips and sucked, using his palm to fondle the other man's heavy balls at the same time.

After relaxing his jaw, Briar strived to take as much of the shaft as he could manage, loving the feel of Truman's hard flesh sliding over his tongue. He bobbed his head, taking Truman's cock deeper by tiny increments until it began to nudge the back of his throat and could go no farther.

"That's right," Truman said, his voice deep and gravelly. "Suck my dick"

Briar would have responded, but he knew better than to talk with his mouth full. Instead of taking the time to answer, he twisted his tongue over and around the tip, tasting and teasing. He tightened his fingers. A hoarse moan rewarded his efforts.

On a slick bed of saliva, Briar's fingers stroked Truman's cock in rhythm with his mouth, which bobbed up and down to meet the ring of his fingers around the base. The heady scent

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of Truman's need rose with every minute that passed, urging Briar to suck harder, to push the bigger man into relinquishing complete control. Briar may have been the one on his knees, but he was the man in charge. As long as he had Truman in his mouth, Briar was the one with all the power.

The sultry groans that spilled from Truman's mouth caused Briar's own stalk to ache and leak. The wet slurping sounds of his mouth gliding up and down Truman's erection, sucking hard, made Briar yearn for a little of the same attention. Instead of giving in to his need, Briar focused on Truman. Using his tongue, he laved the tender depression beneath the swollen crown and then tongue-fucked the tiny slit, licking away the salty taste of Truman's desire.

"Enough." Truman's hands clenched in Briar's hair, holding him in place as he rolled his hips backward and pulled his dick from Briar's mouth with a damp pop. He caught Briar's chin and tilted it up, slanting his lips over Briar's in a short, intense kiss. "As good as you are at that, I don't want to come in your mouth."

Briar held in the whimper trying to break free and rose to his feet. "What do you want?"

"I'll take your ass, if it's on the menu."

Briar groaned. He loved a man who knew when to flirt and when to lay it all on the line. "All right, but not here. The lube and stuff are upstairs."

"Sounds good to me." Truman crammed his damp prick into his pants. "Lead the way."

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CHAPTER 3

With Truman trailing behind him, Briar climbed the stairs to his apartment. Halfway up, Truman slammed into Briar from behind and knocked him against the wall. Briar turned, shuddering in excitement as Truman's rough lips captured his own once more. A bare hint of the creamy confection Briar had served lingered on Truman's lips, enfolded in the dark essence that was Truman's own flavor. Briar dived into the kiss, searching for more of the elusive zest.

The pair bounced from one stair to the next, kissing and rubbing against each other. Briar wasn't sure which one was more desperate to get to the apartment and shed his clothes, but he was in danger of hurting something if he didn't get out

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of his pants soon.

Strong hands skimmed up his back, taking his shirt with them. The garment was pulled up and over his head, then Briar felt Truman's lips return to his own, caressing, plundering his mouth with a desperation that revved Briar's libido to a fever pitch.

He returned the favor, stripping Truman of his shirt the first time he tore his mouth away from Truman's to drag air into his lungs. Naked from the waist up, Truman was a sight to behold. The brawny contours of his smooth chest rose and fell in a quick rhythm, his pecs swelling in time.

Briar's gaze was riveted to the silver bars piercing Truman's fat pink nipples. His hand rose involuntarily, already halfway to the man's chest before he realized his own intent. Truman shifted, his torso ever closer to Briar's outstretched fingers.

Not one to miss a golden opportunity when it was presented, Briar tweaked Truman's right nipple, twisting the little bar. The silky skin puckered and drew up tight around the piercing.

Briar looked up at Truman, locking their gazes as he moved to the other tiny bud and gave it the same treatment. Truman's nostrils flared, like a bull warning that it was about to charge. The analogy fit the other man to a T.

Daring to push his luck, Briar leaned forward and flicked his tongue over the right nipple, manipulating the tiny bar. Truman grunted and pressed Briar into the wall. Rough hands cupped Briar's face as Truman once again slanted his lips over

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Briar's and forced his way inside. While they kissed, Truman ground the long, hard length of his cock into the flat plane of Briar's abdomen. Never had Briar cursed his short stature more than that very minute. If he'd been just a little taller, their tools would have aligned and he could've felt them rub together.

By the time they made it into Briar's small efficiency apartment, both men were hard as steel and panting. For once, Briar was glad his home consisted of one large room. He wasn't sure he could take traveling any farther than through the door and right to the bed. His sides already ached from the number of times he'd bumped into one wall or another just getting here. He was sure bruises would run up and down his torso the next day, but he couldn't summon the will to care. All his energy focused on the man in his arms and the wicked things he planned to do and have done to him.

Truman's skin felt like damp, heated silk beneath Briar's marauding fingertips. The flex and play of muscles in Truman's broad back made Briar yearn to turn him until he was facing the wall and then lick him from head to toe. There was just something so damn irresistible about the inherent strength in a man's back—not that the rest of Truman wasn't just as desirable. He wasn't sure if there was a single inch of Truman's body that didn't turn him on.

Truman kicked the door shut and wrestled Briar across the room, releasing him only once they neared the double bed. "Have a seat while I lose these pants."

Briar stumbled backward and plopped down on the end of

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the mattress. Still bouncing, he stretched one arm behind him to turn on a bedside lamp, his avid gaze zeroed in on Truman's blunt fingers where they nimbly unbuttoned the pants.

Briar moistened his lips, Truman's taste lingering on tongue. "Oh, yeah. Take it all off, big boy. I want to see everything you've got." *And then touch it and lick it and...*

Truman worked open his fly. He shoved the khakis over his trim hips, down the long length of his thighs and kicked them away. Standing tall and proud in the soft light, he fisted the base of his erection and gave it a squeeze, making the shaft swell larger. "See something you like?"

Briar swallowed the overabundance of moisture in his mouth. His gaze traveled the lean lines of Truman's body, returning to the mischievous gleam in the man's eyes. "Hell, yes. Bring it over here, and I'll show you just how much I like it."

Truman approached the bed, his smile growing larger with every step. His hard-on jutted from his body, bobbing up and down under its own cumbersome weight. Briar stared, rapt, as a pearly bead of semen appeared in the tiny slit and slid down the fat head.

Truman's knees butted against the mattress between Briar's thighs. He leaned forward and gave Briar a gentle shove backward. "While I love the thought of your hands on me again, it's my turn to play, and you still have on too many clothes. We need to do something about that." He tugged at Briar's waistband, opening the closure with a flick of his wrist. "Right. Now."

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“Yes, sir.” Briar willingly lay on his back and lifted his hips to help Truman pull off his pants. When he was finally naked, Truman pounced on top of him and covered Briar’s mouth with his own.

The sinuous glide of Truman’s tongue caused Briar’s mind to go blank. He couldn’t think of anything but how delicious Truman’s lips were, and how right the other man’s weight felt atop his body. One hot, openmouthed kiss descended into another and another. Their tongues tangled, teasing.

Briar scrambled for something to ground him. One hand met the coarse hair at the nape of Truman’s neck, while the other smoothed down his back and cupped a solid ass. He squeezed the firm buttocks, the other man’s steely flesh hardly moving under his palms. Briar couldn’t help wondering how snug Truman’s hole would be if his buns were this tight. Which brought up the question he’d been dying to ask...

Briar tore his mouth away from Truman’s tempting lips. “I’ve gotta know, are you a top or bottom?”

Truman buried his face in the curve of Briar’s neck, kissing his way from throat to ear. “Both. What about you?”

Ah, man, that was the very answer he wanted to hear. “The same.”

Sharp teeth nipped Briar’s earlobe. “You taste so good. I can’t wait to try out the rest of you.”

Briar squirmed beneath Truman, his anticipation rising. “What are you waiting for?”

Truman shuffled back and kneeled at the foot of the bed. “Do you have condoms in here?”

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“Yeah.” Briar rolled onto his side, reached into a nightstand drawer and pulled out a strip of condoms. “Here you go.”

“Thanks.” Truman took the condom and rolled it over his shaft, stroking his cock a few more times than was necessary to do the job. When he was finished, he leered at Briar. “Now get on your hands and knees.”

Briar scrambled to do just that, although he was a little disappointed. He’d been hoping for a little more foreplay, for another taste of Truman’s meat before they got to the grand finale. *Oh, well. Maybe there will be enough time for a second round before Truman takes off.*

Truman’s hand slid between Briar’s legs and cupped his balls. “Feels like someone needs to come.”

“God, yes.” He wanted to get off so bad he hurt. “Please.”

Briar dropped his head and looked down his body, watching as his testicles were rolled and caressed. Seeing the action as it happened made the pleasure grow by leaps and bounds. Truman’s hands were so damn big. As good as they felt on his balls, they’d feel ever better on his dick.

Almost before he’d finished the thought, Truman’s fingers were on the move. The thick, calloused digits encircled the base of Briar’s pole and compressed. Humid breath wafted over Briar’s right buttock. “Very nice,” Truman breathed.

“Thanks.” The word ended on a squeak as a slick, wet tongue slid through his crease. The hand around his erection vanished and reappeared on his ass. Truman’s fingers bit into Briar’s buttocks, separating them. His hot, wet mouth licked

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up and down, once and then again, before his mouth settled around Briar's hole and began to suck. The moist probe of Truman's tongue set every nerve ending to full, blazing life and made them sing.

"Ah, fuck yes. Eat my ass." Briar squeezed his eyes closed, fighting off the urge to come. His muscles clenched and released, then gradually relaxed for the intimate intrusion.

"Mmm..." Truman's mouth vibrated against the sensitive ring of Briar's anus. A finger pushed in alongside Truman's tongue, wiggling through the slick, pliant muscle. "You like that?"

"Uh huh..." Briar nodded, not thinking about whether Truman could actually see his head move.

"Want another finger?"

"Two...two's enough."

"You got it, baby." The finger inside Briar's ass retreated. Truman returned with two tightly fluted digits and sank them deep with little fanfare.

"Oh, God." Truman's fingers were thick.

Truman pumped them in and out. "Feel good?"

"Yes, so good." Briar glanced back over his shoulder. "Please, Truman. Make me come."

The heat of Truman's mouth and hands vanished, replaced by the warmth of his larger body pressing against Briar from behind. "Oh, I'll make you come all right. Just not like that. When you get off, it's going to be around my dick."

"Ah, yeah. Do me."

The blunt end of Truman's cock butted up against Briar's

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hole and rubbed around and around in circles. “You ready for me?”

“Hell, yes. Fuck me.”

Truman breached the first barrier. Briar sucked in air and tried to convince his body to yield. His ass was relaxed from being rimmed and fingered, but there was no way that something as large as Truman’s rod wasn’t going to burn like hell. The discomfort would fade. He just had to wait for the mind-numbing pleasure to kick in and everything would be fine—better than fine if Truman knew how to work the monster he was packing.

A heartbeat passed, then two, yet Truman didn’t move. Briar was just beginning to squirm, almost ready to demand Truman do something, when the other man plunged forward, delving as deeply as possible without merging the two of them into one body. His balls slapped Briar’s bottom, tickling the sensitive strip of skin between his ass and sac.

Briar buried his face against the pillow, embarrassed by the unmanly whimpers spilling out of him. He’d lost control of his vocal cords, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t try his best to muffle the sound.

Truman’s hand caressed Briar’s side. “Are you okay?”

Briar nodded. “Please...” *Jerk me, spank me, fuck me...just do something.*

Truman’s fingers dug into Briar’s buttocks. He circled his hips, grinding against Briar’s ass and then slowly retreated, creating sweet friction with Briar’s inner walls. Briar moaned from the loss of Truman’s cock even as the man was thrusting

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inside him once more. Truman held Briar by his waist and pounded into him with one ruthless shove after another.

“Damn, Briar, you feel good...so fucking hot and tight.”

“Quit talking and fuck me harder.”

Truman laughed and then groaned as his erection shifted inside Briar. “I knew it would be good between us. I wanted to ride you the moment I spotted you behind the bar. You’re so damn sexy.”

“Then do it,” Briar begged, pushing into Truman’s every stroke. “Throw it to me so hard I can’t sit down tomorrow.” He wanted to feel haunted by the memory of Truman’s fat cock inside him. If this was going to be a one-time thing, he never wanted to forget it.

Truman pulled back and plunged deep, settling into the hard, unforgiving rhythm Briar craved. The bedsprings creaked in rhythm to their movements, adding percussion to the sound of damp flesh slapping together and labored respiration. Briar’s pulse echoed in his ears, racing faster as his arousal rose to amazing proportions.

“God, Truman, don’t stop.” Hanging thick and heavy between his thighs, Briar’s shaft bounced with every hard, penetrating stroke. He fisted it in a strangling hold and pumped from base to tip. “I’m gonna come.”

The thick rod battering his prostate pulled free, leaving Briar empty and ready to beg. Before the words could escape his mouth, strong hands clamped down on his hips and flipped him over. Briar blinked up at the man he’d spent so long dreaming about, confused about why he’d stopped. “What’s

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wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong.” Truman hovered over Briar, staring down at him with eyes gone dark from desire. He leaned down and ravaged Briar’s mouth with an intensity that stole the breath and the ability to think. They were both panting by the time Truman tore his mouth away. “I need to see the look on your face when you come. I want to watch you shoot all over both of us.”

“God, yes. Do it. Make me come.” At that point Briar would have said anything to get Truman’s cock back inside him. His balls hurt with his need, and nothing was going to satisfy him other than the other man’s thick length stretching him open.

Truman caught Briar’s calves beneath each knee and lifted them over his shoulders. He released Briar legs, took aim, and slid back inside Briar in one, long hard shove.

Briar cried out, tensing at the deep invasion that strained his muscles and burned in the best way possible. Through one slow breath after another, he forced his muscles to relax. “Fuck, Truman...”

Truman dropped down atop Briar, his arms braced on either side of him. Their gazes locked as the big man began to thrust, using every long hard inch he possessed to devastating effect. Briar felt filled and claimed, his body taken almost beyond its normal levels of endurance. His head spun from the rush of pleasure flooding his body.

Truman stared down at Briar, his face flushed, the veins in his neck standing out. His muscular chest and biceps bulged

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with tension. The rhythm of his thrusts increased tempo, his hips jerking in a short, rapid beat. "Ah...fucking, hell...I'm close."

Not wanting to be left behind, Briar grasped his cock and pumped frantically. His orgasm was right there, hovering out of reach. He just needed a little something more to get there. He squeezed his muscles around Truman's prick, relishing the sharp bite of painful pleasure that came with the small movement.

Truman's larger hand covered Briar's and took over, stroking the shaft hard and fast, in rhythm with his thrusts. "Come on. Give it to me, baby. Shoot all over me."

"Uh huh," Briar panted. "Soon."

The feel of those fingers stroking him was all Briar needed. He slammed his head back against the pillow and shouted his pleasure to the ceiling. Every muscle in his body clenched and vibrated with the force of his release. Cum sprayed through their linked fingers, splattering Briar's chest and abs. His anus contracted, squeezing down in time with each spurt.

Truman grunted and rocked forward, burying himself deeply inside Briar. His cock expanded, pulsing with life. "Oh, damn. Briar..."

Briar wrapped his arms around Truman and held him through the shuddering, more content than he had any right to be. As soon as Truman relaxed, he would be gone and Briar would be left to sleep alone. Although that was how Briar normally preferred things, he was surprised to find that he

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didn't want this tryst to end with mutual orgasms.

Foolish though it may be, he wanted more. He barely knew the other man, hadn't even seen him in years, but there was something between them that defied explanation.

With a groan, Truman eased out of Briar and rolled to his back. He threw an arm over his face, his chest slowly rising and falling as he caught his breath. "God, that was incredible."

Briar shifted over onto his side, staring down at the other man. "It was great. Wanna do it again in the shower?"

Maybe he'd get lucky and fuck Truman out of his system.

CHAPTER 4

After intense, mutual blow jobs in the shower, Briar was left alone with his thoughts, Truman having stepped out of the small stall to towel off. By the time Briar walked out of the bathroom, he found Truman standing by his dresser. The other man was holding a framed portrait of Briar and his father taken during high school graduation. Briar cleared his throat to alert Truman to his presence.

Photo in hand, Truman turned and looked at Briar. “You look so different now.”

Something inside Briar’s chest clenched. Did Truman regret banging the little freak he and his buddies used to torture? “Are you just now placing me? I recognized you the

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minute you walked in the door.”

Truman set down the photo. “I knew who you were. It’s kind of hard to forget a name like Briar.”

“Oh.” Briar felt oddly disappointed. He wasn’t sure why exactly, unless he’d been hoping for a clean slate with the other man. While most people could look back on their adolescence with humor if not fondness, Briar wasn’t one of them. His past was an embarrassment that told him Truman was out of his league.

“I always admired you when we were in school,” Truman said.

“What?” That was certainly the last thing he’d expected to hear.

“You seemed so sure of yourself, like you knew who you were and didn’t give a shit what the world thought about you. The truth is, I envied you.”

“You envied *me*?” Briar snorted, sitting on the side of the bed. “That’s a nice sentiment, but I don’t believe it for a minute. You were cock of the walk back then. I was the little queer everyone made the butt of their jokes.”

Truman joined him, parking himself thigh to thigh beside Briar. “Whether you choose to believe me or not, it’s true. I spent most of those years terrified someone would find out I was gay and vilify me to the team. So I pretended to be interested in girls. Hell, I even slept with a few when I couldn’t bullshit my way out of it. I knew that I had to get a scholarship if I wanted to go to college and coming out would have ruined my chances. I’m not proud of the way I behaved

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back then, but I was convinced it was the only thing I could do if I wanted to make something out of my life.”

“No shit?” Briar’s world slipped off its axis and somersaulted. He’d spent all those years being jealous of the popular kids, and one of the very people he’d wanted to emulate most had been envious of him in turn. It was mind blowing. He supposed people were right when they claimed the grass wasn’t always greener on the other side. “Here I thought I had it hard. It never even occurred to me to pretend to be someone else back then, even if I did end up paying for it in the long run. I would’ve given my left nut to fit in, though I’m almost thankful for the trials and tribulations I went through in school. It made me a hell of a lot stronger.”

“Like I said,” Truman replied with a tight smile. “I’ve always envied you.”

Briar ducked his head, suddenly bashful, feeling more vulnerable and exposed than ever...which, on one level, made no sense considering that he and Truman had just been naked and about as intimate as two men could be together.

“Hey,” Truman said, catching Briar’s chin with the tips of his fingers. He gently persuaded Briar to lift his face and then looked him square in the eyes. “I’m sorry if I embarrassed you, but I thought you should know. On the off chance there could be something real between us, I don’t want to start off with any lies—even one as small as why I came into the bar tonight. I didn’t stop by for a drink. I came in for you.”

Briar’s breath caught at the mention of building a relationship with Truman. He didn’t know whether he could

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trust himself to take the man's words at face value. "You haven't embarrassed me. I've just never taken compliments well."

Truman slung an arm across Briar's chest and tackled him to the bed. While hovering over Briar, Truman leaned down and kissed the tip of Briar's nose. "Then I guess now would be a bad time to tell you how much I love your ass?"

Briar rolled his eyes, though he was laughing. "There's never a bad time to tell me how fabulous my ass is."

"Good to know," Truman said, grinning. The smile slid from his face as he settled in against Briar, tangling their legs while he held himself up with one hand propped beneath his head. "In all seriousness, I'd really like to see you again."

"I don't know. I mean, how long will you even be in town?" Briar fidgeted while he waited for Truman to answer. Even if the other man truly wanted to see him again, it would undoubtedly be a short little fling. Truman would have to go home eventually...wherever home was. Briar wasn't sure he wanted to risk liking the man any more than he already did when he knew full well Truman would be leaving sooner rather than later.

"I'm going to be here indefinitely."

Briar was so deep in thought that he almost missed Truman's answer. He blinked up at the other man, his heart thudding at the implications of having Truman around for the foreseeable future. "Does that mean you're moving back?"

"Yep. I just accepted a position teaching phys ed over at the high school."

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"You mean old man Crowley's going to retire?" Briar was surprised he didn't have nightmares about the grouchy old man who'd commanded his students around like a drill sergeant.

"I was as surprised as you are. It doesn't seem possible that someone so steely would ever retire."

"Oh, man. I know." Briar laughed until he remembered what they were discussing.

He sobered. "Listen, Truman...I like you, but I'm not sure seeing each other would be such a good idea." It would be so easy to care about Truman. Did Briar want to risk it? The man might well move on to greener pastures eventually. Men like him usually did. If he hung in with Truman and let that happen, he'd have no one to blame for his broken heart but himself.

"Can I ask why you think it wouldn't be a good idea?" Truman frowned. "Are you seeing someone else?"

Briar snorted. "You wouldn't be here if I was seeing someone else."

"That's a relief, but it still doesn't explain why you don't think we should see more of each other."

"I'm just..." *...an insecure bastard who doesn't want his heart stomped when you find someone younger, better, more in your league.* "I don't think it would wise to get involved with each other. I doubt we have anything in common, and I'm really not into being one man on a long string of lovers."

"Excuse me? Who says that's what I want?"

Briar fidgeted, unable to meet Truman's probing gaze.

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“Isn’t it? You may have lived in this town once upon a time, but for all intents and purposes you’re going to be fresh meat to all the queens around here. I’m sure you’ll want to explore your options and see what’s out there.”

“Briar, I...” Truman paused and took a deep breath. “Look, you’re the first person I wanted to see when I got back into town. Hell, I haven’t even been by to visit my parents yet.”

“What? Why?” That didn’t make any sense. Truman didn’t know him from Adam’s housecat. Why would Truman be in such a hurry to visit someone he’d never said more than a hand full of words to? Shit, for all Truman had known, Briar could have been as big around a barrel and straight as an arrow. *Okay, so maybe not straight, but that was beside the point.*

The silence between them grew thick, filling the air with tension. Just as Briar was convinced Truman wasn’t going to answer, he began to speak. “Is it so hard to believe I’m interested in more than a piece of ass from you?”

“No, but...” *It’s not easy for me to trust, either.* He would consider himself a catch for most people. Unfortunately, Truman Lee wasn’t just another guy. He was the man from Briar’s teenage fantasies.

“Come on, Briar. I think I’ve proven how compatible we are in bed. Give me a shot to demonstrate how good we’ll be together in every other way. You’ve haunted me since high school, the least you could do is give me a chance.”

“I want to, Truman. I really do. But I have a shitty track

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record. I always pick the guys who are bound and determined to mind-fuck me. How do I know you're going to be different?"

"I don't think you can know anything for sure, but I can tell you that I don't have any intention of hurting you. For all I know, you could be the one to break *my* heart. Listen, I'm not asking you to marry me. All I want is the opportunity to get to know you better. What do you have to lose by dating me?"

Briar's pride wouldn't let him admit that he thought Truman was out of his league. "Has anyone ever told you you're a real smartass?"

"Maybe." Truman grinned, revealing those dimples Briar found so adorable. "It's one of the many charms you could discover if you'd agree to a date and give me one itty bitty opening to show you what a great guy I am."

Briar groaned. *How am I supposed to say no when he's so fucking cute?*

Truman caressed the side of Briar's face. "You're not."

Did I miss something? "Huh?"

"You're not supposed to say no to me. You're supposed to give in and say yes, you'd love to go out with me and possibly have more hot sex. A lot of it."

Briar's face felt like it was on fire. "Shit. Did I really say that out loud?"

"It's all right. I already know how cute I am. In fact, I was counting on it to sway you over to the dark side. Come on, Briar, come out and play with me. I'll buy you cookies."

Briar laughed so hard he choked on his own saliva.

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“You’re an idiot.”

“But I make you laugh. That has to count for something.”

Briar rolled onto his side and faced Truman. Acid churned in his stomach, warning him that he was about to take a monumental chance on something that could potentially blow up in face. He ignored it and forged ahead. Sometimes a man had to risk everything to get what he wanted. He had a feeling that time was now. “I’m not sure if it’s the safe thing to do, but I want to see you again, too. I’d like to get to know you better and see if we could have something special.”

“Me, too, babe. I can’t think of anything I’d like more.”

“Good,” Briar said, pulling Truman closer. “Now that we have that issue resolved, why don’t you shut up and kiss me.”

“I can do that,” Truman whispered against Briar’s lips. With their bodies pressed flush together, skin to skin, lips joined on accord. Briar opened for Truman and met the slick stab of the other man’s tongue with his own. Shared breath had never tasted sweeter.

Briar slid his arms around Truman and held his lover close. He tilted back his head, coaxing Truman to kiss him deeper. There was no way he could resist this. He wasn’t even sure why he’d thought he should try. The chemistry between them was too strong, the passion too engaging.

No matter what the future held in store for them, Briar planned to throw caution to the wind and live each day to the fullest. Denying himself the chance to explore a relationship with Truman would be masochism in motion. He couldn’t possibly turn away—not when the opportunity to love Truman

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was so much sweeter.

EPILOGUE

Six months later

“Lucy, I’m home. You’ve got some explainin’ to do.” Briar closed the door behind him, chuckling at his own corny attempt at humor. All joking aside, Truman had better have a damn good reason to explain why Briar’s mattress and box springs were sitting on the curb in front of their new house.

“I’m in here,” Truman called from what sounded like the kitchen.

Briar walked through the living room they’d decorated in shades of tan and blue, and entered the kitchen from the partition between the two rooms. The house they’d bought

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together wasn't huge—a kitchen, living room and office on the main floor; two bedrooms and a spacious bathroom on the second floor—but it was more than large enough for them.

Truman stood at the stove with his back to Briar. He was stirring something that stank like an old gym sock. Briar wrinkled his nose and crossed the room to get a better look. “What are you cooking? It smells awful.”

“Corn beef and cabbage soup.” Truman set down the spoon on a fish-shaped holder and offered Briar a smile. “It’s really good.”

Briar would have to take Truman’s word for it. He wasn’t eating anything with an odor that horrendous. “Want to tell me why my bed is on the front lawn?”

“That old thing?” Truman gave an unapologetic shrug. “I threw it out.”

“Obviously.” Briar sighed. “I thought we talked about this. We were going to use my bed in the extra room, remember?”

A slow, wicked grin spread across Truman’s face. “I had a different idea for what we could do with that room. Speaking of which, I have a surprise for you.”

Great. The last time Truman had a surprise for me, I ended up going into debt for this house. “All right. Show me your surprise, but it’d better be good. If not, I’m bringing my bed right back inside.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll like it.” Truman wound his fingers through Briar’s and tugged him along behind him.

Briar followed Truman upstairs, resigning himself to keeping an open mind. He’d planned to turn the extra space

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into a beautiful guest room for visitors, but he certainly didn't have to. It wasn't as if anyone stayed over anyway.

Truman pushed open the door of the extra room and stepped back, allowing Briar to go inside ahead of him. He stood at the threshold and watched as Briar walked through the doorway. Briar first noticed the new floor-to-ceiling mirrors covering two walls. Then he turned his attention to the exercise equipment filling the room. Truman had squeezed his older model Bowflex into the room. Briar's treadmill sat next to it, looking as if Truman had cleaned it up and installed a fresh belt. A new set of free weights and a bench press were wrapped in red ribbons, as if they were gifts.

Impressive as the gesture was, Briar's mind spun with contrary thoughts as he glanced around the room. While it was true that he got off watching Truman work up a sweat, it wasn't as if he couldn't do that at the gym. They'd raced home from more than one workout so Briar could lick every hot inch of Truman's toned bod. On the other hand, having a place where they could both work out and get sweaty in the privacy of their own home would certainly have its perks.

"Well, what do you think?" Truman asked, clearly proud of his accomplishment. Hell, he was practically bouncing on the balls of his feet, he was so anxious to hear Briar's opinion.

Briar let go of his original plans for the room as easily as the college kids at the bar polished off a pitcher of the Kinky Orgasms he served. With a sincere smile, he turned to his lover and wrapped his arms around his waist. "I think a home gym is a fabulous idea. I can't wait to use it."

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Truman stepped up behind Briar and wrapped his big, beefy arms around him. "I'm glad. I have to admit, I was a little worried you'd rather have the guest room we talked about."

"No." Briar turned in Truman's arms and nuzzled his neck, inhaling the scent of sweat and man. "Well, I did want the guest room, but we'll get a lot more use out of the space this way."

"You have no idea how happy I am to hear you say that." A brilliant grin spread across Truman's handsome face, reinforcing Briar's decision to let the small stuff roll off his back.

"Oh, really? Would you like to elaborate on that?"

"How about I show you instead?" Truman grasped Briar's hand and lowered it to his crotch.

Briar cupped his hand around Truman's balls and pressed his palm against the root of Truman's hard cock. "Yep. Someone definitely feels happy."

"Didn't you say something about making use of this room?" Truman smirked and pulled Briar tight against him.

"I believe so..." Briar teased, running his fingertips up the long, thick length.

Truman cradled Briar's ass in the palms of his hands and slanted his lips over Briar's. As his lover's tongue thrust into his mouth, Briar couldn't have been more satisfied with his life. Who was he to complain if Truman wanted an outlet to let off steam at home, rather than in a crowded, overpriced gym? Ultimately, he was the one who would reap the benefits

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anyway. A happy, healthy lover was a wonderful thing.

They hadn't always seen eye to eye on things during the last six months of their courtship...and they'd learned to compromise and listen to each other. But through all the adjustments they'd made in their relationship, one thing had remained unchanged. At the end of the day, they wanted to come home and be together. The chemistry they shared just kept intensifying as their love grew, eclipsing anything Briar had ever dreamed of.

As long as he had Truman in his life, the rest was trivial.

AMANDA YOUNG

Amanda Young is a multi-published, erotic romance author. Since she tends to write whatever strikes her whimsy, all of her novels fall into various subgenres. You never know what merry adventure her evil muse will devise next.

Basically, she writes stories about people who love indiscriminately and wholeheartedly. Her characters are never perfect; they're flawed and oftentimes troubled. Which makes it that much more satisfying when they receive the happy ending we all deserve. No matter what genre her books fall into, she can guarantee they'll end with a happily ever after. In her opinion, it's just not a romance without one.

For more information about Amanda and her writing, please visit her website: www.AmandaYoung.org

* * *

**Don't miss *Precious Ache*, by Amanda Young,
available at AmberAllure.com!**

Falling in love was his biggest mistake...

Abandoned as a child, Dave Blanchard learned to be self-reliant at an early age. Puberty brought a distressing

attraction to other boys, and an abnormal growth spurt that drove Dave further into his shell. Adulthood granted him the freedom to stand on his own two feet, but cloistered him in a plastic bubble of his own making. At seven and a half feet tall, Dave has no problem finding men for anonymous sex through sleazy backroom romps, but the experiences leave him feeling cold and unsatisfied. He dreams of love and commitment, but finding someone interested in a relationship seems like a pipe dream.

Desperate for companionship, Dave signs up for an online matchmaking service. To his utter embarrassment, his first date never shows, but his luck improves when he runs into a former foster brother, Micah Black. Dave and Micah quickly rebuild their friendship, but with it comes the resurrection of the forbidden crush Dave harbored for Micah when they were teens. Micah is off limits to Dave, but that doesn't stop Dave's imagination from spinning torrid scenarios involving his straight friend.

When Micah's life is threatened, Dave's inhibitions melt away. Unfortunately, the price of one chaste kiss could mean the end of the friendship Dave wants so badly...

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