



For Your Love

Remmy Duchene

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To the wonderful readers
who have supported me,
this one is for you!

Spending your life being afraid is a giant regret waiting to happen...

I was finished.

As I stood there returning the salute of the men that had my back for the past ten years, I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I could not believe that my stint in the navy was over, nor could I believe that chances were I would never see half those men again in my life.

It was a bittersweet moment, for I was happy to be leaving because I could finally be myself. For a man to be gay in the Navy was a giant taboo, and I had managed to keep that side of my life private; but on the other hand, I was unhappy to be leaving because I loved my time there.

Slowly I walked from the USS Frankfurt and stood with my duffel bag in my hand just staring at the ship like a child seeing the giant carrier for the first time. It was magnificent.

My eyes burnt as the tears I had been fighting all month long threatened to fall. I stared at this ship that had been my home for so long and felt like a deserter. I felt as though I was abandoning it as soon as I learned there was more to life. But there *was* more to life. I fingered my hat in my hand, holding off putting it back on my head for as long as I could. I was paying my final respects to the Frankfurt; saying my farewells.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I stuck my hat back on and turned away from the ship, refusing to look over my shoulder as I walked away. I had to feel as though I was leaving it in my past or I would die from

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regret. It had to feel as though it was a decision I hadn't pined over for a year and a half before making.

I was doing the right thing.

The bus leaving from where I disembarked to carry me back to the mainland was waiting, and soon I was sitting in the back seat, with my head down, fighting back the emotions that threatened to spill forth. I wanted to be left alone to wallow in my self-doubt, anger and uselessness. Maybe the other passengers felt the way I was feeling, for none of them walked over to ask how the navy was like they normally did. Sometimes a few guys would go as far as to tell me that the navy was for 'pussies' that couldn't hack it in the Marines.

I remember the day I got sick and tired of hearing that. It wasn't that I was mad that he said the navy was for pussies. I was mad because I felt he was calling me one. I had reared back, tightened my fist, and let him have it, right in the nose. My fist hurt like hell for days afterwards but it was worth it.

Now that it was all over, what was I going to do with my life? Had I even thought it through enough? Maybe I could move to New York like I'd always wanted and spend my days walking along Broadway, trying to pick up fashion tips from eccentric actors. If I wasn't so depressed, I'd have chuckled at that, for most actors wouldn't know a good fashion tip if it crawled up and bit them on the ass. During shore leave from the navy, while other sailors were out drinking themselves stupid and sleeping with everything that walked, I locked myself into a hotel room and drew. That was the thing that kept me sane but mostly I found myself drawing the same man; whenever I wasn't doodling clothes.

I had known Michael Stamos ever since I was a baby. Our parents had insisted that we had play dates since they were best friends and Michael and I were born a day apart. Strange really, it was like we were meant to be friends; but I digress. Growing up, he always had my back no matter

what stupid thing I had managed to get myself into. Take the time I accidentally blew up the science lab in high school. That had gotten me suspended, even though Michael had tried to take the blame. But he was the good kid at that time, and me? Well, let's just say that once anything went wrong, the first person investigated was yours truly.

For years after, we had a good laugh over that, and laughed even harder when we remembered the time in eighth grade when I had the bright idea to superglue our music teacher Mr. Chester's ass to his chair.

When he asked who did it, everyone looked at me. I tried to shrug it off but after a search, I was found with the irrefutable evidence; the tube of crazy glue. I got detention for a month and because Michael had laughed so hard he threw up, he got detention for a week. Even with our punishments, they were still good times.

"Last stop!" the driver's voice called and I looked up to see the others leaving the bus. Picking up my duffel bag, I gave the driver a mock salute, which he happily returned. Most men who weren't military loved feeling that they *could* be in the military if they wanted to be, and the salute was the simplest way to make them feel that way. I hopped from the bus, looking around.

It had been seven years since I last saw Michael. I'd been on shore leave in Halifax, Canada and he was there by accident on business. Some would call it kismet, *ajnabee*, coincidence; but whatever they called it, I was happy it happened. After that, on every shore leave, I kept my eyes open. At one point, I even called all the major hotels in the area to see if he was there, but he wasn't. We spent a wonderful weekend together in Halifax, fishing, bowling, drinking ourselves silly. It was just like the good old times, before. After my parents found out that I was gay, they had disowned me. What else did I expect? They had expectations of me bringing home some beautiful girl and having sex with her in my bedroom so they could give me 'the talk.' They had their hearts set on grandkids

and a large, white wedding. As their only child, I had all but taken that away from them.

Them.

It seemed that everything I did they believed was about them. My mother thought I was only being gay to spite her. “Yeah, mom,” I had called as I stormed up the stairs to pack my things. “I am going through being shunned by the whole world for being a pervert just to spite you.” As I was leaving my childhood home for the final time, I saw her tears and felt bad, but I wanted her to know that she had hurt me with her words and I wouldn’t be standing for it anymore.

The longer I looked around, the more depressed I got because I didn’t see him. That meant he hadn’t come to get me after all. Taking a deep breath, I slung my bag over my shoulder and began thinking of a plan B. I know, a really bad time to be thinking of a secondary plan when you are in the moment with plan A and nothing is happening. I was too excited to see him to think of anything but him. Another mistake I made that I shouldn’t have. Assuming that he would take time out of his busy schedule to come and pick up a friend he barely remembered, he probably had no clue what I looked like since the last time he saw me. My body had bulked up some; I’d packed on more muscles since the last time. I had even shaved off all my hair at sea. It was easier to manage than the corn-rows I tried to get each time I landed on an island shore. They were expensive to get done for one and hard to maintain at sea. I had done everything to avoid shaving my head, even dreadlocks; but my superior frowned on that one.

“Well hello, Commander,” the voice that I would recognize anywhere came from behind me. The smoothness of his voice sent delicious shivers down my aroused body and I bit back a moan. I tensed and slowly turned around to face him. He was just as sexy as I remembered with his green eyes and black hair. Michael Stamos had a bright smile on his face that

caused his beautiful eyes to dance at me. I removed my hat and laughed, then walked into his arms. Wrapping my arms around him, I inhaled his scent before pressing my forehead against his shoulder.

“I know it’s hard,” he spoke as his arms circled me. “Giving up something you love. But now we have to find something for you to do. It’s good to see you, Bright.”

I laughed and pulled away from him reluctantly. “I know what you mean. It’s been way too long.”

“You shaved off your hair?” Michael sound shocked as he passed his palm over my smooth scalp.

Nodding my head I smiled, “I got tired of spending money to get it down to regulation. This way I never have to worry about it.”

He reached for my duffel bag and I allowed him to take it. “Come on, let me take you back to my hotel,” Michael spoke. “I have one more meeting today, then you can tell me everything.”

I felt a little disappointed that I couldn’t have my first day back with him, but he was a busy man. Although Michael was the straight one, he had impeccable fashion sense, which would explain his multi-million dollar fashion business. As I followed him, I tried not to think about the fact that I loved this man more than life itself. I tried not to think of how it killed me every time he had written to tell me about some woman he was dating. Now more than ever, a part of me wished I had stayed in the navy, because now I would get to meet those women in person. Now I’d have to act as if I liked them in real life, but Michael would see through me; he always knew when I was lying, though hopefully time had changed that.

I took the time while Michael headed back to his meeting to take a quick shower and change. I now felt like a civilian dressed in a pair of his jeans and a dress shirt. I had told myself that the first things I was going to do once I hit land again was find me some booty, take a shower, then sleep; not necessarily in that order. But now that I was actually there, I couldn't in any good conscience sleep with some strange man. But one out of three of my goals wasn't bad. My body no longer felt drained or tired and falling asleep would have been a chore.

Opening the fridge, I stared inside. It was stocked like I knew Michael would have it stocked. Energy shakes, fruits, cold cuts – everything inside was healthy. I moaned because I had my heart set on something so chock full of fat it could clog an artery just thinking about it. Closing the door to the fridge, I grabbed an apple from the counter in the kitchen and walked onto the balcony to stare down at the beach below. Hawaii was a beautiful place to be, no matter what time of the year. Taking a bite from the apple, I chewed thoughtfully. The landscape was nothing but green as far as my eyes could see in every direction. Lush forests, trees, flowers, birds; it was enough to make me sigh. Then, surrounding it all, was the giant patch of clear, blue water. I craved the serenity of a place like Maui. There were so many times since I left home that I prayed I could live in a place like that with the man I loved; with Michael. But those were silly prayers and dreams.

“Bright?” Michael's voice interrupted my thinking and I turned around.

“Out here,” I called. Reluctantly I turned myself from the view to see him. Watching him drop his briefcase onto the sofa, then run his fingers through his hair, I bit back the sound of utter need that threatened to escape my lips. He walked to me in slow motion and I kept thinking of what would happen if I only had one night to be with him intimately. I would be satisfied just holding him. That was one of the rules about being gay that I broke. I was told never to fall for a straight guy.

Too late!

“How was your meeting?” I asked as he leant in and took a bite from my apple.

“Same old,” he told me while chewing. “Except this time I got what I wanted!”

“Oh?”

“The contract to do costumes for the new Vincent Author movie!”

I hugged him with a laughing “Congrats,” but I flew away from him when I felt my cock stir in my pants. My prayers were simple at that moment: *“Please don’t let him feel that!”*

“Thank you. So, did you eat?”

I looked down at the half eaten apple in my hand and waved it at him. “I’m not really hungry. I just felt like an apple that hadn’t been bitten by someone else.”

He chuckled, “Come on.”

Stepping through the door after him, he led me into the kitchen. I hopped onto a stool and watched him make us sandwiches. It was the truth when I told him I wasn’t hungry but if he made it, I would eat it. With a sigh, I accepted the plate he offered along with the glass of juice and watched him sit down across from me. Doing everything I could to avoid his eyes, I played with a bread crumb on my plate. I could feel his eyes on me and it felt strangely good. I finally looked up when he asked, “What are you going to do now?”

I smiled, “I was thinking of moving to New York. There’s nothing else for me to do. I have some savings that could last me a while...” I trailed off and shook my head. It sounded like bullshit to me, so I could

only imagine how ludicrous it sounded to him. I met his eyes again and he was smirking at me.

“What?” I asked, confused.

“Well, I would give you money but I know you,” Michael shook his head before sipping from his glass. “I know you’d rather work... I’ve been thinking of starting a new line in Japan and I’ve been having some issues with finding someone to help. They think I’m nuts for wanting to do business in Japan.”

“What do you want from me?”

“Bright, you are one of the best designers I know. You probably have some kick-ass sketches in your bag right now. I want to know if you want in. I mean, you can be the second name on the line, you get a free trip to Japan ... probably even get to live out every man’s dream...”

That last part sparked my curiosity and I arched a thoughtful brow at him, “What’s every man’s dream?”

“Some Asian lovin’!”

I couldn’t resist, I had to. Bending my head back, I burst out laughing. It bubbled from deep down within my body and rippled past my lips. It was strange because I couldn’t remember the last time, in seven years, that I had laughed that truthfully. When I stopped I was sniffing and drying my eyes.

“What?” Michael questioned blinking innocently.

“I don’t want any Asian lovin’. The loving I want, I won’t be getting, so let’s just leave it at that.”

“Ok ... what loving do you want?”

His question caught me off guard and my head snapped up. My mouth opened to say something but my brain snapped it shut. I couldn’t say it

because it would disgust him, make him leave and then I would never see him again. I shook my head and got up from behind my half-eaten sandwich. "I should go ... for a walk or something."

"Bright..."

"No. I can't stay here right now because ... I just have to go."

"Wait, I'll come with you."

I knew he didn't get it that I was trying to get away from him. Why would he? We'd been friends for years, especially after I came out of the closet. He was my only male friend that would get still naked around me or hug me. The rest were probably too dumb to realise that you can't 'catch' gay. There were times when I just needed him to hold me and he was there with two arms and shoulders. I sighed and nodded and soon both of us were walking along a path from the hotel and down towards the beach.

"You know, Bright, I think I should tell you something before you decide if you want to go to Japan with me," Michael interrupted my thoughts. It was a wonderful break for me from the giant daze that was going on inside of me. I nodded to clear my head and glanced over at him.

"Here, let's sit," he said and pulled me towards a place where a fallen tree lay on its side. We sat down and I tried to tell myself to breathe.

Silence flowed between us and for the first time ever, I felt uncomfortable around him. I felt like an awkward teenager who had made up his mind to have sex with his boyfriend for the first time and now had no idea how to get into it.

"I, ah..." he began and I looked over at him.

"Don't be shy, Michael. Just tell me. It can't be as bad as the secret I told you." I stopped to chuckle to make him feel better. "It's like you're trying to tell me you're gay."

Silence again and he looked away from me, his dark hair blowing in the wind. I held onto the log beneath me to stop myself from reaching over and burying my fingers in his hair.

“Bright ... I *am*.”

I was confused. “You’re what?”

The next time he opened his mouth, his cell phone rang and he looked down at his vibrating pants pocket. “Ignore it, Michael. You’re what?”

“I have to get this.” Michael grabbed the phone and stood up to walk away from me. I sighed and hung my head. This whole thing wasn’t going as well as I thought it would. Sure I didn’t expect much from Michael but I at least had expected something else; anything else.

I left him on the phone and wandered down to the water where I pulled off my shoes and socks and waded into the surf. The water felt like home for I had spent so many years in its swaying arms. I lifted my face to the wind, pushing the feelings that were rising inside of me back down. They were taking over my mind and I couldn’t let that happen. With a frown, I opened my eyes and turned my head to see that Michael was standing beside me. “About this thing in Japan...” I began.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“How long?”

“About six months to a year,” he answered before moving back towards the sand and I followed him.

“Not like I have anything better to do.”

Silence.

“You know I trust you with my life, right?”

“Yeah, Michael,” I whispered. “With your life but not your secrets.”

He opened his mouth to speak and when nothing came out, I turned and picked up my discarded footwear. I didn't know what I was feeling at that moment but I knew that deep down, I was hurt. I had to have been because my friend did not trust me enough to tell me his secret.

"Bright!" he called after me but I didn't stop. "B! Come on, don't be like this!"

I stopped when he grabbed my arm and shrugged away from him. "Don't be like what?" I wanted to know. "Don't be hurt that the man that has had my back for so long, the man that I've trusted with my life and my soul doesn't return the favor?"

"Stop being such a fa..." He stopped and looked away from me before dragging his fingers through his hair. I knew what he was about to say but stopped short.

"Stop being such a what, Michael? A faggot?" I finished for him before chuckling bitterly. "Well, don't stop there, Mike. Tell me how you *really* feel!"

Turning again, I stormed back to the hotel and locked myself in the bathroom. I closed my eyes, trying to hold onto what was left of my sanity. I was trying to get over the regrets that were inside my soul. If only I had told him how I felt earlier, then maybe we wouldn't be going through all of this. Then again, if I hadn't taken offence to him hiding his secret, then he wouldn't have been so angry. The truth was, if I had just stayed away from him and gone to New York after leaving the navy, then we would still have been on good terms.

I shivered as all the woulda's, coulda's, shoulda's, tore through my mind at break-neck speed. I felt like a fool but there was nothing I could do about it. I needed some money and this business venture was the perfect thing to do that. All I had to do was suck it up and get on with it;

get over the fact that the man I had known ever since I was a baby didn't trust me with something as frivolous as a secret.

"Bright!" his voice called before he began banging on the bathroom door.

Splashing some water on my face, I took a deep breath. "I'm trying to use the bathroom," I managed before splashing some more water against my face and reaching for a towel. Patting my face dry, I greedily hauled air into my lungs and shoved it out my mouth before dumping the towel in the hamper and pulling the door open.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "I didn't mean to call you names. Bright, you have to believe me. I am just so stressed and..."

"It's all right," I lied. "I get it. I just over-reacted, ok? I'm simply getting my land legs back, trying to cope."

He was standing in my way, locking eyes with me and I couldn't take his stare. He was reading me like a book and I knew he was seeing right through me.

"I know that's a lie, Bright. I know you better than anyone else, remember."

I sighed, "It doesn't make sense that we keep beating a dead horse, Mike." I pushed at his shoulder and he hesitated slightly before stepping from my path. "You're obviously not ready to tell me what it is you were going to tell me and I can't make you. I'm going to head to bed; I'll talk to you tomorrow."

Michael glanced down at his watch and stared at me wide-eyed. "It's barely seven."

"I am an early sleeper," I shot back.

THUNDER rolled across the sky like a curse and I stared up at the darkened horizon worriedly. Lightning flashed and I reached down to pull my shirt closer to my body. Only when I looked down, not only was I not wearing a shirt, I wasn't wearing anything. Confused, I glanced around me trying to figure out what was happening. The arms circled me around the waist and I glanced down. I knew those hands for they were tanned, the palm was rough as a hard body was pulled up behind me. I moaned and my head fell backwards in pleasure.

"Michael," I whispered and thought I would lose my mind when his mouth pressed against my neck. Every glide of his body against mine sent my mind swirling, my knees buckling and my body shivering. Feeling his arousal against my ass turned me on even more and I couldn't hold myself back. There we stood in the rain, with him tasting from the skin of my neck and back, tickling my senses and boiling my blood. I needed his lips beneath mine so I held on to one of his arms and turned to take his mouth. Only when I turned around, he was gone.

"Michael!" I screamed at the cursed skies. "Not like this! Michael!"

I felt arms shaking me and my eyes sprang open. I lurched upward in bed, panting for air with sweat running down my body. I moaned when I saw Michael looking into my face worriedly.

"Nightmare?" he questioned huskily.

"Something like that," I swallowed hard before running a hand over my face. "It was so real."

"What happened to me in that nightmare?"

Looking at him, I knew it made no sense lying to him. He would have just figured it out anyway. "We were ... you disappeared."

"Huh," he chuckled.

“You were there and then you weren’t and it scared me,” I confessed through my daze. I couldn’t believe I had said so much even though I was angry with him earlier. The nightmare showed that no matter how much I tried, I could never stay angry at this man.

“I’m going to tell you something,” Michael began swallowing as he pulled his body away from mine and sat on the edge of my bed. “It’s hard, but I know I can trust you. It’s just hard for me to say to people and even though I can trust you with my life, it is still a secret that I have to confess.”

“Just let it out,” I leant in to face him fully; to be close to him so he didn’t have to shout or feel alone.

“I’m gay, Bright,” he whispered, looking away from me. It was as though he was embarrassed about it but I couldn’t help the smile that spread across my face. It was good news to me but it was obvious that he was hurting.

“Michael,” I called quietly, touching his face. “Look at me.”

It took a while for him to face me. “Why are you embarrassed to tell me this? I can’t be angry at you. Even if I wasn’t gay I couldn’t get mad because you’re my friend. When you tell me things are bad for you I can’t get mad. It’s not in the manual...”

I stopped when he smiled slightly, then I continued, “You’re the only one who has had my back since as long as I can remember.”

“Yeah.

“And if I was to get mad at you for being gay, what kind of hypocrite would that make me?”

That got a smile from him and I leant in to brush a kiss against his cheek before lying back against the pillows. “You wanna stay the night?”

He looked unwilling and I laughed. Resting one hand over my heart, I held up the other as though taking an oath, “I, Bright Anderson, aka Unda Cova Brotha, do hereby solemnly swear, that I shall not jump your bones in the middle of the night. I promise to be a good boy and keep my hands to myself.”

Michael burst out laughing before crawling beneath the sheets and resting his head against my chest. “I haven’t heard you laugh like that in years,” I whispered before I could stop myself.

“And it feels so good to be able to do this,” he admitted. “Just lying here, with you.”

Silence washed over us and I thought he was sleeping so I allowed my mind to wander. He felt so right against me. Even though I felt like kicking myself for bringing this onto myself. Him being so close, it would be hard to keep my hands to myself. But I had to. He had just confessed something rather big to me, in his head, so I didn’t want to rock the boat. I felt myself getting aroused but I lay still. I couldn’t move because if I had, he would have felt it against him. Swallowing the lump in my throat, I closed my eyes and tried to get some sleep. But the hardness between my legs was making sleep a chore. For Michael I could do anything. Shifting my body slightly, I tried once more to get comfortable but to no avail. I felt his hand moving over my chest and I bit back a moan. Maybe I was imagining that. That was it. That had to be it. But when I opened my eyes, I saw that I wasn’t dreaming. He was caressing my bare chest; drawing his finger around my nipples before stopping to squeeze one. I moaned. “Mike, you’re seriously playing with fire...” I warned.

“You said you wouldn’t jump me,” Michael beamed down into my face. “I didn’t hear anything in there about me jumping you.”

A smile creased my lips, tugging one side of my mouth upward. “Do you want to jump me, Michael?” I teased. “Do you seriously know what you’re doing?”

He didn't answer. What he did took my breath away, leaving my body arching upward sensually. He stuck his hand down the front of my pants and squeezed my aroused muscle. I moaned as his lips came down hard against me. As he massaged my hardened penis, I felt myself slipping deeper and deeper beneath his spell. His hand got rougher and I growled into his mouth as his tongue washed over and around mine. My arms went up around his back before my fingers found his head. I buried my fingers in his hair and tightened them. He growled, yanking his mouth from mine as his head fell back. His full lips opened as we both fought for air. Lurching upward, I attacked his neck with my lips, tongue and teeth. He whispered my name before pulling his hand back.

Moving away from me, he crawled down the bed. I watched with pleased confusion and delight as he began lowering himself towards my crotch. Using his teeth to unzip my pants slowly, he made a growling sound of satisfaction when the zipper was all the way down. I pushed up against my elbows to watch him and our eyes locked.

"I have imagined this so many times," he confessed. His eyes didn't leave mine. Even when he licked at the head of my cock through my boxers and my body jerked, he still held me captive with his eyes. I couldn't reply for words had escaped me. All I did was spread my legs wider, showing him what I wanted.

"What is it, Bright?" Michael asked with a smirk. "What do you want?"

"You've done this before," I managed. He nodded.

"Tell me what you want."

I shook my head. How could I order my best friend to do what I wanted at that moment? But I would love those beautiful Spanish lips to be wrapped around my chocolate cock. I moaned my frustration and he began to move away. "I want your mouth..." I called out.

Again he smirked. “There’s a good boy,” he whispered. “Tell me where?”

“Michael...”

“Where?” he demanded harsher.

“My cock!” I ordered fiercely.

He seemed to be satisfied with that because he stuck a hand down the front of my boxers again. When he pulled it out, I could see the veins in my cock throbbing in his hand. My mouth fell open as he slowly, teasingly, brought his lips around it. I was in heaven. There was no other way to explain how I was feeling, especially when his tongue washed over the tender head, causing me to whimper.

“You taste so damn good,” he got out before pulling me back down his throat.

My body stiffened as his throat squeezed me. “Oh my ... Michael!” I panted. I was quickly losing my mind. He was amazing at what he was doing to me. I never thought Michael would be the kind of lover to be ordered around; to tease you until you had no choice but to beg for what you wanted. My thoughts were simply working me up even more and as he played with my thighs while pulling on me like a lollipop, I screamed my pleasure to the darkness. I begged for sanity and insanity all at the same time. I wanted him to stop, to keep going. I needed him to take me but wasn’t quite sure how to ask for it.

I wrapped my arm around his shoulder and pulled him from my cock. I lay there panting for breath and to get my own thoughts back. He laughed at me when I shook my head and swore. Shoving his shoulder, I decided to pay him back for the loss of will power I had just gone through. Slowly, I licked at his nipples and he growled up at me.

“Tender, Michael?” I smirked and began sucking at the tight, little buds. His hands moved to my head, pressing my mouth against his nipple. As I licked from one to the other, I felt his body arched beneath mine and deep inside I was rejoicing. I was making him whimper, moan and whisper my name. Taking my fill, my fingers continued to play with his nipples as I moved lower. It wasn’t hard to get to his arousal for he had released it from his pants and had been stroking it as he drove me mad. I licked up the shaft before swallowing it. His hips shot forward and I coughed around the thick member slightly before I began pulling on him. His hips were moving up and down and I was enjoying myself. He tasted wonderful, dripping hotly against my tongue. Grunting, I began dragging my nails down his hard abs. That seemed to be another way to drive him up the wall for he screamed my name to the night.

I moved up his body to take his lips but he used his knees to spread me over him. His arousal was pointing to my entrance and I moaned before sinking backwards; impaling myself on him.

“God, Bright, I always wondered what you felt like...”

“And? Do I meet regulations?”

“You’re so tight...” he managed before I moved from him, only to have him impale me sweetly again. I let me head fall backwards as my Spanish lover pushed within me over and over. Every time he slammed home, I whimpered his name. He had me begging, pleading, sobbing, he was so good. I braced against his chest and rode him.

“Harder, Bright,” he ordered with a fierce growl. He lurched upward and wrapped his arms around me, pressing me to his body. I wrapped my legs around him. “Ride me harder.”

I did as he demanded and soon he was wailing with pleasure. When I felt him almost there, I pulled off him and he moaned. “Tease,” he accused.

“Can I fuck you too, Michael?” I wanted to know. As his answer, he lifted me from him and went on all fours. “Mmm, good boy....”

He was wiggling his ass in my face and I smiled. Lifting my hand, I spanked one cheek, then the other, and to my surprise he moaned. I spanked him again and again and when he begged me to stop or he would explode, I drove into him. His back arched beneath my body as I rode him. I did it how he wanted, hard and fast. I had lost my mind way back but it was sexy to watch him whimper and dance beneath me.

Reaching beneath him, I took his cock in my hand and began stroking him.

“Bright...” he managed before his neck arched backwards and he took my lips. The kiss was rough, but I wouldn’t have had it any other way. When he bit down against my lower lip, I knew he was going to explode so I drove myself home and held it there. I felt it the moment his orgasm began because his large cock swelled even larger. With a force that stunned me, he exploded against the sheets below his body just before I lost it inside him. Together we fell against the bed, panting for air. I had enough strength to kiss his sweat covered back before my eyes drifted shut.

THE next time I opened my eyes, Michael wasn’t beside me and instantly I thought I knew why. I thought he’d had second thoughts. Maybe I wasn’t a good enough lover. Maybe he decided that he wasn’t gay after all and wanted me gone. A sinking feeling swam through my being as the sunlight began seeping through the open window and I just lay there, praying to anyone that was listening. I needed the strength to walk away now that I was rejected. How could he come alive in my arms one moment and the next morning he didn’t want to wake up in my arms?

I rolled over and feeling as though my head weighed a million pounds, I sat up.

“Where are you going?” It was Michael.

“I was just going to...” I stopped as I turned and saw him. He was naked and carrying a tray of breakfast. “Waffles? Fresh fruit ... whipped cream? You planning a party I should know about?”

He chuckled, “I know you love fruit. The whipped cream, however, is for something else.”

I caught the twinkle in his eyes and laughed before reaching up to help him put the tray down. I wrapped my arms around his neck and licked at his chin. Dipping his head, he took my tongue in his mouth and sucked on it. That one playful gesture began turning me on more than I thought was possible. His hand moved to my cock and he laughed, “Oh! Hello there. Good morning to you, too!”

I laughed and he sat down beside me as we began breakfast.

“What does this mean to you?” Michael questioned out of the blue. “I know how I feel about you ... about us ... about last night...”

“Really? And how do you feel?”

“In love...” Michael admitted. “I have been since I saw you in Halifax. I got so wasted so I wouldn’t blurt out the way I was feeling for you.”

“That is kind of a bad idea,” I leant in and licked a patch of maple syrup from his upper lip. “When you’re drunk you can’t control what you say.”

“Even if I had blurted it out, you would have thought I was drunk and didn’t mean it,” Michael rationalized. “The truth is I’ve wanted you since then, and seven years passed without seeing you almost drove me crazy.”

“And the women you wrote me about?”

He looked away from me as he ripped a sausage in two with his fork and ignored it on the plate. “There were no women.” He climbed off the bed.

“Michael,” I called but he ignored me and walked through the glass doors to the balcony. I followed. “Just talk to me.”

“I just wanted you to see that I was all right. I wanted to pretend that I wasn’t different; that I wasn’t gay. But I could never get myself to touch a woman like I touched you. I thought of all those exotic places you were and the hot men you must be sleeping with and it damn near drove me mad.”

Walking up behind him, I wrapped my arms around his waist and he snuggled back against me. He lifted his lips and kissed my cheek before snuggling back into me. His warmth was unbelievably comfortable and for the first time in a long while, I was home. Being there, like that, felt so right that I moved my mouth to his neck. I began slowly running my tongue over the flesh there, teasing it, tasting it.

“Are we going to make love again?” he asked breathily.

“Not again. We never made love last night,” I whispered huskily and he tensed in my arms.

“What would you call what we did, then?”

“Fucking ... pure, primal, fucking.”

“O... k?”

“When I make love to you, Michael Stamos, you won’t ever forget it.”

“We can’t right here,” he managed.

“Watch me...”

My mouth went down his naked back and he arched while grabbing the rail with both hands. I used my tongue to bathe him, taste him, lick him. I pushed under his arms until I had my back to the rails. I licked at his nipples, making sure they were tight against my tongue. I took great pleasure in licking his abs, watching them twitch sexily. When I finally got to his cock, I devoured it slowly, teasingly until he was fully down my throat. My eyes drifted upward and he had his head back, his hair falling over his shoulders while clutching the rails above me. I loved seeing him like that, utterly controlled by my mouth. I was doing everything in my power to make him breathless. When I felt his body shake, I knew I had gotten close. With a smile on my face, I dropped a kiss against his now tender cock head and he jerked.

“You’re driving me insane,” he got out through clenched teeth.

“Hold on, lover boy,” I whispered back before standing up. His body was twitching slightly as I walked around him. Bending him over the railing, I heard him growl.

“Still worried about nosy neighbours?” I asked.

“If they were feeling what I’m feeling right now...” he got out on a shaky breath.

Licking my hand, I rubbed my cock and spread his cheeks. Slowly, achingly slowly, I slid into him.

“Ohhh yessss!” he managed as his head tilted back against my chest. I held his shoulder and pushed him forward slowly again. Bending my head, I took his earlobe between my teeth and bit down. He whispered my name. He was riding back against me, pulling me deeper inside of him. Swirling my tongue over his ear, my lips moved down to his neck as my thrusts got harder and harder. My hands wrapped around his body were now pinching at his nipples. His head fell back against my shoulder and he let out a cry that threatened to wake the dead.

There on the twentieth floor penthouse suit of the hotel in Maui, my Spanish lover had his orgasm outside on the balcony for any pervert with a pair of binoculars to see. I didn't care.

I pulled back from him and his knees buckled. Catching him, I helped him back inside and into the bed. Removing the tray to the floor, I crawled in behind him. "You didn't...."

"Later," I kissed his ear. "Rest now."

While he slept, I couldn't. There were too many thoughts running rampant in my head. He had confessed to loving me but I had said nothing. I could only imagine what was going through his head. Leaning in, I kissed his shoulder.

"Mike..." I whispered. "Michael."

I shook him slightly and he moaned before rolling over to face me. "You all right?" he questioned.

"I love you too."

His eyes widened. I could tell he was beyond shocked. Pushing up against my shoulder, he looked down into my eyes. "You're not just saying that because I confessed earlier, are you?"

I shook my head, "No, I've always loved you since the day I came out to you."

He smiled and kissed my nose. "I love you. I love you," he got out behind each kiss until he got to my lips. But instead of just kissing me, he reached down and stroked my bare cock that still hung from the PJs I wore.

"How would you like to stay in Maui?" he blurted out.

"What? For how long?"

“For ... ever ... you and I could get married ... be happy and free.”

It was my turn to be confused. “I don’t have a job, Michael, and I don’t want to depend on you for anything but love and a kick-ass booty call session at night.”

He laughed and rolled his eyes. “But that’s just it. Once we get things started in Japan, you’ll be making your own money.”

“You mean...?”

“They will be your designs, Bright. I’ve decided to pull my designs and to use yours ... if you’ll let me.”

I leapt up into his arms and wrapped my arms tightly around his neck. He moaned and I let go. “Sorry!” I grinned. “So you just asked me to be your husband?”

He nodded.

“And we get to live in Hawaii?”

Again he nodded.

“Well, Michael, for your love, I’d go anywhere.”

For Your Love by Remmy Duchene

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