

A photograph of a man's muscular torso, showing his abdominal muscles and chest. He is wearing blue jeans and a black belt. The background is black.

Calling Dr. Love

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WARNING

This book contains material that maybe offensive to some: graphic language, homosexual relations, adult situations. Please store your books carefully where they cannot be accessed by underage readers.

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Chapter One

Christopher Love stood in the dressing room of Nordstrom's in the Glendale Galleria. A pair of slacks on his hips, he modeled for himself in the mirror trying to decide on making a purchase or not. The lights flickered. Chris paused and looked up at the ceiling where florescent bulbs were covered by plastic sheilds. He checked the time. It was nearing five.

He slid the black dress slacks off his legs to hang back on the hanger and froze as the entire area went pitch black. "You have to be kidding me."

"Oh shit."

Chris heard the exclamation from the next dressing room stall.

"They coming back on?" Chris asked the stranger.

"I hope so. I'm standing here in my damn underwear and I can't see a goddamn thing."

Chris replied, "Ditto."

"Shouldn't there be emergency lighting? I can't see my fricken hand in front of my face."

Chris set the slacks down on a ledge he knew was to his left, then began feeling around the area for his own trousers. "This sucks."

"Jesus! Where's my fucking pants?"

He heard the same panic in the second man's voice. Chris actually laughed. "If I leave wearing the wrong clothes, they can't arrest me for shoplifting. I can't see shit."

"There has to be emergency lights. This is insane."

"I don't even have a book of matches," Chris muttered.

"Me neither. Don't smoke."

"Hello?" Chris called out. "Anyone have a flashlight?" He heard the second man chuckle. "What are you laughing at?"

"You. This place was almost empty when I came into the dressing room. Who exactly are you shouting for? Fuck. Where's my fucking jeans?"

Chris thought he located his own pants. At least he hoped they were his own pair. Chris touched the pockets and did indeed feel his wallet, phone, and keys in them. He lowered to the floor and began reaching around for his shoes. He touched a hand and jumped.

"Is that you?" the second man asked nervously.

"Yes. You're reaching under the stall to my spot. You didn't find my shoes did you?"

"Still looking for my fricken jeans."

"Well, they're not in here."

"They have to have a generator. This is really unbelievable."

"It is. I hate the sense of helplessness. It's making me crazy."

"Finally."

"Found something?" Chris knocked into a shoe as he groped blindly.

"I think. Hopefully."

By the sound of his voice, Chris imagined the man to be in his twenties. "I think I have a shoe."

Calling Dr. Love

“Is it mine or yours?” the man chuckled.

“What size do you wear?” Chris joked.

“Ten and a half.”

“Well then. It could be either of ours.”

“Stealing my shoes?”

“Yeah, that’s me. Shoe fetish.” Chris sat on the floor and put one shoe on, reaching around for the other.

“How can they not have emergency lights?”

“You can write a letter complaining about it when you get home. How’s that?” Chris began searching for shoe number two. He ran into a hand again. “Are you crawling in here with me?” he asked teasingly.

“Depends. What the hell do you look like?” came an impish reply.

Chris broke up with laughter. “I can lie. I can say I look like George Clooney. You wouldn’t know.”

“Yeah? Clooney?”

“No. Sorry. Not that good.” Chris was enjoying this insanity though being sightless was maddening. He pitied the blind instantly.

“You sound good.”

“Did you take my shoe?” Chris couldn’t locate the second one.

“No. I swear I didn’t take your shoe. I’m still working on finding my pants.”

A pause followed as Chris continued to feel the floor for his second loafer.

“You’d think they’d send someone around with a flashlight and make sure everyone is all right.”

“You certainly have high expectations for a shopping mall store.” Chris grew frustrated. “You sure you didn’t steal my damn shoe?”

G.A. Hauser

“Hang on. Let me see how many I have in here.”

Chris waited, chuckling at the comedy of the situation.

“The floor is really gross.”

“I know. I’m loath to touch it. Seems its been a while since they cleaned.” Chris brushed off his hands.

In the pause Chris listened. Other than the man next to him, he couldn’t hear another human voice. “You don’t think they’d lock us in here?”

“They have to do a sweep of the damn place. Wait...is this your shoe?”

Chris reached under the wall towards the next one. “Where are you?”

The man cracked up with laughter, “I haven’t moved. Where am I?”

“Hang on.” Slowly, so he wouldn’t bang into anything, Chris made it to his feet and felt around the walls.

“Where are you?” the man asked.

“I’m trying to get to you.” Chris smoothed his fingers along the painted wooden divider.

“Yeah? That sounds inviting.”

Chris grinned. “Really?”

“You getting close? I’m afraid to move and slam into you.”

“Where are you in the stall?”

“Still sitting on my ass on the floor searching for my clothing.”

“Okay.” Chris crouched down and found the entrance of the man’s dressing room right beside his own. “Where’s the shoe?” Chris reached into the space and felt skin. “Sorry.” He imagined it was a leg but couldn’t be certain.

“No problem. Where’s your hand?”

“Believe it or not, I’m holding it out for the damn

Calling Dr. Love

shoe.”

“I believe it, but I can’t see a fucking thing.”

Chris inched closer. He definitely felt a leg covered in soft hair. “I found you.”

“Damn. What did you say you looked like?”

“Why? Is the pitch darkness giving you lurid ideas?”

“If I say yes, will you hit me? Or worse, abandon me?”

“I could describe myself but it’s useless.” Chris kept his fingertips in contact with what he was imagining was a shin.

“Try.”

After a minute, assuming he knew where the second man was now, Chris sat down so he wouldn’t step on him. “I’m Chris. I’m twenty-eight, six foot tall and weigh two hundred pounds.”

“Nice. Don’t stop touching my leg. At least I know where you are, sort of.”

“All right,” Chris replied, resting his hand on that warm limb. He tried to imagine what this man looked like solely based on his voice. “Your turn?”

“I’m Phil. I’m twenty-five, six foot three, and around two hundred and twenty pounds.”

“Christ, you’re big. I won’t screw with you.”

“Too bad.”

At that sexual invitation, Chris asked, “What color are your hair and eyes?” He knew he should remove his hand but hell the guy said to keep it there.

“Brown and brown. You?”

“Brown and blue.”

“I love that. Brown and blue.” After a deep inhale, Phil asked. “Any face hair?”

“No. Clean shaven.”

“Me too. Uh...married?”

“No.” Chris laughed shyly.

“This keeps getting better.”

“Does it?” Chris wished he had a pack of matches. He’d love a quick glimpse of Phil.

“Where the hell are you?”

Chris felt a wash of air as if Phil was feeling around for him. “Why? What will you do if you find me?” Chris released Phil’s leg to defend against an accidental swipe at his face.

“What do you want me to do to you?” Phil replied wickedly.

“In the pitch dark on the floor of a dirty fitting room? Are you serious?”

“What are we supposed to do? I can’t see for shit. I still can’t find my goddamn pants and if you think it’s scary in here, I’ll bet if we try fumbling our way out of the dressing room and into uncharted territory we’ll get killed out there.”

“There has to be an emergency lighting system. Maybe not in here, but out there.” Chris pointed over his shoulder but he knew it wasn’t seen in the complete blackness.

“Yeah huh? Don’t count on it. Crap. Help me find my fucking jeans, will ya?”

“Where did you leave them, Phil?”

“I thought I left them on the ledge, but when I checked they weren’t there. They must have slid off when I put the slacks I was trying on over them.”

Chris knelt up and began reaching out to the same side of the stall as where he was crouching. His knuckles hit a solid object. “Ouch.”

“That sucked.”

“I’m afraid to move. My luck I’ll smack my face against the damn wall.” Chris ran into Phil again, touching warm naked skin. His thigh? He had no idea and didn’t

Calling Dr. Love

know if he should investigate. “We have to stop meeting like this.”

“Damn! I want to know what you look like.”

“Where is your hand?” Chris asked.

“Why? What are you going to do with it?” Phil replied seductively.

“Brush it off and try to find my hand.” Chris heard some rustling.

“Clean now. Where are you?”

Chris waved his arms around and found Phil’s fingers reaching towards him. He held Phil’s wrist and brought it to his face. “Here I am.”

“Cool. Hang on. Let me brush off my other hand.”

The warmth of Phil’s palm touched his cheek. Chris waited patiently. More rustling sounds followed. A second hand slowly touched the other side of his face. Now Phil was cupping Chris’ jaw.

“Braille me.” Chris laughed.

“If you’re cute, I’ll fucking nail you.”

“Damn,” Chris asked. “You’re gay?”

“Are you just figuring that out?” Phil said, “Jesus, Chris, you sound like a hot mother-fucker.”

Chris closed his eyes and kept quiet as Phil touched his face. Phil tickled Chris’ forehead, ran his fingers over his eyebrows, down his eyelids to his cheekbones, his jaw line, his lips, his nose, and finally his hair, running both hands into it sensually.

“This isn’t helping me picture what you look like, but it’s getting me hotter than hell.”

It was getting Chris ‘hotter than hell’ as well. “No. I suppose it was a stupid idea.” Chris caught a whiff of Phil’s cologne and inhaled it. Phil’s hands lowered slowly down Chris’ neck. “Going exploring?”

"I was planning on it. Do you mind?"

"I don't have any idea if I do or not. I've never been in a situation like this in my damn life."

"I can't decide if it's driving me crazy because it's so frustrating, or so damn sexy."

"Our luck the lights will go on and we'll cringe at the sight of each other."

"Why do I have a feeling that's not going to happen?" Phil ran his palms over Chris' shoulders.

A tingle ran up Chris' spine at the caress from this unseen stranger. "Who do you look like?" Chris asked, "Like anyone I would know?"

"You mean like in a movie star or someone famous?"

"Yes. Like that. Who do you resemble?"

"Uh...Rock Hudson?"

"Shut up!" Chris laughed. "Rock Hudson." When Phil didn't reply, Chris asked, "For real?"

"I've been told I look a little like him, but I don't have his or your blue eyes."

Boldly Phil's fingers touched the skin on Chris' chest near his open top shirt button. A flash of fire hit Chris instantly. "Rock Hudson?" Chris began panting at the excitement, wanting Phil's hands to continue their little voyage.

"Yes. A little...what about you? Please tell me someone good."

"I don't know. I've certainly not been compared to Rock Hudson."

"Well, you're not bald. I know that." Phil smoothed his hand over Chris' head, combing through his mane.

After a short one syllable laugh, Chris replied, "No. Full head of hair."

"Tell me...come on. You must resemble someone."

Calling Dr. Love

Chills washed over Chris as Phil continued to caress and fondle him in the dark. Chris racked his brains to think. “Fine. Did you watch the Olympics on TV?”

“Yes...” Phil replied tentatively, his hands pausing as they rested on Chris’ shoulders.

Though Chris had the urge to reach out and touch Phil, he kept his own hands on his lap at the moment. “Did you see the javelin competition?”

“Yes...” Phil answered slowly.

“You take a good look at the gold medalist?”

“Andreas Thorkildsen?” Phil gasped. “You look like Andreas Thokildsen?”

“Well, I—” about to add a disclaimer that he only resembled the gorgeous Norwegian, Chris was grabbed by the jaw and yanked down to the floor on top of Phil. The zinging sensation of being on top of a hot male body in the pitch dark had Chris’ head spinning.

“No! Tell me you’re lying!”

When he heard Phil panting in excitement, Chris felt badly. “I’ve been told I look a little like him—” Chris wasn’t the kind of guy to boast about his charm or appeal. He was modest and hoped he wasn’t setting Phil up for a disappointment when the lights came on.

As if the image of having a man as spectacular as Andreas Thorkildsen lying on him was lighting Phil on fire, Phil said, “Holy fuck!” and connected to Chris’ mouth, sucking at his lips and tongue wildly.

In astonishment, Chris’ eyes sprang open even though it did nothing to help his blindness. Phil was going crazy under him, wrapping around him with his bare hairy legs and gripping his head tightly for a deep passionate open mouth kiss. Chris gasped, “Jesus, Phil!”

“Is it true?” Phil ran his hand over Chris’ face again. “Are you telling the truth or just saying that to drive me

insane?”

Unable to catch his breath at the sensory overload of Phil's fondling and writhing under him, Chris felt dizzy. “How could I say it to drive you insane? You think I had intuitive knowledge you had the hots for that man? Christ, I'm surprised you even know who he is.”

Phil's fingers smoothed down Chris' back to his ass, squeezing a cheek in each hand. “I know. You kidding me? I know every goddamn stud who participated in those games. I make it my business to know.”

The heavy petting from Phil had gotten Chris into a heightened state of arousal. It was time he became an active participant and stopped limply accepting all of Phil's advances.

After wiping his hands off on his own slacks to get the floor grit off, Chris found Phil's head and touched his hair and the side of his face. “Do you really look like Rock Hudson?”

“Yes.”

“Are you a model?”

“A dancer.”

“Damn.” Chris wriggled his hips on Phil, trying to imagine Phil's features as he ran his fingertips along his forehead, down his nose to his mouth, just as Phil had done to him previously.

Phil's hand clamped onto Chris' ass urging Chris' crotch to push harder on top of his own. “It's making me crazy that I can't see you,” Phil said.

“Me too. It's very disorienting.” Chris gave up on trying to ‘read’ Phil's features.

“Why don't they have flood lights? Isn't it required?”

“I don't know. I have no idea what's going on in the outside world at the moment. I only know what's going on in this dressing room. And that, barely,” Chris laughed.

Calling Dr. Love

“I think I remember them talking about a thunderstorm, but not one that would blackout the city, if it has.”

Chris dug his fingers into Phil’s thick hair wishing he could visualize his face, but now all he could picture was Rock Hudson. But that wasn’t a bad thing. “I really have no clue what’s going on. Do you want to try and find your clothing and go see?”

“No.”

“No?”

“Screw the outside world. I have Andreas Thorkildsen lying on top of me. With a fucking erection, I may add.”

“Man, I hope I don’t regret telling you that and when the lights come on you’re disappointed.”

“Did you lie?”

“No, I didn’t lie. I have been told I resemble him.” Instantly Chris was embraced and spun to his back. Chris flinched as if he would get smashed into a wall. He knew these rooms weren’t known for their size. Now Phil was on top of him, his weight impressive as he pressed Chris to the floor. “You’re a big fella, aren’t you?” Chris whispered.

“Yes. Wanna feel how big?”

Chris swallowed nervously as his hand was led to Phil’s hard-on over his briefs. “Damn.”

“You like?” Phil asked, using Chris’ hand to massage himself.

“Jesus. You’re huge. Who on earth do you dance for? Gay porn?” A low chuckle found its way to Chris’ ears. “No. Do you?”

“I dabble.”

“Dabble?” Chris moaned at the feel of such a wonderful appendage and ran his fingers up and down the length of Phil’s imposing dick.

“I do a little dancing in West Hollywood on the side as

well.”

“No shit?” Chris felt a shiver of excitement wash over him. He loved go-go boys. Fucking loved them!

“Yeah. You hang around WeHo at all?”

“A bit. Not as much as I’d like.” *But I will now! Growl!*

Phil whimpered softly. “That feels good. You can go into my briefs, you know.”

“You think this blackout is just temporary?” Chris felt a pang of nerves as the action grew more heated in this pitch dark environment. “...and the lights will come on and...”

“How am I supposed to answer that question?”

“No. You can’t. I suppose I was just looking for an opinion.”

“If you want my opinion...”

“I do.”

“We should get naked.”

“Bad boy! Naked on the floor of Nordstrom’s fitting room. How romantic.”

Phil began kissing Chris’ neck sending tingles all over his skin.

The caressing was making Chris crazy. “Holy shit. You weren’t kidding.” One by one the buttons of his shirt were popped open. When Chris was exposed to the cool air, he felt Phil’s fingers exploring his chest and nipples, all the while Phil licked at his jaw and cheek. In reflex Chris squeezed Phil’s cock, pumping it in his palm. It obviously was driving Phil crazy because he groaned in longing and began tearing off Chris’ clothing.

Chris had a fear of hitting the walls of the tiny space, getting nailed in the head by one. He reached out just to get a notion for how much room they had in case they began flailing around from the passion. The back wall with the mirror was located, and one side wall. It appeared there was

Calling Dr. Love

a little space to their right.

“You still with me?” Phil asked between kisses and gasps.

“You’d know if I vanished.”

“It just felt like you were doing something.”

“I was trying to locate the walls so we wouldn’t smash into one.”

“Got it.”

It felt as if Phil sat up and Chris’ pants were dragged down his hips by unseen hands.

“You realize we’ll never find anything once we’re naked.”

“We will. Let’s worry about that later.”

The sense of disorientation at being stripped in such darkness was almost too intimidating for Chris. He fought the feeling of anxiety with the image of a man as gorgeous as Rock Hudson making love to him. How bad could that be? A go-go boy as big and beautiful as Rock? *Mama mia, that sounded fantastic.*

“I wish I’d have gotten a peek at you when you came in here.” Chris chided himself for being a gentleman and not leering into the next stall while the light was on.

“Me too. You kidding me?”

Chris jolted as a hot mouth wrapped around the head of his dick. “Holy Christ!” He had no idea where Phil was in the small space. He did now.

“Mm.”

He had to close his eyes to fight the sense of claustrophobia the darkness was causing. Chris reached out to find Phil and touched his thick head of hair as his head bobbed up and down over his crotch. Chris ran his fingers through it, judging its length, imaging the dark color. “So nice...” He felt a rush of sexual euphoria when Phil paused

to lap at the head of his dick. That exploring mouth moved on to his balls.

"I can't believe this." Chris moaned and lost contact with Phil's hair as Phil lowered down his body. Chris heard him hit a something. "You okay?"

"Ouch. Yes. Found the back wall. Scoot up."

"Scoot up?" Chris reached over his head and touched the mirror. "I have nowhere to scoot."

"Never mind. I'll do this."

Both of Chris' legs were hoisted backwards so he was almost kissing his own knees. "That'll work. Shit, good thing I'm flexible." A tongue ran over his ass. "Ohmygod."

"I can't believe I'm licking a guy as good looking as Andreas Thorkildsen."

"Phil. Please. I'm not him nor am I his fucking double. You just asked—" A tongue penetrated his ring. "Oh, my fucking god." When Phil's mouth returned to Chris' cock, a finger replaced his tongue. Instantly the urge to climax rose over Chris. "Damn. I hope you're ready because I'm fucking close."

Phil sucked deeper, harder, probed with more zeal.

"That's it...Rock, baby, I'm coming," Chris said. He arched his back and spun into an amazing climax. Phil kept sucking him, milking every last drop from his dick. "Geez, Phil, you sure know how to suck cock." Chris gulped for air as he recovered.

"Love it," Phil purred, continuing to lap and stroke Chris hotly.

Chris rested his hands over his chest and felt his own heart thumping under his ribs. "That was fucking amazing. I never imagined Rock Hudson giving me head before."

Phil chuckled softly. "My turn to imagine the famous Norwegian sucking my dick?"

Calling Dr. Love

“Yeah, why not? I wish I had his accent. I can’t even begin to figure out how to sound Norwegian.” Chris reached for him. “Go slow so we don’t give each other a black eye.”

“Right. Where’s your other hand?”

“Here.” Chris waved it until Phil attached to it with his. “Roll?”

“Roll slow. I know there’s a wall around here.”

“We have more space right than left.”

“If you say so.”

Phil wrapped his arms and legs around Chris tightly. They flipped over so Chris was on top. Once he sat up, Chris oriented himself with the walls again. “We’re good.”

“I’m about to be very good.”

“Where the hell are you?” Chris reached down and contacted skin. Chris smoothed his hands upwards and realized he was at Phil’s waist. “Mind if I check out your chest?”

“Be my guest.”

Chris felt the soft material of a cotton shirt and pushed it higher.

“You want me to take it off?”

“You’ll never find it. I can move it up.” Chris could tell Phil was helping him, hearing and sensing his movement. The t-shirt was raised so it was no longer covering Phil’s chest. Chris imagined Phil had actually taken it over his head and the shirt was tucked behind his neck. As he explored, Chris realized he was correct in that assumption.

Phil’s rippling solid curved abs and massive rounded pectoral muscles with hard nipples excited Chris so much he was hard again. “Wow.”

“I lift weights.”

“I can tell. Holy shit.”

“Wish you could see me.”

“Me too. Damn.” Chris made his way to a nipple, chewing on it happily. Phil whimpered and exhaled a deep breath.

With pleasure Chris licked and gnawed his way to Phil’s second nipple, easily imagining how big and buff Phil was by his feel. “You’re goddamn Atlas.”

Phil chuckled.

Chris ran his tongue down the middle of Phil’s chest to his abs. Chris’ chin brushed against Phil’s treasure trail and then his pubes. In need of a good sniff of Phil, Chris inhaled him, rubbing his face into his patch, moaning in pleasure. “Christ you smell good.”

“Just showered. Came here after the gym.”

“Yes. Yes, indeed.” Chris nuzzled Phil’s hard shaft, impressed with his size. “Go-go boy...” he purred.

“Grrr...” Phil teased.

Chris bypassed Phil’s cock, holding it in his fingers, while he enjoyed what Phil had enjoyed on him. A little taste of his sack and bottom.

“Yes...perfect.” Phil said.

Chris felt Phil bend his knees to widen his straddle for him, giving him access. Chris reached behind him, making sure he didn’t collide with anything, then backed up another inch and burrowed between Phil’s legs.

“Ah! Yes...fantastic!” Phil said.

The scent of masculine musky soap and cleansed skin was making Chris go crazy. His own cock kept brushing against his arms as he crouched on the floor on his knees and the sticky drops had begun oozing out of his dick once again.

Chris licked his way to the base of Phil’s cock and gave it a long loving lap to the tip and slipped it inside his mouth. Instantly Phil’s hips elevated and he whimpered loudly.

Calling Dr. Love

Phil combed his fingers through Chris' hair, encouraging him to suck deeper. Chris closed his eyes and sank into a dream. *I'm sucking Rock Hudson on a beach in Malibu. Wow.*

Lost, hearing Phil's pleasure escalate to loud grunts and moans, Chris sat up higher, gripped the base of that magnificent cock and went for it. His hands working in tandem with his lips, he sucked and jerked at Phil's length, hearing it work magic on the big man under him.

"Ah! Ahhffuck!"

The noise echoed in the hollow room.

A blast of come hit Chris' tongue. Chris groaned in delight and swallowed as a second surge followed, writhing as Phil's exclamation of ecstasy made his skin cover with goose bumps. Chris sat up and began jacking off over Phil.

"Chris?"

Unable to stop, clamping his eyes closed, Chris came, milking his cock in bliss.

"Shit! You just creamed all over me."

When Chris blinked, still completely blind and now slightly disoriented, he said, "Sorry."

After a minute, Chris heard Phil laughing.

"You want me to try and wipe it up with something?"

"Yeah. Use one of Nordy's things. They owe us for not even having a damn flood light."

"And where will I find one of their items of clothing?" Chris humored him.

"It'll have tags. Just feel around."

Chris felt all over Phil playfully.

"Ah! Tickling! No fair!" Phil curled up in a ball.

"You are too damn cute." Chris felt the spatter he'd made with his fingers as he brushed his hands over Phil's torso.

“Fuck the spunk. Get your mouth where I can taste it.”

Chris climbed over Phil’s body and connected to his lips, humming happily as they kissed. Chris sighed deeply and caressed Phil’s cheek.

After a long leisurely bout of kissing, Phil said, “We should try and get dressed and see what the hell’s going on out there.”

“We should. If we don’t I’m about to nap on your chest.” Chris yawned.

“How the hell are we going to find our clothes now?”

“Slowly. I don’t want an elbow breaking my nose.”

“You move first. I’ll stay still.”

“You’re a gentleman.” Chris began buttoning his shirt which was still on him but hanging open. “You have any idea where my pants are?”

“No.”

Chris heard the smile in Phil’s voice. “I didn’t think so.” He began scanning the floor for them, deliberately brushing over Phil’s crotch in a tease, making him laugh and wriggle.

Finally Chris found something that felt familiar. Just to check Chris ran his hand down the fabric. He touched his wallet, mobile phone, and keys that were thankfully still in the pockets. “I think I’ve got them. Do you have your wallet and keys in your pants?”

“Yes. Did you find my jeans finally?”

“Oh, right. Denim. No, these must be my slacks.” Chris slid them up his legs while sitting on the floor. “I’m standing to zip them up,” he warned.

“Okay.”

He rose to his feet and fastening them and tucking in his shirt.

“Ah...”

Calling Dr. Love

“What? Playing with yourself?” Chris chuckled.

“Funny. No. I found my damn jeans.”

“Good.”

“Are you upright?”

“I am. Why? Are you joining me?”

“Yes. Don’t move.”

Chris waited. He could hear and imagine what Phil was doing. A jingle of either keys or pocket change sounded.

“Thank fuck. Now I just need my shoes,” Phil said.

“Don’t both of us bend down at the same time. We’ll bonk heads.”

“I’m crouching. Stay there. I’ll look for all of them for us.”

“What a guy,” Chris replied.

“One.”

Chris felt a shoe being handed to him, brushing his leg. As he touched it he could tell it was his.

“Two?”

“Good man. Where the hell was it?” Chris leaned back against the wall and slipped them on.

“Over there.”

“Wherever that is.”

“Thank fuck. Got mine.”

“I’m not moving until you stand up. I don’t want to kick you.”

“Thank you.”

“No problem.”

“I’m standing up.”

“Okay.” Chris touched his pockets to make sure he did indeed have everything he came in with. “Got your keys? Wallet?”

After hearing shuffling, Phil replied, "Yes. I have everything."

"Right. Let's see what the hell's going on outside of this room." He reached for Phil's hand, brushing against him until it was clasped tightly.

While using his free hand, Chris kept swinging it out front of him so he wouldn't smack into anything. When they exited the dressing room, a very dim red light shone way out in the distance, other than that, the entire store was vacant and dark.

"Mother-fucker. They didn't even look for us?" Chris said.

"We better not be locked in."

They walked towards the only scant source of light on the entire floor, a red sign that read 'exit'.

As they neared that ambient crimson glow, Chris tried to prepare himself for the sight of a man he had just had oral sex with. The moment they stood under the dim red light, Chris spun around to see his partner in the flesh. "You weren't lying."

"Neither were you." Phil replied in excitement. "You fucking do look like him."

"Do I?"

Phil cupped Chris' jaw and drew him to his lips. The kiss was toe curling in its passion.

"Wow!" Chris panted.

"I don't want to go anywhere. I want to hang out here and play with you," Phil purred, stroking Chris' face.

Chris tugged on the door. "You got your wish."

"No! Locked? Really?" Phil yanked on the doors. "How could they do this to us?"

"Listen to it blowing out there." Chris gazed out into the blackness. When his mobile phone rang he jumped in

Calling Dr. Love

surprise that it was working.

~

Phil paused, watching Chris answer it. He was hoping Chris didn't already have a boyfriend. He wanted more of him, especially now that he could see him.

"Stu?"

As Chris spoke on the phone, Phil caressed his arm lightly.

"You're not going to believe this." Chris grinned at Phil. "I'm stuck in a department store with another guy."

Phil kissed his cheek tenderly. He could just make out a man's voice coming through the other end of the phone.

"No. I wish I knew how my house was doing. Let me go, Stu. I'll call you in the morning when I know the score. I will. Thanks." Chris hung up. "That was a friend of mine checking on me. I have a house on the beach and God knows what shape its in at the moment."

"Shit. That sucks." Phil tugged on the doors again. "How could they lock us in? I don't get it, Chris. You would think someone would have had the intelligence to look into the damn dressing room first."

"Do you wish they had?" Chris cupped Phil's face gently.

"No. I'm glad they didn't." Phil accepted Chris' kiss. "We could go up to house wares and screw on some sheets and pillows." Phil wanted to make love to him. Especially now that he could see how beautiful Chris was. He liked everything about him, including his sense of humor and his ability to play in a very awkward situation.

"I love it." Chris laughed. "Screwing in the house wares department. I don't know about you, but that's always been a secret fantasy of mine."

Phil melted in the grip of Chris' endearing gaze as he held Chris' jaw in his hands so he could stare into his light

eyes. "I'm glad we did what we did, and that you look like my javelin thrower."

"Me too, 'Rock'," Chris teased. "I don't want to go back into the darkness. I like being able to see your face."

Phil combed Chris' hair back from his forehead, just barely making out the blueness of his eyes in the strange red glow. "Stay here. We'll call someone to get us out."

"Yeah. In a minute."

"In a minute." Phil wrapped his arms around Chris and pulled him closer to kiss. *In an hour...later. Maybe never?*

Chapter Two

Chris woke with a feeling of complete disorientation. When he blinked, he noticed a small child staring at him. In surprise, Chris looked around and found Phil asleep on the mountain of pillows and sheets they had made to crash on.

“Phil.” Chris shook him to wake him.

“Hm?”

“Wake up. It’s morning and the damn store is open.”

Phil bolted upright.

The little girl ran away.

“Shit!” Phil stood, tucking in his shirt and trying to smooth back his hair.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here.” Chris grabbed Phil’s elbow and escorted him to the escalators. He checked his watch and realized it was after nine.

In silence they descended to the ground floor and left via the entrance they had necked in front of the night before. The parking lot was sparsely occupied and a crew was righting a downed power pole.

“The world,” Chris said, “It survived.”

“Son of a bitch. It looks bad out here. Look at all the debris in the lot.”

“Where’s your car?” Chris asked, taking out his keys.

“There.”

Out in the distance Chris noticed a gold Mazda RX8.

“You want to catch breakfast?”

“I want a shower.”

“Your place or mine?” Chris smiled.

Phil stopped moving and hugged Chris tightly. “I know you wanted to check on your place to see if it’s okay.”

“Perfect.”

“But.”

“I hate buts.” Chris deflated.

“I don’t know if I’m ready for a relationship, Chris.”

“Okay.” Chris couldn’t believe how gorgeous Phil was in the light of day.

“I mean, I’m only twenty-five.”

“And sex is so easy for a go-go boy.”

“Well, yes.” Phil chuckled.

“So? Was last night just a bout of hot sex with an Andreas Thorkildsen look-alike?”

“No. Don’t be like that.” Phil flicked back Chris’ hair playfully. “I’m just not ready for anything exclusive. You know.”

“You like your cock sucked by many men?”

“It’s not that.”

“You sure you want to come back to my place? It may cramp your style.” Chris tried not to feel badly at the rejection. His work kept him busy. Too busy for a partner. Right?

“I wouldn’t mind a shower with you. And sex.”

“Ah, penetration. We only exchanged blowjobs.”

“Are you teasing me?”

“I am.” Chris kissed Phil’s chin.

“If you’re not into me coming by, it’s okay.”

Calling Dr. Love

“Hm. I’m not sure. Are you a top or a bottom?” Chris teased.

“Either.”

“Good. See that car?” Chris pointed to his Cadillac CTS.

“Yes.”

“Sniff at its rear bumper.”

“Can’t wait.” Phil hooked his arm around Chris’ neck, kissing him. “Shower, shave, and fuck. Not necessarily in that order.”

“You ole’ romantic you,” Chris replied.

“You want romance? Go with a woman.”

“No thank you.”

“I didn’t think so.”

“I live only a few minutes from here.”

“Good. See you there.”

Chris nodded, taking his keys out of his pocket and as he walked to his car a smile was pasted on his lips. No, it wasn’t true love. He always assumed he was too busy for a commitment. Was he relieved Phil was as well?

Chris checked his voicemail while Phil pulled behind his car. Chris’ only concern was his house, but they would soon see if it had survived.

While he drove westbound on the highway to the coast, Chris kept eying the man in the car behind him, grinning contentedly.

When Chris arrived home he was relieved the place looked unscathed. He parked, getting out, waiting as Phil joined him in a cursory walk around the perimeter.

“Looks okay.” Phil picked up a few pieces of driftwood that had washed up against the foundation and tossed them out onto the sand.

“Yes, it does. I’m damn lucky.”

“What an amazing place. I’m jealous. I’d love to live on the beach.”

Chris turned the key in the lock. “Play your cards right...”

“Funny man.”

Chris tried the light switch. The lamp lit up. “Yes! Power.”

“What a lucky guy.”

“I’m about to get very lucky.” Chris tossed his keys aside, taking off his shoes. “Strip for me, go-go boy.”

As if the idea excited him, Phil slipped off his shoes and began pumping his hips as he undressed.

“Nice!” Chris crossed his arms, enjoying the show.

~

It was what he did best. Stripping for men. Phil hiked his shirt up, smoothing his hands over his rippled chest and tight abs. He licked his lips at Chris’ enthralled expression, growing hard in his pants. *I’m an exhibitionist, so what?*

He was impressed with the large beach house. As he danced Phil thought about his own small rented room in West Hollywood. He had always dreamed of living a life of leisure. That wasn’t where he was in life at the moment. Far from it.

Phil returned his attention to this unbelievable man who wasn’t hiding his admiration for him. Phil wondered if he was being too hasty in keeping Chris at arm’s length.

Another glance at the expensive décor and Phil began to have second thoughts. Not to mention, in his opinion, Chris looked exactly like that gold medalist javelin thrower. He was thrilled to put on a show for him.

Phil hammed it up, pumping his hips, running his hand over the bulge in his jeans. Music played in his head as he

Calling Dr. Love

thrust his pelvis out and drew his shirt higher.

“Wow.”

Christ, I love the look of lust in Chris’ blue eyes. Phil removed his shirt and twirled it around his head before tossing it. With both hands Phil massaged next to his hard cock, growing harder by the minute at giving this hunk a private show.

Phil opened his zipper, drawing apart his jeans to titillate, exposing his lower abdomen and some pubic hair. “Wanna fuck me?” he hissed, his hips humping the air.

Chris took off his own shirt, socks and slacks, standing in his briefs, gawking at Phil as he performed.

To tease Chris, Phil toyed with his own nipple while stuffing his hand down his jeans. Phil touched himself and got off on Chris’ excitement. There was nothing better than making men hot, especially ones as gorgeous and rich as Chris.

“Jesus, Phil.”

Phil smiled. He lowered his pants down his thighs, showing off his huge erection under his briefs.

Chris moved closer, stopping short, as if restraining himself from the urge to touch him, allowing Phil to continue.

“Am I making you want me?” Phil asked.

“Damn.” Chris rubbed his own cock excitedly.

Phil stepped out of his jeans and socks. Meanwhile, he dipped his hand into his briefs, playing with himself while moving his hips to and fro sensually. “Want it?”

Hunger written all over him, Chris licked his lips, and Phil could see his Adam’s apple move as he swallowed.

Slowly Phil began exposing his cock, nudging his briefs down one hip.

“Fuck this.” Chris dropped to his knees before Phil and

opened his mouth for Phil's cock.

At the heat and wetness of Chris' mouth, Phil moaned and dug both his hands into Chris' hair. "Suck it. Suck it." The dancing had gotten him as crazy as it had gotten Chris. He loved it.

Chris sucked him deep, groaning, digging his fingers into Phil's ass crack, urging him closer.

A shiver of the passion washed over Phil. He closed his eyes and pumped into Chris' mouth, fucking it. "Yes. Yes!"

Chris went wild, moaning and drawing hard on Phil's dick.

Gripped to Chris' full head of hair as the orgasm rocked him, Phil opened his lips to gasp, pumping his seed into Chris' mouth. "Yes! Chris! Suck me! Ahhh-fuck!"

With both hands tightening his hold on Phil's waist, Chris devoured him.

Phil's knees went weak as he shivered. "Baby...what a mouth! Holy shit."

Chris hopped to his feet, dragging Phil with him.

With his briefs around his ankles, Phil went flailing back onto Chris' bed, still recovering from his climax. Phil panted, touching his own chest to feel his racing heart as Chris rolled a rubber on his erection.

When Chris was prepared, he nudged Phil to lie on his front. Instead, Phil knelt on the floor and rested his head on his arms on the bed, wanting Chris in, after the fantastic blowjob. Hot fingers penetrated his ass. "Oh, yes." Phil closed his eyes.

Soon a dick followed, very eager to be inside. Phil widened his position, trying not to flinch as Chris burrowed into him excitedly. Phil tried to relax his body, inhaling a deep breath, so the discomfort was replaced by pleasure.

"Go-go boy," Chris hissed sensuously into Phil's ear.

Calling Dr. Love

After he got used to Chris' cock being deep inside him and released his tight muscles, Phil felt a tingle of pleasure. Phil knew he was every gay man's fantasy.

"Let me fuck you, go-go boy."

"Fuck me." Phil rested his cheek on his forearm and enjoyed the internal massage.

When Chris amped up his thrusting, slapping his hips against Phil's ass, grunting as he came, Phil grinned in delight. "Good one?"

"Ohh fuck...ahh..."

That means yes. Phil was awash with chills. It was pure contentment.

Chris pulled out slowly. When he had, Phil tilted to look over his shoulder.

"Shower." Chris held out his hand.

Phil reached out his hand, allowing Chris to help him stand. Phil kicked off his briefs that had hung on his ankle and followed Chris to the bathroom. As he watched Chris dispose of the condom and start the water in the shower, Phil said, "If I were to commit to a man, it would be someone like you." He couldn't help but imagine living in the lush home with the marble shower and double basin sinks. He'd never been lucky enough to be that rich.

Chris appeared amused.

"We can stay in touch. Can't we?" Phil wanted to see him again.

"Of course." Chris climbed into the crashing torrent gesturing for Phil to join him.

"I'm serious." Phil watched the water cascading over Chris' perfect physique. "Maybe I was too quick to say what I did. Maybe we can date each other."

"Oh? The sex was that good?" Chris relinquished the shower head to him.

Phil read the irony on Chris' face. "It's not just that. I didn't expect to meet such an amazing guy."

"In the dark, in the fitting room at Nordy's?" Chris laughed.

"Yes." Phil wasn't laughing. He felt embarrassed and wondered if he sounded needy. Phil knew what he would think if someone he just met was pressuring him.

"Me neither." Chris soaped himself up.

"Will you see me again? Are you interested?"

A strange expression appeared on Chris' face.

Phil added, "It's okay. I'll wait for you."

"Wait for me?" Chris seemed puzzled.

Phil shook his head. "Never mind." He found the shampoo and washed his hair.

When Chris grabbed his jaw, Phil met his eyes instantly.

"I'm here anytime you want me. Is that what you need me to say?"

A nervous chill spread across Phil's skin. "Forget it, Chris. I'm saying stupid shit." *What would a guy like you see in a guy like me?*

Chris drew him closer and met Phil's eyes even though Phil suddenly felt reluctant to gaze into those baby blues. "Can we go with the flow?"

"Yes. Sure." Phil nodded, backing away from Chris' grip to finish showering.

~

The shift in Phil's mood was so blatant, Chris began to backtrack in his mind to see if it was due to something he had said.

While they shaved side by side at the double sink, Chris said, "I can wash your clothes for you. That floor in the dressing room was pretty vile."

Calling Dr. Love

“Thanks,” Phil replied.

Once Chris set the washing machine for a short cycle, he filled the coffeemaker with water and starting it dripping as Phil relaxed at the kitchen table in his white terry cloth robe.

“Are you all right?”

Phil immediately met Chris’ eyes. “Yeah. Fine. Anything I can do?”

“Just relax. How do you like your coffee?”

“Black.”

Chris placed two mugs on the table. “Anywhere you have to be?”

“Not until tonight.” Phil’s expression soured once more.

Chris took the chair across from him, leaning his elbows on the table to speak softly. “Did I say or do something to upset you?”

“No.” Phil ran his hand through his dark hair. “I noticed some certificates on the wall in your bedroom. So? You’re a doctor?”

“A plastic surgeon.” Chris waited for a moment to see if Phil would ask him anything else.

“Shit.”

“Shit?” Chris straightened his back. “No good? Hate plastic surgeons?”

“No. Never mind.” Phil waved his hand dismissively.

At the risk of sounding like an interrogator, Chris decided to shut up. He checked on the laundry, moving Phil’s jeans, briefs, and t-shirt to the dryer before returning to pour them both a cup of coffee. “What are you hungry for?”

“Don’t go to any trouble. I should probably leave once my clothing is dry.”

“You just said—” Chris was going to refer to the

statement about Phil not having commitments until tonight. Instead he found a box of pancake mix, removed the bacon from the fridge and began making breakfast.

While the pan heated, Chris spread out slices of bacon in it in a neat row. "Are you originally from LA?"

"No."

"I don't even know your last name." Chris peeked at Phil from over his shoulder as he mixed the dry and wet ingredients together in a bowl.

"Andrews. Philip Paul Andrews."

Chris gave him a nod in reply, pouring the batter onto the griddle where it sizzled. The aroma of bacon filled the air. "Mine's Love."

After a pause Phil replied, "I know. I read it on the certificates. Christopher James Love. I have a feeling you're older than twenty-eight, right? That seems a little young to be a surgeon."

Chris cringed. "I am. I lied."

"Why?"

"Because I thought thirty-three seemed over the hill. Your voice sounded so young I thought I'd turn you off." Chris flipped over the pancakes and bacon.

"Anything else you lied about?"

Chris spun around, the spatula upright in his hand. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Are you even interested in me? Or just using the stupid go-go boy for a fuck?"

Chris choked in surprise, then removed the cooked pancakes from the griddle, pouring more batter onto the hot surface. "Man, do you have some self-esteem issues you need to get over or what?" When he heard the chair move on the floor tile, Chris spun around.

Phil stood up.

Calling Dr. Love

“What are you doing?”

“Getting my clothing and leaving.”

“They won’t be dry yet. Sit down.”

Phil glared at him. “Are you ordering me to sit down?”

“Ordering you?” Chris became exasperated. He assumed he had a normal man in the house with him. In reality, Chris didn’t know Phil, or what the hell his strange attitude was all about. He shut off the burner under the pan, removing it from the heat. “Fine.” Chris stormed to the laundry room, opened the dryer and removed Phil’s damp clothing. Chris ground his jaw in anger as he threw it at Phil.

Phil jumped as the clothing landed on his chest, gripping it tightly. He shot Chris a look of exasperation as he left the room.

Chris ran his hand through his hair and tried to calm down. When he stepped into the living room, Phil was wearing his jeans and putting on his shirt. “You don’t have to leave like this.”

“I’m used to it.” Phil sat on the couch and struggle with his damp socks.

“What does that mean?”

Once Phil was dressed he puffed up in fury. “It means the fucking go-go boy is a perfect one-nighter! Okay? I get it.”

“What?” Chris was completely disoriented by the anger. “Did I say that?”

“Forget it.” Phil searched the room in frustration. “Where the hell did I leave my wallet and keys?”

“I think they’re in the bedroom.”

Phil marched out of the living room in fury.

Still spinning in his wake, Chris stood at the doorway of his bedroom as Phil stuffed his things into his pockets.

About to say something to try and deescalate the situation, Chris hesitated as Phil stood in front of his diplomas which wallpapered one area of the room.

“Wait a minute...” Something was beginning to dawn on Chris. “Do you think I think I’m better than you are because I’m a surgeon?”

Phil turned around, his expression was pure rage.

Chris shook his head in denial and crossed the carpeted floor to Phil. “I never said or implied that. Where are you getting that idea from?”

In exasperation Phil threw up his hands. “Does someone have to say it? Jesus, isn’t it obvious?”

“I’m not making you feel this way, am I?” Chris pressed his fingers into his own chest. “This is your insecurities, not me, right?”

“Get the hell out of my way.” Phil brushed by him quickly.

It surprised Chris how hurt he felt by Phil’s wrong assumptions and his premature departure. “Wait. Come on, Phil.”

When he caught up to Phil he was already opening the front door. Chris grabbed his elbow and stopped him, completely unprepared for the ferocious snarl he received from Phil at the contact. Instantly thinking it would come to blows, Chris released his grip. “Phil. Don’t go.”

Without a backward glance, Phil got into his car and left, spinning the tires. As he watched the Mazda vanish, Chris lowered his head and closed the door, picking up his robe from the living room floor. Chris placed it on the sofa and paused at the threshold of the kitchen. He gazed in frustration at the empty mug on the table, and the half prepared meal. Slowly motivating himself, he threw the food out, washed the dishes and headed back to his bedroom.

Calling Dr. Love

He stared down at the bed, envisioning Phil as he lay over it exposing his ass to him. Chris rubbed his eyes tiredly. “I can’t fucking win.”

Chapter Three

On the drive home, Phil ground his jaw in rage. He didn't know why he was so angry, or maybe he did. Jealousy.

The youngest of six children, raised in Eastern Washington, Phil was the son of a logger and a home-maker. He didn't grow up with the opportunity for college and a career. Of his four brothers, two were salvage loggers, one was a mechanic, the other a bartender, like his sister, at the local tavern. Phil was the only one who moved out of state. All his siblings lived either at home, or within walking distance from it.

Angry, shifting in the leather seat, uncomfortable in the moist clothing, Phil kept his relationships with men casual. Most of his sexual liaisons were with other young blue-collar working men like himself.

Chris was the first beautiful thirty-something man he'd met with both looks and cash.

"That fucker could get anyone he wants. What the hell was I thinking? A plastic surgeon?" Phil had no idea how much those doctors made, but he knew it had to be a very good living.

In the bright sunlight, winding his way to West Hollywood, Phil found street parking with an effort and stormed up the block to his humble abode.

Calling Dr. Love

His key in his hand, he walked around the back of the small cottage beyond the unkempt yard and trash cans. After opening the door, Phil immediately began removing his uncomfortable wet things, tossing it on the unmade bed with a mound of other crumpled clothing. He dug for his gym clothes and heard the woman he rented the room from moving around in the kitchen. Once his spandex shorts and muscle tee were in his bag and as he dressed in clean clothing, Phil dropped down heavily on the bed and rubbed his face. He felt exhausted from a night sleeping on the floor of a department store.

A light knock sounded at his bedroom door. "Yes?" he called out.

"Pheel? I have mail for you."

He stood, unlocking the door and opening it. Tiny Mrs. Chu was holding a stack of envelopes for him.

"Thank you." He took the pile.

"Okay." She nodded. "Rent due. I reminding you again. You late."

"I know. I'll have it."

She left without another word. Phil closed the door, locked it, and sifted through the mail. Bills. Past due notices. The usual. He tossed it on a pile on a table that was covered in paperwork in the corner of the room.

Phil inhaled deeply to try and keep moving and finished getting ready for the gym. It was a struggle to shut out the thoughts in his head which were driving him crazy.

~

Chris dumped the remainder of the pot of coffee into the sink, washing it. He was weary from a crappy night's rest and motivated himself to get dressed in a pair of running shorts and get some exercise.

As he sat in the kitchen tying his laces, the phone rang. His heart jumped thinking it was Phil. He read the caller ID

and deflated. "Hi, Stu."

"Hey, Chris. How'd the house survive the storm?"

"Fine. No damage."

"That's good news. So? Did you really get trapped inside a mall?"

"Yes." Chris tried to finish tying the laces, tucking the phone between his cheek and shoulder. "Nurdy's."

"Ha...that is beyond belief. How could they do that?"

"Hell if I know." Chris sat back and stared at his running shoes wistfully. "How did you survive the black out?"

"It was fantastic. When we get together for a drink and I'll tell you all about it."

"Really?" Chris thought Stu sounded love struck for some reason. "Did you meet someone?"

"You know my friend Miguel Rodriguez?"

"Yes. I know him. Stunning Latino stud. Black hair. Goatee?"

"Mm. That's him."

"And?" Chris laughed at Stu's response.

"We made love. Holy crap, Chris. I've been crazy about him since we met, and I had no idea he felt that way about me."

Chris felt a pang of jealousy. "Lucky guy."

"I am. I've asked him to move in. I can't get him in here fast enough."

"Jesus! Really?"

"God yeah."

"Huh." Chris tried not to think of Phil. "I was about to go for a run...can I call you back?"

"Oh. Sorry. Of course. Or just let me know when you're free. Even plastic surgeons need a drink with the buddies

Calling Dr. Love

once in a while, Dr. Love.”

“I know, Stu. I know.” Chris smiled.

“Okay. Talk to you soon.”

“Great. Thanks for checking on me.”

“No problem.”

Chris hung up and replaced the cordless phone in its cradle. He tied his house key to the string at the waistband of his shorts and frowned despite himself. “Well, Stu, you’re the last holdout of my solo male friends and now you’re living with someone too. Son of a bitch.”

He left through the back door and began running along the beach. The waves were still choppy with tall whitecaps breaking close to shore. All along the soaked sand driftwood and seaweed clumps were scattered. The air had a crisp bite to it leftover from the storm and Chris could feel winter in the December air.

Another Christmas without a boyfriend? Is that where he was headed?

His thoughts turned to Phil again. Chris wished he could convince him that income level was not on his list of criteria for dating. Not by a long shot.

But it wouldn’t be easy to convince a man you weren’t going to see again. “Shit.” Chris growled, pushing harder to run faster on the lumpy sand. “How did I fuck up? How?”

~

Phil stood in front of a wall of mirrors, a dumbbell in each fist doing alternating curls as his biceps swelled and hardened with each repetition. Phil bit his lip from the effort.

When a hand brushed his ass lightly, Phil found an older man’s reflection in the mirror. Phil recognized the man from the club where he danced. Phil finished his set and replaced the weights on the rack.

"I feel as if I want to shove money into your crotch," the man said.

"I'm not at work now." Phil felt his cheeks heat up.

"Will you be dancing later on?"

"Yeah." Phil shook out his arms as he recuperated, dabbing at a tickling drop of sweat that ran down his temple.

"Good."

The man walked away, attempting to appear sexy. Phil tried not to cringe at his flabby sagging skin and receding gray hairline. *I'm not a hooker!* he wanted to scream at the man. But he knew damn well if he allowed it, the man would pay him for some sexual act. Most old fuckers wanted to suck his cock. *Whatever.* He couldn't, wouldn't, do it.

Phil used his shirt to wipe off his sweaty face, returning to the rack and picking up the next pair of heavier weights for his routine. With the large barbells clenched in his fingers, he focused on his upper body in the mirror as he began forcing the weights upwards and into a curl.

Image flashes of Chris' body, his voice, his touch, sent shivers across Phil's skin.

Licking his lip, tasting the salt on it, Phil moaned softly, craving a man he knew he could never have.

An hour later, Phil showered and carried his gym bag with him to the exit.

"Excuse me?"

Phil flinched and tried to pretend he didn't hear.

"Mr. Andrews?"

Shit. "Yes?" Phil paused, his hand on the door.

The employee behind the counter approached him. "I just wanted to give you this. Your monthly membership dues is overdue and we weren't sure if you had changed

Calling Dr. Love

your address and just weren't getting the bills."

Reluctantly Phil looked down at the envelope. He figured they'd catch up to him sooner or later. Phil took it from the man.

"Do you want to pay it now?"

"Uh. Sure." Phil wondered if he was maxed out on his credit cards or not. There was one way to find out. He followed the employee to the counter, setting his bag down on the floor. Phil removed his wallet from his back pocket, thumbing through the assortment trying to remember which one had some spending limit left on it. He still had to pay Mrs. Chu her rent and wished he hadn't been caught while slipping out.

"Try this one." Phil handed a card to the young man and felt his pulse race in anxiety.

The man slid the card through the machine, tapping in a few numbers.

When Phil heard the printer clattering on the receipt, he sighed with relief. Phil signed the slip, taking his card back.

"Thanks."

"Yeah. No problem." Phil tried to smile. *Big problem. I have to pay rent.* He pocketed the receipt and grabbed his bag, exiting the gym. He aimed his fob at his Mazda RX8, which he was leasing. Phil hated the idea of it being repossessed or losing it.

He took a moment, sitting behind the wheel, to recover from the nerves the credit card transaction had caused. It wasn't the first time, it wouldn't be the last.

Phil removed his cell phone from his pocket and dialed, hoping yet another bill was paid until the end of the month, his phone bill. He needed his cell phone to survive. He didn't have a private line in Mrs. Chu's house.

"Hello?"

"Larry? It's Phil." Phil watched cars pull in and out of

the busy parking lot.

"Hello, Phil."

"You...uh...you got any work for me?"

"I didn't think you wanted to do gay porn anymore?"

"I need the cash," Phil whispered, using his thumb and index finger to rub his eyes.

"Strictly bottom."

"I know."

"When can you come by?"

"Now? I've just finished at the gym. You know. All pumped up still. Lookin' good."

"Come straight over."

"I have my dancing gig tonight. Can we get it done?"

"You get hard, give me my money shot and we're done."

"Right." Phil nodded, he knew the score.

"See you in a few?"

"Yeah. About fifteen."

"Good."

Phil disconnected the line and tossed his phone into his gym bag. He hated doing fucking porn.

~

Chris pocketed his key and left the house, driving north to Van Nuys. He listened to an audio book on his way. *Deep Six* by Clive Cussler. Who had time to read? Everything he read was related to his field.

Chris pulled into the driveway of his parents' house, pausing to hear the end of the section and the good old NUMA agent Dirk Pitt's dialogue.

It seemed he was taking too long. His mother stood at the door with a puzzled expression on her face.

Chris shut off the engine and climbed out.

Calling Dr. Love

“What were you doing?”

“Listening to an audio book.” Chris kissed her cheek as he passed by her into the living room.

“Oh? Which book?” Leona Love closed the door behind him.

“*Deep Six.*”

“I won’t tell you how it ends.” She smirked.

“Please don’t.” He looked around. “Where’s Dad?”

“He’s here. I’m sure he’ll be right out.” Leona touched his arm. “Are you all right, Christopher?”

Always stunned when his mother could tell instantly he wasn’t, Chris nodded his head to brush off the comment. “I’m fine.”

“Go sit at the table.” She nudged him towards the kitchen. “Sol! Your son is here,” Leona called up the staircase.

“Coming!”

“What do you want to drink?” Leona brushed the hair back from Chris’ eyes.

“Anything.”

Leona gave him a long glance first and poured him fruit juice from a pitcher.

“Hello, Chris.”

“Hi, Dad.” Chris accepted his father’s peck on the cheek. “How are you both doing?”

“We’re fine. Busy.” Sol joined his son at the table as Leona filled two more tumblers and set the pitcher on the table.

“I hope you’re hungry.” Leona opened the oven and removed a quiche.

“I am. Starved.” Chris sipped his juice.

“How’s work?” Sol met his eyes.

His father was a retired cardiothoracic surgeon. Chris knew he didn't have to lie. "Tiring. I'm working like a dog. I've been doing some extra hours, pro bono, for the VA for some of the guys coming back from Iraq."

"Good for you, son. We're proud of you."

His mother rested the pie on a hotplate in the middle of the table. "Are you seeing anyone?"

"No. But ironically I met a man." Chris began slicing up the quiche efficiently.

"And?" Leona placed a large bowl of salad on the table, mixing it with tongs.

"We were locked in a store together at the mall during the blackout." Chris held up a wedge of quiche. "Dad?"

"Thanks, son." Sol raised his dish under the slice.

"Serve yourself, Christopher. I'll cut mine." After fussing around the kitchen frenetically, Leona finally dropped down in her chair, joining them.

Chris gave himself a generous piece of the crab and shrimp quiche. "We were stuck together in the pitch black dressing room at Nordy's. It was comical, actually."

"That's terrible." Leona passed Chris the salad. "How could you get locked in?"

"I don't know. Look, we were fine. We had a blast." Chris smiled at the memory.

"I don't want to know the gory details." Sol held up his hand.

"Don't worry." Chris chuckled. "I'll spare you."

"What's his name?" Leona asked, taking a bite of quiche.

"Phil Andrews."

"What does he do for a living?" Sol followed up with the predictable question.

Chris swallowed his food and grinned at his thoughts,

Calling Dr. Love

never imagining expressing them. “Uh. I don’t know. It didn’t come up.”

After a pause, Sol asked, “How old is he?”

“Twenty-five. Not jailbait, don’t worry.” Chris loved needling his parents. He didn’t know why. He just did. They had nothing to complain about. He was a goddamn surgeon.

“Christopher,” his mother chided softly.

“What? He’s gorgeous, sweet as sugar...and no dummy.” After Chris took another mouthful of food, he added, “He looks like Rock Hudson.” At his mother’s expression, Chris chuckled. “I swear. He does.”

“Are you seeing him again?” Sol didn’t appear pleased for some reason. Chris had thought they had completely accepted his alternative lifestyle. Obviously knowing about it and speaking about it were different notions to his father.

“I wish I was. He realized what I did for a living and fled.”

“That’s absurd.” Leona dabbed her lips with her napkin. “Why would he run away?”

“I suppose he was intimidated.” Chris felt his joviality drop as he thought about it. “It sucks really. I like him.”

“Intimidated? Why? What on earth does the man do? Collect unemployment checks?” Sol took another helping of quiche for himself. “I wouldn’t think it would take too much convincing to get him to date you again.”

“You’d be surprised, Dad. Ego is a big problem for men.”

“Why don’t you forget about him, Christopher? He’s probably a waiter or some other low paying employee somewhere.”

“Don’t be a snob, Dad.” Chris rested his fork on his empty plate. “That’s why I don’t discriminate. Most men in high-powered professions are so full of their own self-importance, they make me sick.”

“Another slice, Chris?” Leona offered as if to stem off the argument.

“I’m good.”

“Do you at least know where he lives?” Leona obviously was trying to appear supportive.

“No. Somewhere in West Hollywood.”

“That doesn’t narrow it down very well.” She scooped salad out of the bowl, loading her plate.

“No. It doesn’t.”

“Will you look for him?” Leona shifted in her chair.

“I don’t know. If he doesn’t want me...” Chris pouted, shrugging his shoulders.

“How could he not want you?” She cupped Chris’ face. “You’re perfect.”

“Thanks. But you’re biased.” Chris smiled.

“Any man or woman would be lucky to have you.”

“Okay, Mom. Enough.” Chris nudged her fingers away from his jaw.

“Look, sweetie, if it’s meant to be, it’ll be,” she said.

“True.” Chris wished it was ‘meant to be’ between he and Phil. He doubted it.

“What else is going on in your life?” Sol changed the topic. “Any plans for Christmas or the New Year?”

Chris cringed at the notion of the midnight celebration on his own. He didn’t have the stomach for it.

~

“Oh...yeah...fuck me...fuck me...” On his hands and knees, Phil pretended to be enthused as a man wearing only a pair of beige work boots, white socks, and a yellow hard hat, was nailing his ass.

If Phil stopped concentrating he’d lose his hard-on, and that wouldn’t be good.

Calling Dr. Love

“Take it, ya fucker. Take it!”

Yeah, yeah, what-fucking-ever. Phil just wanted to finish and go home and sleep. He was exhausted.

After nearly ten minutes straight of getting penetrated anally, Phil’s co-star pulled out of him. Phil heard the man snap off the rubber, and felt hot come spatter his ass. *Finally. Jesus.* Phil jacked off, thinking of Chris sucking his cock, and came for the camera.

“Cut!”

Phil stood up. He was stiff and achy after being on all fours for so long. He used a towel to wipe the lube and come off his butt and began getting dressed.

“Good job,” Larry said.

“Thanks.” Phil took the paycheck and read the amount. It would pay his rent and maybe one more bill. “Want me back tomorrow?”

Larry raised his eyebrow at him. “Fallen on hard times, kid?”

“Yeah. Really sucks.” Phil folded the check and slipped it into his shirt pocket.

“Fine. How about this. I’ll pay you more if you take it at both ends simultaneously.”

“How much more?”

“Five hundred.”

“Okay.”

“Be here at ten.”

Phil sat down gingerly to lace his shoes, wary of his well-worked bottom. Once he was dressed he waved, “See you guys in the morning.”

They waved back as he left.

On his way home Phil stopped at the bank to cash half and deposit half of the check. With a few hundred in his wallet, he headed home.

G.A. Hauser

He entered through the back door, hungry but too tired to scrounge for food. Phil kicked off his shoes and dropped face down on his messy bed.

Instantly he heard a knock.

“Pheel? Pheel? You der?”

Groaning, Phil forced himself to get off the bed and removed the money from his wallet. After he unlocked the door he handed it to Mrs. Chu. “Here.”

She counted it. “Thank you.”

“No problem.” He closed the door and collapsed onto the mattress again. “Easy come, easy go.” He shut his eyes and fell fast asleep.

Chapter Four

Phil undressed in a small, cluttered back room, securing his wallet and watch in a cubical locker. Two other men, Rhandi and Hootie were adjusting their tiny g-strings in the mirror and rubbing oil on their chests. Phil made sure his balls were covered with the shiny gold lame' pouch before he reached for the oil.

"You all right, Philly? You look sad." Rhandi pouted his lower lip dramatically.

"Life's pretty fucked up at the moment."

"Aw..." Rhandi approached Phil, helping him massage the oil into his skin. "Wanna talk to Mama about it?"

Phil laughed softly. "Yeah. Ya got a few thousand bucks to lend me?"

"I wish!"

Hootie drew closer. "You got money trouble, bro?"

"Yeah. Never mind. I'll be okay." Phil handed Hootie back the oil.

"The economy's tight. Ya gotta cut back." Hootie poured another palm full of baby oil. "Get rid of the fancy wheels, Philly."

"Agh! No! I draw the line somewhere, and I will not give up my car." Phil waited patiently as Hootie coated his back for him with oil.

“How much you paying for that thing per month?”

“None of your business,” Phil chided softly so it wouldn’t sound harsh, enjoying Hootie’s massage.

“Philly,” Rhandi crooned, “Listen to Mother...give up the fancy car.”

“No. I’ll be okay.” Suddenly Phil regretted boasting about his brand new Mazda RX8. Phil reciprocated the oiling and coated Rhandi’s back, while he did Hootie’s, as they stood in a tight circle.

“How are you paying for it?” Hootie wiped his hands on a towel.

“I said I’m managing.” Phil gestured for the towel.

“Don’t whore.” Hootie pointed his finger at his face.

“Leave me alone.” Phil swatted it away.

Rhandi interlaced his hands behind Phil’s head, craning his neck upward from the huge difference in their height. “You’re too wonderful to sell your body, Philly. Don’t.”

“I’m not. I’m doin’ a little porn, that’s all.”

“Oh, Philleee,” Rhandi whined.

Phil removed Rhandi’s hold and backed up. “We gotta get out there.”

“All right, babe, but don’t kill yourself to pay for a fucking piece of metal and chrome.” Hootie gave Phil an admonishing look. “Take the damn bus!”

“Yeah. Sure.” Phil nudged him. “I already walk here because the parking sucks. So shut up and go.”

“Go-Go!” Rhandi swung his hands over his head and began dancing.

Moose, the owner, waved them over. “Phil, you dance by the door.”

“Okay.” It’s where he usually ended up to draw more men in.

Calling Dr. Love

“Later, sweetie!” Rhandi waved as he boogied to his spot.

Seeing a few patrons had already propped themselves up on the bar or slouched at the tables near the front windows, Phil stepped up to his platform and made eye contact with the men who were staring at him in anticipation.

The music changed and grew louder as the inside lights dimmed and he and his fellow dancers were bathed in blue and red spotlights with an occasional white strobe blast.

Phil warmed quickly in the close air, giving a simple pivot of his hips and swaying his arms over his head. He wasn't performing a private show at the moment and needed to gradually change his demeanor, like getting into character in acting. Too many intruding thoughts were running through his conscious brain at the moment to feel like a walking sex toy.

He occasionally glanced out through the window at the sidewalk where men pausing to watch him. The sight of his nearly nude writhing flesh usually coaxed them inside. That was the idea. Lure men in. Get them drunk. Make them spend their hard earned cash.

It didn't take long for the room to fill with clientele. The riot of noise, talking, shouting, and laughing, competed with the throbbing beat of the music. By midnight all the chaos usually gave Phil a headache.

The increase in business brought what he was waiting for. Cash. Cold, hard cash.

As greenbacks were waved his way, Phil dropped to his knees and thrust his pelvis out. Most men were polite and obeyed the rules, wrapping the money around the side of the g-string. A few, already intoxicated, chose to dig down the front to cop a feel. He was used to it.

Within minutes Phil had so much money hanging off him he had to gather it before he fell out as he danced. The

bartender, Carlos, took it for him, stuffing it into his envelope which was kept by the cash register.

An old man with a Donald Trump comb-over waved a hundred dollar bill at him. "How about a lap dance, gorgeous?" he asked over the din.

Phil hopped off the platform and began a private dance. Sweat ran down Phil's oiled skin in tickling drops. He straddled the old man's chair, pushing his dick in the guy's face.

It seemed to amuse the man.

Phil knew damn well that 'Ben Franklin' wouldn't see the inside of his g-string until the man was satisfied he'd gotten his money's worth. In order to get the dance finished and return to the platform for more tips, Phil began lowering the string at his hip, giving the guy a nice glimpse of what he could never hope to have in his lifetime, his dick.

With half his cock and all his pubic hair were exposed, Phil placed both his hands on the back of the man's chair and practically shoved his crotch against the man's drooling lips.

Around them the group of intoxicated patrons hooted and whistled like a pack of hounds.

Phil swayed his package in front of the old man and tried not to drip sweat on the bastard. Though Phil figured the guy wouldn't object.

The hundred began to elevate to tease Phil, hovering over his navel. *Come on. Just shove it in and let me go.*

The man's free hand massaged Phil's balls as his saggy-baggy eyes met Phil's gaze greedily. Phil forced a smile. *Yeah, yeah, ya touched it. Lucky you.*

Finally the money went down the front of his lowered pouch. Was the hundred worth a good grope of his cock? He didn't want to think about it. Phil back up slowly, giving the guy a sensuous wink in thanks though he wanted to slap

Calling Dr. Love

him for molesting him. Phil was about to climb back to his spot when several other men began coaxing him over, waving very large denominations of currency.

My lucky night. Phil sighed with mixed emotions. He was shot and in need of a break, but seeing fifties, hundreds, wads of twenties, all aimed his way, demanded he continue.

Going from chair to chair, Phil tried to give these hungry letches what they wanted. None of it was what he wanted.

Phil loved giving his attention and exotic dance to a lover. One man. No one in this tight circle of unsavory guests fit that description at the moment. He doubted they ever would.

~

Chris sipped green tea and reclined in front of his plasma screen television, growing tired of headline news. He surfed the channels and gave up, shutting the TV set, and finishing his tea. He rose up to rinse the mug in the kitchen sink before relocating to his study.

After booting up his computer, Chris read the latest medical journals he'd been putting off, enjoying the monumental advances in plastic surgery.

An hour and a half of reading behind him, Chris checked his wristwatch and yawned, stretching his back tiredly. Saturday night and he was alone again. Did he mind?

He wasn't sure of the answer to that question. On one hand he liked his privacy and the peace and quiet of his home by the sea. On the other, it sometimes felt lonely.

The only thing he had planned tomorrow was a round of golf with his father.

Was he content? Sort of.

The icons vanished off the computer screen. Chris made his way to the bathroom to wash up before undressing for

bed. Once he was curled under the blankets he lay awake.

Phil.

Phil Andrews.

“You beautiful fucker. I bet you light the damn room on fire when you dance in your skimpy outfit. You son of a bitch.” Chris felt his cock swell. He looked over at the side of the bed where Phil had positioned himself for a good fucking.

“Which club? Which fucking club?” Chris stroked himself. “There are so many in West Hollywood. Should I call you? Ask you?” His dick engorged with thoughts of that man. Chris pushed the covers down to his knees. “You don’t want me. Why don’t you want me?”

Jacking off became difficult with the onset of his angry thoughts. He stopped moving his hand and tried to bring his focus back to he and Phil screwing, sucking Phil’s cock. It was no use. The distraction of Phil’s rejection was winning.

Chris tugged the blankets up in frustration and tried to sleep. After a half hour of tossing and turning, he left the bed in fury and took a sleeping pill.

Before he crawled back into the sheets, Chris sat down on the edge of the bed and rested his face in his hands. He was so tired he was overtired. “Phil. Jesus, Phil.”

He wanted him. He missed him. This sucked.

~

Between sets Phil guzzled booze. So many men were offering him drinks his head was swimming.

The sweat poured out of him in running rivulets as he tried to quench his thirst. Between the plastic bottles of spring water, shot after shot of liquor was placed in front of him.

“Last set, sweetie.” Rhandi rubbed Phil’s soaked back.

“Last set.” Phil threw the remaining alcohol in the glass

Calling Dr. Love

down his throat feeling it burn. He stood, using a towel to wipe his face and neck and made his way to the platform again.

Cheers, whistles and catcalls rang out in a cacophony of noise. Phil felt a headache pounding his temples.

The music grew deafening and the crowd was so dense Phil could no longer see the dirty floor.

The minute he began his routine, hands waved money like flags and ribbons at a parade.

Before he could even acknowledge the gestures, cash was stuffed into his strings and pouch. Again his skimpy outfit was loaded with cash. Phil made a sweep of the protruding bills and passed the wad off to Carlos who gave him a wink at the quantity.

Another patron nearing his sixties drew his attention, the Almighty Dollar was the incentive.

Phil leapt off the platform and stalked him like a cougar. *Money. Give me your fucking money you rich aging codger.*

Phil ground his hips in front of the bald old man, feeling a wash of intoxication catch up to him. The commotion around him began to blur, Phil steadied himself on the chair the old man was slouched in. Phil focused on the man's creased face to give him some clarity in the haze.

Two one hundred dollar bills were the prize if he pleased. *Give it to me. Come on. Come on.* Phil chanted the words in his head as he thrust his full pouch under the man's nose. The man used his free hand to touch Phil's naked ass. Phil bent his knees and did squat thrusts, tightening his glutes up to rock. *You want it? You want it?*

The hundreds came closer to being tucked into his get-up.

That's it, Grandpa. Give the little boy his allowance.

The calloused hand smoothed over the taut flesh of

Phil's ass cheek, massaging it.

Phil fought another level of intoxication as the sweat poured out of his skin like a sieve.

Soon the money began to descend into Phil's pouch, the skimpy piece of lame' began to move down his pelvis.

The level of noise became painful as men cheered, "Go! Go!" stomping and clapping in time.

Phil knew exactly what this fucker wanted. A look. He wanted a fucking look. *Go ahead, Granddad. Feast your eyes on my big dick.*

The old man watched Phil's expression, as if he thought Phil would push him away, punch him, stop this illegal act. *Nope. Come on. Let's get this fucking show on the road!*

The top of his soft cock as it lay over his balls became visible. The crowd around them was going berserk as if this was the final seconds in a tied football game and the kicker had just been called on for a field goal.

Phil gently ground his hips in a circle, allowing the man to do the deed. Phil almost yanked his damn clothes off himself the man was taking so long.

The gold lame' lowered a little more.

Ya got a long way to go, Gramps, to get to the end of this dick! God, I hate this shit!

As if the man finally realized Phil was not going to deck him, he got a better grip on the front of the tiny piece of cloth and drew downwards with more purpose.

The strings rode down both Phil's hips. Phil watched his cock drop out of the pouch, balls included. "You like it?" Phil asked in the noise which hit a crescendo when his entire dick was waving in the air.

The man appeared mesmerized as Phil swayed it in front of him like a hypnotist with a pocket watch. With one quick thrust, Phil pushed his soft cock near the man's face, retreating with a laugh. The shock on the man's expression

Calling Dr. Love

was priceless.

Or maybe worth two hundred bucks.

Instantly the money was pressed under Phil's balls into the cloth pouch.

Phil backed up, flipped his prick back into the g-string and began to dance again. A mad crush of cash being waved in his direction followed.

Christ, I'm tired! Phil moaned in agony in his aching head.

He treated a few more customers to a private lap dance, which now included a free peek as well. After all, he had set a precedence. Phil allowed the old and ugly to get a look, sniff and quick grope of his anatomy.

The owner signaled for him it was quitting time.

Thank fuck! Phil backed away from the men who didn't want him to go and made his way behind the bar. Carlos handed him his overflowing envelope.

"Hell of a night, Phil. Hell of a night."

"Thanks, Carlos."

"Go home. Get some rest."

Phil assumed he looked as spent as he felt.

He met Rhandi and Hootie in the backroom to change and exchange stories and share a laugh.

"Shoved it in his fucking face." Phil zipped his fly.

"You are so bad!" Rhandi giggled.

"Two hundred bucks bad."

"Damn!" Hootie shook his head. "I swear you make twice what we do. It's those damn Rock Hudson looks of yours."

"Who knows?" Phil stuffed the cash into his shirt. "Christ, I've got the worst fucking headache."

"Go home." Rhandi touched Phil's arm gently. "See

you Thursday.”

“See ya.” Phil left through the back door and was glad he was walking. He knew damn well he was over the alcohol limit. He barely ate a thing all day and he didn’t need a DUI on his record.

Someone was waiting in the shadows.

Phil realized it was the old codger who had given him the infamous two hundred dollars. “Here we fucking go.” Phil sighed.

“Wait.”

Phil paused, inhaling the cool night air into his lungs deeply.

The older man rushed up to him. “I know you must be exhausted.”

“I am. I’m wiped.”

“See me. I’ll make it worth your while.”

“You kidding? I can’t get it up now. I’m fucking drunk and exhausted.”

“Tomorrow.”

“Christ.” *I’m not a whore! I’m not a fucking whore!* Phil rubbed his eyes in agony as his head pounded.

“Tell me how much.”

Yes, he needed money. But he didn’t need it that much. What he did in the club was illegal and his acts at the porn studio were bad enough. “I gotta go. Sorry.” Phil kept walking, trying to sober up. He noticed the man staring at him.

“Must suck getting old and having to pay for it.” Phil strolled down the steep driveway of the back lot. He even waved at the old guy.

Phil finally made it home. He was literally dead on his feet. He groped his way in the darkness to the back of the cottage almost knocking over a garbage can. The minute he

Calling Dr. Love

was inside, he stuffed two aspirins in his mouth swallowing them with a few gulps at a quart carton of orange juice from his miniature fridge. He kicked off his shoes and jeans, dropped down on his bed, hid the wad of bills under his pillow and collapsed on top of it, falling asleep.

Chapter Five

Poised on the green of Lost Canyon's scenic golf course, Chris waited as his dad took a swing with his driver and smacked the ball in a high arc into the sun.

"Well done, Dad."

"Thanks, Christopher." Sol wedged the wood back into the golf bag.

"What's Mom up to today?" Chris sat behind the wheel of the golf cart as his dad climbed in next to him.

"Errands, shopping. I'm not sure."

Chris drove them over the hilly landscape.

"Are you all right?" Sol asked.

Chris felt his father's stare on his profile. Chris exhaled deeply and rubbed his coarse unshaven jaw. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you're very quiet. It's unlike you. The time we spend on the course is usually filled with nice conversation."

Not knowing how to answer him, Chris concentrated on where he was going.

"Christopher."

He parked and shut off the cart. "I'm lonely. Okay?"

Sol gestured for him to continue.

"I keep busy during the week," Chris felt like he was at

Calling Dr. Love

confession, “you know, with work. But sometimes the week nights feel a bit long and the weekends, well...” Chris ran his fingers through his hair.

“Ever think of trying a dating service?”

“No.” Chris laughed in embarrassment.

“What about clubs?”

“Night clubs?”

“I was thinking more of social clubs. Like here at Lost Canyon. Surely there must be—”

“Available gay men?” Chris climbed out of the cart. “Forget it, Dad.” Chris removed the seven iron from his bag.

“It’d be easier if you were interested in women.”

Chris didn’t even want to go in that direction. He approached his ball and eyed the hole which was still way off in the distance.

“What about this Phil Andrews fellow?”

Chris jolted at his name, cut a divot in the green grass and watched his ball roll lazily away.

“Sorry,” Sol apologized but Chris could hear him stifling a laugh.

After replacing the chunk of sod and stomping it down, Chris didn’t answer and set up for the shot again. *What about Phil? What about Phil? Like I haven’t given that enough thought?*

Chris took a swipe at the ball.

“Chris.”

“Dad,” Chris said in the same serious tone playfully.

“I think the fact that Phil was intimidated by you is because he doesn’t know you. I’m sure if you see him again you can explain that you’re not some kind of pompous ass.”

“I don’t know what to do.” Chris replaced his iron, and

took out his dad's to give to him.

"You're almost thirty-four. That's a long time to be alone."

"The med school and residency was so demanding I had no time."

"You're not in medical school any longer. Stop making excuses."

"It's hard to go after a man that doesn't want me."

Sol shook his head before he placed himself in a position to swing at the ball. "He wants you."

"How the hell do you know that?" Chris laughed at his father's strangely compelling comment.

"Believe me. He'd be crazy not to."

Chris kept still and quiet as his dad swung at the golf ball, sending it closer to the flag. Chris wasn't so sure Phil wanted him. Phil most likely had a different gorgeous hunk to shack up with every night.

~

Phil stood in front of hot lights wearing tight jeans, a cowboy hat and boots. He was already tired. Though he'd slept almost nine hours, he'd only eaten a slice of toast for breakfast and felt his stomach grumbling.

He checked the time on his watch. He wanted to get to the gym as well today. Sometimes the filming was quick, at other times the men struggled to come. This wasn't a good day.

Phil used the collar of his denim shirt to wipe his sweaty face, waiting for his cue.

The star of this cheap production, 'Packenman' was getting instructions from Larry.

What the hell is there to know? Jesus! It's sex, not a blockbuster.

Phil tried to keep his face passive and hide his

Calling Dr. Love

frustration. He'd never had a problem shooting his load. *What are you, gay for pay, asshole? Come on! I paid for the fucking gym, I want to use it.*

"Okay, men. From the top." Larry swirled his finger in the air meaning, begin filming.

Phil leaned against the fake wooden fence and adjusted his hat lower on his forehead. Drops of sweat ran down his armpits and chest he was so hot in the stuffy bright room.

"Hey, Tex."

"Hey." Phil nodded in greeting, hoping the fucker would get it right.

"You the new cattle hand?"

"Yup."

"Mighty nice." Packenman caressed between Phil's thighs.

"You want some?" Phil spread his legs.

"Wouldn't mind."

"Come git it." Phil opened his zipper.

Packenman lowered Phil's tight jeans to his boots. Phil watched the second man entering the scene.

"Watcha doin', boss?" the second man asked.

"Breakin' in the new boy, Jeb. Wanna help?"

"Hell yeah."

Jeb exposed his semi-erect dick and flapped it at Phil. "Suck it, new boy."

Phil got down on his knees, closed his eyes and imaged Chris. Phil held Jeb by his hips and drew his dick into his mouth as Peckenman slid his sheathed dick into Phil's hole. Still tender from the amount of fucking he'd endured the day before, Phil fought the pain and tried to lose himself on memories of Chris' body. He wished he'd had a chance to suck Chris again. Wished that very badly.

“Ride em cowboy!” Jeb hooted, fucking Phil’s mouth.

Phil forced his features to remain in control, taking it hard from both ends. It was supposed to be thrilling, not uncomfortable.

It felt like hours. His jaw began to tire and his ass grew raw. Phil felt his own cock losing interest and battled with his brain to keep it at least semi-erect.

Jeb’s cock jerked between his lips and Phil tasted a drop of pre-come on his tongue. Instantly Jeb pulled away from Phil, jacking off frantically and spurting ropes of come all over Phil’s jaw and neck. Phil grabbed his own dick and fisted it closing his eyes and envisioning Chris.

Peckenman pulled out of Phil’s hole, removed the condom and spattered Phil’s ass cheeks with his sperm.

Phil grunted as he came, his juice hitting the sawdust on the floor.

“Cut!”

Phil got to his feet slowly and was handed a towel. He wiped the spunk off his face, neck, and butt, tossing it aside, catching his breath.

“That’s it, guys. Good job.”

“Thank fuck,” Phil muttered quietly and handed the cowboy hat off to an assistant, unbuttoning the shirt. After he’d changed into his own clothing, he approached Larry for his paycheck.

“Good work.” Larry held out the envelope.

“Thanks,” Phil replied, barely audible. He opened the flap and instantly caught Larry’s eyes.

Larry smiled. “Christmas bonus.”

“No shit?”

“No shit. Give your ass a rest, will ya? I don’t want to see you for at least a week. Oh. I need your test results next time.”

Calling Dr. Love

“Okay. Thanks, man.” Phil extended his hand.

“No problem.” Before Phil left, Larry asked, “Are you still dancing? Or did that job vanish on you?”

“I’m still dancing. Why?”

“I just thought it explained the shortage of cash.”

Phil blushed. “I’m just not very frugal. I need to stop spending.”

“Ah.” Larry acknowledged him, pointing an admonishing finger at him. “Stop blowing it. Save. You won’t be gorgeous forever.”

“I know. Thanks.” Phil waved at him and the rest of the group, leaving through a back door. He stared at the check as he walked to his car, imagining putting some of it into savings but he had too many unpaid bills. His credit card debt was terrifying if he thought about it.

Even still, the urge to head to the mall and buy new clothing was almost too strong to resist. Since it was Sunday, Phil decided to wait until the morning to deposit it. He wanted some cash out of it to enjoy. Fuck it. He didn’t go through all that misery not to get something out of it.

Phil sat gingerly in the driver’s seat and folded the envelope neatly into his wallet before he started the car. His stomach grumbled and complained loudly. “All right. I hear ya.” He stopped at a drive-through fast food place before heading home.

Phil kicked off his shoes and sat on his bed to eat his burger and fries, looking around at the disarray. He planned to eat, try and straighten up his hovel, and then go work out.

Stuffing the rest of the burger into his mouth, he sipped the cola and sat back against the wall, eating the fries a few at a time. The meal was devoured in seconds he was so hungry.

He crushed the trash up in its bag, tossing it out, then surveyed the disaster around him. One by one he picked up

the clothing from the floor and the bed, checking to see if it needed washing. Most, if not all, did. He filled a laundry basket, glad Mrs. Chu allowed him to use her washer and dryer.

He managed to get the room presentable and stared at his bed. Tired again. Always tired.

Since he decided to wait to go to the gym after his laundry was done, Phil stretched out on his bed and stared at the ceiling.

Dr. Christopher James Love.

"I can't get you out of my fucking mind." He scrubbed at his eyes in anger. Phil wondered if he was too worn out physically to see him anyway. He couldn't get fucked at the moment and the parting was not amiable. He saw to that.

Closing his eyes, Phil struggled to recall their meeting. Yes, the groping in the dark dressing room was awesome, but the time at Chris' beach house was the direction his thoughts headed.

"Why did I leave like that? Do I really think I'm less of a man than you are just because you've got fucking PHDs on the wall?"

He bit his lip and answered his own question, "Yes." *Look at me. I'm living hand to mouth in a squat, bills overflowing my mailbox, fast food for meals, and a sore fucking ass!*

"And you, Dr. Love?" Phil asked bitterly. "Fine wine? Tennis at the club? Hobnobbing with your elite surgeon friends? I bet I haven't even crossed your fucking mind."

When his eyes filled, Phil cursed himself and dabbed at the corner. "Ya fucking baby! Grow up!"

Phil tossed on the bed, crushing the pillow under his jaw, clenching his teeth on the linen to hold back his rage.

His butt throb from the pounding it took two days in a row. A shudder of anguish made its way out of him. *Don't*

Calling Dr. Love

cry. Don't cry!

Phil felt the urge to contact Chris so badly it was like a physical ache. But he fucked up. He rejected the man. It's over. It's over...let it go.

Purposely inhaling deeply to relax, Phil nestled into the bedding and fell asleep.

~

Phil hung up the clean clothing in his one overflowing closet and folding his t-shirts and briefs to lie in his dresser drawers. He finished sorting the laundry and filled his gym bag with clean shorts, briefs and a tee. Phil left, taking the bag of dry cleaning with him, locked his door and headed to his car. Even with a nap he felt weary. All he wanted to do was sleep lately.

On the way to the gym Phil dropped off the dry cleaning and tried not to think about the expense of getting all his fine garments cleaned professionally. He liked to look sharp. It was the image he aspired to; fancy clothes, sports car, flash and pomp. No one needed to know his real financial situation.

He passed the free clinic, checking the time on his watch. Phil knew had to get another blood test for Larry. Being in the porn industry, Phil had to get monthly AIDS tests.

He made a mental note to do it tomorrow because it was closed over the weekend. Phil parked in the gym's crowded lot and carried his bag to the reception desk. Since he had paid his monthly dues he actually met the clerk's eyes and greeted him. "Hey."

"Hey, dude," the young man flirted, "Watched *Boys of Steel* last night. You're awesome."

"Thanks." Phil set the pen down after he signed in.

"Are you still dancing at Flirts?"

"Yeah. Thursday through Saturday."

“Damn. Been meaning to get there.”

“I look forward to seeing you.” Phil winked at him and walked to the locker. “You’ll be one of the few young men there, sweetie pie,” he said under his breath.

~

Chris stretched out on his bed, a medical journal hovering over his face as he read. It was nearing four and he was tired and in need of a nap. He tossed the magazine on his nightstand, rubbed his face and yawned. The December day was vanishing and the bedroom had grown dim.

When the phone rang, he checked the caller ID. It read ‘cellular phone’ and he didn’t recognize the number. His heart beating quicker, hoping it was Phil, Chris sat up and grabbed the receiver. “Hello?”

“Chris? It’s Sebastian.”

Deflating, Chris ran his fingers through his hair, trying to wake up from his stupor. “Hey. What’s up?”

“I know you’re swamped with your own work, but do you have an hour to volunteer this week?”

In a useless gesture, Chris checked his watch as if it would tell him his weekly planner. “Hang on.” He walked to the kitchen where he had a calendar hanging on the wall. “I could squeeze you in. Does it matter when?”

“No. Anytime. With the run up to Christmas the flu season has kicked into high gear. I’m calling in all my favors.”

“You’re a good doctor.” Chris smiled.

“And so are you. That’s why I called.”

“I’ll be there. I can’t tell you when at the moment, but once I get to the office tomorrow I’ll know better.”

“Fair enough. Thanks, Chris. I mean that.”

“Don’t worry about it. How’re Sarah and the kids?”

“Good. The kids are bouncing off the walls being off

Calling Dr. Love

school for two weeks, but we're doing well. How are you?"

"I'm fine." Chris felt as if he were lying.

"Good. Let me go. I've got my list of calls in front of me."

"Okay. I'll see you sometime this week."

"Thanks, Chris."

Chris headed back to the bedroom and set the phone into the cradle on his nightstand. Pausing. Thinking. Christmas was this Thursday and he was dreading it, hanging out with his parents was getting old.

"I need a goddamn life."

~

Phil dropped his gym bag on the floor and turned on a light. It was after five and pitch dark outside. He took his damp workout gear out of the duffle bag, tossing it into the hamper and hung up his towel.

"Pheel? You dare?"

Phil wondered what Mrs. Chu wanted, hoping he didn't break her washing machine. He unlocked and opened the connecting door.

"You hungry? I make too much."

He smelled delicious food in the air. "Starved."

"Come." She waved him to follow. "You sit."

Making himself comfortable on a chair at the table for four, Phil studied her modest kitchen. A large wok was centered on a ring on a burner and several empty bowls were stacked on a counter. She heaped a pile of noodles on his plate, then added stir fry vegetables and pork.

The steaming dish was set before him. "Wow. It looks excellent, Mrs. Chu."

"Plenty more. Eat."

It was only the second time in the two years he had

lived in her spare bedroom that they had eaten together. The first was when he originally moved in to get acquainted. From then on he was late on the rent and knew it annoyed her. Not to mention their weekday schedules never overlapped.

With a set of chopsticks, Phil took a mouthful of the food and moaned. "Mm."

She giggled as she joined him. "Is good?"

"You should open a restaurant."

"My brother has. He has good food." She started eating.

"You never told me that." Phil dabbed his chin with a napkin.

"You no ask."

"I suppose we don't know very much about each other, do we, Mrs. Chu?"

"Suppose not. We private. So, we no ask. Is okay."

"Thank you for inviting me for dinner. I was really hungry."

"Why you live in back my house? You so handsome and young? You should have own place by now. And wife?"

He cringed. "Are you planning on evicting me?"

"No. No evict yet. No." She ate a few more morsels of food. "I just don't get you. That's all."

"I don't get me either." Phil tried to make light of it, but it killed him. Phil asked, "Will you be spending Christmas with your family?"

"Yes. In San Francisco. You?"

Phil shrugged, not wanting to admit he wasn't. "I'm not sure."

"Is Thursday!" she said. "No time to no be sure...you want more?"

Calling Dr. Love

“Yes, please.” He straightened up in the chair not realizing he’d been gobbling the excellent meal.

She refilled his plate, chuckled and shook her head.

He knew what she was thinking. *Poor, sad schmuck.*

An hour later after the small talk and meal, Phil locked his door and stared at his four walls. He had friends. He could call someone to ease his loneliness. He just didn’t have the energy.

He approached his folding table with the one folding chair and hot plate. Phil moved aside the cereal boxes and found a bottle of Smirnoff, pouring a juice glass half full. He plopped down on the folding chair and sipped the vodka.

Where are you, Chris? Fancy dinner at Spago? Screwing a fellow doc? Where?

~

In the dark, Chris was splayed out on his bed. It was too early to sleep and there was nothing on the television, not to mention he had to get up early in the morning. His hands behind his neck, propping up his head, Chris closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, meditating, trying to unwind.

Phil. Where are you, Phil? Humping some luscious pretty boy? Where the hell are you?

Chapter Six

After stopping at the bank, Phil parked his car in the crowded lot and pocketed the keys. He walked briskly to the entrance, hiding his face from people passing. He didn't know why it was embarrassing to be seen going to a free clinic, it just was.

He tore a ticket with a number on it at the counter and judged the quantity of patients in the waiting area, knowing it may take some time. Since he didn't have anything else to do but go shopping or hit the gym, and he couldn't afford to buy anything, Phil picked up a *Sports Illustrated* back issue and sat down in a chair between two women, each with a child in tow.

He crossed his legs, skimming the magazine for handsome men, while he tried not to make eye contact with anyone.

Forty minutes later his number was called. He had long ago finished browsing old magazines and was dozing.

Sluggish from being seated, Phil followed the nurse who gestured for him to hop on a scale in the hall. She recorded his weight and escorted him to an examination room. With his jacket draped over his arm, Phil sat on the paper covered table.

The nurse asked him his personal information and began filling out a form. "What are you here for today, Mr.

Calling Dr. Love

Andrews?”

“My monthly AIDS test.” He tried not to blush but it wasn’t possible.

“Any high risk activities?”

“I do gay porn, but it’s with condoms.”

She scribbled notes. “Any complaints about your health?”

“I’m exhausted.”

“Are you getting enough sleep?”

“I think so.”

“What about your diet?” She wrapped a blood pressure cuff around his biceps. “Are you eating well?”

“I try.” He knew his diet sucked.

“Are you exercising?”

“Daily.”

“Do you take any non-prescription drugs?”

“No.”

She listened quietly for a moment through her stethoscope. When she had her numbers, she unwrapped the cuff. “One twenty over eighty.”

“Good?”

“Good.” She smiled at him, jotted down his info, and opened a drawer. She set a needle with a test tube attached aside and put rubber gloves on.

He held out his left arm for her to jab.

“This will feel like a little pinch.”

“Okay.” He’d done it a hundred times and still couldn’t watch. The needle stuck him and a second later she removed it.

“Hold this.”

Phil pushed the cotton ball into the injection site and bent his elbow. He waited as she labeled the tube with his

name and birthday.

When she had placed the tube upright into a tray, she examined the puncture wound and replaced the cotton with an adhesive strip. "There you go. You'll get the results in a day or two in the mail."

"Great. Thanks."

"Anything else we can do for you, Mr. Andrews? Would you like to speak to a doctor about being tired?"

He gave it a quick thought and decided he'd rather not know he was dying of some hideous disease. The AIDS test was already bad enough, and he needed the results for work. "No. Thanks."

"If it's any consolation," she smiled, "everyone has the same complaint. Especially this time of year."

He laughed softly.

"Happy Holidays, Mr. Andrews." She opened the door and passed through it.

"You too." He slid off the examination table and followed her out. The minute he was in the hall he recognized a voice and spun around quickly.

Chris was handing a file off to a nurse. In his white lab coat, suit and tie, Dr. Love looked like a million bucks. *Son of a bitch! What the hell's a plastic surgeon doing here?*

Panic stricken he'd be seen by this refined doctor, getting an AIDS test at a free clinic, Phil blocked the view of his face and hurried away.

~

Chris thanked the medical assistant and snapped off his rubber gloves. He disposed of them in a trash can and glanced at pile of paperwork that waited for filing on a counter, seeing a familiar name. Chris grabbed the forms and looked around the corridor. Chris dashed to the waiting room, flung open the door and searched for Phil. Intent on catching him, Chris sprinted to the front of the building.

Calling Dr. Love

There was Phil climbing into his gold RX8.

“Phil!” Chris yelled, trying to garner his attention. He took a few vain steps closer as the sports car accelerated out of the lot.

Chris stood still for a moment as he watched it vanish into the congested traffic. He felt sick inside to have missed him, and he missed Phil. He missed him very badly.

~

Mortified that Chris may have seen him, or worse, would read his charts and realize what a nasty scumbag he was, Phil choked back his anger. “My life sucks!” He sped down the street.

Nightmare images haunted Phil of Chris calling him, accusing him of contaminating him after their contact. Phil rubbed at his coarse jaw in anxiety. “Jesus. What are the fucking odds? Why on earth was he there?”

He was trembling nervously as he stopped for a traffic light, chewing on the knuckle of his index finger in anxiety. Phil noticed a parking lot across the intersection. When the signal changed he pulled off and parked, resting his head on his arms on the steering wheel. Phil again felt spent. He wanted to go home and sleep. This was getting absurd. “I’ve got AIDS. I must have fucking AIDS.”

Petrified he’d passed something lethal on to Chris, Phil moaned and rocked back and forth in the bucket seat in agony.

His mind began to race. When he got the results he’d have to call Chris. He’d have to call Chris and tell him.

“Oh, God. Oh, God.” He shivered. “I’m such a worthless piece of shit.”

~

After two hours of volunteering, Chris removed his white coat and found Sebastian. “I have to run.”

Sebastian held out his hand. “Thanks, Chris. I’m really

grateful you came by.”

“I’ll do what I can. But you know I already do pro-bono work for the VA.”

“Do you? No, I had no idea. Don’t worry about coming back. We’ll manage.”

“I’ll be back. I just don’t know when.” Chris put his leather jacket on and removed his car keys from his trouser pocket.

“Have a Happy Holiday, Chris. Give my best to your mom and dad.”

“I will. Warm wishes to you, Sarah and the kids.” Chris waved, left through the back door and climbed into his car. He unfolded a piece of paper he had scribbled an address on, put the car into drive and headed to West Hollywood.

He slowed down to read house numbers. Chris spotted the gold Mazda parked on the street. “Shit. You’re home?” That forced him to make a decision he had not planned on making.

He stopped in front of the correct address. Chris studied the decent sized cottage and admired its quaint appeal. His mobile phone rang. Chris removed it from his pocket, checked the time, recognized the number, and answered. “I know. I’ll be there.”

“The waiting room is packed, Doctor.”

“Okay, Karen. I’m on my way.” Chris disconnected the call. “Well, that made my decision easier.” He drove off. “At least I now know where you live, Mr. Andrews.”

~

Phil packed his gym bag and felt like hell. Though he wanted to sleep another sixteen hours, he closed the door and dragged himself to his car. He was hungry. He’d had nothing to eat since dinner with Mrs. Chu the night before. It was after noon. Phil told himself he’d grab something after his workout. He hated exercising on a full belly.

Calling Dr. Love

Phil knew skipping meals was not helping him feel well, but also knew that starving was giving him the ‘ripped’ look everyone was after. He’d gotten used to being hungry. It wasn’t hard when you were broke.

~

Chris hurried to his private clinic using the back stairs. The minute he came through the door, he was descended upon by his staff. Chris exhaled a deep breath, hanging up his jacket on the back of his office door and placing his lab coat on. “Okay, Karen. Who’s first?”

“Mrs. Buehnor. She’s already in room one.”

“Thanks.” Chris took her chart and scanned it, entering the room. He found Mrs. Buehnor in her cotton gown and greeted her. “Sorry I’m a little late. How are you?”

“In need of liposuction,” she joked, grabbing the fat at her waist.

Chris placed her file on the counter and sat down. “Talk to me.” He tried not to be distracted by his need to contact Phil. He had a long work week ahead and one day off for Christmas Day. *Whoopee. Ho, ho, ho. Merry-fucking-Christmas.*

~

After pumping iron for an hour, Phil tugged his soaked tank top over his head and checked his body out in the mirror.

“Damn.”

Phil spun around to a young blonde woman who had paused to admire him.

“Not too skinny?” he asked.

“Skinny?” She choked. “Jesus. Can I touch you?”

“Where?” He smiled, raising a wary eyebrow.

She pointed to his chest. “There?”

“Okay. But I’m sweaty.”

"I know." She shifted her weight excitedly from leg to leg. "Delicious." Her manicured hand rested on top of his domed pectoral muscle.

He flexed it, making it jump up and down, grinning at her wickedly.

"Christ, you're amazing. How tall are you?" She gazed up at him in awe.

"Six three."

"Straight?"

"Nope."

"Sigh."

"You're still cute," he teased.

"Tempted?" She smoothed her hand to his sternum, licking her pink painted lips.

"Nope." Phil chuckled.

"Thanks for the feel." She gave him a big smile.

"You're welcome." Phil waved sweetly at her before returning his gaze back to his reflection. "Not too skinny? You sure?" he mumbled, trying to decide. His stomach had stopped complaining but he had a headache now. Over-hungry. He'd been here before many times.

He headed to the shower, intent on some pizza or another quick meal for his late lunch.

When he finally got home he craved another nap. One slice of pizza was his 'big' meal. It filled him enough, sating his hunger.

"Pheel?"

He opened the adjoining door. "Hello, Mrs. Chu."

"Mail for you."

"Thank you, hun." He took it from her, feeling more affection after she shared her dinner last night.

"You very welcome."

Calling Dr. Love

Phil closed the door, sifting through the bills. A few overdue reminders with red printing screamed at him to get his attention. Since he had a little reserve in the bank at the moment, he sat at his table and wrote a couple of bare minimum checks out. The total he owed two credit card companies petrified him. He sealed the envelopes, finding his last postage stamps and set them on the table to mail in the morning then he kicked off his shoes, dropping on the bed.

He could hear the television in the next room, closed his eyes, and fell asleep even though he had no intention of napping.

~

Chris pulled into his driveway and tapped the automatic garage door opener button as he did, parking the Cadillac. He paused for a moment to gather his thoughts as the block ticked while it cooled. After an afternoon of surgery he was exhausted.

He removed the post from the mailbox at the curb, making his way inside his front door. Chris kicked off his shoes and hung his jacket on a coat rack by the front door, then leafed through letters as he entered the kitchen. Chris tossed the pile of envelopes on the table and removed a bottle of wine and stemmed glass from the cupboard.

Sipping the dark red merlot, he sighed deeply and felt too tired to prepare a meal as the day caught up to him. He relaxed on a chair at the kitchen table and savored the wine.

Phil. Phil, Phil, Phil.

Chris removed the crumpled piece of paper out of his shirt pocket, unfolded it and pressed it against the table top. He had Phil's address and his cell phone number. He just couldn't bring himself to contact a man who had rejected him. It was the hardest thing to do and the possibility that Phil had seen him at the clinic and ran away from him, left Chris devastated.

G.A. Hauser

In this day of technology, you couldn't even call and hang up. Everyone had caller ID and could catch you. It sucked.

Chris threw the wine down his throat, set the stemmed glass down and rubbed his weary face. "I just want you in my arms again. Why is that so hard?"

Chapter Seven

Phil had the day to kill, and he wanted to stab it in the chest a few times to make sure it was dead. Monday through Wednesday was like being in solitary confinement. He preferred the end of the week when he had his dancing job to look forward to.

With too much time on his hands Chris usually ended up at the damn mall. The run up to Christmas made it so chaotic he ended up parking a mile away from the entrance. His hands stuffed into his pockets, his thoughts light years away from the present, he avoided the carloads of the half-dazed patrons who were trying to get closer parking spots while their screaming children distracted them.

Side-stepping a veering car to see its driver on the cell phone, Phil shook his head sadly and entered a store. Nordstrom's.

One crisp hundred dollar bill in his pocket from his lap dancing tips was begging to be exchanged for fashion.

Instinctively he found his way to the men's section. Phil noticed so many items on sale he could actually get more than one article if he was frugal.

Wives and girlfriends ripped through the half-priced rack like jackals on a carcass. Phil turned up his nose at the distasteful battle and headed to the designer labels. A snob with the budget of a beggar, that's what he was.

“Can I help you with anything, sir?”

Phil acknowledged the salesman, “Sure.”

“What are you looking for? A last minute Christmas gift?”

“Yes. For myself.” Phil smiled wryly.

“Those are the best kind.” The young man grinned.

“I know.” Phil wondered if he was flirting.

“We have a new selection of Armani suits.” The young man gestured and began leading the way. “You’re a big man, but I think we have something to fit you.”

What the hell do I need a suit for? Funerals? My funeral? “Sure. I’ll take a look.”

The salesman thumbed through the rack and held garments up to Phil’s chest judging their size and shade. Phil caught a glimpse of a price tag and stifled his choking gasp, keeping his expression blank. He allowed the salesman to carry a few business suits and dress shirts to the fitting room.

“Here you go.” The man hung everything on the hooks inside. “I’ll be back with some ties. Let me know if they fit okay.”

“Thanks.” Phil removed his suede jacket and hung it on another hook.

“I’ll be right back to check if you need a bigger size. If you need help or have any questions just ask.”

Phil closed the door and flipped the latch and kicked off his leather shoes. He paused. A wave of pleasure washed over him at a memory.

The stall he was in. It was the same one he occupied the night of the blackout. Phil sat on the ledge below the mirror, cupped his face in his hands and imagined that night again.

Chris and he lying on the floor in the total darkness, touching, sucking each other, not to mention that wonderful

Calling Dr. Love

moment by the red exit sign when they could finally see each other's faces.

Andreas Thorkildsen. Yes, Christopher James Love, you do look like the Norwegian gold medalist. A hell of a lot like him.

"Everything all right in there?" the young man asked.

Phil stood and removed his clothing. "Hang on."

"Don't rush. I'm just checking. I have some ties for you."

Phil tried on the shimmering dark suit and crisp dress shirt. He found his eyes in the mirror. Brown. Brown eyes. He wished his were blue like Chris'. *Chris, Chris, Chris...shit! I need to get you out of my head! This is torture!*

Phil opened the door and met the young man.

"Hey, that fits you very well. I'm glad because we really don't have many suits bigger than these at the moment." He held up a few neckties against Phil's chest. The young man picked one and dutifully knotted it around Phil's collar for him.

Immediately after, the salesman knelt down to roll under the unhemmed trouser legs. Once he had, he tugged at the waistband. "They fit you perfectly." He turned Phil to the mirror and brushed the shoulders of the suit jacket. "You certainly don't need shoulder padding."

Phil didn't smile at the compliment. He was going completely insane at his memories of Chris in that room. For absolutely no rational reason but to remind himself of that night, Phil said, "I was trapped in here the night of the storm."

"No!"

"Yes." Phil met the young man's eyes in the mirror. "Myself and another guy were left in here when the lights went out."

“Left? You mean no one checked to see if there was anyone in here?”

“No. And it was pitch black. We couldn’t see anything. Not even to find our clothing and get dressed. By the time we made it out of here, and that was after struggling in complete blindness, we were trapped inside the store.”

“I can’t believe it. Did you write a letter? Call? Complain?”

“No.” Phil shook his head, lowering his eyes.

“You should have. That’s absurd. Did someone eventually come and get you out?”

“No. We were stuck until morning.”

“You have to be kidding me. Are you telling me the truth?”

Phil spun around so he could see into the young man’s eyes directly. “I was in this stall and the other guy was there.” Phil pointed. “No floodlights were on. Nothing. We were completely lost in here. It fricken sucked.”

The young man looked around the fitting room. “That never came on?” He gestured to an emergency light.

“No. It was pitch black. The whole store was. We couldn’t see a damn thing until we walked to the entrance and stood near the red exit sign. That’s when we realized we were trapped.”

“Did you call anyone?”

“Who the heck were we supposed to call?” Phil felt his anger rise but it wasn’t for being locked in. It was for his own stupidity at losing one of the best fuckers he’d ever laid eyes on. “The cops and the fire department were busy racing all over the city. I was supposed to call 911 to get me out of a damn department store when people’s lives were in jeopardy?” Phil inhaled deeply. “We slept upstairs in the house-wares department on a pile of linen. You think I’m joking?”

Calling Dr. Love

The salesman stared at Phil for a minute. “You like the suit?”

Phil tilted his head at the strange question, looking down at it and touching the fabric. “Why are you asking me that?”

“If you like the suit, let me talk to the manager about what happened to you.”

“Why?”

The young man repeated, “Do you like it?”

“Yes.”

“One minute.”

When the man left, Phil reentered the tiny stall and looked at his reflection. “Damn nice suit.” He checked the tag again. “Mother-fucker.” It was over four hundred dollars. He brushed his hand over the silk tie, tucking it into the jacket and buttoning one button. It fit him perfectly. He wasn’t used to wearing business attire but it certainly appeared to agree with him.

“Sir?”

Phil exited the small stall to see a heavysset man waiting with the first young salesman.

“This is my manager, Bob. I told him what happened to you the night of the blackout.”

Phil took Bob’s outstretched hand.

“Jeffery told me you were trapped in here in total darkness the night of the storm.”

“I was. Myself and one other man.”

“I’m so sorry you were inconvenienced.”

Phil wasn’t sorry he was trapped with Chris but kept his expression the same.

The manager checked the price tag on the suit as it dangled from the sleeve.

Jeffery leaned over to whisper in Bob's ear. Phil couldn't hear what he said. Suddenly he didn't give a shit and wanted to go home. He needed to get to the gym.

"As a token of our regret, please accept the suit as an apology."

"I can't do that," Phil replied. "It's too expensive and I don't want you to get in trouble."

Bob held Phil's arm and drew him aside to speak privately as the fitting room customers came and went around them. "We knew two people were trapped in here. The security team saw the surveillance video the following morning when the power came back on. The management wondered when we were going to get an angry letter from one of you."

"What the hell was I going to say? Shit happens." Phil threw up his hands.

"It was agreed in a meeting days ago that if either one of you came forward we would grant restitution for your traumatic night. And we want you to have this outfit as our gift."

When it dawned on Phil the amount of that 'gift' he was flooded. "You sure you have the authority to do this? I mean, it's over five hundred dollars total."

Bob gave Jeffery a knowing wink.

"I'll have it hemmed for you. Let me mark where the trouser legs need turning up." Jeffery urged Phil back to the mirror. "Put your shoes on."

Slightly shocked at the generosity, Phil slipped his leather shoes on and waited as Jeffery marked the bottoms with chalk.

"As I suspected, you don't need it taken up. It's the right length. The edge just needs to be finished properly." Jeffery stood up and smiled at him. "I'll be waiting outside the fitting room. Oh. Do you like the shirt and tie I

Calling Dr. Love

selected?”

“Yes.” Phil felt disoriented hoping it wasn’t some trick or trap. Good fortune rarely happened to him without a catch.

“Okay.” Jeffery walked away with Bob and the two of them spoke softly together.

Phil changed back into his own clothing, getting waves of panic wondering what else the surveillance video had revealed of he and Chris’ tryst.

“Oh well. I do fucking porn, what difference does it make?” He zipped his black slacks up and stepped back into his shoes.

Once Phil gathered the clothing, he opened the stall door and handed everything to Jeffery, following him to a counter.

Jeffery hung the clothing up on a rack and tapped keys on a register. “I just need your home info so we can account for the discount and call you when the slacks are ready.”

Phil handed him his driver’s license. “Here. It’ll be easier.”

Jeffery smiled. “Damn. Even your driver’s license photo is awesome. I still need your phone number.”

Phil felt his cheeks warm. “Thank you. I’ll give you my mobile phone.” He rattled it off.

Jeffery returned Phil’s license with a receipt. “It’ll be ready tomorrow. I’ll have them rush it through so you’ll have your new outfit for Christmas Day.”

“You don’t have to do that.” Phil tucked his license back into his wallet.

“I insist. Come here at around two and your slacks will be ready for you. I’ll call you if it’s earlier.” Jeffery put a garment bag over the suit jacket and shirt, hanging the tie from the hanger in a plastic bag.

“Thank you.” Phil took the clothing from him. “I didn’t tell you about the blackout so I could get a freebee. I just wanted you to know your floodlights weren’t working.”

“I know. No problem, Mr. Andrews. See you tomorrow.”

Phil headed for the exit, slightly anxious he’d be stopped by security and this was some cruel joke. He made it outside and shook his head. “Son of a bitch. Maybe good things do happen to me once in a while.” He stared at the black plastic garment bag in absolute astonishment. Even with his bad spending habits, he would never have charged that much in one outing to his credit card.

He used the remote to open his car, laying the bag in the trunk. “Now I just need an occasion to wear the stupid thing... Other than my funeral.”

~

Chris drew lines with a white soft marker on his patient’s forehead. “Frown.”

She made a sad face.

Chris said to an intern, Wendell Jackson, who was observing, “I map out the areas I’m going to inject.”

The intern nodded, arms crossed.

Chris notated the deep lines on his patient’s skin. “Okay, relax,” he said as he set the pen on a counter and picked up a hypodermic needle. Chris injected the Botox into her face. She hissed in discomfort but he kept going. He poked her a few more times until the syringe was empty. “Sometimes it takes more than one application before it lasts.” He tossed the needle into a red plastic biohazard container and dabbed the tiny drops of blood and white marker from the patient’s forehead with a cotton swab. “How are you doing?”

“Okay.” She exhaled.

“That’s it.” Chris tossed the cotton out with his rubber

Calling Dr. Love

gloves.

“Thank you, Doctor.”

“No problem. Just stop by the desk on your way out.”

The woman took her purse and coat with her.

Chris filled in her chart with his notes.

“You okay, Dr. Love?”

Distracted from his thoughts, Chris finished his documentation and looked up at the intern. “Yes. Why?”

“I didn’t upset you, did I?”

“You?” Chris straightened his back. “What would you have said to upset me?”

“I don’t know. You seem angry.”

“Not at you, Dr. Jackson. Just preoccupied.”

“Holidays got you down?” Wendell asked.

“Sort of.” Chris left the room and handed the file to a secretary assistant. Karen passed him to prepare the room for the next patient, as she did she said, “Room three, Doctor.”

“Thank you.” Chris paused to read the file for his next patient.

“What’s this one?”

“Botox.” Chris placed his hand on the doorknob.

“’Tis the season?” Wendell joked.

“No kidding.” Chris entered the room. “Hello, Mrs. Carson. How are you doing?” Chris wanted one thing, to be home and in Phil’s arms.

Dear Santa...

Chris sighed deeply and forced himself to concentrate.

~

“Pheel?”

“Yes?” Phil replied as he hung up his suit as well as the

dry cleaning he'd picked up.

"I got mail for you."

Phil hurried to the door, opened it and took the envelopes.

"You no get no cards? No family send you cards?"

"No." Phil thumbed through the envelopes noticing one from the clinic he had been waiting for. His guts went cold.

"That so sad. Your parents no send you Christmas card?"

"No. They hate me." Phil fingered the envelope nervously.

"Hate you," she replied. "You silly. They no hate you."

He began opening the flap, tearing the glued edge, his anxiety over being HIV positive was making him dizzy. Not to mention, he needed to eat.

"I go away. I no be home for few days. You make sure house is okay?"

"Of course."

"Take in mail. No forget." She wagged her finger in the air as she walked away.

"I won't. Merry Christmas, Mrs. Chu."

"You too."

He closed the door and sat on the bed. His hands were shaking. He removed the letter from the envelope, holding it to his chest, trying to prepare himself for the bad news. Phil held out the letter and read it.

"Thank fuck!" he shouted, falling back on the bed, catching his breath at the relief. He reread the negative test results and closed his eyes. The image of calling Chris to tell him he was infected floated away like a bad dream.

Rereading it one last time, Phil forced his muscles to relax after the fright. He still needed to go to the gym. He inhaled a deep meditative breath to unwind and fell asleep.

Chapter Eight

Chris reclined in his den sipping cognac, holding the phone to his ear.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come with us to the party at the club?” Leona asked.

“I’m sure, Mom.”

“You can’t be alone for both Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.”

“Why not? Where’s the law that forbids it?” The last thing Chris wanted to do was socialize with his parents’ friends. He’d spend half the night putting off their attempts at matchmaking with their available daughters, sisters, and cousins.

“I can’t bear this.” On the other end of the phone his mother called to his father, “Sol, talk to your son. He wants to be alone both tonight and tomorrow. When will we give him his gifts?”

Chris heard his father’s reply over the line.

“Leave the boy alone!”

“There,” Chris said, “Leave me alone.”

“Fine. You want to wallow in self-pity, wallow.”

“Thank you.” Chris rolled his eyes tiredly.

“If you change your mind call your father’s cell phone and we’ll expect you.”

"I won't change my mind. I'll stop over at your place over the weekend sometime and we can exchange gifts then. Okay?"

"Goodbye, Christopher," she said abruptly and hung up.

Chris almost regretted letting her down. Almost.

He disconnected the call and stared at the key pad. He memorized Phil's mobile phone number. All he had to do was dial and say, "Hey. I just called to wish you a Merry Christmas." That's harmless enough.

"I know you want nothing to do with me, so I called to grovel." Chris dropped the phone on the side table and sipped his drink bitterly. "Fuck you. You know what? Just fuck you, Phil. Who do you think you are? You judge me? Mr. Go-go boy judges me? You must be nuts. I must be crazy to be still pining over you. Done!" Chris shouted in the emptiness.

Sure I am. Sure.

He pointed the remote at the television, turning it on and scanned the channels dully. *I love my life, I love my life...*

Chris gaped at the television screen as Doris Day admonished Rock Hudson in *Pillow Talk*. The resemblance Phil had to Rock Hudson was amazing.

Chris picked up the newspaper's television guide and checked which channel he was on. There was no listing for *Pillow Talk* in the paper. "What the?" Yes, it was on the classic movie station, but it wasn't exactly seasonal, and the listing read *White Christmas*. "I'm seeing things." Chris advanced a few channels and returned. Rock Hudson was scheming on how to get Doris Day into bed.

Chris felt his stomach jerk in longing, leaning over his knees to get a closer look. "I can't believe how much you look like that guy. You fucker." Too lonely to watch a movie starring a man who was the spitting image of the one

Calling Dr. Love

he was missing, Chris aimed the remote at the flat screen. All he had to do was change the channel.

For some reason, he couldn't.

~

Phil was drunk.

The empty vodka bottle lay on the floor next to the bed, he propped himself up on his pillows against the wall and pointed the remote control at his tiny portable television. The fifteen inch set was on a desk with his mobile telephone and a mound of unpaid bills and loose paper. He'd pirated Mrs. Chu's cable service by running a wire from her den to his bedroom. There was no way she couldn't know what it was, unless she thought it was an extension cord. She never mentioned it. Maybe she knew and didn't care.

Phil circled the brain-numbing channels in vain, pausing on ESPN, surprised a track and field event was on TV in December. He assumed it had to be a rerun to fill air time during the holiday season. Every show was on hiatus or being repeated at the moment.

Since nothing else was on that interested him, Phil paused and watched. When the shot-put shifted to another field event, Phil choked at the sight of a javelin thrower.

"No. No, this has to be some kind of a joke." He rubbed his eyes, knew he was stewed on vodka and blinked trying to clear his vision.

Stunning Andreas Thorkildsen was holding a javelin as he waited his turn.

"This is from the Olympics. They're showing a repeat of the damn Olympics!" Phil moved to the edge of the bed to watch the small screen. "Oh, God..." The resemblance of the Norwegian to his doctor-ex-lover was beyond belief. "Just shoot me!" he cried.

His mouth hanging open in lust, Phil held his breath as the amazing athlete moved with the grace of a dancer across

the track and torpedoed the spear into the air like an arrow flying from a bow.

Phil moaned and grabbed his crotch, squeezing his hard cock. "I'm going crazy. I'm going completely insane."

The cell phone caught his eye. He and Chris had exchanged numbers the night they were locked in the store. Phil had it and he knew where Chris lived.

"I'm way too drunk to drive."

Again the phone caught his attention. "No. You fucked up. He's moved on. No way. Can you take that rejection? Him saying, 'What do you want, asshole?'"

The gorgeous Norwegian geared up for his next gold medal winning throw. Phil dug his hand into his shorts and stroked himself. "Mother-fucker." He licked his lips, ogling every move the man made in his tight track outfit. Phil fisted himself wildly. The moment the scene changed on the television to a commercial break, Phil collapsed back on the bed and finished the job, ejaculating all over his stomach and chest as he whimpered loudly.

"God! I love you! I want you!" he sobbed, knowing he was acting like a drunken moron. "What did I do? I had you..." he cried in frustration. "I fucking had you."

~

"Fuck! Fuck!" Chris worked his cock faster, his eyes riveted to the glamorous movie star on the television. "Phil! Oh, God, Phil!" He closed his eyes as his body went into an orgasmic spasm. Creamy streams of come splashed over his skin as he milked himself strongly.

Chris struggled to open his eyes the climax was so intense. He heard a commercial break and rested his head back on the couch to recover. "So what if you tell me to fuck off. I have to at least try."

Chris peeked down at his mess. "Damn. Jacking off again. I am sick of jacking off." Once he tended himself, he

Calling Dr. Love

refilled his cognac glass and returned to the sofa.

The commercial ended and the movie began. Bing Crosby was singing *White Christmas*.

Chris tilted his head in confusion and searched the channels for *Pillow Talk*. It was nowhere to be found. A cold chill washed over him. "I've lost my mind. I have seriously lost my mind." He stared at the booze and knew damn well he was drunk. "Hallucinating?" He gazed back at the Christmas movie in fear, wondering if perhaps he was working too hard. Maybe it was good he had the day off tomorrow. Either that or he was getting some ghostly visit like good ole Ebenezer Scrooge. "No Christmas future! Please!" he begged.

~

Phil returned from the bathroom after cleaning up, staggering to the bed. He collapsed down on it and stared at the television. Football highlights and a panel discussion of the playoff season was showing. "Huh?" He pointed the remote control at the set and checked the channel. "What the fuck?"

He assumed the highlights of the last Olympics had concluded, shrugged and got back to his slumping posture against the pillows again. "You should call him. Apologize. What's the worst he can do?" Phil dreaded being called an asshole. "Tomorrow. Maybe I'll find my damn balls tomorrow. Christmas Day. Ho, ho, ho. That's what I am. A sleazy ho."

He was drunk, spent, and falling asleep. This was no time to call the doctor. There was always tomorrow.

Phil felt his eyes grow heavy and closed them.

Chapter Nine

“Hello, Philly!” Rhandi raced towards him and leapt on Phil, giving him a big kiss. “Merry Christmas, you gorgeous stud.” He wrapped his legs around Phil’s hips.

Barely making it through the back door of the club, Phil laughed as Rhandi covered him in wet kisses, smelling the booze on his breath. “Okay, Candi Rhandi, calm down.” He rubbed Rhandi’s back gently.

Rhandi rested his chin on Phil’s shoulder and exhaled a deep sigh. “I can spend all night here.”

Phil hugged him affectionately and winked at Hootie who was obviously amused. “Did you get your Christmas kisses too, Hoot?”

“I did. It’s your turn.” Hootie shook his head as he undressed.

“Okay, little boy. I have to change.” Phil pecked Rhandi’s cheek and urged him back to his feet.

Rhandi slid down Phil’s length slowly and groaned.

“You sure you can dance? You’re already stewed,” Phil asked as he tucked his wallet and keys into a locker.

Rhandi pivoted his hips and opened his mouth seductively.

“Never mind.” Phil chuckled.

“Christmas Day,” Hootie said, “We should make a

Calling Dr. Love

killing on tips and lap dances. Those fuckers out there are lonely dudes.”

“True.” Phil hung his shirt up on a hook. *Like me.* He frowned bitterly. “Did you spend time with your families, guys?”

“Yeah. Had a quick dinner last night at my mom’s.” Hootie adjusted his g-string.

“Rhandi?” Phil asked, standing naked and holding out his gold lame’ pouch before he stepped into it.

“No. Just me and some of my boy-friends. We had a potluck dinner. What about you, Philly?” Rhandi smoothed oil on his chest.

“Got drunk on my own.”

“No!” Rhandi rushed over to him. “Philly! Why didn’t you call?”

Phil shrugged, tucking himself into the skimpy outfit. “I wanted to feel sorry for myself.” He heard Hootie’s soft laugh. “Pass the oil.” Phil reached out and they formed a tight circle, coating each other’s skin.

“You ready, boys?” Moose, called into the room. “Got an early crowd. Show time.”

“Ready, boss,” Phil replied, wiping his hands on a towel and checking his face quickly in the mirror. Phil passed by Moose. “Let me guess. The platform by the front.”

“You got it, hot stuff.” Moose gave Phil’s bare ass a hungry squeeze.

“Do I look too thin to you, boss?” Phil paused.

Moose gave his entire body a quick once over. “Nope. Perfection.”

“Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Phil made his way into the crowded bar.

Rhandi leaned on his back to whisper, “Why did you

ask Moose if you were too thin?”

“Nothing. Talk to you later.” Phil hurried to his spot by the door and heard the men growing noisier as they took notice of the male entertainers entering. The usual suspects were there already, wasted, and digging out their wallets. It made Phil smile. Hey, he wasn’t the only lonely heart on the planet.

The lights dimmed, red, blue and white flashing strobes lit his platform and the music immediately became so loud you had to shout to be heard. Phil warmed up quickly in the crowded room.

What a way to spend Christmas Day, drinking yourself into a stupor watching dancing boys. Talk about losing the meaning of the holiday.

Phil wondered what it meant to him. To most people it was about family, friends, warmth and spirituality. To him? Survival.

The crowd gathered around him, like gifts around a glowing tree. Money soon appeared. Phil pivoted his hips sensually, dipping down for those green backs eagerly.

With extra kindness, Phil knew these men were lost souls, and he could relate to them so damn well.

~

Chris felt the cool winter air brush his face. Yes, this was LA but, heck, it was cold! Chris stuffed his hands into his jacket pockets and walked down Sunset Boulevard, pausing at each club, peering into their poorly lit depths and tried to find the one thing he craved on this Day of Days. Would Phil be dancing? Would he be off spending the time with a new lover, family...what?

Christmas Day and the strip was surprisingly crowded with men. Even though it was only nine-thirty, the noise of the clubs and drunken laughter was overflowing into the street.

Calling Dr. Love

Lost Boys. Gay men shunned by their families? Seeking solace in each other? Each man had a story. *What's mine? A lion on the hunt for my raw meat.*

The sign read, 'Flirts'.

Chris paused as he approached the small club. "Flirts?" He'd never heard of it. He didn't spend much time in WeHo so he wasn't surprised. Chris tried to see into the window through the reflecting glare of the streetlights. It was packed. About to walk by, Chris noticed a small flier posted to the window near the door.

Go-Go Boys!

Candi Rhandi!

Blow Hootie!

And Philly Beefcake!

West Hollywood's Hottest male dancers!

"Philly?" Chris rubbed his chin stubble as he thought about it. "Phil?"

Men brushed by him to get inside, nudging him slightly.

Chris entered the establishment, instantly hit with the noise volume and throbbing beat of the music. It was painfully loud. Chris unzipped his jacket in the warmth and scanned around, trying to see in the dim lighting

An empty platform stood near the front window. Chris noticed a gorgeous African American man and a young Asian glistening with sweat as they danced in tiny g-strings on top of elevated stages.

About to leave and try another club, Chris caught sight of a man climbing back up to his place on the stage. 'Philly Beefcake'?

"Oh, sweet Mother of God." Chris felt his body light on fire and gaped at Phil's nearly nude six-foot three inch frame. Chris was a wall of ripped greased muscle and completely hairless torso except for a treasure trail that

began under his navel. At the sight of Phil's naked ass cheeks, Chris grabbed his own swelling cock and moaned.

Instantly he could taste Phil, recall his scent, savor the sensation of their bodies rubbing together. The memories of their short-lived coupling raced through him turning intense pleasure to heart-wrenching pain.

Through the tight crowd Chris approached the bar, struggling to be heard. "Scotch, double, straight up." *I need a goddamn drink! Now!*

The bartender nodded and set a glass on the counter, tipping brown liquid into it.

If Phil belongs to someone else, I'll kill them. Chris removed a ten dollar bill from his wallet for the bartender. *He's mine! Mine! That son of a bitch is my man.*

"Thanks!" Chris swapped the money for the drink. "Keep the change."

The bartender nodded, thanking him and moved to the next patron's request.

Chris wound his way to a wall and leaned against it, propping one foot up on it, watching the man he could not get out of his mind seduce strangers. It was the agony and the ecstasy and the tears kept welling in his eyes.

~

Phil noticed the old bald man from last Saturday making his way closer. Cash found its way into Phil's g-strings from various admirers. Phil waited. The old man lean over to someone sitting in a chair telling him something.

The seated man was given a bribe. He allowed the old man to take his place. Phil kept his eyes on him, hungry for those hundreds.

The old man removed his wool coat and his posture appeared like gelatin in a bowl. The old man revealed the red flag to the bull. Money.

Calling Dr. Love

Phil licked his salty lips at the prize. He bounded off the platform and made his way to what was becoming a weekly tradition. *Ho, ho, ho. I'm a slutty ho.*

Phil gripped the back of the man's chair and swung his hips in front of him. "Hello, Santa," Phil said.

"Hello, young man!" He laughed heartily.

"Am I naughty or nice?" Phil had to literally yell in the man's ear.

"The naughtier, the more Santa gives you!"

Yeah, no shit. Phil counted three hundreds in the man's fist. *Son of a bitch!* His last two weeks of dancing were beginning to compete with the money he earned at the porn studio. If it kept up, he may even be able to make a dent in those credit card bills.

Phil brushed the man's cheek playfully with his jaw before straddling his legs so his pouch was almost even with the man's mouth. Phil closed his eyes, arched his back, gyrating his pelvis slowly. Rivulets of perspiration ran down Phil's armpits, his back, and his temples. He was boiling hot and in need of a break and a few bottles of water.

At a touch on his balls, Phil peered down at the old man. The gold lame' was beginning to inch downwards again. Phil completely stopped the circular motion of his hips and swayed to and fro as he was exposed, hating it but knowing the peek was coming with a cash reward.

Again the crowd circled like vultures, stomping, chanting, "Go! Go!"

Phil knew damn well once he allowed this man to pull his g-string down, the others would insist or get violent. *Oh, well. Life in the fast lane.* He only hoped none of them were on the vice squad. Merry Christmas, go to jail.

His cock dangled free. Phil watched the old man curiously, waiting for his money.

The old man looked up at Phil, grinning wickedly. When the tip of the old man's tongue darted out of his mouth, Phil realized his intention. *No fucking way!*

Phil stepped back, flipping his cock into his pouch, trying not to explode.

As if the man knew he'd overstepped his bounds, his smirk dropped to a frown and he tried to tuck the cash into Phil's g-string.

Phil reached out his hand, the anger in him growing. The cash was given over. Phil put it into his own outfit and had enough abuse for the night. *Read the rules of the club, asshole!* Phil was livid.

Phil climbed back on the platform and avoided the leers and lap dance requests from the band of 'misfit toys' left alone on Christmas Day. That kind of abuse infuriated him. He wasn't a goddamn prostitute.

Exhaustion caught up to him. Phil needed a break. He looked over the heads of the patrons to see Hootie and Rhandi still dancing feverishly. *Come on, Moose! Where are you? We need to sit down.*

Phil tried to get the bartender, Carlos' attention. It was impossible, Carlos was swamped. Phil scanned the crowd for Moose to communicate they all needed five minutes for a rest and to drink water. Phil noticed a tall handsome man leaning against the back wall. In panic Phil froze, suddenly forcing himself to keep dancing, but it was impossible. *Oh God no!*

Phil jumped down from the platform and rushed to the break room.

Carlos handed Phil his tip envelope. "Where's Moose? He had you guys going too long."

"I don't know. I need a drink." Phil glanced at Chris nervously as Carlos poured him a shot of tequila. "Thanks."

"Go rest. Tell Hoot and Rhandi to take five."

Calling Dr. Love

"I will." Phil shot down the booze, closing his eyes at the burn, dumping the glass into the tub under the bar. He hurried to his two co-workers and signaled for them to take a break.

When they entered the backroom with bottled water, Phil found Moose getting his cock sucked by a fat tattoo-covered biker.

"Moose! Come on, we were dying out there," Phil said.

The biker jumped in alarm as Moose started and closed his pants quickly. "Shit! I lost track of the time."

Rhandi clicked his tongue at him in annoyance. "Jesus, Moose. Have a heart. It's Christmas."

"Damn." Hootie wiped the sweat off his face with a towel. "I'm completely spent."

As they guzzled water, Phil dropped down on a bench and leaned over his knees. *Chris. Dr. Christopher Love is here. He watched that old man try to lick my cock? Just shoot me. Shoot me now. How goddamn embarrassing is that? Why is he here?*

~

Chris made his way to the back of the club. In the pause between dancing sets a DJ spun hip-hop. "Excuse me. I'm looking for Philly Beefcake...Phil. Is he available?"

"He's on a break." The big man shook his head.

"I'm a friend. I just want to say hello."

"Look, buddy, he's on a fucking break."

Chris held up his hands in defense. "All right. Jeez!" Chris waited as the large man moved on, then Chris stared at the door Phil had exited through. He felt miserable for Phil after what that old man had pulled. That had to be humiliating. Chris wondered if things like that happened to Phil all the time. The man was so gorgeous, surely old fuckers tried for a taste every night.

The look on Phil's face at the obscene act upset Chris. He could see Phil was mortified. *Oh, baby. See me. Please.* They had caught gazes so Phil was aware of his presence. Chris also assumed that was why Phil fled to the back room.

Don't be upset, babe. Don't. I won't judge you. Chris rubbed his eyes in frustration. *I adore you. I won't demean you.* He propped himself up on the edge of the bar and crossed his arms, determined to wait.

~

Phil crushed the empty plastic bottle in his hand, making it crackle loudly.

"Stop. I have a headache." Hootie cringed.

"Me too." Phil tossed it into the trash and rocked nervously.

"Sweetie?" Rhandi sat on the bench with him and wrapped his arm around Phil. "You okay?"

"No. Can you do me a favor?"

"Anything."

"Can you look out in the club and see if a guy is still there?"

"Which guy?"

Phil swallowed his anguish. "A fucking gorgeous doctor who looks like Andreas Thorkildsen."

"Who?"

Hootie chuckled. "Yeah? There's a guy who looks like the gold medalist javelin thrower out there?"

"Who?" Rhandi repeated.

"What are you, an owl?" Hootie teased him. "The guy from the Olympics."

"Oh. I only watched the opening events." Rhandi blushed.

"How do you know he's a doctor?" Hootie asked.

Calling Dr. Love

Phil turned away from his gaze.

“Philly?” Rhandi cuddled him. “Is he your boyfriend?”

“No.” Phil wiped at his eyes quickly.

“I’ll look.” Hootie walked to the doorway.

Rhandi rested his head on Phil’s shoulder. “Why don’t you want to see him, sweetie? Did he break your heart?”

“No. I broke his.” Phil sniffed as he became upset and tried to calm down. He was just so damn tired.

“Yup. He’s standing right outside the door. What’s the deal, Philly? He’s fucking hot.” Hootie approached Phil and Rhandi. “You want me to tell him to fuck off?”

Phil pressed his palms into his eyes and stifled a sob.

“Baby...” Rhandi cooed, snuggling close. “Don’t cry.”

“Should I deck him?” Hootie puffed up.

“No.” Phil struggled to control himself.

Moose poked his head in. “Let’s go, boys!”

“Oh God.” Phil shivered and twisted away from everyone.

“Hang on, Moose,” Hootie said.

“No! Get the hell out there. It’s packed and they want to see you fuckers. Go!” Moose ordered.

“Come on, Philly.” Rhandi stood and reached for Phil.

Phil inhaled a few deep breaths and wiped his eyes with the backs of his hands.

“You gonna be all right, bro?” Hootie placed his hand on Phil’s shoulder.

“Yes.” Phil nodded, biting his bottom lip to stop it from trembling. “I’m just exhausted and hungry.”

“Why hungry? Are you starving yourself?” Rhandi asked.

“Go! Get out there now.” Moose took up a battle stance.

“All right,” Hootie replied, “We’re going.”

With Rhandi on his left and Hootie on his right, Phil stood and kept his eyes on the floor as they made their way back into the chaos.

“Phil!”

At the sound of Chris’ voice, Phil fell apart.

“Leave him alone, man,” Hootie warned.

“It’s all right,” Phil responded weakly as Hootie’s worried eyes met his. Phil made his way behind the bar to his platform, punishing himself for being weak. He had a damn job to do.

Phil hopped on the stage and began dancing, forcing his expression to remain calm as tears rolled down his cheeks.

Though Phil tried not to find Chris, he watched Chris follow his progress in the packed horde towards his platform by the door. The sight of Chris in his tight blue jeans and leather jacket made Phil’s heart burn with desire. He missed him. *Goddamn it. Missed him so bad.*

Chris fought his way to the foot of Phil’s platform. “Phil, please. We need to talk.”

Phil couldn’t look directly at him. Instead, he bit his lip and shook his head as more hot tears raced from his eyes.

“Baby, I miss you. I can’t stop thinking about you.”

Oh God! Phil began to move more slowly, losing his rhythm as some of the men around them protested the disruption in the dance.

“Please. Give me the chance to show you I care about you.” Chris’ voice broke with pain. “Give me the chance!”

Phil covered his face and turned his back to the crowd.

At the resounding hisses and boos, Moose materialized. “What the hell’s going on here?”

Phil heard several men pointing Chris out as the cause.

“You again?” Moose growled. “Out!”

“Hang on a minute!” Chris said.

Calling Dr. Love

“I said get out!”

Phil spun around, finding Chris being forcefully escorted outside, and flew off the platform. “No!”

Chris dug in his heels and stopped moving.

Phil shoved people aside to get to him. “Moose, let him go.”

“You got a job to do.” Moose stuck his finger into Phil’s face.

Before Chris grew violent in his defense, Phil said, “One minute, boss. It’s Christmas. Give me one minute.”

“One.” Moose held up his index finger.

In the pause that followed Phil stood face to face with Chris. Even though they were surrounded by drunken men, Phil could only see one man.

“Phil...” Chris moaned, his eyes brimming with tears as well. “I’ve missed you.”

“Baby?” Phil moved his lips silently in disbelief. *Missed me?*

Chris obviously read it and crushed him in an embrace.

Phil squeezed him as tight as he could, holding back a tidal wave of emotion. “I have to work.”

“I’ll wait.” Chris kissed his ear, his cheek.

“Why?” Phil leaned back to see Chris’ light eyes.

Without a sound Chris mouthed, “You know why.”

Phil hiccupped with his sob.

“Your minute is up.” Moose pointed to the platform.

“It’ll be after midnight. You’ll wait?” Phil asked Chris.

“A lifetime.” Chris pecked Phil on the lips quickly, releasing his hug.

Phil backed up, staring at Chris as he did, knowing Chris didn’t realize what he was getting into. *Sweetheart, you have no idea how messed up my life is.*

While Chris threw him kisses, Phil climbed back onto his stage and began dancing, forcing himself to pay attention to the annoyed patrons and not give all his affection to one.

~

Chris endured the looks of jealousy from some of Phil's ardent admirers. *Yeah? Fuck you! He's mine.*

Chris gave his watch a quick peek, knowing the wait would be very long indeed. He had to wake up early for work in the morning. Chris had the option of taking the day off but originally he imagined that working would be better than spending the day after Christmas alone. Now he wasn't so certain. A long leisurely lay-in with Phil in his arms and a late breakfast sounded so nice.

"Too late." Chris forced his way to the bar again. "Scotch, please." He removed cash from his wallet and kept peeking back at Phil who was obviously exhausted and trying his best to entertain the masses.

"Thanks." Chris held up his glass to the bartender and struggled to worm his way back to the wall where he could rest and watch Phil. Every chair was occupied and no doubt coveted for the lap-dancing possibility. Finally finding a gap against the dingy wall, Chris propped his weight on it and sipped his drink, gazing at Phil, head to toe. The man was so damn exceptional. Too good to be slobbered over by intoxicated middle-aged and ancient morons who took advantage of the young twenty-five year old man.

Chris couldn't believe the pressure Phil was under to do one-on-one shows. He ground his jaw as Phil hopped off the platform and pushed his gold lame' crotch into leering faces. The anger rose in Chris. All Chris wanted to do was shove Phil back, not allow the men to touch Phil where they should not be touching him in the first place.

"Christ." Chris flinched when someone dug into the front of Phil's g-string and obviously gave his nuts a good

Calling Dr. Love

feel. Instantly Chris' cheeks burned in fury and the booze fueled it. *Can I watch this? Can I fucking witness other men touching my man?*

The anger turned to rage. Chris shot down remainder of the scotch and grimaced bitterly. It's Phil's job. Remember? Phil's a go-go boy. He told you that the night you were trapped together in Nordy's. He did a private dance for you in your living room. What the hell did you think he did for a living you imbecile!

Suddenly Chris remembered something else Phil had mentioned. He 'dabbled' in gay porn. 'Dabbled'.

If I think watching you do this is bad, what would I do watching you getting fucked in a porn video?

Chris scrubbed his face as he tormented himself over his jealousy and possessiveness, wondering if he was indeed cut out for a relationship with a man like this.

Would Phil quit? Could Chris ask him to give up his jobs and do something else for a living?

Do what? What on earth could Phil do with go-go boy and porn star on his resume?

~

Phil's g-string was lowered by a very wasted, homely man with deeply pocked-marked skin and bad teeth. Phil tried to avoid looking at Chris. With everything Phil had he pretended Chris was not in the room witnessing this nasty perversion.

Two twenty dollar bills were shoved between his legs under his balls. The self-consciousness was overwhelming Phil and he was struggling to keep his performance seductive and not curt and dismissive.

Phil gave the ugly man a smile, backed up and leapt to his platform, making a swipe of the sagging g-string loaded with cash to hand off to Carlos.

Unable to prevent it, Phil peeked at Chris as he stayed

in the background. The look of revulsion on Chris' face devastated Phil. A lump formed in Phil's throat. *Why did you come? This is what I do! Go home!*

"How am I supposed to do this with you watching me?" Phil ran his hand through his hair in anguish and battled with the urge to escape.

Suddenly an angry resolve caught hold of Phil. *Fine, Doctor!* He snarled, showing his teeth. *You think my lifestyle won't make you think badly of me? Fine. How about some of this?*

Phil began to self-destruct, upping the tempo of his dance, glaring at Chris' expression of discomfort. Phil reached into the front of his pouch and played with himself. The crowd cheered and pumped their fists. While he gyrated his hips and pushed out his pelvis, Phil cupped his soft genitals and massaged them, his stare never moving from Chris' gape of shock. *You like, Doctor?* He sneered. *You want to date a fucking slut who'll embarrass you in front of your family and refined friends?* Phil began to masturbate. *I don't fucking think so, babe.*

A flood of money appeared, hands loaded with green began dipping into his g-string.

That's right, fellas, make it pay. It's costing me a lot right now. Make it pay!

~

The change in Phil's countenance from shyness to exhibitionist was so overt, Chris felt the crude act like a slap in the face. The deliberateness of it was not lost on Chris. "What are you doing?" he said but had no idea if Phil could read his lips.

The impulse to leave, to go home and stop enduring this obvious attempt at torture was beginning to win out.

Chris slammed his empty glass on a table, fussed with his jacket zipper, imagining he was wasting his time on a

Calling Dr. Love

man who liked to inflict pain on him. Chris didn't need this, he had enough on his plate. He took a step towards the exit, paused, and examined Phil's expression one last time.

Something hit Chris in that instant that he did not expect and it bowled him over.

The look in Phil's eyes. It wasn't cocky rudeness. It was self-hatred. Chris had enough psychology courses in college to see something else was going on here. All that talk about Chris' PHDs on the wall, the fleeing Phil had done the day they had spent together at his beach house. Phil was trying to turn him off because it was Phil who felt inferior and that he could not compete.

Chris hesitated, feeling deep pity for Phil's plight. Chris fell back against the plasterboard and did not leave. *No. I won't let you do this. No!*

~

The satisfied grin at Chris' hasty retreat fell from Phil's lips. "What the?" When Chris stayed put, a look of complete determination on his handsome face, Phil was bewildered.

Phil removed his hand from his pouch and danced. Just danced.

As the hours ticked by Phil's exhaustion increased to the point where he was sinking physically. His head pounded, his body ached and all he imagined doing was lying horizontally and closing his eyes.

Midnight came and went. Phil hopped down from his platform and stood next to Carlos who gave him his overflowing envelope.

"You look like shit," Carlos said.

"I feel like shit. I can barely stand."

"Go home. See you tomorrow night."

"See ya." Phil continued to make his way to the backroom, spotting Chris keeping pace with him on the

other side of the bar.

When they met at the door, Phil said, "I'm about to keel over."

"I know. I can tell." Chris touched Phil's face gently.

"Are you working tomorrow?"

"Yes," Chris replied.

"Shit." Phil needed a pain killer, he was in agony.

"Sweetheart." Chris rubbed the nape of Phil's neck. "Let me take you home and baby you."

A wash of emotion cascaded through Phil at the irresistible offer. "Yes. Please. I'm dead on my feet. I can't function."

"Where did you park?"

"I walked here. My place is only a couple of blocks away, and the parking sucks in this area." Phil clutched the envelope and began to feel cool in the room now that he had stopped moving and was dripping with sweat.

"Go change." Chris nudged him.

"How early do you have to wake up?" Phil squint his eyes from his pain.

"You can sleep in. You don't have to get up with me."

"Huh?" Phil tilted his head.

"Hush. Go get dressed and take a damn aspirin. You look like you're in agony."

"I am. I always get a fucking migraine after a night of the noise."

"Go."

Phil entered the backroom, stripped off his g-string and dressed in his street clothing.

"You okay, Philly?" Rhandi caressed his arm.

"Yeah. I'll live." Phil tucked his shirt into his jeans.

"Get some rest, bro." Hootie waved to him as he left.

Calling Dr. Love

“You too. See you guys tomorrow.” Phil managed to gather all his belongings and met Chris inside the bar. The music from the DJ blared loudly making Phil’s headache worse.

When they made it outside, Chris hooked Phil’s elbow and led him to his car. They didn’t speak. Phil was a walking zombie he was so far gone.

On the drive to Malibu Phil closed his eyes. The next thing Phil felt was Chris waking him up to get out of the car and into his beach house.

“I’m sorry.” Groggy, staggering, Phil followed Chris into his home.

“You have nothing to be sorry about.” Chris escorted Phil to the master bedroom. A second later Chris handed Phil two tablets and a glass of water. Phil swallowed the pills down with the entire contents of the glass. “Thanks, Chris.”

Chris set the glass aside, helping Phil undress getting him down to his briefs, then Chris tucked Phil in bed.

Phil’s eyes closed, already nearing sleep, he heard the water in the bathroom running, the light dimmed through his eyelids, and the bed shifted. Chris spooned him from behind, massaging his temples and scalp.

“Oh God, that feels good.” Phil moaned and fell asleep.

~

Chris drew Phil tightly to his naked body and sealed them from the hips down, pushing his soft cock into Phil’s ass. With one hand Chris dug his fingers through Phil’s thick dark hair, soothing his aching head. He heard Phil’s deep passive breaths and knew Phil was well on his way to sleep.

“Poor baby.” Chris kissed his hair, neck, and shoulder tenderly. “My poor sweet baby. I’m here. Let me show you my love.” Chris inhaled Phil’s skin, tasted the salty sweat

G.A. Hauser

that had dried on him. Chris' cock grew like a rod between his legs but he ignored it.

Chris wrapped Phil up in his arms and nestled into his satiny skin, sighing deeply. Chris fell asleep, so content he could weep.

Chapter Ten

When the alarm went off, Chris quickly reached to shut it. He waited to see if it had woken Phil. It hadn't. He was still out of it.

Hating to move, loving being cuddled together, Chris cursed under his breath and as slowly as he could he backed away from Phil's hot body and off the bed. He fixed the blankets to keep Phil cozy and stared down at him. *I have never seen a more attractive man. Philip Andrews, you are a dreamboat.*

Chris shook himself out of his trance, knowing he had to get ready for work, and headed to the bathroom to shower and shave.

Dressed in a business suit, Chris started a pot of coffee dripping. He sat at his kitchen table to compose a note for Phil telling him to relax and enjoy the beach house, and make himself at home.

Before he finished, Chris raised his head to the opening of the hall and found Phil leaning against the doorframe looking completely out of it.

"Baby. Go back to bed." Chris rushed to him.

"I need to get to the gym. I don't have my car."

Chris connected their bodies and ran his hands over Phil's silky skin. "You don't want a day off? Just to kick around here and rest?"

“I’ll go nuts here on my own.”

Chris interlaced their fingers and brought Phil to the bathroom. “I set out towels for you, a razor, everything you need.”

“Thanks. Do you have a minute to wait for me or are you ready to go?”

“I have time. Don’t worry.”

Phil paused. Chris met his brown eyes. A peck on the lips was Chris’ reward. Chris smiled sweetly at him.

“I’ll be quick.”

“Don’t rush. It’s okay.”

After another affectionate kiss, Phil headed to the bathroom, dropped his briefs and started the shower. Chris followed him, licking his lips in desire at Phil’s beautiful nude physique until Phil was inside the stall.

Chris returned to the kitchen and placed a second mug on the table. He propped two slices of bread in the toaster and checked the time as he found the butter and jam.

~

Phil felt like crap. He needed more sleep and tried not to resent Chris when he really needed to be in bed at home. Phil washed up briskly, brushed his teeth and shaved in the mirror behind the double basin.

Phil dressed in last night’s clothing avoiding staring at the certificates on the wall. *I’m such a fucking failure. I didn’t even graduate high school. Look at this guy. Goddamn honors and so many degrees it’s unbelievable.*

We didn’t even have sex last night. Chris must feel cheated. What the hell am I good for if I couldn’t even get the guy’s rocks off? Nothing.

Phil came through the doorway of the kitchen. He smelled toast as Chris handed him a steaming mug of coffee.

Calling Dr. Love

“Black, right?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Sit down.”

A flash of déjà vu slapped Phil in the face. Isn't this where they'd left off last time? If Phil recalled, he replied in anger to that line, “Are you ordering me to sit down?” This time, Phil took the cup and relaxed on the chair. “Thank you.”

“How's your head?”

“Better.”

Chris served him two slices of toast on a plate. While he buttered them, Phil stared at Chris. *Damn, you look sexy in a suit.* “Are you working a full day?”

“Unfortunately.” Chris joined him, smearing butter and jam on the crunchy bread.

Phil nodded as he chewed.

“And you're working tonight?”

“Yes.” Phil almost said, “See? It's not going to work, is it?”

“I have the weekend off. What are you doing during the days?”

“I'm working Saturday night, but I'm off all day Sunday. Although...” Phil was going to call Larry and get some time in at the studio. “I may be busy for a few hours during the day on Saturday. Depends.”

Chris finished the first piece of bread, working on the second, eyes cast down.

Phil could see Chris' disappointment and reached over the table to touch his hand. “But we can get together. We'll manage.”

Chris stopped eating and rubbed his eyes, biting his bottom lip, showing how upset he was.

Phil asked, “Did you think this would be easy?”

“I didn’t think that far in advance.” Chris met his eyes.

The crystal blue of Chris’ irises was now surrounded by red rims. Phil sighed heavily. “It can’t work.”

“It can.”

“How? You work weekdays, I work nights and weekends. You’re a respected plastic surgeon. I’m a...” Phil choked on his self-admission. He put on a brave face and said, “...a nasty slut.”

“Stop it.” Chris grew angry.

Phil shrugged. “Truth hurt?” He stuffed the last bit of bread into his mouth.

“Truth?” Chris leaned across the table. “Your line of work does not make you a slut.”

“No?”

“No. I saw the way you felt when that guy went over the line. You’re no slut.”

Phil laughed sadly, standing to place his empty plate and mug in the sink. The warmth of Chris’ body pressed him from behind. Phil melted. He wanted him so badly. Phil just knew he didn’t deserve him.

Chris’ hands encircled Phil’s chest and waist urging Phil to rest against him. Kisses trailed up Phil’s neck to his ear sending chills over his skin. “You’ll be late.”

“Who cares?” Chris licked Phil’s earlobe, gnawing on it.

Phil’s cock throbbed in his jeans. He reached up and caressed Chris’ hair and face, moaning softly.

“We will find the time,” Chris said.

“But...” Phil wanted to tell him the truth about him. How he was deeply in debt and living in one room. He just couldn’t. It petrified him that if Chris learned one more unsavory fact about him, he’d lose him forever.

Chris inhaled him, his hands smoothed around Phil’s

Calling Dr. Love

chest muscles and down to the edge of his jeans.

Phil pressed back into him. "You feel so damn good."

Chris kneaded Phil's full crotch hungrily, humping Phil's ass with his own hard-on.

"Don't go," Phil whispered.

After a groan of anguish, Chris replied, "I fucking have to." Phil closed his eyes, savoring Chris' fingers sending chills over his entire body. Phil felt like crap when Chris released him, backing up. Phil spun around and read the longing in Chris' eyes. "At least kiss me."

With gentleness Phil was not accustomed to in his other encounters, Chris cupped his jaw and urged Phil to his mouth. It was so kind it made Phil weak in the knees. The press of Chris' soft lips, his tongue exploring with care, made Phil whimper in yearning.

Parting reluctantly, they met eyes.

"Let me drive you home."

"Yes." Phil looked away from those baby blues before he said something foolish. 'I love you' was lingering on his tongue after that amazing kiss.

"Can I meet you at your place tonight? After work?"

Phil tried not to panic. "Uh...my place?"

"No good?" Chris tidied up the kitchen and took his keys off a hook on the wall near the door.

"Um." Even though Mrs. Chu was gone, Phil dreaded bringing Chris there.

"I just thought since tomorrow was Saturday we'd have a little more time to sleep in after you left work." Chris closed the gap between them and caressed Phil's hair.

"Yes." Phil tried to come up with an excuse.

"Would you rather come here?"

"Would you mind?" Phil hoped Chris didn't come to any wrong conclusions, like Phil was hiding a boyfriend at

home. "I love it here," he added, hoping it was convincing and it was the truth.

"Sure." Chris appeared apprehensive.

To stem off a false notion, Phil said, "I live alone."

Chris narrowed his eyes at Phil curiously.

"If you're thinking you can't go back to my place because there's a man there, there isn't."

"Am I thinking that?"

"I don't know what the hell you're thinking." Phil felt sick. His whole life was a humiliation.

"Can I admit something?"

"Crap." Phil cringed. "What?"

"I drove by your house. You have a beautiful cottage. I just wonder why you're embarrassed by it."

Phil felt violated. "You drove by my place? How did you know where I live?"

"Can we walk and talk?" Chris' cheek went red, as if he let something out he regretted.

Phil made sure he had his wallet, keys, cell phone, and the envelope with his tips before he put on his jacket.

Once they had locked the house and were seated in the Cadillac, Phil twisted in the bench seat and said, "You got my address from that day you saw me at the clinic." When Chris' face soured at being nailed, Phil sat facing forward. "That was a bit stalkerish of you, Doctor."

"I wanted to see you. I would have knocked on your door but I got a call from my office that I had a waiting room full of patients."

"Gee." Phil threw up his hands. "I suppose I don't have to give you directions on how to get to my home. You already know."

"Don't be mad. Please." Chris reached for him. "I adore you and I was only trying to find you so we could talk."

Calling Dr. Love

Chris interlaced their fingers. "Forgive me."

When Chris brought Phil's hand to his lips to kiss, Phil turned to putty. "Why do you want someone like me?" Phil sighed.

"I won't hear you demean yourself any longer, Phil. No more."

Phil sunk deeper in the leather seat and propped his chin in his palm, his elbow on the door rest. "You don't know me, Chris."

"I want to get to know you. I don't care about your social status."

Phil laughed at the irony. "You almost stormed out last night."

"You were egging me on. Making me jealous."

"The nastier I am, the more cash I get."

"I know."

"And the porn?" Phil peeked at Chris while he drove. "You want to know about me getting spit-roasted last Sunday?" Chris' mouth tightened. Phil got his answer. "I was so sore last week I couldn't fucking sit."

Phil felt Chris' hand jerk as if in reflex he wanted to release Phil's grasp. Phil let go. Chris grabbed Phil's fingers and squeezed them tight.

"I'm not your judge and jury. When will you realize that? A man has to eat and put a damn roof over his head." Chris stopped at a red signal and turned to face Phil. "I'm not going to let you push me away again. Not for the reasons you're stating. If we don't get along after trying a relationship, that's a different story."

"How on earth could we have a relationship?" Phil laughed. "Can you stand your boyfriend getting it up the ass from other guys on weekends?"

The light changed and Chris proceeded through the

intersection. "Do you have to do porn?"

"I have bills to pay. Big ones." Phil massaged Chris' hand between both of his.

Chris nodded, expressionless.

"That clinic you spotted me at? I have to go for monthly AIDS tests."

"There is nothing wrong with that. I get them periodically too."

"You do? Do you fuck around a lot?"

"Not a lot, but I just like to be sure."

"Huh." Phil thought about it. "So? You're okay with my dancing and gay porn jobs?"

"I'll learn to be okay with it."

"Am I that worth it?" Phil was astonished at the tenacity Chris was showing.

Double parking in front of the cottage, Chris put the car in park and faced Phil. Chris released his hand and cupped both his palms on Phil's cheeks lovingly. "God yes."

A lump formed instantly in Phil's throat. "Really?"

A smile appearing on Chris' lips, he urged Phil closer to kiss him. They licked at each other's tongues and mouths until Chris' mobile ringtone sounded.

Chris whispered, "My waiting room is full again."

Phil chuckled softly.

"I want to see you."

"Yes," Phil replied. "Can I come to your place after work?"

"Do I want you behind the wheel in the shape you were last night?" Chris shook his head no adamantly. "I'll pick you up."

"I can't have you chauffeuring me around."

"Am I complaining?"

Calling Dr. Love

“You’ll resent me.”

“Phil Andrews, you don’t know me very well.” Chris’ eyes sparkled as he smiled.

“No. I hardly know you at all, Dr. Love.”

The ringtone went off again. “I have to go.”

Phil pecked Chris’ lips. “Then you’ll pick me up after my shift?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.” Phil unbuckled his seatbelt and leaned for one more kiss.

“See you later.”

“Don’t work too hard.”

“I can’t promise that,” Chris replied. “And I can say the same thing to you.”

“True. Bye.” Phil opened the door.

“Bye. Get some sleep.”

“I will.” Phil climbed out of the car and waved as Chris drove off and the car vanished. Phil remembered to get the mail and entered the house from the back, smiling.

~

Chris answered his cell phone. “I’m on my way, Karen.”

“Thank you, Doctor.”

He disconnected the call and tossed the phone on the passenger’s seat.

Can I overlook all of it? The dancing is bad enough, but the gay porn? “Spit-roasting. Great.” Chris had never been a fan of porn. He’d watched it one time and it bored him. Once the initial thrill of seeing the act of anal and oral sex in the first skit was over, the rest became repetitive and dull.

Chris was in no mood for work today. He should have taken the day off. Everyone else in the business world did.

Only the retail sector was open and greedy. He parked in his reserved space, locked up the car and made his way inside through the back door. The entire trip up the stairwell he was arguing with himself.

“You said you could handle it. He’s the one who’s being realistic. He knows how hard it will be to have a relationship with him. He’ll be screwing other men.” Chris opened the exit from the stairs so hard it slammed with a metallic clatter. “But it’s not love. He’s just doing an act. An empty act.” Quieting his muttering, he snarled. “Yeah. AIDS tests monthly. You want a piece of that pie, Chris?”

When his staff noticed him they stared at him strangely.

“What?” Chris opened his hands in an obvious gesture.

“Bad morning?” Karen helped him with his leather jacket.

“No. Yes. Never mind.” Chris allowed her to do the same with his white lab coat.

“Can I get you coffee?”

“No. Thanks, Karen.” Chris took a peek through the glass reception desk at the mob in the waiting room. “Jesus Christ.”

“Your first patient is in room one.” Karen handed him her folder.

He nodded, tight-lipped and opened the door.

~

Phil didn’t go back to sleep. Instead he headed to the gym to get his workout done. He had to dance later that evening and imagined a good long bout of weight lifting, a light meal and a long sleep.

Tiny rushes of anxiety kept making its way through him. Chris. The fact that Chris thought this match would work was causing Phil stress. No man wanted his lover to screw other men, for pay or otherwise. It was well known in the porn industry that jealousy was rampant and

Calling Dr. Love

relationships did not last.

Quickly changing into his workout clothes, Phil faced the mirror for his barbell lifts. He wondered if he didn't have all that credit card debt if he could actually get by on the dancing pay. The tips he had gotten lately were fantastic. He'd never made this much before. *Act like a fucking pervert and get paid more. Ooh, so nice.* His lip curled in revulsion at his reflection.

"Philly?"

Phil met a man's eyes in the mirror. Phil's expression changed to anger. "Get away from me."

The old man from the obscene lap dance at Flirts' club looked around the area nervously. "I'm sorry."

"You fucking should be." Phil alternated lifts with the dumbbell, avoiding his gaze.

"I was out of line. I got carried away."

"What-fucking-ever. I'm not at work now. Leave me alone."

"Can I make it up to you?" The old man rubbed his hands together sheepishly.

"Yeah. Stop going to the club. I don't ever want to lay eyes on you again." Phil stepped to the side, putting more distance between them.

"I mean, I want to do something to help you out."

Phil let the weights hang heavily in his gloved hands and tried not to shout in fury. "My boyfriend was in the club last night. You humiliated me in front of him."

"Please. Let me make it up to you."

"Don't fucking touch me!" Phil jerked back as the man raised his hand in an effort to console him. "Jesus! I can't even work out without getting harassed? This is bullshit!"

A few members took notice.

The old man turn crimson as people stared.

Phil wanted to keep exercising. He didn't want to be the one to leave.

"This is for you." The old man set a folded piece of paper on a nearby bench. "I knew you lifted weights here. I hoped I'd see you."

Phil ground his jaw about to scream.

"Take that as a token of my regret. I won't go to the club again. I promise." The old man hurried away, slinking low to avoid the few who had spied their spat.

"Yeah, whatever." Phil continued with his repetitions, ignoring the item the old man left on the bench. *I hate my life!*

Phil found it impossible to continue working out while struggling with so much pent up rage. He slammed the dumbbells onto the rack and stormed to the locker room. He hadn't worked out enough to break a sweat, so he changed into his street clothing and left without his customary shower.

He found his car key and walked across the lot. One of the gym employees raced out, flagging him down.

"Now what?" Phil assumed his bill was paid for a month, wasn't it?

"You left this." The young man panted as he handed him something.

"What?" Phil didn't take it.

"It's a check with your name on it."

"A check?" Phil dropped his gym bag and received it, read the amount and looked up at the young man.

"You must have made Santa very happy this year." He winked and jogged back to the gym.

A bank check for ten grand was in his fingertips.

Phil contemplated the amount as he coped with the manic ride his life had become. With no one's council but

Calling Dr. Love

his own, he was struggling to deal with the overload.

Phil picked up his bag and unlocked his car door. Once he was behind the wheel he stared into space, the key in his hand.

~

Chris finished treating his last office patient and got himself ready to head to the hospital for his surgeries.

“Have a nice weekend, Doctor.”

“You too, Karen.” Chris waved and walked out of his office and down the hall to the back stairs.

He checked his phone for messages. None. Disappointed Phil didn’t call or text, Chris stuck the phone back into his pocket and started the car. He drove to the hospital he tried to organize his thoughts. The last thing his patients needed was to be cut up by a distracted surgeon.

~

Phil curled the pillow under his head on his bed. He’d eaten a small salad he’d picked up at the grocery store on his way home. The miniature refrigerator in his room didn’t hold much. Milk, juice, bread, butter, just the basics.

That familiar level of exhaustion made its way through Phil’s muscles. He set the alarm near the bed for five so he’d wake up with enough time to eat a quick bite and go to work. Vaguely he wondered how Chris’ day was going. He wanted to call and say hi but he imagined a doctor must be very busy all day long and dreaded bugging him.

Phil remembered something and picked up his small mobile phone to dial.

“Yeah?”

“Larry,” he said hoarsely, clearing his throat.

“Hello, Phil.”

“Got work for me tomorrow?”

“You feel up to it?”

“Yes. I got my AIDS test results for you as well.”

“Good. Come by at ten.”

“K. Thanks.” Phil hung up and set the phone aside, closing his eyes and falling asleep.

~

Chris scrubbed up to his elbows as an intern did the same. A nurse helped them both glove up and put their masks on. Chris held his hands upright as he entered the operating theater and approached his patient who was being administered to by an anesthesiologist.

“Ready, Doctor,” the anesthesiologist said.

Chris nodded and pointed to the marked lines on the woman’s face. “You want to make the first cut?” he asked the intern.

“Can I let you?” the young man’s eyes looked anxious.

“Sure.” Chris reached to the nurse. “Scalpel.” He knew if he did it, it’d be quicker. All he wanted to do was finish for the week. This facelift was the last surgery he had to perform for the day and he wanted it done.

~

Phil drank a cup of instant coffee and ate two pieces of toast with peanut butter at his table for one. He checked his watch, picked up his mobile phone and stared at it. It was nearing five-thirty and he was craving Chris like a dull ache.

Phil brushed off his hands and decided to just text Chris a two word message. Phil typed, ‘Miss u’ and hit send. Once he did he felt like a silly adolescent, but shrugged it off and finished his toast crust.

Sipping the coffee, he examined the bank check and imagined blowing it. It wouldn’t pay off his credit cards. It would make a dent, but he would still owe at least that much. As the sensible notions of paying a few months ahead on his leased car and some of his outstanding bills

Calling Dr. Love

battled with the urge to fly to Reno and play roulette while drinking vodka ran through his head, his cell phone rang.

Phil grabbed it in excitement. “Hiya.”

“I miss you too,” Chris purred.

“Damn! Insta-wood!” Phil rubbed his crotch in delight. “Are you done for the day?”

“Yes. Just walking to my car. Do you have time for dinner?”

“Oh.” Phil stared at the crumbs on his plate. “Uh.”

“I’m sorry. We didn’t discuss it. Did you already eat?”

“I had a small bite. Enough for now.” Phil looked back at his tiny room and tried not to allow those intruding thoughts of inadequacy to seep in.

“Okay.” Chris sounded disappointed. “So, you want me to just pick you up at midnight at Flirts? Is that the plan?”

“Unless you’ve changed your mind.” Phil rubbed his palm on his jeans as it became sweaty from nerves. He wasn’t at a decent comfort level with Chris. Not yet. Their exchanges still made him uptight.

“I haven’t changed my mind.”

“Okay. Another thing. I have to be at the studio tomorrow at ten.”

“Ten in the morning?”

Phil bit his lip in anxiety. “Did we have something to do? Did I forget?”

After a pause where it sound like a car door closed, Chris replied, “I was hoping we could sleep in. You know.”

“I...” Phil needed the work. He had no idea what to say.

“It’s okay. At least we’ll have some time.”

“Yeah. To sleep. I’m sorry, Chris. I know you need to get laid.”

“Hey. Hang on a minute.” Chris sounded indignant.

“I’m not just seeing you to get laid.”

“Well, ya better screw me before my stint on the set.” Phil shook his head. “Because you won’t be able to after.” He laughed, trying to make it sound funny. When the other end went dead silent, Phil’s stomach tightened in a knot. “Did you hang up on me?”

“No. I’m here. So. I’ll be at Flirts at midnight.”

The tone of Chris’ voice devastated Phil. “I was just trying to make a joke.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I’ve just spent five and a half hours in surgery. I suppose I’m a little tired.”

“You don’t have to pick me up tonight. We can meet up after I get through at the studio tomorrow.”

“Up to you.”

Phil rubbed his face with his free hand, feeling that horrible sense of dread and emotion creeping up on him. “I don’t know what to do.”

“I’ll pick you up at midnight.”

“Okay.”

“See ya later.”

Not able to speak at the moment, Phil heard the line disconnect. Phil looked at the LCD on his phone and ended his side of the call. He tossed the phone on the table and hid his face in his hands.

Chapter Eleven

Chris ate alone at his kitchen table, a plate of pasta to fill his empty stomach. It was his own fault. He wanted to pursue this relationship.

Chris had a long way to go to midnight. Six hours to be exact. Six-long-mother-fucking-hours of waiting...waiting to pick up a man who would be exhausted, drop dead on his bed, only to take him home before ten tomorrow for his 'porn shoot'.

"What a fucking way to end the year." Chris lost his appetite, threw the remainder of his dinner into the trash and washed the one dish and pot in the sink dutifully.

He filled a tumbler with a ridiculous amount of scotch and collapsed on the sofa in the den, gulping a few mouthfuls before he reached for the cordless phone.

"Christopher?"

"Hi, Mom."

"How was your Christmas Day? Did you end up doing anything?"

Yeah, watching my porn star boyfriend get molested while he go-go danced. "No. Look, I'm going to have some time tomorrow at around ten thirty to stop by and give you and Dad your presents."

"Good. Why don't I make us a nice brunch?"

“Sure.”

“How long can you stay?”

“A few hours.”

“That’ll be fine, Christopher. See you then.”

“Bye, Mom.” He hung up and took another swig of the booze, forcing it down his throat. “My life sucks!” he roared.

~

“Hi Philly!”

“Hi, Rhandi...Hootie.” Phil smiled at each man as he stepped into the backroom.

“Did you have a nice night with the doctor?” Hootie asked as he changed clothing.

“I was so beat I slept.” Phil tried to kid about it. “Didn’t even screw.”

“Bummer.” Rhandi wiggled into his g-string. “I got a nice slow BJ from my man.” He sighed. “We laid in bed all day and did naughty things to each other. Looks like it’s coal in my stocking again next year.” Rhandi giggled mischievously.

Phil didn’t reply, emptying his pockets into the locker. When he glanced over his shoulder, Hootie and Rhandi were exchanging worried looks behind his back.

A warm hand caressed his shoulder. Phil met Hootie’s dark brown eyes. “Anything we can do?”

“No. But thanks.” Phil gave him a sweet smile.

Moose poked his head into the room. “Five minutes!”

“Yes, boss!” Rhandi hurried to coat them all in oil.

Phil hopped on one foot trying to get his g-string on. “Is he early or are we late?”

“The greedy bastard gets earlier and earlier every night.” Hootie grumbled, rubbing oil on Rhandi as Rhandi

Calling Dr. Love

did the same to Phil.

“Give me that.” Phil reached for the oil and quickly coated Hootie’s back with it.

“Go. Now.” Moose pitched his thumb over his shoulder towards the bar.

They passed a towel around to wipe their hands. “It’s early, Moose. Come on,” Phil said. “At least let us finish prepping.”

Before Moose opened his mouth, both Hootie and Rhandi announced, “It is early!”

“Fine! I’ll give you five more minutes.”

When he vanished Phil muttered, “Fucking bitch.” He hurried to the restroom for a last pee, checked his face in the mirror, and washed his hands. Phil fluffed up his hair and noticed it was getting long. He needed a haircut. Another task that seemed to get pushed aside. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and...

Phil returned to the backroom remembering Rhandi used to be a hairdresser. Phil asked him, “Is my hair getting too long?”

Rhandi reached up to fuss with it. “It’s longer than you usually have it. But you look sexy.”

Phil checked with Hootie. “Do I need a trim?”

“You look fine, man.” Hootie smoothed his hand over his shaved head. “I don’t have that problem.”

Rhandi teased Hootie, “You know, some of the black football players have weaves. And damn! They’re gorgeous.”

Phil laughed as he touched up the oil on his chest.

“Have you seen that Arizona Cardinal? Hightower? Mmm!” Rhandi licked his lips.

“You watch football?” Hootie asked in shock.

“Tight ends, sweetie. Lots of tight ends.” Rhandi

laughed.

“Let’s go!” Moose called into the room.

“Weaves, huh?” Hootie seemed to be considering it.

“Yup. The latest NFL rage. I’ll do it for you. Just let your hair grow long enough to work with.”

“You will?”

“Of course!”

Phil chuckled to himself as he followed them into the crowded room. He parted from them to head to his spot by the front, climbing onto the platform. Phil scanned the occupants and began warming up slowly. The lights dimmed and the music became loud.

He doubted Chris would come early to watch. Doubted that very much. He had to forget the amount of time he had to wait to see Chris and try to enjoy himself. Phil stared from face to face searching for a pretty boy to dance for. He was out of luck.

~

Slightly tipsy, but not too drunk since he had quit consuming scotch hours ago, Chris drove to West Hollywood. He was horny. Very horny. All evening he was imagining Phil dancing and playing with his big dick inside that gold lame’ nut pouch.

He was a few minutes early. Chris lucked out and spotted a car pulling out from a parallel parking space on the street. He quickly claimed it and walked up the block to Flirts.

The club was overflowing with men.

Before he entered Chris leaned against the window glass for a peek. Philly Beefcake was performing an erotic lap dance. “God, look at you, you gorgeous fucker.” Chris massaged his cock as he watched.

“I can do that for you, handsome.”

Calling Dr. Love

Chris spun around at the comment. He dropped his hand and responded politely, “No thanks. But I appreciate the offer.”

The man shrugged and kept walking.

Chris’ dick pressing against his slacks as he walked, he entered the chaos and tried to keep hidden so he didn’t distract Phil.

He made his way to the spot he had previously occupied, squeezing between a crowd of men who were laughing and obviously wasted on booze. Chris found a tiny gap in which to lean back on, keeping his jacket on in hopes that it covered his crotch. Though it was very warm from all the bodies, Chris couldn’t stop playing with himself as he ogled the fantastic Philly Beefcake.

~

Phil felt pretty good considering. He’d taken a couple of aspirins during his last break, had no booze, and sucked two bottles of water down in preparation for his meeting with Chris. He didn’t want to drop dead this time. He wanted to please the man.

Not only did he promise himself he would not get drunk, he also kept a limit on what he allowed these patrons to do to him. No more nude dances, no more groping of his package. Uh uh. A dance was what they were entitled to. Hands off. Those where the damn rules posted on the wall. *Don’t touch the dancer’s dicks*. It was right there on the list of Do’s and Don’ts on a poster. He was under no obligation to allow these guys to touch him and from this night on they wouldn’t, other than to tuck cash into the *side* of his g-string. Tough shit. Those are the rules.

Phil finished his private show, waiting as the drooling middle-aged man began to stick cash into his outfit. Phil pivoted his hips to force the man to wrap the money into the side of his g-string. “Thanks,” Phil said.

He danced back to his platform and climbed on,

resuming his act. Instantly Phil caught sight of the amazing Norwegian look-alike in the room and grinned in delight. Phil leapt down again and stalked the gorgeous doctor like he was a gazelle and Phil was a starving tiger.

~

Hello! Chris jumped as Phil made his way towards him in the mob. “Holy shit.” Chris couldn’t believe the look in Phil’s eyes.

The men in the room took notice, parting in curiosity to see who this luscious god was making for. Chris gulped and stopped squeezing his cock through his pants.

Phil gyrated sensuously in front of him. Chris felt his dick throb and didn’t know what he was enjoying more, Phil’s expression of pure sex or his shimmering muscles as they moved.

Chris melted into the painted plasterboard behind him from the heat Phil was emitting. He admired Phil’s amazing height as Phil seemed to tower over him. When Phil placed a hand on either side of Chris on the wall, Chris began to pant like a hound.

“Jesus, Phil!” Chris had the urge to slide his hands all over Phil’s slick form.

“Can’t wait to get you naked.”

“I’m about to come in my pants.” Chris laughed.

“Don’t. I want to eat it.” Phil licked his lips wickedly.

Chris did a quick sweep of Phil’s impressive physique. A large erection was barely covered by the tiny fabric between Phil’s legs.

“I’m about to drop to my knees, Phil,” Chris said. “Jesus, you’re fantastic.”

“Grrr...” Phil rubbed their dicks together hotly.

Chris felt a rush of pure pleasure and knew he was oozing pre-come. He shivered down to his toes and closed

Calling Dr. Love

his eyes as the euphoria sought to overwhelm him. When Phil cupped Chris' jaw and a wet mouth covered his, Chris enveloped Phil in his arms and squeezed him tight. Chris blocked out the hooting of the crowd and sucked on Phil's tongue like a dick, moaning as the craving to come became intense.

Phil broke the kiss. "I'm done. Let me change so I can get my hands on you."

Chris was so pent up from the teasing he nodded in reply and had to force himself to release Phil's body from his own.

Phil gave him a delicious smirk and licked Chris' chin. "I'll be quick. Keep this thing hard for me." Phil stroked Chris' cock and Chris almost came from his touch. Like a mute bobble-headed doll, Chris nodded obediently.

A second later, the scent and heat from his lover had vanished. It took Chris a moment to recover. Someone leaned to Chris' ear to ask, "Is he your boyfriend?"

"Yes..." Chris licked his lips trying to taste Phil on them.

"You lucky fucker!"

"I know." Chris had to will himself to move, pushing off the wall he was practically glued to. He walked through the crowd of men receiving a mixture of admiring glances and jealous scowls.

The excitement in him rising, Chris leaned against the bar near the back door, waiting impatiently. No dropping dead tonight. It seemed they were both more energetic, and that made Chris very happy.

Ten minutes later Phil emerged in a tight black t-shirt, faded blue jeans and a taupe suede jacket, appearing to be something off the pages of GQ.

Before Chris was able to comment on how beautiful he looked, Phil wrapped one arm around Chris' waist and

coaxed him into an embrace. The kiss sent Chris reeling. Chris dug both his hands into Phil's dark thick hair and sucked at Phil's mouth hungrily. "Let's go home, babe."

"Lead the way."

Holding hands, they worked a path through the crowd to the front exit. On the street in the cool breeze, they held each other closer, giggling like teens.

"You too drunk to drive?" Phil teased.

"Me?" Chris paused at his car.

"You taste like booze."

"I had a scotch hours ago. I'm surprised you can still taste it. I ate a mint." Chris unlocked the doors and walked around to the driver's side.

Before Chris started the car, Phil placed one hand at the nape of Chris' neck, the other between his thighs and started kissing him again.

Chris whimpered in response, splaying his legs wide in total submission.

"You hot fucker," Phil hissed, tracing where Chris had grown stiff in his slacks. "Do you know how long I've craved touching you?"

"Yes." Chris felt a flash of fire. "Since the last time we fucked."

Phil went wild, sucking Chris' mouth, rubbing hot friction on his cock.

"Let me get you in my bed."

Phil moved back to allow Chris to turn the key in the ignition, but didn't release his grasp of Chris' crotch.

While Chris resisted the urge to hump Phil's palm, Chris drove, struggling to focus on the road and get them naked and in a bed. Now!

~

Phil knew damn well he was driving Chris crazy. *How*

Calling Dr. Love

fun is that? You may be the king in the operating room, but I'm the prince in the art of seduction.

Phil pinched Chris' hard dick from the tip to the base and back again, squirming in his seat at the anticipation of that lovely cock inside him, anally, orally, Phil didn't care. "I want you in me. Midnight humping, ooooyeah," he crooned.

"Fuck!" Chris jammed down the accelerator. "You're making me insane."

"Good!" Phil laughed. "That's the idea."

Chris managed to rub against Phil's hand as he drove. It only made Phil laugh harder. Chris skidded to a stop in his driveway, barely shut the engine off before he exited the car and pulled Phil out of the passenger's seat. Phil roared with hilarity at getting Chris so hot.

Before they made it inside, Chris pinned Phil against his front door. In the shadowy glow of a single streetlamp, the sound of the ocean waves crashing as background music, Chris devoured Phil's mouth and dug his hand down the front of Phil's snug jeans.

Chris tried to touch Phil everywhere at once. He pushed Phil's shirt up his chest and went at him with both hands. "You fantastic fucker. I want you so bad."

"The feeling's mutual." Phil began to get into the same state as Chris, hornier than hell. "Open the goddamn door."

Chris plunged his key into the door lock and swung it back, turning on a lamp. The door hit the door jam with a bang as they stumbled into the living room still groping and trying to strip each other's clothing off.

Phil nudged the door shut with his foot, opening Chris' belt and zipper spreading the material wide on Chris' washboard abs. The minute those tight abdominal muscles were visible, Phil went wild, pushing Chris' shirt up his chest and licking his nipples as he massaged his way down

Chris' pelvis.

Chris gripped Phil's arms, he couldn't catch his breath. "Baby," Chris hissed hoarsely, "you get me crazy."

With a sharp tug on Chris' waistband, Phil exposed Chris from his hips down to his knees. Chris' cock sprang from his briefs, slapping his stomach before it pointed forward, and Chris' thighs went rigid as he clenched his muscles.

Phil took a moment to savor the sight of this man's unbelievable body, his long straight cock, the swollen blushing head glistening with pre-come, dark curling pubic hair and heavy sagging testicles that were tightening up as he watched. Phil wrapped a hand around each of Chris' ass cheeks, spread them apart strongly and began sucking his dick, hard.

Both their moans rose in harmony into the dim living room.

"Oh! God!" Chris cried, digging his fingers painfully into Phil's shoulders. "Agh! Phil! Fuck!"

Phil used his hands to manipulate Chris' body, mouthing Chris' cock deep and fast, his saliva dripping down Chris' balls. *Come! Come! For Christ's sake, come!*

Phil wanted desperately to taste him. His own dick was throbbing like a beating heart in his tight jeans.

Phil worked his fingertips in tandem towards Chris' rim as Phil orally piston-fucked him like he was possessed. Phil pressed an index finger into Chris' ass and felt Chris' knees give out.

"Oooffffuck!" Chris held onto Phil for dear life to prevent falling. Phil felt Chris' grip tighten to a vice hold. "I'm coming! *Fuck!*"

Rapid pulsating rushed passed Phil's tight lips. Phil closed his eyes and groaned in pure pleasure as that hot, thick cream filled his mouth. He jammed Chris' dick deep

Calling Dr. Love

and hard inside his lips as Chris came, massaging Chris' ass. Phil heard Chris whimper and felt his entire weight on his shoulder.

Phil slowed down, milking Chris' cock gently and used one hand to hold the base while lapping at the tip as more come oozed out. Above him Chris was gasping, grunting and collapsed on top of him.

Phil allowed Chris' dick to slip out of his mouth. Phil wrapped his arms around Chris' thighs, using the opportunity Chris gave him by his present slumped posture, and carried Chris to the bedroom.

He dropped Chris so he was lying crossways on the mattress with his feet on the floor. Phil finished stripping Chris of his lower apparel and shimmied out of his own clothing quickly.

Chris continued to recuperate, removing his shirt, wiping the perspiration from his face and moaning.

Phil removed a rubber out of Chris' nightstand and coated himself with lube. "My turn, babe."

Chris placed his heels on the bed, spread wide, and offered himself.

So rarely did Phil top, which he preferred, Phil was about to combust just looking at Chris' body. Phil pushed the lube into Chris with two fingers and worked his tight ring to relax him. Soon Phil felt it soften and heard Chris' steady calm breathing.

Phil replaced his fingers with the head of his dick, biting his lip to prevent hammering into Chris before he was ready. Slowly, making his way in bit by bit, Phil allowed Chris to get used to the size of his dick inside him. But all Phil wanted to do was ram deep and hard. "How you doin', hot stuff?"

"Good." Chris reached out to touch Phil's forearms as they braced on the bed.

"I want to fuck, fuck, fuck you." Phil kept working towards total penetration.

"I'll bet you do." Chris laughed softly.

"Tell me when I can." Phil gently moved in and out but it was becoming torture.

Chris' hold on Phil's forearms became firm. Phil gasped in surprise as Chris thrust his body against Phil's roughly while he hissed, "Now..."

A chill washed up Phil's spine. "Hold onto your hat, Doctor."

"Fuck me, lover."

Just the sex talk was bringing Phil close to the edge. He got a better hold on Chris and began his ride to heaven. Phil slid all the way out to his cock-head and hammered in hard, sweat beginning to rush down his neck and pits. "Feel good?"

When Chris didn't answer, Phil gazed down at Chris in the darkness of the room to see his back arched and both of Chris' hands jacking himself off.

"You sexy son-of-a-bitch." Phil snarled and cranked up the thrusting into overdrive, slapping his balls against Chris' ass cheeks, hearing a delightful sweaty splat sound as they met. Phil felt it begin to stir in his nuts and soon the sensation of pleasure was beyond his control. Phil opened his clenched teeth and roared as he burrowed deep, pulling out to the edge only to return to Chris' depths. "Angh! God!" Phil shot out come into Chris' body, his knees buckling, forcing him to lean on the bed as Chris rocked below him, spurting more come all over his abdomen and exposed chest.

The sweat dripping into Phil's eyes, Phil wiped at them quickly to keep his focus on Chris' movements and expressions. "Holy Christ."

Chris appeared completely spent as he opened his eyes

Calling Dr. Love

and stopped pulling on his cock. With both arms Chris reached upwards.

Phil pulled out gently before he dropped on top of Chris finding his mouth and kissing him. *I love you! I love you!* he wanted so much to wail in agony, but kept it sealed behind his lips.

Chris rolled them over so he was on top, digging his hand into Phil's hair intensifying their already passionate kiss until Phil was swooning from the heat.

Finally parting to gasp for air, Phil looked up at Chris in astonishment. Never had sex been this good. Never. "My. God."

"I know." Chris smiled, letting out a one syllable laugh.

"I can get addicted to you." Phil cupped Chris' coarse jaw.

"I already am."

Phil brought Chris' mouth back to his own, easing up on the force. Phil wanted to show Chris how much he adored him through their kiss.

Though they were exhausted, sticky, and Phil still had a spent condom clinging to his cock, they kissed slowly and affectionately for almost an hour.

Chapter Twelve

When Phil opened his eyes he searched for the clock. Bolting upright, he swore, “Shit!”

“Hm?” Chris moaned, still dead to the world.

“I have to go.” Phil tossed the blanket off and trotted to the bathroom to shower. It was the last thing he wanted to do, but he had to go to the studio. Phil scrubbed as quickly as he could, shut the taps. As he patted down with a towel he spotted a sleepy Chris yawning and rubbing his head.

“Sorry, babe.” Phil stepped out of the tub.

“I should have set the alarm.” Chris splashed his face at one of the basins.

“Never mind. I’ll make it there. Uh, you can drive me, right?” Phil tossed the towel over the shower door and tended his hair with Chris’ brush.

“Yes. Of course. Should I make a pot of coffee?”

“No. I have to get going.” Phil brushed his teeth quickly, spitting out the toothpaste and rinsing his mouth. He scooted by Chris and struggled to get dressed as he rushed.

Phil watched as Chris found a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, managing to function though he looked exhausted.

“I’m really sorry, Chris.”

“Stop apologizing. I can come back here and get more

Calling Dr. Love

sleep. You can't." Chris tucked in his shirt and sat down to put his socks on.

"It should only be a couple of hours. It doesn't normally take very long." Phil felt like total shit. It was as if neither of them wanted to address the elephant in the room. Like the fact that Phil was going to get his ass fucked hard in about fifteen minutes. "I have to go." Phil pulled the paperwork from the clinic out of his jean's pocket, having remembered to take it with him to work the night before so he didn't need to stop home. Once he verified he still had it, he stuffed it back into his pocket.

"Let's go." Chris clasped his car keys in his palm.

"Christ, Chris, I feel so badly about this." Phil followed him to the front door.

"Stop, will ya? You have to work. If I had to work would you be giving me a hard time?" Chris used the key fob to unlock the car doors.

Phil sat down on the passenger's seat. "Yeah, maybe if you worked weekends I would." Chris didn't respond. Phil shut up as he started the car and backed them out of the driveway.

"It's on Santa Monica Boulevard."

"Okay." Chris turned on the radio in what appeared to be a mechanical gesture.

When a male voice, not music, came through the speakers, Phil was puzzled. "What is this?"

Chris shut it off. "An audio book I've been listening to."

"It's okay." Phil made a gesture to turn it on.

Chris stopped him. "I can't focus on it now anyway."

Phil stared at Chris' just-out-of-bed appearance and his tight grimace of frustration. Phil sank in the soft leather seat and rubbed his face wearily. *This won't work. Why are we doing this to each other?*

The entire drive was silent except for one or two words of directions from Phil. Chris parked in the lot out front of the inconspicuous studio building. Phil unfastened his seatbelt, preparing to climb out. He felt Chris' hand on his arm and met Chris' baby blues.

"Call me when you're done."

"Why?" Phil kept wondering what the motivation was in pursuing this disastrous attempt at a relationship.

"Because I'd like to see you later. Is that okay? Or do you have to dance tonight and want to rest in between?"

Phil replied, "Yes, I do have to dance later tonight."

"Any time between the two jobs for me?"

Phil rubbed his eyes tiredly. "My ass will be too sore for sex. What's the fucking point?"

Chris jerked Phil violently into an embrace. Stunned by the unexpected act, Phil went limp as Chris enveloped him, squeezing him painfully to his chest.

In a hoarse agonizing whisper, Chris said, "The point isn't fucking you. It's being with you. I want to be with you."

"Oh God." Phil felt on the verge of an emotional breakdown. No one wanted him like this before. Not for something more than his ass. "I have to go." *But I don't want to!*

Their unshaven jaws scratched together as Chris moved to find his lips. Phil connected to that kiss and held Chris so tightly he knew he was crushing him. When they parted mouths Phil squeaked out of a closing throat, "I'll call you the minute I'm done."

"I'll be here."

I love you was there again behind Phil's lips. He bit his teeth hard to stop it escaping. Phil replied, "Thanks."

Chris sat back and watched as Phil climbed out of the

Calling Dr. Love

car. Phil stood outside that slick Cadillac CTS and waved, hurrying into the lobby, gaining some self control. When he turned back, the car moved on its way out of his sight.

~

After stopping back home to shower, shave and put on fresh clothing, Chris finally made it to his parents' house. He was in no mood to socialize, but he had promised.

Two wrapped packages in his arms, Chris rang the doorbell before he tried the knob. It was unlocked. "Hello?" he called out as he entered.

"Hello, Christopher!"

His mother's voice came from the kitchen. Chris propped the two boxes under the Christmas tree and paused at the threshold between rooms. His mother was setting the table. The minute they met eyes, she stopped.

"What?" Chris asked curiously.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. Why?" Chris could not conceive how his mother kept figuring out he was not 'all right'.

Before his mother had a chance to respond, Sol placed his hand on his Chris' shoulder. "Hello, son. Go have a seat. Your mother is about to serve brunch."

"Sorry I'm late." Chris found his usual place at the table watching his dad fill all three coffee cups.

His mother served a platter of a Spanish omelet and home fried potatoes. Chris caught her suspicious gaze again. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Sol perked up and paid attention.

"What happened? Is this about Phil Andrews?"

Chris' mouth dropped at his mother's uncanny perception. He was stumped at how she knew.

"Christopher?" Sol asked as he scooped up a helping of food.

Chris shook himself out of his shock, tipped milk into his cup and avoided both their concerned expressions. "Everything's fine."

"Are you dating?" Leona filled a plate for Chris.

"Yes." Chris hated interrogations and felt one coming.

"Then why do you look so worn out?"

"Mom, come on. I worked like a dog yesterday and got home late after I picked Phil up from work. We got around four hours of sleep. Okay? Nosy-missy?"

"Don't be curt to your mother," Sol said.

Chris released a loud exhale, knowing he was taking out his frustration on them. He poked at his food and apologized. "Look, our schedules clash pretty badly. I just wish I could see more of the guy."

Leona smiled. "Then you like him?"

I'm fucking madly in love with him. "Yeah. I like him."

"Bring him by. Your father and I would love to meet him."

The devilish smirk in her eyes was amusing Chris. "My go-go boy boyfriend?"

"Oh! How exotic!" She giggled.

"Go-go boy?" Sol did not look pleased. "What on earth does that mean?"

"He dances, Dad."

"Dances?"

Chris met his father's stare. "Yes. Dances. He works at a night club on 'the strip' called Flirts and wears a g-string."

His mother chuckled while his father's expression soured. "You can do better than that, Christopher."

"Oh?" Chris laced his fingers together and rested them on the table. "So? Phil is less of a man than I am? Is that what you're implying?"

Calling Dr. Love

“Don’t start an argument you two,” Leona warned, pointing her fork at them.

“Know where he is right now, Dad?” Chris was furious. This is why Phil has the insecurity he has. Ignorance.

Sol twisted away from him deliberately.

“He’s also a gay porn star.” Chris tried to make it sound like a boast but that was absurd. Maybe in a room full of drunken gay men it would be, but not here.

Leona gasped.

Chris opened his arms in a gesture of ‘you see now?’

His father was about to get up from the table. Chris ground his jaw in anger. “You’re okay with my being gay, but I have to pick someone of my income level? Is that the story?”

Sol threw his napkin on the table and glared at Chris. “I’m supposed to be proud that my plastic surgeon son has chosen a porn star-erotic dancer as a partner? That’s too much to ask of me, Christopher.” Sol grew red and his veins protruded in his temples. “This man sounds like something off the damn streets. What on earth is wrong with you? Sex? You’d choose a partner because of his sexual appeal? And that’s it?” Sol narrowed his eyes. “What on earth do you have in common with this man?”

“Gee, let’s see, Dad...” Chris began sarcastically, touching his chin. “We’re both men, both gay, both human, both have emotional and physical needs—”

“Enough!” Leona held up her hand. “Sol, leave the boy alone.”

Immediately Sol left the room in a huff.

Chris leaned both his elbows on the table and burrowed his face into his hands in agony. His mother rubbed his shoulder. “All right, sweetie. Calm down.”

Chris struggled with his anger. “This is what the guy

deals with. This is why he's reluctant to have a relationship with me. You think only people like Dad judge him? You should see the punishment the poor guy inflicts on himself."

"If you like him, he must be a truly lovely man."

"He is, Mom. He's just so battered up from a poor self image I have to go slowly. I intimidate the be-Jesus out of him, and I don't want to. We're the same. We're both just men."

"Men craving real love." Leona caressed Chris' hair back from his forehead.

Chris whispered, "I'm falling for him, Mom."

"Is he falling for you?"

"Christ, I hope so." Chris stared down at his uneaten food and felt ill.

~

Phil leaned against a wall in a prison guard uniform and daydreamed of Chris kissing him. Soft. Moist. Warm.

"Phil? Phil?"

"Hm?" Phil woke up and stood off the backdrop. "Yeah?"

Larry pointed at the fabricated jail cell. "Let's go."

Phil tucked in his shirt, waiting while his big, hairy, tattoo-covered co-star lit a cigarette and sat inside the cell on a thinly padded bunk.

"Action!"

Phil knew the scene was supposed to appear brutal and tried not to cringe. He stopped at the open cell door. Phil said, "No smoking, Big."

'Big' took a long deliberate drag off the filter, blowing the smoke at Phil. "Eat me."

"I mean it. Put it out." Phil entered the room, sensing the other two inmates who were about to join in, right behind him.

Calling Dr. Love

“I hate you cocky mother-fuckers, ya know that? Ya think ya own the joint.”

“We do own the joint, asshole.” Phil removed his nightstick from his belt, slapping his palm in warning. He knew what was coming and dreaded it. Big glanced over Phil’s shoulder. Phil couldn’t help but tense his body in preparation for the attack.

Phil was slammed from behind by two large men. Even though it had been rehearsed a few times, for the live taping Phil felt the full power of the blow. It knocked the stick out of his hand even before he had intended to drop it. It bounced against the cement floor as Phil fought with real fear thinking the men would get slightly pent up from the erotic scenario. It had happened to him before.

“Who owns the place now, copper?” Big laughed, taking a last draw off his cigarette and snubbing it out with the toe of his boot.

“Help! Guards!” Phil panted before a palm covered his mouth. He was already on his hands and knees with two men on his back keeping him firmly planted on the floor.

Big picked up the baton, which was made of soft foam. Phil still didn’t like what they were going to do with it.

Phil had to be tough and get it done in one take, for he’d be damned to repeat this nightmare over and over. Phil tried not to grind his jaw since soon it would be opened forcefully.

With a contemptuous sneer on his lips, Big knelt down and aimed the black sponge rod at Phil’s face. “I know how to shut you up.”

Shaking his head no, Phil knew that was the cue for all three men to go for it. His uniform was torn off and the black object was placed in his mouth. Phil bit down on it so hard he imagined chewing it off. He closed his eyes, tolerating the tormenting laughter and the impending ‘mock’ raping of his ass. Inevitably in these films, the

‘victim’ was supposed to get off on it. He was struggling with this one, big time. He wanted to have sex with Chris, not these three actors. Christ, even if Chris pretended to force him he’d love it. It was just wrong to be fucked by someone you didn’t know.

The laughter sounded so cruel, Phil imagined it was the world jeering at his life. His pathetic existence in this universe. The uselessness and futility he was dealing with daily.

Did he volunteer at a clinic? Did he help people feel better about themselves? Study to become a surgeon?

I didn’t even graduate fucking high-school! And now? I’m being fucked up the ass by guys I don’t even know with a fucking sponge phallus in my mouth! I hate my life!

“Ah! You like that?” One of the men piston-fucked him hard. Phil knew he’d be damn sore.

Someone jacked him off. Phil actually had to get hard during this mess and pretend he enjoyed it.

With his eyes closed Phil envisioned Chris with every ounce of strength he possessed. It was Chris fucking him, play-acting some silly game. *Yes, baby...take it. Fuck me hard, I’m yours, Chris.*

The black foam baton was yanked out of his mouth. Phil groaned as his cock was fisted briskly. Big’s prick entered his lips next.

It’s Chris’ cock. Chris’s cock.

Phil sucked and made some noises of pleasure as the first man behind him pulled out, snapped off the rubber and jacked off on his ass. Instantly the second one took his place fucking him.

In mere minutes Big removed his dick from Phil’s mouth and shot roping streams of come on Phil’s jaw and neck. The minute the second man behind him finished spraying Phil with his spunk, Phil knelt up, grabbing his

Calling Dr. Love

own dick and adding to the flurry of flying sperm.

Loud gasping from all four men filled the small space as they caught their breaths. Finally Big announced, “Knew you liked it, asshole.”

“Cut!”

Phil was handed a towel and wiped his face. He was coated in sperm and soaking wet with perspiration.

“You all right, man?” The actor playing Big knelt down by him.

“Yeah,” Phil lied, reaching for Big to help him to his feet.

“Beautiful, gentlemen.” Larry watched a video monitor.

Phil continued to use the towel to clean up and noticed all the men who had just fucked him staring at him while Larry wrote out checks obliviously in the background.

“What?” Phil asked.

“You sure you’re all right, babe?” One of the other men cupped Phil’s rough jaw. “It was an intense scene.”

Phil nudged the man’s hand aside. “Yeah. I’m fine.” He yanked his trousers up and headed to a shower stall to rinse off.

Stripped, Phil stood under the hot spray and tried to wash the degrading sensations off his skin as well as the body fluids. *I can’t do this anymore. I can’t.*

All thoughts of blowing the ten grand from the old man from the dance club on a spending spree or trip to Vegas, vanished. Phil had to make a dent in those credit card bills or he would kill himself. He couldn’t keep this up. Not now. Not when he wanted to be with Chris. If, or Phil thought, *when* Chris sees one of his movies, Chris will be done with him. He certainly would not date a porn star. How could he expect Chris to?

Dried and dressed in his street clothing, Phil inspected

his cell phone to see if anyone called and noticed it needed charging. He checked the time and dialed.

Before the line connected, Larry approached him. "Here ya go, babe. You were unbelievable." Larry passed him an envelope.

"Thanks." Phil took it and tried to smile while his ass still throbbed from the beating it took. "Oh. Here." He handed Larry his HIV lab results from his back pocket.

"Great. Thanks." Larry read it over as he walked away.

"Hey, sweetie."

Phil melted at Chris' voice. "I'm done. You still available to pick me up? I can have one of the guys drop me home if you're not."

"I'm on my way."

"I'll be out front."

"Great."

Phil disconnected the line, found his jacket and put it on, stuffing the phone into its inner pocket. Out in front of the lobby doors Phil opened the envelope. "Wow!" The money was doubling with each of his scenes. He knew why. It wasn't easy to get decent looking men to be victimized the way he was allowing himself to be. He knew that damn well. Most guys with his build and looks were tops.

Phil was too weary to argue with Larry about not being a bottom any longer. Larry had a stable of tops to choose from. He'd simply not be offered the work. Phil wasn't stupid. His acting roles would vanish along with the paychecks.

He folded the envelope up into his wallet, ran his fingers through his damp hair and leaned against the brick wall outside the studio, craving a nap, badly.

~

The moment Chris pulled up he spotted Phil

Calling Dr. Love

approaching his car. Chris waited as Phil opened the passenger's side and- very gingerly- sat down.

Instantly knowing why, Chris grew upset and tried not to show it.

Phil leaned over for a kiss. "Hey."

Chris pecked his lips and put the car into drive. "Hey."

"You're mad at me," Phil said the moment he read Chris' expression.

Shit, perhaps I'm not hiding anything from anyone very well enough anymore. "No. I just had a crappy time at my parents' house." Chris left the parking lot. "Where am I going?"

"I need a fucking nap." Chris slumped low in the seat and rested his chin on his palm, his elbow on the armrest.

"Your place?" He received a dirty look from Phil. Chris asked, "What? What the hell is wrong with your home that you're afraid to take me there?"

"Fine!" Phil growled. "You know the fucking way. Go!"

"Jesus." Chris shook his head. "What the fuck?"

"Go on." Phil flailed in rage. "You want to see my place so badly? Perfect. Fine." Phil crossed his arms tightly over his chest.

"What are you hiding?" Chris knew there had to be another man living there.

"I'm not hiding anything. All right? I just need to lie down and get off my fucking asshole."

The amount Chris resented Phil at that moment was almost a relationship breaker. It took all his strength to remind himself of Phil's situation and not play his goddamn judge and jury.

With an effort Chris found parking on the overcrowded side street. They walked down the block, Phil stewing as he

marched a few paces ahead of him. Chris couldn't figure out what was so bad about that lovely little cottage that Phil could be embarrassed by it.

After Phil checked the mailbox, Chris was surprised they weren't heading to the front door. Some people preferred back entrances. He supposed it wasn't that big a deal.

Chris passed garbage cans and an unkempt yard. Didn't the guy own a lawnmower?

Phil impaled the lock with his key, his teeth showing in his rage. Chris stood back expecting...well, he had no idea.

Phil entered the house, throwing his keys down, tearing off his jacket and whipping it on the bed.

Right behind him, Chris stepped in. One room. It was one room. A bed, a small portable refrigerator, a table with one chair loaded with items including a toaster, hotplate, coffee pot...

It hit Chris like a brick. This was it. Phil rented one room from someone who owned the cottage. He felt like shit for placing Phil in this position, knowing Phil's inferiority complex.

Phil kicked off his shoes and fell back onto his bed, his arms resuming their tight knot over his chest, his expression volatile. In a voice dripping with sarcasm, Phil said, "Welcome to my mansion."

Chris removed his jacket and shoes, making sure the back door was shut, and sat on the bed beside Phil. "You have some preconceived notion that this makes a difference to the way I feel about you."

The fury from Phil's brown eyes startled Chris for a minute.

"Don't lie to me," Phil snarled. "Don't tell me you don't care I'm a pathetic loser."

A knife penetrated Chris' heart. "Not to me you're not."

Calling Dr. Love

Phil threw up his hands in a futile gesture.

Chris inched closer to him on the bed, daring to touch Phil's chest almost as if he expected Phil to push him away. "Why do you persist in believing I am judging you?"

"Everyone judges people. Everyone. This is fucking LA! Hello? Who you are, who you know, how much you make, what you look like. People come to you to look better and pay good money, don't they? Come on, Chris. Do you think I'm stupid as well as broke?"

Chris connected their sides together, massaging Phil's chest through his cotton shirt. "No. I don't. I don't think any of the things you think I think of you."

"Yeah right. I saw how you cringed in disgust when I sat in your car. My ass is sore. All right? You winced in revulsion when you realized it. Don't pretend you didn't."

"I felt terrible for you. I am not revolted by you." Chris rested his leg over Phil's, nudging him closer into an embrace. "I imaged you took quite a pounding."

"Fucking did." Phil turned his face to the wall.

"Anything I can do?"

Phil met his eyes but the anger and resentment hadn't changed. "Oh? My personal physician now? Want to give me a colonoscopy?"

Chris smiled at the thought. "Yes, but only when you're no longer sore, and not with a camera."

It took a minute to sink in before Phil cracked a smile. Chris was very glad to see it. "I adore you. Why are you fighting me?" Chris brushed Phil's long hair back from his forehead.

Phil's grin dropped. "Because you can do better than a lowlife like me."

"What the hell makes you a lowlife?" Chris leaned back to get a better look at Phil's expression. "Do you steal? Hurt people? Torture kittens? Come on, Phil."

Phil twisted away from him, covering his face in agony.

Chris spooned him, wrapping both his arms around Phil and nuzzling into his hair and neck. "Sleep. You're exhausted."

"I am." Phil sobbed and bit it back.

"Hush. I'm here. Get some rest." He cradled Phil lovingly.

"I don't deserve you."

"You're very wrong. And I deserve a beautiful man like you. Don't I? Hm? Don't I deserve a guy who's sweet as sugar? Loving? Kind? Don't I deserve someone like that if you think I'm so fucking great?"

Phil shifted on the bed to see Chris. When Chris realized Phil wasn't going anywhere, he released his grip to allow it. Phil urged Chris back into his arms. "Hold me."

"My pleasure." Chris curled around him like a boa constrictor. "Sleep, my baby. Sleep."

Phil closed his eyes and released his tension in a deep exhale. Chris caressed his thick hair and kissed him tenderly.

Soon Phil was off in his dream world while Chris held him tight, keeping him secure and safe.

Chapter Thirteen

The four walls were devoid of any pictures or posters. Chris used the opportunity while Phil was sound asleep in his arms to see the world through his eyes.

He noticed two wood panel doors and assumed one led to a bathroom the other possibly a closet. A painted white door by the bed must lead to the rest of the home. It was totally silent so Chris assumed the owner, landlord, was out.

The room was cluttered. There was barely enough space for the bed, fridge and desk, not to mention personal items.

Phil certainly hid his situation well. The man was always immaculately dressed and perfectly groomed. It occurred to Chris that perhaps Phil's spending on his wardrobe and fancy car may be an indication of the contrast of where Phil wished he could be, and where he actually was.

Chris had no clue what a porn star/go-go boy earned. But he didn't imagine it was much over twenty thousand a year, combined. Maybe he was wrong. Could it be that Phil had a loaded bank account but was eccentric? Like Howard Hughes?

I doubt that very much.

Debt. No doubt Phil was in debt to be forced to do what he was doing and Chris didn't think it was the dancing that bothered Phil the most. He knew it was the rough gay porn.

Chris knew he had both the financial capabilities and desire to get Phil debt free and living in luxury. Chris also understood Phil's ego. What man would want that kind of handout? Especially not a man with the pride Phil had.

Chris totally understood it. He was filled with that deadly sin himself. Pride made him follow his father's footsteps so he could be just as successful as his dad was and not looked down upon by him. Pride had also caused him to be so picky about his conquests, he was alone at thirty-three and never managed anything substantial in the relationship department.

What was it about Phil that kept him interested? Was it just his spectacular appeal?

To answer that question, Chris had a good look at him while Phil slept soundly. Chris gazed at his 'Rock Hudson' profile. *Mother-fucker you are so goddamn beautiful. Yeah, well, maybe it is partly due to your sex appeal, my love, that is attracting me.*

Chris admired Phil's body in his tight t-shirt and faded blue jeans. The man was so perfectly proportioned, solid, strong, enormously tall...

"Fuck, now I'm horny."

At the sound of his voice, Phil began coming around. Chris felt badly to have woken him.

"Hey..." Phil's voice was gravelly as he began moving, trying to come back to the conscious world. "What time is it?"

Chris checked his watch. "Just after two."

"Jesus." Phil rubbed his eyes. "I didn't mean to sleep that long."

"You need to eat something. I bet you haven't had a thing all day."

Phil took a moment to consider. "No. I haven't eaten yet."

Calling Dr. Love

“Let me take you out for something.”

Phil maneuvered on the bed so they were lying on their sides facing each other. “Am I your new charity case?” Phil frowned, but it was an insult to himself, not to Chris.

“Hardly.” Chris combed his fingers through Phil’s hair.

“This is my fucking life, Chris.” Phil gestured to the space. “One fucking room and a mountain of credit card debt.”

Chris shrugged. “So? I’m supposed to abandon you now?”

“Yes, run away!” Phil laughed but it wasn’t convincing anyone it was a joke.

“I’m not going anywhere. Not for those reasons.”

“For what reason would you leave me?” Phil scooted closer and slipped his hand under the collar of Chris’ shirt.

“I don’t know. I suppose if we were fighting all the time, the sex sucked. You know. The usual things.” Chris peeked at Phil’s hand. “You’re turning me on.”

“Good.” Phil’s touch became more amorous.

“The sex doesn’t suck,” Chris said.

“No. It doesn’t.” Phil began popping open the buttons of Chris’ shirt.

“You sure you’re up to this? I would think you’re way past hungry.”

“I’m used to it.”

“What? Used to being hungry?” Chris grew concerned.

Phil spread the material of Chris’ shirt wide, licking his skin.

All thoughts of food quickly vanished from Chris’ head as his nipple was chewed on. The urge to screw Phil was strong and he tried not to be bothered by the fact he couldn’t.

"You taste better than lunch." Phil licked his way down Chris' torso to his navel, gnawing his treasure trail to the top of Chris' pants.

Chris felt his dick throb as it grew harder and burrowed his fingers deeper into Phil's hair. Chris urged him downwards instinctively, craving his mouth.

A seductive chuckle was Chris' reply to his anxious nudging.

"Want something, Doctor?" Phil took Chris' zipper flap between his teeth and tugged on it, growling like a dog with a chew toy.

Biting back his reply, *Yes! Your ass!* Chris just moaned and began drawing Phil's t-shirt up his back to get it off his body.

Phil sat up and tugged it over his head quickly, resuming where he'd left off on Chris' pants, opening the top button with his teeth. Phil lapped at Chris' skin as it was revealed while he lowered the zipper pull slowly.

Chris whimpered as he smoothed his hands over Phil's rippled back muscles, yearning him, wild about him. Chris began writhing on the bed as the craving to come became an insatiable demand. Chris' cock was located and released from its confines. In the pause, Chris sensed Phil admiring him, feeling the puffs of his breaths on his pulsating head.

"Oh, God..." Chris wanted to get it into Phil's mouth, now!

"Christ, you smell good." Phil hummed as he rubbed his coarse jaw against Chris' length.

The powerful magnetic force of their attraction began to get to Chris. He struggled to wriggle out of his lower half of clothing. It only made Phil laugh in amusement again.

Phil helped Chris undress. When they were both naked, Phil relaxed alongside Chris, gently caressing Chris' hard-on with just the tips of his fingers. Chris' cock bobbed and

Calling Dr. Love

began to drip pre-come. Chris' respirations increased until he was panting in anticipation. With his hands in continuous contact with Phil, Chris waited, loving this sexy bout that had just commenced.

"You're beautiful," Phil said, stroking Chris' cock.

"Baby, baby..." Chris raised his hips off the bed eagerly.

Phil pushed the tip of his tongue into Chris' slit. Chris gripped the blankets to prevent taking over and becoming the aggressor. *Damn that sore ass of yours!*

"Mm. Delicious." Phil gathered up Chris' balls in his hand, pushing them up around the base of Chris' cock.

Chris bit his lip on an expletive. He was about to beg.

Phil looked at his face. Chris wondered if he was expressing his hunger. When the gaze lingered, Chris asked breathlessly, "What?"

"I love your baby blues. I wanted a good look at them before I eat you whole."

"Eat me...for crying out loud, eat me."

"If you insist." Phil shrugged casually, teasing him. He positioned himself between Chris' thighs and gave Chris a very devilish look as he aimed his stiff cock towards his mouth.

Chris felt like he was holding his breath. He *was* holding his breath.

Long moist laps of Phil's tongue rode up his dick. The shivers it sent over his body were like lightning bolts. "ohhhgodd..."

"Nice?" Phil asked what he knew was a ridiculous question.

Nice? Chris echoed in his head. "No. It sucks." After a blast of exhaled air, Chris added, "Suck it."

Phil clicked his tongue at Phil's assertiveness and

deliberately slowed down to tease him. "Pushy, pushy."

"You cock tease."

"Am I?" Phil smiled. "I suppose with most men, I'd say you were accurate. But...with you?" He wrapped his lips around the head of Chris' cock and drew hard on it.

The rush of sensation made Chris moan and his hips rise off the bed in reflex.

"I beg to differ." Phil ran his thumb over the wetness he had created on the head of Chris' cock, massaging the slit.

On the tip of his tongue, Chris almost said, *You're lucky you're sore because I'm about to fuck you raw*. It seemed appropriate because of their good natured banter, but he just knew Phil would take it the wrong way. Or would he? As Phil toyed with his dick, making him crazy, Chris began to wonder if he should return the tormenting.

Chris knew Phil's position on the bed was too low to do anything more than caress Phil's hair and shoulders. An argument began in his head over dominancy. Who ruled whom in the bedroom? Chris wanted to dominate. This man was his go-go boy, his naughty porn star. Chris wanted to dominate him so completely he could envision the leather straps he would use to eventually tie Phil up into complete submission.

Yet the amount of time they had spent together was so limited, Chris had no idea where Phil stood on the topic of sexual top/bottom preference other than he would do either. With a sore ass, did Phil prefer to bottom? Chris hoped so.

The tiny tongue teasing was making Chris a basket case. The sexual game was torture. Chris knew damn well Phil had shot his load at the studio, since all the porn studs did. Chris was so pent up from this tip-of-the-tongue-tickling he was through waiting.

With a growl akin to a man fighting in the alleyways, Chris sat up, grabbed Phil by the upper arms and forcefully

Calling Dr. Love

brought Phil higher on the bed before he leapt over him, pinning Phil down.

The astonished expression on Phil was unreadable to Chris. Was it excitement or anger?

Suddenly they were face to face, chest to chest, and cock to cock.

Instinctively Chris used his knees to open Phil's thighs up so he could lie between them. Chris dug his fingers into the solid sinewy muscles of Phil's arms and went for his mouth, a deep growl of desire escaping Chris as he kissed Phil.

Chris fucked Phil with his tongue, grinding on his crotch. Chris was going completely wild.

"Geez!" Phil gasped, his brown eyes wide at the intensity.

Chris' chest heaved with his heavy breathing. The urge to jam his cock into Phil was so strong it was like fighting pain. As if Chris' dick had a mind of its own, it seemed to work its way to that goal.

Phil held Chris' jaw in his fingers, forcing Chris to come back to earth. "Babe..."

"I want you." Chris gnashed his teeth, pushed against Phil's ass without penetrating, and claspings his fists around Phil's upper arms harder.

Phil shook his head when words seemed to fail him.

Chris found Phil's eyes become watery with his sadness. Chris had indeed crossed the line. He hugged Phil around his neck and adjusting his cock to move away from Phil's rim to rest next to Phil's cock on his pelvis. "I want you so badly."

After a shiver convulsed Phil's entire body, he replied through clenched teeth into Chris' ear, "Take it."

Just knowing the pain and discomfort Phil was willing to endure for him, to give him what he wanted, killed Chris.

Chris' hard-on vanished and he rocked Phil in his arms feeling like the cruelest fucker on the planet. It felt so wrong to put Phil in this position. So wrong to crave him this badly. Chris hadn't needed something this desperately since his frantic urge to finish medical school and his internship.

But needing a 'person' like this? It scared the living shit out of him.

Chris had no idea why Phil made him feel this way. Chris began fighting back tears of rage. Maybe it was the fact that someone else had fucked Phil already that day the way Chris wanted to take him. Maybe it was how much he adored Phil and wanted to end his suffering of the crappy jobs and debt, the lousy living environment, Chris didn't know. All he did know was he hadn't cried for decades and was furious at himself that he was.

~

Phil was confused by Chris' tears. He knew Chris would resent not being able to screw him. Knew it, and Phil was trying not to grow resentful in return. Phil asked, "Why didn't you let me give you a blowjob?"

"I'm sorry."

Phil could feel Chris battling to calm down. "Sorry for what? Sorry you hate me because you can't fuck me?"

"No." Chris leaned up to see Phil's face. "No." He caressed Phil's features lovingly. "No..." Chris repeated in agony.

"I would have made you come, Chris. I was just playing. You know, a little foreplay. I had no idea—"

Chris shushed him, touching his finger to Phil's lips. "Don't explain it. It's my fault. I just like," Chris swallowed audibly, "I like..."

"To top." Phil shrugged. "Yeah, so?"

Chris sat up and composed himself.

Phil waited.

Calling Dr. Love

What felt like a long moment, Phil was surprised when Chris said, “Let me help you.”

“Help me?” Phil went on the defensive. “Help me what?”

Another audible swallow preceded, “Help you get out of debt. Out of here.” Chris gestured to the room. “And out of porn.”

Fury was the first impulse Phil experienced. Raging fury. He sat up as well, pushing Chris with both hands backwards, an obvious signal for him to get away. “I don’t need your help. Did I ask for your fucking help?”

“No. You wouldn’t ask me. I’m not offering you this because I feel sorry for you or I think you can’t provide for yourself.”

It was like Chris was speaking Greek. Nothing Chris was saying made sense. But it was so insulting Phil was struggling not to punch him. Phil was about to say something to end the relationship that never truly began. Phil paused as it seemed Chris had something more to add, something he was agonizing over.

After what appeared to be a monumental struggle, Chris replied, “I’m a selfish man. A jealous man. I want you, okay? I need you to be able to be with me all the time and to have you any way I crave you.”

Phil choked on the gall of the comment. “What the fuck am I? A possession? Something you need to own?”

“Yes!” Chris cried as if the honesty he was showing was killing him. “Christ, Phil, in this one thing I’m begging you to act like a woman and accept everything I can do for you.”

“Oh, I don’t fucking believe this.” Phil climbed off the bed and stood glaring at Chris in what was fast becoming hatred.

“I know we’re both proud. I know exactly what we are.

We're the same. Fucking proud sons of a bitches who would kill rather than admit they need anything or accept help. I know. I'm just like you."

"Just like me? With your wall papered with PhDs? Are you insane? You think you can buy me with your money?"

Chris scrambled out of the bed to close in on him. "Not my money. My love. My adoration." Chris dropped to the floor. "I'm on bended knee for you Phil. Proposing. Before you dismiss it out of pride, horrible-goddamn-fucking pride, at least consider it."

"You've lost your fucking mind!" Phil gaped down at Chris as he knelt, begging, his hands laced tightly together.

"No. I've finally found it. I'm throwing my own pride out the fucking window and groveling at your feet. You think I'm implying it's you who needs me to get you out of your place in this life? You're wrong. I'm the fucking one who needs you to get me out."

Hungry, tired, Phil's head started to hurt from the confusion this conversation was creating.

Out of debt? Out of this one room? Out of porn? Live on the beach with a plastic surgeon who raked in the cash? And Chris thinks this proposal benefits him?

Phil scrubbed his head in agony. "I can't think straight. I can't."

Chris, on both knees before him, held Phil around his thighs, pressing his cheek against Phil's soft genitals. Chris sobbed, his body jerked as they pressed together.

Phil stroked Chris' hair to comfort him. "You must be out of your fucking mind."

"I am." Chris' breathing was uneven and raspy. "Out of my mind for you. I'd be lost if you vanished from my life. Lost. But I want you whole. I want all of you."

Phil replied, "My ass. Big surprise."

Chris stared up at him, his bright blue eyes clouded with

Calling Dr. Love

tears. "It's the way I show my love, babe. Us together that way. When I can't be inside you, I struggle to prove how much I adore you."

The one thing Phil never expected in his lifetime was to have a rich gorgeous doctor crying and begging him to be his partner. A fuck, yeah, a partner? Never in his wildest dreams.

But Phil needed to do things for the right reason. At the moment all this was is an easy way out of his debts and getting out of porn. What was his end of the bargain? This had to be a mutually beneficial deal. Just sex? Is that what Chris wanted? All the sex Chris craved from some erotic fantasy in his mind?

"Look..." Phil nudged Chris away. "Could you just go? I have to work tonight and this is fucking with my head."

The devastation in Chris' eyes at the rejection made Phil wince in pain. Phil was released with obvious resentment.

Chris began sorting out his clothing from where they had tossed them, dressing with his back facing Phil and his anger emanating off him like steam.

This strange situation petrified Phil. He wanted Chris too much. Phil knew if he let him, Chris would completely control him. Phil was painfully aware he made bad decisions, period. Phil needed a strong caring man in his life to guide him. He needed Chris. But that can't be the reason to bond with him. Needy, dependency? No. No way. Wouldn't Chris grow to hate him? Hate his stupidity for getting himself in over his head to begin with? Phil knew inevitably, Chris would realize he was miles ahead of him in both intelligence and opportunity.

Dizzy from hunger, Phil moved slowly to sit down on the bed and closed his eyes until the slight wave of disorientation passed. The room was so small Phil felt and heard every movement Chris made as he prepared to leave.

The doorknob rattled.

Phil opened his eyes and forced himself to look.

Chris was staring back at him, tears streaming down his cheeks, his eyes red from his obvious hurt feelings. Chris' agony killed Phil. Destroyed him. Phil parted his lips to say something to infer all he needed was time to sort his life out, but Phil didn't get the opportunity.

Chris jerked open the door, slamming it behind him as he left.

~

There! Chris screamed inside his temples, I laid my heart on the line! See what happens? Why don't I go out and find a nice man to be with? Huh? So easy! So fucking easy!

He scooted by the trashcans, oh so tempted to kick them over and batter them from his anger. Grinding his jaw, fighting his roar of rage, Chris made it to his car and sat behind the wheel. Chris covered his face as he curled into a ball, he was so destroyed, so degraded he wanted to do something very violent.

Something needed to break, be smashed, be damaged.

"Something already is," he said, pressing his palm over his heart, he felt it ripping apart. "You stupid schmuck," he cursed himself, "How could you do that to him? Treat him like a fucking woman? How could you? You lost him, happy now? Lost him!"

He impaled the ignition and started the car. With his eyes blind with tears, Chris tore out of the parking spot leaving a cloud of dark blue burning rubber behind him as he squealed the tires.

Chapter Fourteen

“Hi, Philly,” Rhandi greeted Phil when Phil entered the back room from the outside door.

“Hi, Rhandi.” Phil avoided looking him in the eye as he hung up his jacket. “Hey, Hootie.”

“Hey, bro. You all right? Jesus, man. You look like total shit.”

“Thanks,” Phil replied sarcastically.

Rhandi rushed over to Phil to console him. “Sweetie...Were you crying?”

“I used those fucking drops. Are they still red?” Phil touched his cheeks.

“Come here. Let me give you some sugar.” Rhandi rocked him in an embrace.

“Thanks, babe. But let me just get through this gig. I need a day off.” He nudged Rhandi back gently.

“Yeah,” Hootie said, “Thank fuck tomorrow is Sunday.” He began to coat his skin with oil.

“You know both of us are here for you, Philly.” Rhandi exaggerated his pout.

“I know. Thanks.” Phil undressed hoping the dim lights in the club would hide his swollen eyes. All he had managed to eat all day was a can of soup. He couldn’t handle anything else he felt so sick about the argument with

Chris.

Phil dressed in his g-string and the three of them went through the process of coating each other with oil efficiently.

“Five minutes,” Moose warned, poking his head in the back room.

“Brute,” Rhandi muttered under his breath making Phil laugh softly.

“There ya go, sweetie.” Rhandi touched Phil’s arm just as Phil gave Hootie a last good once over behind his own upper thighs.

They passed the towel around to wipe their hands. Phil wanted to take a peek into the mirror before he went on stage. Phil entered the bathroom and urinated, then checked his eyes again to see how puffy they were. He gave up because there was nothing he could do about it. He washed his hands and fluffed up his hair.

“Showtime, ladies!” Rhandi held open the door for him.

“Thanks,” Phil said.

“Hang in there,” Hootie whispered as Phil passed him.

“I will. Don’t worry.” Phil tried to smile and made his way to the front of the club when Moose pointed in that direction. The lights dimmed and the music became intolerably loud.

Phil climbed on his platform and began a slow warm up to get his muscles loose and psych himself up for the rest of the night. He had a job to do, and he would do it well.

The crowd was slightly thin at the moment since it was early, so Phil used the time before his lap dancing invitations to think. He couldn’t stop himself.

Chris had made him an offer. An offer he couldn’t refuse? *What are you, the Godfather?*

Move out of the one room. Pay his debts. Live by the

Calling Dr. Love

sea with a man as incredible as Chris Love. *Doctor Christopher James Love*, he corrected. *If I ever need a nip/tuck I'll have it made.*

That brought a smile to his lips.

It could be worse. Couldn't it? Don't women jump at offers like this? A proposal? A promise to be cared for, never have to work, to be loved, honored and cherished?

"I ain't no fucking woman. Pride?" Phil made sure no one was watching him talk to himself. "Yeah, I got some pride and self-respect left, Doctor. I can pay those bills, move into a nicer place."

Phil tallied up his last week's wages, including the bank check from the old man. That would almost pay off one credit card bill completely. He had to do that. He couldn't keep spending like he was.

And that car. He could sell it, give it back to the dealer and buy a smaller, older one. Lower his payments.

Someone was trying to get his attention, waving a twenty.

Phil made eye contact with him and gave him a nice gyrating hip dance. *Smile. Make him think he's hot.*

The cash went into the side of his g-string. "Thanks." Phil winked at him, throwing him a kiss.

Both he and the club were heating up. By eleven it was jammed and the demand for lap dances increased with it.

After unloading his cash to give to Carlos, Phil headed back into the mob for more.

A stunningly handsome well-dressed man, appearing to be in his late twenties, met his eye.

The guy looked completely out of place in the usual average-looking group of middle-aged patrons. Phil tried not to show him any special interest. He had to treat all the men the same.

Chris was different. He was his boyfriend. *Was*. Phil tried not to grimace.

The fantastic man whispered into a seated man's ear and paid the seated man for his chair. The man quickly stood up and gestured for the hunk to take his place.

Phil was mesmerized by the handsome man's charm and appeal. There was something different about him. Phil just couldn't put his finger on it.

The gorgeous stud spread his legs wide and craned his finger at Phil in invitation.

Phil tried to make out his bulge in his black slacks and the dim lighting. Phil danced closer, licking his chops. He loved dancing for men as good looking as this one. Pure pleasure.

Phil pivoted his hips in front of the seated god. The man removed his wallet and flashed fifties.

Holy fuck! Phil couldn't believe his luck.

The man fanned the cash at Phil to entice him.

"Come to papa!" Phil scooted closer and placed a hand on either side of the back of the man's chair. "What do you want, gorgeous?"

"What's on offer?" came the seductive reply.

Phil straightened up and raised his arms over his head, giving him his best sexual dance. Slow circling hips and lots of pelvic thrusts and chest flexing.

The sweat ran down Phil's skin while he watched the man's reaction. Phil couldn't help but begin to grow hard as the man stared directly at his cock.

A crowd gathered to enjoy the show. Obviously the good looking man was getting quite a bit of attention.

Very slowly the man used his index finger to slip into the top of Phil's g-string.

Phil almost jerked back in reflex. Phil promised himself

Calling Dr. Love

no more nude dances, and definitely no more gropes, whether he was Chris' boyfriend or not.

The wad of fifties fluttered as a means to distract him. Phil's eyes were drawn to it temporarily as he calculated how much he would make if all those greenbacks entered his outfit.

Because his cock was semi-erect, when the man tugged on his g-string, Phil was partially exposed. Phil was upset by the man's actions. As unobtrusively as he could, Phil began backing up to try and get the man to release him, taking the hint.

But it only served to open the gap in his clothing as the man's grip tightened. At one point Phil's groin was in view. It was too much for Phil to handle. Phil hated this shit. He was just about to shove the guy's hands off him, cash reward or not, when the man jumped to his feet, flashed a shiny metal badge and announced, "Vice squad. Put your hands behind your back."

"Fuck no! You were stripping me, pal!" Phil was grabbed by one other man he had not seen, who emerged from the shadows. Handcuffs were placed on his wrists behind his back. Phil shouted, "Carlos!" since he was the closest friend to him.

Carlos acknowledged him and ran to get Moose.

"Hang on!" Phil roared as the crowd booed and hissed in defiance. "I was just dancing. I was about to push your hands off me, you moron."

"Sure you were." The nice looking cop shook his head, sneering in superiority.

Moose materialized from the mob. "What the fuck's with this?"

After showing off his badge and ID, the cop held out a card and read smugly, "Among the operating requirements applicable to adult entertainment permit are that the

permittee (1) "shall not permit or allow any person who is nude to be within six feet of any patron". He pocketed the card and sneered. "Your boy here let me undress him. That's a big no-no, my friend. I'll get you closed down."

"What?" Moose replied. "Are you nuts? Closed down?" He glared at Phil in fury. "What the hell did you let the guy do?"

"He yanked my fucking g-string down before I could stop him!" Phil tried to jerk away from the second cop who was holding his arm too tightly. "All I did was dance. I swear, Moose."

"Let's go," the cop ordered Phil.

"Moose!" Phil pleaded.

"Go. I'll bring your clothes downtown, or get someone there." Moose addressed the cops again, "What is it? A fine? What?"

"I'm not sure yet." The first cop curled his lip in disgust. "I'll let you know after this piece of scum sits in a jail cell for a while."

Phil's guts were tied in a knot. He was near breaking point. "Moose, he's lying!"

"Go. I'll get there when I can. West Division, right?"

The cop nodded.

"Mother-fucker!" Phil screamed, "Can't I even get dressed?"

"Oh? Now you're modest?" The cop laughed callously. "Move!"

While the crowd shouted profanity at the plain-clothed officers, Phil was escorted out of the club. The icy air hit his sweat-soaked skin and made him shiver. He was urged, without any care or respect as a human being, into the back of an unmarked sedan. The door was slammed shut and Phil lay across the bench seat to avoid the painful bite of the cuffs on his wrists. "What next? What the fuck next?"

Calling Dr. Love

A crackle of a police radio filled the interior of the car as it started moving.

"You touched me," Phil said. "I was just dancing and you yanked my clothes down."

"Tell it to the magistrate."

"Why are you doing this to me?" Phil struggled to get upright.

"I hate you filthy maggots. You degrade good areas with your obscene acts. Just stay on the stage like you're supposed to."

Phil couldn't argue. The cop was right. He just made more money doing private lap dances. Finally sitting straight, Phil rested his head on the back of the seat and closed his eyes. "My life sucks."

He heard a chuckle of amusement at his comment.

~

After half a bottle of scotch Chris lay in bed staring at the ceiling. It was nearing midnight and he could easily imagine Phil in his little penis-pouch dancing all night, cash protruding from his stings as hungry jackals went for him.

Why was a man like Phil someone Chris felt compelled to be with?

What was it about him? Did being a doctor make him feel the urge to take in wounded sparrows or something? Was that what he was doing? Yearning to play the role as the healer, the curer?

"No. It's more than that."

Is it just the sex? The heat?

Chris knew that was a huge part of it. Yes. Phil was one of the best looking men he'd seen in a lifetime. Twenty-five, in his prime, and no conceit. Not a smidgen of snobbery. Pure kindness.

No. It's not just the sex. It's more. The man is a gem.

I'm just smart enough to see this diamond in the rough.

"I want you."

He shocked himself. "How greedy is that?"

Chris felt as if he had an epiphany. "You selfish bastard," he chided himself. "Why don't you let Phil decide what to do with his life? How dare you treat him like he's helpless?"

Drunk, angry, and feeling like a complete heel, Chris picked up the phone. He had to leave a message for Phil and tell him what an ass he was for his earlier behavior.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he screamed into his empty room as he dialed, so angry at himself he was livid.

He bit his lip and waited for his voicemail to pick up. "It's me. I know you hate me. I hate me. I was wrong. I treated you terribly and I'm a selfish bastard. Forgive me. Or don't. Your choice. But I was a moron to treat you anything less than what you are. A man. Phil Andrews, you're a man. And a better one than me. You can do better than me. I suck. I'm sorry. Oh, god, I'm sorry!" Chris wiped at his eyes. "I'm ashamed of myself. I am. I'm drunk. I'm sorry. I'm trying to think about everything I said to you and what I did sucked." He paused. "I'm rambling. If I get disconnected, please, get one thing out of this call. I'm sorry."

Chris paused then added in a choking sob, "I love you." Holding back his tears, he squeaked out, "Forgive me." He disconnected the line and dropped back on the bed to stare into the darkness. "You're the biggest ass on the planet, Love. The biggest goddamn ass on the planet."

~

Still in his g-string, withstanding the vulgar demeaning jeers from his fellow inmates, Phil wiped absently at the remaining ink marks from his fingerprinting. *Here we*

Calling Dr. Love

fucking go again. Yes, he'd been here before. Arrested. Mug shots. Fingerprints. DNA swabs.

Just kill me now.

A door opened. Phil stood up when he recognized Hootie. "Thank fuck!"

"Here's your clothes, man."

The cop gave the clothing a good once over, searching it, before Phil received them. As Phil dressed he asked, "Am I free to go?"

"Yeah." The cop didn't meet his eye, filling out a form.

In silence Phil dressed. He and Hootie exchanged glances of annoyance at the cop.

"Is that it? Am I done?" Phil tucked in his shirt.

The cop shoved a piece of paperwork at him. "You either pay the fine or arrange a hearing. If you want a hearing, you'll get a court date in the mail."

Hootie gestured for Phil to go.

Phil put his jacket on, folding the piece of paper to stick in his pocket. Phil and Hootie followed the cop to the exit. The door was slammed shut behind them.

"Fucking dickwad." Hootie put his arm around Phil. "How you holding up?"

"If I had a gun I'd shoot myself."

"I know, man. I know. My car's over here. Let me get you home."

Phil dropped down onto the passenger's seat. "Is Moose firing me?"

"Yeah. I think so. Sorry, man."

"Ya know, Hootie, even though this time I didn't want the guy to do it, I've been letting other men touch me. I know damn well it's against the rules."

"We all do it once in a while. The money's too damn

good.” Hootie dove out of the precinct lot. “You need a place to stay? You can always crash at my place.”

“I don’t think your boyfriend would be too keen.” Phil felt the exhaustion catching up with him now that the adrenalin was gone.

“He’d be okay. You can stay on the couch.”

“Thanks. But I’m paid up until the end of the month. And I still have the porn job.”

“The end of the month is a week away, bro. Don’t do that porn shit, man.” Hootie glanced at Phil quickly.

“I have no choice.”

“We all have choices.”

Phil tried not to think about his choices at the moment.

Hootie pulled up to Phil’s home and took an envelope out of his jacket pocket. “Wait, I almost forgot. Here’s your tips and last paycheck. Sorry, man.”

Phil took it. “Thanks, Hootie. You were great to work with.”

“You got my number. Just call me if you need me.” Hootie reached to hug Phil. “You know I go to college during the day, so just leave me a message and I’ll call you back.”

“I will. Thanks, man.” Phil opened the door and waved as Hootie drove off.

Phil made his way behind the cottage, dead on his feet. Though he craved a shower, he stripped, dove onto his bed, and fell asleep.

Chapter Fifteen

Sunday morning, Chris opened his eyes to dim light, groaning at an aching head from too much booze the night before. He narrowed his eyes to read the digital clock. It's crimson illuminated numbers read ten twenty-three.

Lying completely still, Chris imagined Phil's routine of last night. *Let's see. Dancing. G-string loaded with cash. A walk to the cottage past midnight. Alone, I hope. A nice hot shower. Curled up in bed.*

Chris checked the clock again. "And probably still sound asleep." He rubbed at the bristles on his jaw. "What are you going to do? Call him? 'Hi, Phil! It's me, your best friend who degraded you as a man yesterday by making an indecent proposal. Wanna get together?'"

Chris rolled over and burrowed into the pillow, refusing to face the day.

"I'm an idiot. I'm an idiot," he droned on. "Lost him for good, you jerk. You lost him for good."

~

The slam of a door woke Phil out of a sound sleep. He could hear Mrs. Chu talking to someone in the next room.

Phil didn't want to move, or get up. He wanted to lie in bed all day and wallow in self-pity.

"Pheel?"

He groaned and covered his head with the blankets.

“Pheel? You der, Pheel?”

“Yeah. Hang on.” He grumbled and looked around for his jeans, slipping them on, almost losing his balance and tipping over. He felt rough, like he’d been in a fight last night.

Phil tried to tame his hair as he opened the door. Mrs. Chu was standing with a young Asian man. “Oh,” Phil snapped his fingers. “You want your mail.” He picked up the few items for her and handed them to her.

“Thank you. Yes. I ferget my mail. No, that is not all.” She gestured to the young man. “This is my nephew, Lu from Beijing.”

“Hi.” Phil shook his hand.

Mrs. Chu said, “He need place to stay now.”

Phil’s stomach dropped to his feet. *Oh no.*

“So by end of month, you can move out?” She really wasn’t asking him, and he knew it.

“Ah, sure.” *Fuck!* “Wait.” Phil thought about it. “Do you mean the end of December? Like in Wednesday? Or next month? The end of January?”

She giggled first and replied, “You pay only till end of this month. You late pay me, remember?”

“I can’t really find a place to stay that quick, Mrs. Chu.” He looked at Lu for his reaction. After giving Phil a quick once over, Lu was eying the less than adequate accommodations he was about to inhabit.

“I sorry, Pheel. So, very sorry.” She waved as she walked away, speaking in Chinese to Lu as they left.

Phil could imagine that conversation. “*See? I told you he was a loser.*” He closed the door and dropped heavily on his bed. “I’m about to crack up. What the hell is going on? Why is this all happening to me at once?”

Calling Dr. Love

Phil grabbed his cell phone, dialed and waited.

“Hey.”

“Hey, Hootie, it’s me.”

“Oh, hi, Phil.”

“Look, is that invitation to stay on your couch still open?” Phil rubbed his hand over his chest nervously.

“Hang on. Let me just run it by my better half.”

Phil heard Hootie cup the phone and some deep voices vibrating in unintelligible words. While he waited, Phil tried to figure out how many boxes he would need for his crap. Not a lot.

“Ya there, man?”

By Hootie’s tone, Phil’s chest tightened. “Yeah.”

“Sorry, man. Devon’s seen you at the club, and well, he thinks you’d be too much a temptation hanging around here.”

“But...you’ve seen me naked at the club. I know you guys are exclusive.”

Hootie replied, “No. For him, not me. He can’t trust himself with you living here. He’s seen you dance. Sorry, man.”

Feeling crushed, Phil sighed. “Okay. Thanks anyway.” He hung up and dropped back on the bed, staring at the ceiling. There was a very easy solution to this problem.

“Act like a woman!”

~

When the phone rang Chris raised his head off the pillows and stared at it. He grabbed it anxiously. “Hello?”

“How are you doing, sweetie?”

“Oh. Hi, Mom.” Chris sank back into the bed.

“Were you sleeping?”

“On and off.” Chris read the clock. It was now nearing

noon.

“Talk to me, Christopher.”

“There’s nothing to talk about.”

“Do you want to come here for dinner tonight?”

“No. I’m not feeling very sociable.”

“I spoke to your father. He won’t bring up the conversation again.”

“It’s not that. I’m just in a lousy mood.”

“Anything I can do?”

“No. Thanks anyway, Mom. Let me go.”

“I’m here if you need me.”

“I know. See ya.” He hung up and burrowed back under the blankets. Though he tried to rest, he kept reliving what he did to Phil yesterday, degrading him, treating him as if he were helpless and needed someone to run his life. Chris beat himself up on how that would have made him feel, and knew it was unforgivable.

Again, Chris tried to understand why he was so drawn to Phil in the first place. Was it true you always want what you can’t have? Did men just love that chase? The elusiveness of the unattainable?

What if Phil accepted the proposal and within a week they got on each other’s nerves and he regretted it. Chris didn’t even know the guy. The go-go dancer, the porn star, the man he groped blindly in the dark in a Nordstrom’s dressing room one crazy stormy night.

Who is Phil Andrews?

A man who lives beyond his means, hand to mouth, twenty-five with no future, no assets...nothing. Was Phil nothing?

“No, you asshole. He’s everything. But why?”

He thrashed his way back under the bedding, closed his eyes and fought violently. Unfortunately he couldn’t win a

Calling Dr. Love

battle against himself.

~

Phil began sorting through clothes. One pile was either Good Will donations or trash, the other was to be boxed. The boxed pile was growing. He had expensive taste in clothing and very few worn out items.

He held up the swanky Armani suit, still in its garment bag. Phil knew he'd never have an occasion to wear it. He laid it gently on the 'keep' end of the bed. You don't throw out a five hundred dollar Armani suit.

Soon his small living space was organized into different piles. His plan was to rent a tiny storage area and live in his car until he could find another room. After eating a piece of toast, Phil drove around and hit up the grocery stores and home improvement dumpsters for boxes. New ones cost too much.

With his trunk loaded with folded cardboard, Phil checked out the prices of the self-storage units and cringed. Without making a commitment, he drove home and began packing.

The war in his head raged on. All he had to do was call Chris. That would end all his misery.

But what if after two days of them cohabitating they hated each other? What then?

"I didn't get enough time to know you, nor you me." Phil folded his clothing neatly. "Maybe after a few months, a year, yeah, then I'd know you, you'd know me..." He filled a box quickly with his items. "Ten days? And out of those ten measly days, we were together for what? Three?" Phil threw up his hands in exasperation. "That's absurd. I can't live with a guy I've dated three times."

But it was so damn tempting.

What if?

What if he just gave it a try? Okay, say they didn't get

along. At least he'd have some breathing space to find a decent home and not sleep in his damn car.

Phil looked at his cell phone. One call.

"I bet he hates my guts after what happened." Phil rubbed his head as it began to hurt from hunger and frustration again. "Wait until he finds out I was arrested for obscene behavior. Oh, that'll be the kicker." Phil dug into a dresser for more clothing. "Yes, hello, newsflash." Phil sneered at himself. "Doctor Love's new boyfriend has just been arrested for exposing his dick to a vice detective. Front page news. Won't all your posh doctor friends be jealous?"

Phil dropped down to sit on his bed and rest for a minute. He was beginning to feel dizzy. "I can't do that to you. Humiliate you. I can't."

~

Chris finally forced himself out of bed and sat at his kitchen table, bleary-eyed, eating toast. He felt like crap and imagined calling in sick tomorrow. He couldn't. He had a load of patients to deal with. He wasn't sick, just heart sick.

His phone rang. He jumped up like a sprinter at the blocks and grabbed it. "Hello?"

"Hey, Chris, it's Stu."

Deflating, Chris dropped back into his chair. "Hey, buddy, how are you?"

"Good. I just wondered if you were free for dinner."

Chris didn't want to see anyone at the moment. "Uh."

"Miguel and I were thinking of hitting a Mexican restaurant that has all night dollar margaritas. Interested?"

Chris leaned his elbow on the table and rubbed his face wearily. "I don't know if I'm up for it."

"What's wrong? You okay? Are your parents okay?"

"Yeah. They're fine." Chris stared out of the back window at the ocean view.

Calling Dr. Love

“Is it work? Too much demand?”

“No. You remember when I told you I was trapped that night of the storm in Nordy’s?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“I was trapped with another man.”

“I can’t remember if you mentioned that. Why? What’s happening with him? Are you dating?”

“I fucked our relationship up and now I feel like shit.” Chris rose to his feet and put his coffee mug and butter knife in the sink. He leaned against the back door to look outside.

“I’m sorry, Chris. You want me to come over? Talk about it with you?”

Chris replied, “I’d be too mortified to tell you how I treated this man.”

After a pause, Stu asked, “What the hell did you do?”

He scratched at his unshaven jaw in anxiety. “I offered to help him out. You know, financially.”

Dead silence followed.

“You there?” Chris asked.

“And, you think you treated him badly because you offered to help him? Come on, Chris.”

“But it was like I was demeaning him.”

“No. I know you. You weren’t doing that. You just have a heart of gold.” Stu inhaled deeply. “What did the guy say?”

“He obviously thought I was an asshole who was acting like an egomaniac.”

“Fuck it. Forget about him. He’s too stupid for his own good.”

“That’s just it. I can’t forget about him.”

“Ah. I get it.”

“Stu...” Chris moaned in agony. “I thought I was doing the right thing. He’s living in one room, working his ass off to pay off debts...”

“Look, some men need to fix their own problems and don’t want some father figure or Good Samaritan to help them. They have pride even if it’s false pride.”

“I know. How could I be so stupid?” Chris watched the waves cresting, curling under passively.

“You weren’t stupid. You were being you. A generous caring man. Just hang in there. Maybe give him a couple of days to digest it.”

Chris choked. “I can’t talk about it anymore. I have to go.”

“Hey, man, I’m here. You want me to pick you up later and let you get shitfaced drunk? I’m right here for you.”

“I may just take you up on that. Let me think about it.”

“Okay. Just call me.”

“Thanks, Stu.”

“See ya.”

Chris disconnected the call and gazed out at the beach again. The heaviness would not leave his heart.

~

Amid the piles of belongings and boxes, Phil fell asleep. Coming around slowly, he checked the time and groaned. All he’d done all day was pack. There were so many boxes in the way, he could hardly maneuver in the tight space.

Phil yawned and ran his hand through his hair. It was nearing two and he still hadn’t eaten. He got to his feet and looked into his fridge. Even the bread was gone. He needed to go shopping.

Phil unplugged his phone from the charger and made ready to go out for a quick bite. He noticed the message alert signal on his phone and pushed buttons until he heard

Calling Dr. Love

the voicemail code, then he placed the phone to his ear.

"It's me. I know you hate me. I hate me. I was wrong. I treated you terribly and I'm a selfish bastard. Forgive me. Or don't. Your choice. But I was a moron to treat you anything less than what you are. A man. Phil Andrews, you're a man. And a better one than me. You can do better than me. I suck. I'm sorry. Oh, god, I'm sorry! I'm ashamed of myself. I am. I'm drunk. I'm sorry. I'm trying to think about everything I said to you and what I did sucked! I'm rambling. If I get disconnected, please, get one thing out of this call. I'm sorry."

After a pause Phil heard a choking sob, *"I love you. Forgive me."*

Phil played it a second time, double checking the date and time the message was recorded. It was done while he was in jail. Phil struggled to think, to make a good decision.

He looked back at the mess, a symbol of his entire life, opened the back door and left the house.

~

Chris felt cold in the ocean breeze. The beach was deserted. His heels dragging on the damp sand, Chris walked trying to clear his head. He had to move on. He had a full week ahead of him, and he didn't have time for this distraction.

He'd lived fine for thirty-three years without a boyfriend. He certainly could do well alone. Chris was used to his independence. Maybe the idea of someone living with him, cramping his style wasn't smart. There was no one he needed to confer with to make decisions, his time was his own...

He imagined immersing himself in his work, doing more volunteer work, spending weekends at the VA and nights at the free clinic so he'd be too busy to feel lonely.

Chris pivoted around and started walking back to his

house. The wind was picking up, stronger and colder as the December night was closing in on him. He walked in his own footprints back to his property, his head down, deep in thought. He didn't notice someone standing in the distance until he finally raised his chin up to see where he was.

Though the man was yards away, Chris instantly recognized Phil's outline in the sunset. "What the fuck?" His heart quickened as did his pace. By the time he met up with him, Chris was jogging, catching his breath.

They stood face to face, staring at each other.

The look in Phil's eyes was so filled with anguish, Chris didn't know what to say.

Finally Phil said, "Do you hate me?"

"No." Chris wrapped his arm around his shoulder and escorted him to the back door of his home. Inside the kitchen, they toed off their shoes and shed their jackets.

It was so awkward between them, Chris didn't want to utter anything controversial. "Are you hungry?"

Phil shrugged. "Don't go to any trouble."

"It's no trouble. I haven't eaten anything but toast all day, and I'm hungry myself." Chris opened the refrigerator to see what he had, distracted by Phil who was fidgeting nervously, pacing behind him. Chris closed the door and reached out his hand to Phil.

Phil clasped it.

They entered the living room and Chris urged Phil to sit with him on the sofa.

A very long moment past before either man said a word. Chris still had Phil's hand in his, massaging it lovingly. He wanted to give Phil the chance to say what he had come there to say. Maybe it was 'I just wanted to tell you I'm moving to New York'. Who the hell knew what Phil had on his mind?

Chris tried to encourage Phil. He raised Phil's knuckles

Calling Dr. Love

to his lips to kiss.

“I...” Phil struggled. “I got your message.”

In despair Chris remembered that horrible drunken rambling phone call. “Oh crap.”

Phil’s eyes met his instantly.

“I was really wasted.” Chris blushed hotly.

“Then...you didn’t mean what you said?”

What did I say? Chris felt woozy, cursing himself to try and recall. “Didn’t I apologize for being an asshole?”

“Yes. But...” Phil stopped, as if to let Chris continue.

Chris wished he had recorded that message to replay, he was panicking. “Did I sound horrible? Did I say something to insult you?”

“No. You don’t remember?”

“No. I do.” Chris tried to stall for time. “I felt as if I said some things to you that hurt you and I felt terrible.”

“Is that all you said?”

Oh, God! Chris was about to die. What did he say? *No! Please don’t let me fuck this up again!* “Did I say something to hurt you?”

Phil turned away, shaking his head and laughing sadly.

“Don’t make me feel like a bigger idiot than I already am,” Chris pleaded.

“You?” Phil said, “You feel like an idiot?”

“Yes. What did I say? Oh, Christ, Phil. I’m so sorry.”

Swallowing audibly, Phil tried to answer.

Chris could see it took everything Phil had. “What? Please. This is killing me.”

“You...” Phil met Chris’ eyes boldly. “You said you loved me.”

In shock, Chris was smacked with both relief and pleasure. “Yes. I did.”

“But you didn’t even remember telling me that. Was it just because you were lonely and drunk?”

“Phil,” Chris begged, “Please. This has been killing me. This tug of war going on between us. I can’t function like this.”

“Neither can I.” Phil stood.

Chris felt his hand release from his grasp. “What did you come here for? To be with me or to tell me you’re moving somewhere?”

“Moving? How do you know I’m moving?”

Chris collapsed inside.

“Are you spying on me?” Phil asked.

“Spying?”

“How the hell did you know I have to move?” Phil’s posture grew defensive. “Do you know I was in jail as well?”

“Jail?” Chris felt ill. “No. How would I know you were in jail?” Chris rose up to walk closer to him. “You mean, as a teen? What?”

Phil’s eyes shimmered in the dim room. With the outside light waning, Chris needed to turn on a lamp. He just wasn’t sure he wanted anymore light than was necessary shed on this disaster.

“I was arrested Saturday night.”

“For what?”

“Indecency. A vice cop lured me into a lap dance.”

“The mother-fucker.” Chris snarled.

“He...” Phil looked aside as he continued. “He pulled my fucking g-string down and before I could push his hands back I had cuffs on.”

Chris could picture the scenario so easily. It brought a mixture of anger and accusation. Chris had seen Phil dance, and not push hands away. But he felt terrible for him. It was

Calling Dr. Love

the epitome of kicking a man while he's down. "So, now you have to move out of town? Why? To avoid jail time?"

"No." Phil met Chris' eyes again, curiosity written in them. "If I pay the fine, there's no jail time."

It was Chris' turn to be confused. "Do you need me to help you pay the fine?"

"No."

Chris held up his hands in defense at the rage. "Why did you come here?" Chris couldn't take much more of this torture.

"You—" Phil choked up.

"I?"

As if it took a supreme effort, Phil stated, "You said you loved me."

"I do, but I don't know what you want me to do with that love. Sweetheart, you won't let me help you, give to you, be with you..." Chris began crumbling.

Out of a strangled throat, Phil replied, "Help me."

Chris rushed him, embracing him and rocking him. "I'm here. Tell me what you need. Anything."

Taking a moment to calm down enough to speak, Phil whispered in Chris' ear as they hugged, "I'm being thrown out of my place."

"Because of the police?"

"No. Mrs. Chu's nephew needs somewhere to stay." Phil seemed to control himself and set back to see Chris' eyes.

"You are welcome here." Chris made sure Phil heard him clearly.

"I'm a fucking mess. I'll end up screwing up your life as well as mine." Phil's eyes overflowed. "There's no part of my life that's not in the toilet at the moment. Do you need this crap?"

Chris tightened his hold on Phil, kissing his neck and hair. "I need you. Just tell me what you will allow me to do for you. There are no limits. Do you get that?"

"Why?" Phil asked in agony. "Why would you do this for me?"

"Please," Chris implored, "I adore you. Please, let me get your life to the point where its tolerable. I can't live like this either, knowing how much pain and trouble you're in. I can't deal with it. For God's sake, Phil, let me help you out." Chris shook him. "In everything. Please. I can bail out your damn debts, get you out of porn, into a nice home. Let me. For fuck sake, let me!"

"You'll hate me." Phil wilted against him. "You'll see me as weak and needy, who I really am. You'll hate me."

"No. Stop degrading yourself." Chris urged them back to the sofa and they both dropped down on it in exhaustion. Phil cuddled Phil, kissing him all over his face and hair. "We'll take care of everything that's weighing you down by the neck. Everything. Then." He tilted Phil's chin up so they could meet eyes. "If we find we don't get along as a couple, we'll decide from there on our next course of action."

"How will I pay you back?" Phil wiped at his face roughly.

"You won't. You will give me your love and your kindness. Believe me, that's more than enough."

"I'll be loyal to you. I will." Phil fell against him.

"Me too, baby. Promise." Chris dug his hands into Phil's hair squeezing him close.

"Thank you." Phil hiccupped as he controlled his sobs.

"No. It's me who should be thanking you."

The room had become almost completely dark. In the stillness of the house, the quiet noise of the waves surrounding them. Chris rocked Phil as he calmed down, closing his eyes, Chris felt as if he were dreaming. This was

Calling Dr. Love
all he wanted. A Christmas wish finally come true.

Chapter Sixteen

Phil didn't want to let him go. He rested against Chris, inhaling his cologne. Phil sensed something strong between them. Maybe nature had a way of bringing two soul-mates together. Phil was never a believer in true love, or the kind of kindred spirits people spoke of. Did he believe it now?

Three dates? It had to be infatuation. Love?

Phil had never loved a partner. He hadn't formed a bond close enough. Sex. Sex for pay, sex to get his rocks off. That was the gist of his experience. In high-school he was stoned all the time with his buddies, cutting class, finally expelled and out of the system. No prom dates, no class photos.

The sex he had then? An occasional mutual masturbation on a drinking binge with a straight buddy. Blowjobs in the park restrooms. If his father or one of his four macho brothers found out Phil liked cock, he'd be strung up from the nearest tree...by his nuts.

He moved to LA and was propelled into the gay club scene. Sex in back of cars, sucked off in a men's room.

Moose offered him a job to dance. Phil remembered the night well. He was wasted on vodka and dancing with a go-go boy, who had since left Flirts for greener pastures. The two of them created quite a stir matching sexual moves for moves. The minute Phil took off his shirt, Moose grabbed

Calling Dr. Love

him by the nape of the neck and drew his ear to his mouth. "You're working for me. Got it?"

That was his ticket to a cash job. Phil snatched it up and moved out of his rusty pick-up truck and into Mrs. Chu's cottage. Rumors of Larry's porno gigs were quick to reach Phil's ears. More cash meant a new car, new clothes.

Though at the time Phil felt delighted at all the attention, he never realized it was the top of a downhill spiral.

Hootie, or Howard, was going to UCLA on a sports scholarship and dancing for spending money. Rhandi, or Rhan, was interning as an x-ray technician. Rhan loved the dancing so he did it for fun.

Me? Phil cringed. Gay porn and a jail record.

Chris sensed him tense up and leaned back, pushing Phil's hair gently from his forehead. "We need to eat something. Let me at least order us a pizza."

"Okay." Phil didn't want to let go, even to allow Chris to make a phone call.

"How are you doing?" Chris kissed Phil's cheek.

"What I do best. Surviving."

"When do you have to get your things out of the cottage?"

"The thirty-first, Wednesday."

"Isn't the landlord required to give you a month's notice?"

"You want me to wait a month to give you more time to consider this mess?" Phil felt sick to his stomach.

"No. Don't keep mistaking my concern for uncertainty, okay? I just think it was out of line for them to put you in this position?" Chris kissed him again for reassurance.

"I was late on the rent. I only paid until the end of the month."

“No first and last month’s deposit?”

“You sure you want me here?”

Chris grasped Phil’s jaw and made him search his eyes in the ever growing darkness of the room. “Listen to me.”

Phil bit his lip.

“I won’t let anyone take advantage of you. You got that?”

Phil acknowledged him with a weak nod.

“If I think someone is cheating you, ripping you off, or taking advantage of you, I’ll go after them. Is that understood?”

“Wow.” Phil blinked.

“So stop thinking I’m having second thoughts. It couldn’t be further from the truth.”

“Okay.” Phil was beyond stunned. Chris was one heck of a guardian angel and ally to have on your side.

“When do you want to move your stuff out?”

Phil shrugged. He wanted Chris to make the decisions for him.

“I can rent us a van and get you out tomorrow night. Do you want that?”

“Yes.” *Oh God I love you!*

“Will you need me to drive you to work at night? I know the parking sucks and you used to be able to walk to the club.”

Phil swallowed a dry gulp knowing somehow something was eventually going to change Chris’ mind about doing what he was doing. “Moose fired me when I got arrested.”

“Okay.” Chris caressed Phil’s hair affectionately. “Do you want to fight the obscenity charges?”

“Uh.” Phil bit his bottom lip again. “Fight how?”

Calling Dr. Love

“Hire a lawyer. You said the cop yanked your g-string down.”

“I can’t afford—”

Chris put his finger to Phil’s lips to quiet him. “Do you want to fight this?”

“I...” Phil knew he should, because this time he was innocent but... “If the cops get witnesses from other lap dances I’ve done, then I won’t win.”

“Okay. So, you don’t mind this on your record?”

“I do mind. I just feel backed against the wall.”

“Let me talk to an attorney. Maybe we can plea bargain.”

“You...you’d do that—”

“Phil?”

“Yes, Chris?” Phil was getting so turned on by Chris’ strength and confidence he was about to attack Chris and suck him off.

“Will you let me do this for you?”

“Yes.” Phil ran his hand up Chris’ thigh.

“Why don’t I get that pizza on the way? What do you like on it?”

“Anything.” Phil cupped Chris’ crotch. “Anything at all.” He massaged Chris’ tight package hotly.

“Can...can you spend the night?” Chris’ breathing heightened.

“If you want me to.”

“Please.” Chris shifted on the sofa.

“You have work in the morning, right?” Phil felt Chris’ dick go solid under his palm.

After a few deep breaths, Chris managed a reply, “Yes.”

In the darkness Phil could see Chris closing his eyes from the passionate play. Phil shoved him backwards on the

couch and went for his zipper, spreading the material wide. Phil dug inside his briefs and exposed Chris' rigid dick. They both groaned and began to squirm in delight.

No long protracted teasing this time, Phil engulfed Chris' cock to the base and sucked hard.

A low deep moan echoed in the dark room as Chris' body released itself to him, opening as if he were a rose.

While Phil sucked like a Hoover, he tore at Chris' slacks to shift them lower so he could get at his balls and ass.

Chris obliged the demand, raising his hips.

Phil gripped the base of Chris' prick in one hand and massaged his balls and rim with the other. Phil swallowed Chris' cock into his throat and orally fucked him like he was possessed.

"Angh! Jesus! Phil!" Chris arched his back and howled in delirium.

A blast of pre-come hit Phil's tongue. Phil worked his hand in tandem with his mouth, his saliva wetting Chris' balls enough so that Phil could use it to work his ass as well. Phil had him nearing the edge in seconds. Phil groaned in pure bliss as he leaned over Chris, piston sucking his dick, and finger fucking his ass. Phil was so turned on by Chris he was as close to a climax as Chris was.

Phil found that magic spot inside Chris' hole and worked it over, massaging his index finger on it.

"Aaahhfuckkkk!" Chris screamed and elevated his hips as his body jerked in a spasm of orgasmic pleasure.

His mouth filling with hot come, Phil felt his own dick throbbing so hard all he needed to do was pull on it once to please it. Phil swallowing again and again as Chris' load entered his mouth. Phil used one hand to unzip himself and jacked off, sitting upright. Phil sprayed Chris' saliva covered cock and balls with his spunk and grunted at the

Calling Dr. Love

intensity. Under him Chris was gasping for air and whimpering in long low masculine tones.

“Gaadddd!” Chris gasped and sucked in air loudly. “Holy Christ, I never fucking came that hard in my life.”

Phil recovered from his own climax, catching his breath, and coated in dewy sweat. In the darkness, Phil leaned down and began licking his spent come off Chris’ body.

“You hot mother-fucking man.” Chris choked as he continued to gasp for air. “And you think I’m doing you a favor? Augh!”

Phil laughed softly. “I give good head?”

“I give good head?” Chris repeated sarcastically. “Are you asking me like you don’t know? Am I an idiot?”

“Mm...better than pizza.” Phil burrowed his face into Chris’ sticky balls.

Chris laughed, though it sounded like he was exhausted from the orgasm. Phil smiled. He would please Chris. *Oh yes. I will make you the most sexually satisfied fucker on the planet.*

“Let me...” Chris chuckled, “Let me at least try and call for food. Jesus. I can’t move.”

Phil sat up and wiped his face with his hands, grinning down at Chris. “I like pepperoni.”

“No kidding. I couldn’t guess that.”

“And sausage,” Phil teased.

“Anything you want, baby. Anything you want.” Chris reached out for him.

Phil rested on top of Chris as they both recuperated, giving themselves a minute before standing up. “You’re fantastic.”

“Me?” Chris coughed at the absurdity.

“Yeah. You.” Phil nestled against him happily.

When Chris' arms surrounded him in a warm embrace, Phil closed his eyes to savor it. Maybe this could work. Maybe.

~

Chris munched his pizza slice hungrily as he sat across the kitchen table from Phil. "Is it okay?"

"Hm?" Phil looked up from his plate.

"I know it's not gourmet..."

"No. It's good. Great."

Chris had eaten three slices as Phil seemed to be working his way painfully through his first. "I just thought," Chris pointed to Phil's plate. "Or am I just a pig?"

After an embarrassed chuckle, Phil left the crust on his plate and brushed off his hands. "I'm just not a big eater."

"A twenty-five year old weightlifter? Come on, Phil. You have to eat well to feed the muscles."

Phil cringed and his cheeks grew rosy.

Chris had a suspicion and hoped he was wrong. "Please don't tell me you think you're fat."

"No. I know I'm not fat. I just also know everyone's after the ripped look, you know." Phil nudged his plate aside.

"Everyone who?" Chris could spot an eating disorder a mile away.

"Well," Phil gestured around the room as he spoke, "the club, the studio, you know."

"Do you starve yourself? *You know*," Chris tried not to sound too sarcastic, "for the 'ripped' look?"

"I don't starve. I just watch what I eat."

"What do you eat? Give me an average daily intake." Chris finished his third slice and sipped his juice.

"Uh..." Phil blushed a deeper shade of crimson. "You

Calling Dr. Love

playing doctor with me?”

“I will be later.” Chris smiled. “Come on, Phil. I’m serious.”

“I don’t know. I don’t really think about it.”

Chris knew he was lying. “Are you tired all the time? Get dizzy when you stand up too quick?”

Phil met Chris’ eyes instantly. Chris knew and pointed a warning finger in Phil’s direction. “You will eat right here.”

“Yes, sir!” Phil saluted him, laughing.

“Eating fresh fruit, salads, and protein will help your ripped look and you do need some carbs, babe. Will you trust me?”

After a meek smile, Phil whispered, “I trust you, doc.”

“Good.” Chris sat back. “You’re done? Barely one slice?”

“Oh, no. Don’t nag me to over eat junk food.” Phil held up his hands. “You won’t get me to do that.”

Chris gave Phil a chiding look and stood to clear the table. Phil instantly helped out while Chris washed the few dishes.

Phil leaned against him and said, “You’ve got your hands full with me, Christopher Love. I hope you realize that.”

“I do. But I want you to realize I will get your eating habits in better shape. It will improve your body and your well being, not make you fat.”

“Okay.” Phil kissed Chris’ cheek.

Phil checked the time and dried his hands on a dish towel. “Do you need to stop home for anything?”

“No. I got all I need.” Phil draped his arms around Chris’ neck and began a slow dance with him.

Chris held him close, inhaling Phil’s scent and allowed Phil to lead. They swayed across the kitchen’s tiled floor.

Chris closed his eyes, resting his head on Phil's shoulder, savoring Phil's size, and his warmth. Drowsy from the meal and the long day of mental stress, Chris reminded him, "Keep packing tomorrow while I'm at work."

"Mm hm." Phil cuddled closer, waltzing their way to the bedroom.

"Don't try to do it all in one day. We have until Wednesday." Chris didn't know why he was still babbling about it. It just felt as if he needed to keep Phil in line. He had taken on the responsibility of this man's life and he would make sure it was molded into shipshape. Thoughts of having Phil lay out his debts and finances to inspect and pay off, of calling his lawyer in the morning to have him look into the obscenity charge, renting a moving van, making room in his closet and dresser...

All these lists of things to do began to vanish like mist as Phil danced him towards the bed.

When they had arrived at Phil's destination, he stopped and began opening the buttons of Chris shirt.

"Oh, baby..." Chris' skin lit on fire instantly.

"Can't get enough?" Phil teased, folding Chris' shirt over his shoulders and off his body.

"No. I can't." Chris shivered as Phil opened Chris' trousers and helped him step out of them and his briefs. Chris tugged off his socks as Phil got a good handful of his genitals. Naked, Chris stood perfectly still as Phil massaged his soft cock making it throb and grow. Gentle kisses ran down Chris' neck.

Though Chris stood patiently, or in reality, impatiently, as Phil made his skin tingle from head to toe, Chris wanted to have his way with Phil. *He* wanted to dominate, take over, make Phil his. Was it too early to declare his preference? *Jesus, why is this relationship so complicated?*

Chris just wanted to be himself. Shove Phil down on the

Calling Dr. Love

bed, tear off his clothing and tie him up. It felt like he was still protecting that wounded sparrow and the aggression would overwhelm Phil. They needed to talk, and not just about finances. Was it wrong to have expectations like this? Wrong to want to have Phil the way he craved? Was this his payment for all his giving? Owning a living sex/slave go-go boy toy?

“Oh, God...” Chris chided himself for his horrible thoughts. *No. No. Phil’s more than that. It’s more than sex. It is.* Chris agonized with what may be a horrific reality, trying to convince himself that it was Phil as a person he was crazy about. But did he know Phil-the-person yet?

“You like, babe?” Phil kept kissing his neck, massaging Chris’ ever-growing body parts.

“Get naked.” *Phil at least could do that much for me.*

Phil backed up and undressed.

Chris ground his jaw at his carnal desires, holding back from living his fantasy was making him crazy.

~

Phil dropped his items of clothing on the carpet and noticed Chris’ pinched expression and clenched fists. Chris’ dick was rigid and beginning to drip at the slit. “Wow.” Phil kicked off his briefs and stood tall. “Do I get you that hot?”

“Yes...”

“Come and get it.” Phil opened his arms, smiling.

The attack knocked the wind out of Phil. Stunned by the force, Phil was slammed against the bed with all of Chris’ weight on top of him. “Damn!” Phil tried not to laugh hysterically. “You don’t get much sex, do you, Doctor?”

“Not the kind of sex I crave, no.”

It was said with some bitterness which again surprised Phil. Chris pinned Phil’s wrists over Phil’s head.

Like that wasn’t answer enough, Phil asked, “What kind

of sex to you desire, lover?"

Chris held Phil in a submissive pose, grinding his hips and their cocks together as he stared down at Phil hungrily. It was as if Chris was afraid to admit what he really wanted.

But the position was too overt to mistake.

"You want to dominate me?" Phil asked with a deliberate innocence he hoped would tantalize Chris. Everyone wanted to play top with Phil. That's what happens when you're big. You become everyone's power fantasy. Phil tried not to flash to the scene of the porn film, where he had three men on him while he was on his knees. This wasn't that. This act was for his boyfriend, Chris, who loved him and Phil did want to please him.

In shame, Chris hid his face in Phil's neck, but he did not release his grip on Phil's wrists.

Phil nuzzled him softly. "Do what to me? Hmm? Tie me up? Tell me."

Chris released Phil's arms and cupped Phil's jaw, kissing him. Phil wrapped his arms around Chris' back and hugged him tight. "Tell me," Phil purred between kisses. "Don't be shy."

Chris panted, trying to catch his breath. "Maybe soon. Not tonight. Maybe after you've been here a while."

"Why? Are you afraid you'll do something to me I haven't had done before?" Phil kissed him. "Everyone loves to top me, babe. It's okay."

"Not exclusively. Promise."

"I know." Phil smiled. "I've been in that tight ass of yours." Phil felt Chris' cock throbbing and rigid against his pelvis. "But how far? Tell me how far you want this to go?"

"I don't know." Chris stared at Phil's jaw, afraid to meet his eyes.

"Don't be embarrassed by your needs. Baby, be honest with me."

Calling Dr. Love

Chris gripped Phil's face and kissed him again. It was so passionate it melted Phil's heart completely and the fact that this powerful intelligent man was so damn nervous about revealing his needs in the S&M department was completely endearing. It gave Phil some of the power he craved back from this pillar of strength. Gave him back some sinful pride. *Delicious.*

"What does my lover want, hmm?" Phil rubbed their cocks together. "Tie me up? Give me a good fucking?"

"Yes..." Chris hissed quietly, still not meeting Phil's eyes.

"Leather?"

That made Chris jump and squirm. Instantly Phil felt the skin between them become sticky. "Ever fulfill that fantasy, Chris?"

"No."

Phil knew if the light was on, he'd see a blush in Chris' cheeks.

Phil moved so all four of his limbs were spread eagle on the bed, then snarled seductively, "Ya gotta start somewhere, babe. Why not tonight?"

A strangled whimper escaped Chris' throat. He leaned up to look at Phil's position on the bed. "Christ..."

"At your mercy." Phil raised his hips in invitation.

Chris reached downwards towards both their erections. Phil noticed a long string of pre-come oozing from Chris' slit and smiled wickedly. "You bad boy. Why did you wait so long to tell someone about this need you have? With your looks you could have anyone tied to the bed."

"I don't want anyone else." Chris began nibbling Phil's nipple. "I want you."

"You have me. Tell me what to do."

"Just lie still. For now." Chris braced himself over

Phil's body with both arms and began to devour him eagerly. With each lick of Chris' tongue and each puff of his breath, Phil's dick bobbed and ached, but he lay perfectly still.

How on earth could he think living with this man was a bad idea? Phil thought he must have been insane to not come running the minute Chris made the invitation. Doctor Christopher James Love worshiped him. *Hello? You stupid dipshit! You couldn't see this?*

Chris made his way down Phil's body. Phil felt the urge to come increase. Now *his* hands were clenching and unclenching. No, he was not tied up, but it was just as hard pretending to be.

Watching, panting, Phil waited as Chris wet his index finger inside his mouth. Immediately after, Phil's legs were spread wide showing Chris' urgency to get in.

"Are you still sore?"

"No." Phil huffed, unable to catch his breath, his entire body began to throb in anticipation.

As an afterthought, Chris used lubrication instead of saliva. Phil was glad of the consideration, in case there was any residual rawness from his sex scene on Saturday morning.

The waiting was excruciating. Chris thought *his* foreplay took too long? *Augh!* Phil was going berserk.

Chris knelt between Phil's legs, Chris' entire attention between Phil's thighs. Phil could see him breathing so hard it was as if they had both run miles. Neither of them could contain their respirations they were so excited.

At the first touch of Chris' slick finger to his rim, Phil jumped in reflex.

"You okay?"

"Yes. Sorry."

"Do we need a safe word?"

Calling Dr. Love

“I’m not tied up.” Phil tried not to shout in reply. “Just fuck me. Jesus, Chris, you think I take too long in foreplay?”

A low chuckle was his reply. It made Phil smile.

Chris urged Phil’s legs wider. Phil bent his knees to accommodate Chris, sliding his hands under his low back to raise his hips higher.

“Yes...” Chris approved.

One finger made its way inside him smoothly. Phil pressed back into the mattress and shivered in delight. “This is going to be one hellavuh ride, isn’t it, lover?”

“I fucking hope so. It already is for me. I’m fucking dripping like a leaky faucet.”

Phil bit his lip on his roar of hilarity. Soon all his thoughts were of his ass and the pressure inside it. “Oh, God...” Phil tensed his legs and pressed his heels into the bed.

Chris used more force, more fingers and twisted and turned to get deeper. Phil felt his eyes roll back in his head. It was as if the climax was coming from inside his ass and not his balls, and he’d never felt that sensation before. Phil tried to breathe deeply, because the pleasure of the coming orgasm was too intense to fathom. Phil’s cock began pulsating and long strings of come sprayed across his egg-carton abs.

“Yes,” Chris said when he witnessed it, pushing deeper spinning his hand back and forth against Phil’s prostate with more determination.

Phil’s mind was literally blown. He’d never had a climax quite like this one. All the stimulation was internal. It was beyond his comprehension to understand how it could literally make his breath stop in his chest and his dick so rigid it kept oozing even after he’d coated himself with a load of spunk.

Phil began rocking on the bed, to and fro, craving more of what Chris was aiming for inside him. Finally Phil was able to squeak out in a strangled whimper, “Mother-fucker...” Phil began to ride Chris’ fingers, spreading his arms across the bed for better leverage, getting fucked like he never had before in his entire life.

When a splash of hot come hit his leg, Phil forced his eyes open. Chris wasn’t even touching himself when he came. A fountain of sperm cascaded out of Chris most likely before he could stop himself.

“I’m gonna pass out,” Phil said, “It’s so intense.”

Chris removed his hand and dropped on top of Phil grinding his still stiff cock over both their slippery bodies. Phil recovered, watching Chris use the stickiness between them as lube and bring himself to another climax.

With both Chris’ arms propping himself up, his back arched so Chris’ hips were making complete contact, Chris ground his cock against Phil’s dick and pubic hair for the friction he craved.

All the veins showed in Chris’ neck and forearms as his entire body was consumed by the pleasure.

The heat between them became an inferno, two sticks rubbing together to set a fire. And it had. Phil was still trying to recover from his internal orgasm and gazed in pure awe as Chris came a second time, jerking his pelvis against Phil’s skin and showing his teeth as he climaxed.

“Jesus Christ.” Phil gasped.

Chris’ cock released another load to add to their soaked, sticky bodies. After he’d come, Chris hung his head, sucking in air desperately. “...I...haven’t even...” he gulped, “tied you up yet...”

“Holy shit, Chris.” Phil replied. “Do they teach you that shit in medical school?”

For some reason it must have struck Chris as funny,

Calling Dr. Love

because he roared with hilarity and dropped like a lead weight on top of Phil, still gasping for breath.

Phil laughed with him, stroking Chris' sweat soaked back lovingly. "My God." Phil exhaled deeply. "Never in my life, Dr. Love. Never in my life."

With a tremendous effort, Chris raised his head off Phil's chest and met Phil's eyes. "Good one?"

"Good one?" Phil mimicked sarcastically. "I left the fucking planet."

"Excellent." Chris struggled to roll off Phil. "I can't move. We need to get cleaned up and sleep. I have to get up early tomorrow."

"Whose fault is that?" Phil helped Chris to sit upright. "Jesus. Ya could have warned me you had magic up your goddamn sleeve." Phil wrapped his arm around Chris' waist as they walked to the bathroom.

"Man, when you came...the look on your face." Chris moaned and made a grimace of a parody of it. "Like a fucking god."

They waited for the shower to heat up.

"That was all prostate? All that pleasure?"

"Yeah." Chris smiled but he looked completely spent.

"How the fuck did you..." Phil paused and slanted his eyes at Chris. "You naughty boy. Where the hell are your toys?"

"Ha." Chris stepped into the shower.

"You've done that to yourself." Phil pointed an accusing finger at him as they wet down.

"I'll never tell." Chris winked.

"Son of a bitch." Phil shook his head. "And I thought I was the nasty one of the two of us."

"Heh, heh." Chris licked his lips.

"Get over here." Phil embraced him and closed his eyes.

G.A. Hauser

“You naughty son of a bitch.” Phil couldn’t love him anymore than he did at that moment. They had finally reached common ground.

Chapter Seventeen

Chris greeted his staff and swapped his leather jacket for his white lab coat.

“You look well this morning, Doctor.” Karen stood at his doorway with a load of files in her hands.

“I feel great. Okay. Let’s go.” Chris rubbed his hands together eagerly, following her to the examination room. He felt rejuvenated after a night of fantastic loving with a man he was wild about.

Chris read the woman’s name on the chart. “Good morning, Mrs. Smith. What can we do for you today?”

~

Phil finished packing the rest of his belongings. Chris had called to reserve a moving van and was going to meet him here at the cottage and they would drive together to get the van and bring it back. One trip would do it. It was just too much to get into Phil’s small sports car and he didn’t want to make ten trips back and forth, or more.

A light knock sounded at the adjoining door to the house. Phil jogged over to open it, expecting Mrs. Chu. Lu was there instead. Phil anticipated his question and moved out of the way, gesturing to his boxes. “I’ll be out tonight.”

“Tonight? It’s only Monday. You have until Wednesday.”

“I found a place.” Phil crossed his arms and shrugged.

“You don’t have to leave that fast.”

“Man, you speak a lot better English than your aunt,” Phil said.

“I studied at university in Cambridge. I learned to speak very well there.”

“You have. I’m impressed.” Phil peered over his shoulder at his humble abode. “You really want to live here?”

“I will. For now. I’m sorry she kicked you out like she did.”

When Lu moved into his comfort zone, Phil backed up and hit a stack of boxes. “It’s okay. Like I said, I have a place to go.”

Lu’s eyes darted to the bed quickly. “Too bad. I thought you’d be here a few days. I knocked last night. You didn’t answer.”

Unprepared for the sexual overture, Phil forced himself into a tiny gap between boxes for more space. “I have a boyfriend.”

“Are you moving in with him?”

There was nowhere to go when Lu inched closer.

“Yes.” Phil put his hand on Lu’s chest and backed him up gently.

“My friends told me you’re an exotic dancer and a porn star.”

Phil snarled at Lu’s look of expectation. “That list doesn’t include whore.”

“I didn’t mean to imply you were.” Lu raised his hands in a gesture of defense.

“Sure ya didn’t. Look, I’m busy. Was there anything ‘else’ you wanted?”

“I suppose not.” Lu looked around the room. “You won’t change your mind? Even if I offer you a blowjob?”

Calling Dr. Love

“No.” Phil wondered how long his lousy reputation was going to stick. As far as he was concerned he was no longer either of those things. He was Dr. Christopher Love’s bitch, period.

“My loss.”

Phil didn’t answer and followed Lu back to the door.

“I’ll see you dancing at Flirts then?” Lu smirked.

“No. You won’t. Goodbye.” Phil nudged him out of his room and closed the door hearing Lu’s laughter from the other side.

Phil’s good mood vanished. He kept packing. He had to be out by tonight. End of story.

~

On break between patients Chris sat at his desk with his phone to his ear. “David, Christopher Love here.”

“Hello, Chris. I haven’t heard from you in a while. How’s the plastic surgery practice doing?”

“Good, very good. Are you still doing okay being a divorced part-time dad?”

“Yes. I’m managing. What’s up?”

“I need your legal advice on a case. Are you free for a minute?”

“Go ahead.”

“My lover is an exotic dancer and a vice cop yanked his g-string down exposing him, flashed his badge and arrested my sweetheart for obscenity.”

“Shit. Chris, I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Anything you can do? He swears he didn’t do anything wrong and this cop stripped him.”

“That’s not my area of expertise, Chris. I do mostly family and business law. And...you know I gave up the practice.”

“No!” Chris deflated.

“Yeah, I decided to sell the office building and let the younger crowd take over.”

“Come on, David. You’re only in your forties.”

“Yes, but my lover is in his twenties.”

Chris started laughing. “I get it. Okay, hell, I figured nothing wrong with asking.”

“Can I recommend someone else?”

“Yes, please.” Chris found a pen and paper.

“One of my ex-law partners, Jennifer Bernstein, started her own firm. She has two excellent senior partners, and one is a gay man. He’s the one to get the job done.”

“Perfect. What’s his name?”

“Jack Larsen.”

“Thanks, David. Can I tell him you recommended me?”

“Of course. Tell him you know me, otherwise he’ll wonder how you got his private cell phone number. Let me give it to you.”

Chris wrote it down quickly. “We need to get together, Mr. Thornton. It’s been too long.”

“I know, but Lyle keeps me busy. We do nothing but travel. He’s hung up a map, pushing pins into it to show off all the places he’s been.”

“Spoiling him?” Chris smiled.

“Hell yeah.”

“I’ve a similar plan in mind.”

“A go-go boy. Damn.”

“Yeah, well, what can I say?” Chris blushed. “Okay, let me call Mr. Larsen.”

“Nice speaking with you, Chris.”

“You too, David. See ya.” He hung up and stared at the phone number as he gathered his thoughts. Chris dialed and

Calling Dr. Love

waited patiently.

“Jack Larsen.”

“Mr. Larsen, my name is Dr. Christopher Love. David Thornton referred you to me. Is this a good time to speak to you?”

“Hold one sec.”

Chris tried to imagine what this man looked like. His voice was deep and masculine.

“Right. Now I can hear you. I’m at the courthouse, but I have a minute. What can I do for you, Doctor?”

“My partner was an exotic dancer at a club on Sunset Strip. A vice cop lured him into a lap dance and yanked his g-string down, instantly arresting him for indecency.”

“Crap, that sucks.”

“Big time. I know it’s just a fine with no jail time, but he doesn’t need that on his record. Anything we can do?”

“He needs witnesses. Does he have any?”

“I’d imagine a room full.”

“That’ll help.”

“One problem.” Chris peeked at his closed office door.

“Isn’t there always?”

“Yes. He’s allowed patrons to do this to him in the past, and not stopped them from exposing him. Is he screwed?”

“Let me see if we can cop a deal. If I talk to the magistrate and get any past deeds stricken from the record, we may be able to bargain it away.”

After a deep sigh of relief, Chris replied, “You’re awesome.”

“I’m not awesome yet. Let me look into it. I don’t have the time now, but I’ll need all the details of this incident, his name, dates, any paperwork associated with the arrest, the works.”

“What’s a good time to call you back?”

“How about seven tonight?”

“On this number?”

“Yes. This number is fine.”

“I’ll speak to you later. Thanks, Jack.”

“My pleasure, Doctor. Hopefully we can make this stupidity go away for you.”

“I’d appreciate it. He’s already lost his job over it.”

“Oh. That’s a good bargaining tool. We’ll use it. Later.”

“Bye.” Chris hung up feeling confident. “One problem down and onto the next. How much do you owe, Mr. Andrews? Hmm?” Chris couldn’t even begin to imagine Phil’s debt. But he was going to find out tonight.

~

Phil pumped iron at the gym, hoisting a loaded bar over his head in front of the mirror. Someone stood by, watching. Phil only glanced at him briefly to keep his concentration. He finished his reps and placed the bar at his feet and took a break.

“Hi, Philly!” one of the young employees greeted him, one that had never hid his admiration of him.

“Hi.” Phil never could remember any of their names.

“I heard the vice detectives arrested you last Saturday.”

Phil cringed. “Yeah.”

“Will you still be dancing there this Thursday?”

“No. I was fired by the owner.” Phil adjusted his fingerless leather gloves and psyched himself up for his next set.

“You should work here. Everyone admires you.”

“Work here?” Phil squatted down and secured his grip on the bar before he dead lifted it over his head.

“Yes. Be a personal trainer.”

Calling Dr. Love

“Don’t you have to have a degree to do that?”

“So? Get one?”

Phil gave him a pained expression. “Get one? Like snap my fingers and get one?” Phil shook his head and refocused his attention on the long metal bar loaded with plates.

“Well, no, not snap your fingers. But it won’t take long if you’re not working at Flirts anymore.”

“Thanks for the offer but can I continue?” Phil smiled so it wouldn’t sound mean.

“Oh. Sure! Sorry.” The employee stepped back.

Phil inhaled deeply and then roared as he hefted the heavy bar first to his chest then over his head, doing presses from his chest towards the ceiling. His admirer was still ogling but Phil was used to it.

He began to shake from the exertion. Phil slowly lowered the weight, squatting, and setting it on the rubber matting, catching his breath.

When Phil looked into the mirror’s reflection he had a small audience, some watching overtly, others trying to be more discreet, both sexes.

The employee leaned closer. “See? They love you.”

“I’ll think about it. Okay?” Phil knew he most likely had to get his GED first before he did anything else school-wise. Like hell he’d admit he wasn’t a high school graduate.

“Great.” The young man walked off, smiling.

Phil placed another five pound plate on either end of the heavy bar.

A slender young man approached him shyly. “Excuse me.”

Phil tightened the collars at both ends of the metal rod and glanced up at him.

“Can you give me some advice on bulking up?”

Phil stood, wiping the drops of sweat off his face.

“What are you doing now?”

The man blushed and shrugged shyly. “A little of everything. I’m clueless.”

“You have to separate your muscle groups. Don’t do a little of everything. Do chest one day, back and triceps the next, you know.”

“No. I don’t know.” The young man laughed in embarrassment. “I’d kill to have a body like yours.”

Phil gave the young man a once over. “You could. There’s no reason you can’t. You’ve got the frame for it.”

“Would you help me? I’ll pay you.”

Phil examined the eagerness in this young man’s expression. Maybe he was too quick to dismiss the idea of being a personal trainer. What was he supposed to do all day while Chris was working? Sit around watching soaps and eating bon-bons?

“Look, let me write up a routine for you. No charge. I can’t justify a fee. I’m not a certified trainer.”

“Wow. You’d do that for me?”

“Sure.” Phil gestured to the weights. “I don’t want to cool down between sets. Will you be here around this time tomorrow?”

“Yes. Sorry to bother you.” He stepped back.

“No. It’s okay.” Phil crouched down by the bar to ready himself for the lift.

“My name is Rick.”

“Okay, Rick. I’m Phil.”

“I know who you are.” Rick’s cheeks went crimson.

Not knowing how to take that statement, and pretending it was flattering, Phil said, “Okay. See you tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow.” Rick stepped back, but obviously wanted to watch Phil’s next set.

Calling Dr. Love

Phil's concentration on his lift, he gripped the bar and growled as he once again dead lifted it to his chest, then up over his head for his reps. He tried not to be distracted as everyone around him paused to watch. Phil wondered if he had options other than a life of porn after all.

~

Chris struggled to find parking on Phil's street, driving once around the block. He found a tiny space and squeezed into it. Chris walked briskly, checking his watch and trying to calculate the time it would take to pick up the van and make a trip to his place and back. They would be eating dinner late.

He rounded the side of the cottage just as a young attractive Asian man was dumping a plastic bag of trash into one of the cans. Chris had to wait for him to finish since the space was too narrow to pass.

When the man caught Chris' eyes he asked, "Can I help you?"

"I'm here to see Phil." Chris connected with the man's eyes.

The man placed the lid on the garbage can and crossed his arms. "Oh. So you're his boyfriend?"

Taken aback by the slight nastiness, Chris asked, "What's it got to do with you?"

"How old are you?"

"None of your fucking business." Chris nudged his way past the young man and continued to Phil's back door in a huff.

"Nice. A rich guy looking for a boy toy to play with? I know your type."

Chris stopped short, about to spin around and get violent. Before Chris made his verbal attack the door opened.

Phil asked, "What's going on?"

"Looks like your friend disapproves of me." Chris snarled. "Forget it. Let's get you out of here."

"My friend?" Phil leaned out to look.

"I said forget it." Chris stood for a moment assessing the amount of boxes. "One load should do it."

"Yeah. That's my guess. Uh. Are you planning on getting your good suit and tie a filthy mess?"

Chris glanced down at his attire. "Never mind. Let's just get the van."

"What the hell happened out there?" Phil grabbed his keys and shut the door.

"I said nothing." Chris stormed to the front of the cottage. The young Asian man was nowhere to be found.

"Where did you park?" Phil scanned up and down the street.

"Around the block."

"Let's take mine then." Phil pointed to his car.

Without an argument, Chris headed towards it trying to shake off his bad mood. *Christ, am I that old? I'm only thirty-three. Well, nearly thirty-four. Is a twenty-five year old man too young for me? Is Phil just my boy toy? Am I really letting some kid who I don't know get me upset?*

Chris sat in the passenger's seat.

Phil pulled out of the parking spot and grabbed Chris' hand. "Are you going to tell me what the hell happened?"

"Some young Asian guy gave me a hard time."

"Lu." Phil laughed under his breath.

"Is he the owner of the cottage?"

"No. He's the nephew of the owner. He's moving in when I leave. What did he say?"

"Nothing." Chris loosened his tie, sliding it off.

"He tried for a BJ earlier. He's just jealous."

Calling Dr. Love

“Oh. I get it.” Chris shook his head. “Fucker asked me how old I am. Made me feel like a dirty old man.”

“Grrr, my dirty old man,” Phil purred, rubbing inside Chris’ leg.

“Am I old?” Chris was horribly insulted.

“Old? Fuck no! Thirty-three? Old?” Phil shook his head at the absurdity.

“What’s that kid’s age? Fifteen?” Chris stuck his tie into his jacket pocket.

Phil laughed in reply.

~

By eight they had finished unloading all the boxes into Chris’ spare bedroom and brought the van back. They did a cursory last check of the one room Phil had occupied for two years to make certain nothing was left behind.

Chris was hot, tired, and hungry. He checked his watch and cursed under his breath.

“What?” Phil unwound the house key from his chain to leave behind.

“I was supposed to call an attorney at seven about getting your case dropped.” He rolled the sleeves of his dress shirt back down his arms as he cooled off.

“Call now.”

“Where’s all the paperwork from the arrest?”

“In a box in your spare bedroom,” Phil replied, setting the key down on the desk in the empty room.

“Let’s go. I’m starving.”

“I’ll follow you.”

Chris waited as Phil paused to take a last glance back. There certainly was nothing to miss about living here in Chris’ opinion. “You want to say goodbye?”

“I should just say good-bye to Mrs. Chu. Hang on.” Phil

jogged back to the adjoining door and opened it.

While he was gone, Chris stared at the bare mattress and the few items left behind that did not belong to Phil. He didn't even live this badly in his days back at the college dorm.

In the silence of the surroundings, Chris removed his cell phone and a business card.

"Jack Larsen."

"Jack, it's Chris Love. I'm so sorry I didn't call at seven."

"It's okay."

"I got caught up in moving Phil out of his old place and into mine."

"Phil. Your boyfriend."

"Yes. Phil Andrews."

"You want to make an appointment to come to my office tomorrow?"

"I'd like to, but I have clients all day." Chris could hear a woman's voice from the other side of the door wishing Phil well.

"What kind of doctor are you?"

"A plastic surgeon. Why? Need some work done?"

"I don't think I do yet. But a good friend of mine is beginning to moan he needs Botox."

Chris laughed softly. "I take referrals."

"He's nuts. He's gorgeous. Never mind. So? Can't swing an appointment during the day?"

"I can't but Phil certainly can."

"Well, he's the one I need."

At that moment Phil returned, pausing when he found Chris on his phone.

"You're not the only one who needs him," Chris said,

Calling Dr. Love

winking affectionately.

“Ain’t love grand?” Jack teased.

“Indeed. Let me chat with my gorgeous lover first and get back to you.”

“Do that. Call back tonight. Adam and I are night owls. We don’t mind a late call.”

“You’re too damn nice.”

“That’s what I’ve been told. Speak to you later, Doctor.”

“Bye, Jack.” Chris disconnected the line and gestured for Phil to exit the back door with him. “That was your new lawyer. Do you feel comfortable meeting with him on your own tomorrow, or do you want me to take some time off?”

“I don’t mind meeting with him alone. I’m a big boy, Chris.”

Chris grabbed Phil’s ass tightly. “Don’t I know it.”

Phil jumped and laughed as they continued heading to their cars.

Chapter Eighteen

Phil tried to get used to the idea that this place...this house by the sea, was going to be his new home. He'd dreamed of living in a luxury abode like this, but never imagined it ever becoming a reality.

"Food." Chris kicked off his shoes and continued walking through the living room.

Used to being hungry, Phil was more interested in a hot shower and sex.

Before Chris began scrounging for a meal, he tossed Phil the phone and slapped a business card on the table. "Call your lawyer and make an appointment before it gets too late."

Phil inhaled nervously and sat at the kitchen table while Chris warmed up leftover pizza and cut up a salad.

Phil used his thumb to press the numbers on the cordless phone.

"Chris?"

"No. It's Phil. Phil Andrews." Phil cleared his throat. He hated dealing with anything that had to do with the law, even lawyers. Too many times he'd been on the wrong side of the interrogation table.

"Phil. I'm Jack Larsen. Chris told me you need some help getting out of a fine."

Calling Dr. Love

"I suppose. Don't you think it'd be easier to pay it?" Phil peeked at Chris who gave him an admonishing glance as he chopped vegetables on a cutting board.

"That's up to you. Do you mind a criminal record?"

"I sort of have one." Not wanting Chris to hear anymore of the conversation, Phil stood and left the room. Phil lingered near the bedroom loaded with his boxes and whispered, "I was arrested for solicitation in Washington State."

"How old were you?"

"Seventeen." Phil felt his hands grow sweaty.

"Juvenile records are purged when you become an adult. That won't matter. Anything else?"

Phil wracked his brains. "I think most of the arrests I've had were when I was back in high-school. I was busted for drugs once and shoplifting."

"All under eighteen?"

"Yes." Phil made sure Chris wasn't listening from the hall.

"Like I said. It will be deleted from your record."

"What about the fact that I did previous did private lap dances at the club and allowed guys to expose and touch me for tips?" Phil's heart was racing. He should just pay the stupid fine. He wondered if this lawyer must think he's the biggest skank on the planet.

"That's what I need to find out. I have to talk to the magistrate on making sure past acts are inadmissible."

"Is it worth all the trouble, Jack?" Phil felt miserable for making everyone pay for his mistakes.

"I know Chris thinks so. What about you? Do you want that on your permanent record?"

"No." Phil felt his heart sink at the prospect of getting any type of respectable work. "It's bad enough I do gay

porn. I'd be sunk if I wanted a job in the 'real world'."

"Let me just take some information down from you. It won't do any harm to go and talk to the magistrate tomorrow and just run it by him or her."

Phil immediately found the box marked 'paperwork' and opened the flap. "What do you need?"

"Start with your complete name, date of birth, and the address you were living at when this occurred."

As Phil rattled off the info, he found the copy of his arrest citation.

~

Chris finished setting the table, had half a pizza pie in the oven warming and filled two glasses with apple juice. He heard the sound of Phil's voice down the hall.

Curious to know if things were going well, Chris made his way closer so he could listen, keeping back so he wouldn't distract Phil from his conversation.

"Yes...Right. So, you don't need me to come see you yet?" Phil nodded, his back facing Chris. "Right. Yes, I understand."

Chris rubbed his coarse jaw and tried to imagine Jack's side of the conversation.

"And you're sure the other arrests on my record won't come up?"

Chris perked up and blinked in surprise.

"Well," Phil stammered nervously, "It was rough back then. I was kind of a troubled kid, Jack."

What the fuck? Chris moved closer.

"Right. Okay. You have my cell phone number, so just call and I can be at your office whenever you need me. Oh. Yes, or the courthouse..."

Chris heard Phil take a deep intake of air, obviously stressed out over the phone call.

Calling Dr. Love

"I have three good witnesses. They all work there and are great friends of mine. Should I call them? No. Okay. I'll wait. I have to admit, Jack, when the cops showed their badges and handcuffed me, the crowd grew hostile. My guess is anyone of those men who witnessed it would come to my aid." Phil spun around sensing Chris standing there. Their eyes met.

When they did, Chris felt as if he was caught eavesdropping. His first inclination when he walked down the hall was to offer support. He had no idea Phil would need to say things he wouldn't want him to know.

"Thanks, Jack. Okay. I'll wait to hear from you. Bye." Phil hung up and glared at Chris.

"What?" Chris glared back.

"What did you overhear?"

"What do you need to hide from me?"

Phil stormed passed him to the kitchen.

Chris caught up as Phil replaced the phone back into its cradle, obviously still fuming.

"Philip Andrews," Chris said in exasperation. "Stop cutting me out and thinking everything you do will affect our relationship. Jesus. I'm here to help. How much clearer can I make it to you?"

Phil hunched over and rubbed his face in exhaustion.

"Baby." Chris smoothed his hand over Phil's back and shoulders. "Sit and eat something."

"I'm not hungry."

"At least a tiny bit of salad." Chris persuaded him to the table.

After Phil sat down, Chris took the tray of pizza out of the oven and put one slice on Phil's plate and two on his.

He scooped salad for Phil, serving them both. "You think I care about your past?"

“You should.”

“Why? Tell ya what,” Chris said before he took a bite of his salad. “I don’t give a shit. What about that?”

“You’re an idiot.” Phil stared down at his food with little interest.

“Am I? Okay. I’m an idiot.”

Phil glared at him. “What did you overhear?”

“What didn’t you want me to overhear?” Chris replied.

Phil slouched low in his chair, his arms wound tightly over his chest. “I was arrested for solicitation. You got yourself a whore.”

“My whore.” Chris took another bite of his meal, hating the fact Phil wasn’t.

“Stop patronizing me.”

“I’m not. When will you realize I’m your ally not your enemy.” Chris stopped eating and reached for Phil across the table.

Phil’s posture softened considerably. Phil leaned both his elbows on the table and allowed Chris to clasp his hands. Without meeting Chris’ eyes Phil said, “I was sixteen. I was doing ecstasy. I used to suck cock at a public toilet for cash.” He winced as if waiting for a smack in the face.

At Phil’s instant cringing for the backlash, Chris figured that would be something Phil must have withstood from his father, a beating.

When Chris didn’t reply, Phil added meekly, “Got stuck sucking a fucking vice cop’s cock. I never learn.”

“Baby.” Chris released his hands and rushed around the table towards him. Chris crushed him in an embrace, cradling his head against his chest. “What a life you’ve had, my love. Too harsh for such a beautiful man.”

“I made my own stupid choices. I paid the price.”

Calling Dr. Love

Chris stroked Phil's hair lovingly. "No. It's all about environment and circumstance. Stop beating yourself up."

"Bullshit. My brothers never solicited sex. Just me." Phil wrapped his arms around Chris' waist and swayed against him.

"You were young. Forget it. It's done."

"No. It's not done. I'm ten years older and I've got to go to court for the same offense. I never fucking learn a damn thing. I'm a loser, Chris. When are you going to figure that out and get rid of me?"

"Never."

Slowly, Phil raised his head to meet Chris' eyes.

Chris smiled. "You heard right."

"Am I that good of a fuck?"

Chris knelt so they could be at eye level and petted Phil's long hair back from his forehead. "You're that good of a soul, a human being." Chris winked. "As well as a damn good fuck."

Phil chuckled.

"Eat. Please. At least a few bites," Chris coaxed gently, caressing Phil's cheek.

Phil nodded tacitly.

Chris returned to his chair, watching. Phil filled a fork with salad and stuck it in his mouth to chew. The amount of pain Phil inflicted on himself killed Chris. Chris just wanted to make him happy and whole.

~

Phil forced food down though he wasn't hungry. He was tired. He helped clear the table, seeing it was nearing ten. Phil imagined a shower and some sex before bed.

Chris stacked the last item he'd washed into the drain board.

Phil asked, "Why don't you use the dishwasher?"

“For two plates? It’s a waste of energy.” Chris dried his hands on a towel and appeared to be as tired as Phil felt.

“Green? On top of everything else, I have to deal with an environmentalist?” Phil teased.

“Yeah, get over it.” Chris used one arm to surround Phil’s waist, bringing their bodies together.

“I need a shower. I stink.” Phil went for a whiff of his own pits.

Chris did as well, inhaling Phil deeply. “Damn that’s intoxicating.”

Phil not only smiled in amusement, his dick became interested.

“I could lick your armpits all night.” Chris burrowed under one, snuffling.

Phil chuckled, “I never would guess you were so naughty.”

“Baby, I haven’t even begun to do what I want to do to you.” Chris took a long lap of Phil’s neck up to his ear.

Phil’s cock became completely erect. “I can imagine.”

“No. Believe me. You can’t.” Chris tugged Phil’s shirttail out of his jeans to have access to his skin.

Phil’s head fell back in a swoon as his memory of the intense internal climax washed over him. “I’m your slave.”

Chris shivered visibly. “Do *not* tell me things like that.”

Phil opened his eyes and found a very serious expression on Chris’ face. “Why?” Phil purred tickling one finger under Chris’ jaw. “Too good to be true?” *I love this! Power! Damn it feels good to be back in control again.*

Yeah, take control of my finances, my fucking court dates, who cares? Phil ground his hips against Chris’. *I got your fucking dick, Doctor Love, just where I want it.*

“Yes. I’m afraid of what I would do to a man as willing and fantastic as you are.” Chris chewed on Phil’s neck

Calling Dr. Love

sending chills over Phil's entire body.

"I'm not afraid." Phil was more than eager to play. "After that orgasm you gave me yesterday? Mm." Phil dug his hand down the front of Chris' slacks and found his dick already stiff and oozing. "I love making you this hot."

"Just looking at you makes me want to shoot my wad, Mr. Andrews." Chris snarled, showing his perfect teeth.

"Shoot. Shoot." Phil pumped his cock a few times.

Chris stopped him. "Not yet. That's too easy." Chris dragged Phil's hand out of his pants. "I want your ass."

"It wants you."

Chris pushed Phil towards the bedroom.

"You want to tie me up, Doctor?"

Chris moaned painfully at the offer.

"Harness me? Bind me in leather?"

Another agonizing whimper escaped Chris as his face became a mask of desire.

"Fist fuck me?" Phil hissed, holding both Chris' hands and using them to rub all over his own body. Phil watched as it appeared Chris was either trying to hold back or actually climaxing where they stood. "You son of a bitch!" Phil tore open Chris' pants before Chris could stop him. Chris' cock was still throbbing from its orgasm. Phil got to his knees, flipped Chris' cock out, catching some of the creamy ropes of come in his mouth as it sprayed.

Delirious couldn't describe Phil's reaction to Chris' excitement. Phil sucked Chris deep to the root, massaging Chris' ass cheeks hotly in each hand. Phil groaned in exquisite agony at having found such an ideal sex partner. Not to mention, he loved the fact that Chris could get so hot over just the suggestion of doing things to him. *How amazing is that?*

Chris gasped as he recuperated. Phil allowed Chris'

dick to slip out of his lips and stared up at him. "Where's the leather?"

Chris shook his head, no, as if it was just too overwhelming to believe. Chris closed his eyes, obviously fighting to gain control.

Phil leapt back from him and began stripping. "Where?" he demanded. "I'll tear this room apart, Chris."

Naked, his chest heaving with excitement, Phil threw his hands up in frustration. "Chris!"

Chris stammered, his cheeks bright red from his embarrassment. "It'll be too much for me. Just thinking about it makes me insane."

Phil began his search at the nightstand.

"Wait."

Phil set out the lube and a strip of condoms and waited, watching. Chris undressed and headed to a walk-in closet, vanishing inside. Phil was so pent up he had to keep wiping his slit to stop from dripping on the carpet.

Chris emerged hiding something in his hands, looking so humiliated Phil thought he was just too adorable for words. Phil hurried to him and took the item out of Chris' grasp to inspect. "How do I work it?"

Chris draped the studded leather straps around Phil's shoulders. They crisscrossed Phil's body in both front and back with long leather strips dropping down the middle of Phil's abdomen and back.

Both of them panting in anticipation, Phil watched Chris' fingers tremble as he fastened the buckles around Phil's heaving chest. Phil's nuts were roped up and pressed against his rigid cock in front, his hands were bound behind his back and two thin leather strips wrapped around each inner thigh.

Phil found he couldn't move his upper body or arms. "Holy shit."

Calling Dr. Love

“You sure you—”

“Fuck yeah!” Phil looked down at his own cock and found it running with pre-come.

Chris stepped back and took in the sight. “Oh my fucking God.”

“Nice? Huh?” Phil asked in excitement.

Without a word, Chris brought him to the bathroom mirror.

Phil inspected the contraption front and back. “Mother-fucker. Wicked!”

“Give me a safe word.”

“Fuck that! Let’s go!” Phil headed to the bed.

Chris stopped him, grabbing his elbow. “Phil!”

“Fine.” Phil thought about it. “Calling Dr. Love.”

Chris asked, “You want that to be the sign for stop?”

“Yeah, why not?” Phil continued his move to the bed. “Face up or down?”

“Up.”

Phil flopped back on it, trapping his arms even more as they were tied behind him. Phil spread his legs, looking down between them as the leather strap hiked his balls upwards. Phil shook his head in admiration. “I can’t wait. Christ, this is going to rock my socks off.”

“You sure you—”

“Chris!” Phil breathed in exasperation.

“Fine!”

“But I will top you, sucker. Oh, yes. Believe me. After you have your way with me, I’ll fuck you good!”

Chris grinned in delight. “Can’t wait.”

“Do something.” Phil raised his hips high into the air. “My goddamn ass is puckering and tingling and you haven’t even touched it yet.”

As if Chris needed to shift gears to an altered state, his eyes glazed over as he crawled on the bed between Phil's parted knees. Phil watched in complete helplessness while Chris' vision kept sweeping over the length of his harnessed body.

Staring down at his own torso was even getting Phil excited. He couldn't imagine what the fine doctor was enduring as his ultimate fantasy was about to unfold.

Chris' head dipped low. Phil felt a warm puff of air on his thighs. His legs were urged backwards which tightened the thin strap on his balls to exquisite agony. A long low moan from Chris preceded the tickle of a wet tongue.

Phil dug his head backwards into the pillow as Chris began lapping at his rim hungrily. Phil opened his mouth to gain air and raised his hips off the bed in time with those moist licks.

"Fuck!" Phil whimpered. "I love you, you amazing man!"

Instantly Chris kicked up the action a notch, penetrating Phil with his stiff tongue.

Phil's dick throbbed against the tight ring of leather. He had never worn any type of penis ring and had a feeling this constricting presence would prevent him from ejaculating. It did nothing to stop him from oozing pre-come. His treasure trail was becoming coated in it.

Chris began chewing on Phil's inner thighs as his index finger toyed with Phil's saliva dripping hole. Phil bucked violently to get more penetration, grinding his jaw at the craving.

Phil spotted Chris snatch the lube from the nightstand.

Oh fuck, here comes lift off.

Phil held his breath, waiting for the incredible touch.

~

Chris had never been this high on sex before. *What a*

Calling Dr. Love

drug! What an amazing drug!

The fact that Chris had found a partner who met his every criteria of the perfect man, one who allowed him to fulfill his wildest dreams, was as if he had reached the Holy Grail.

Chris used the lube liberally, taking in Phil's large muscular build completely submissive in the studded harness and loving every minute of it. Chris was on the verge of climaxing once again as he slid his finger inside Phil gently, softening up the tight ring and entering the velvety interior of Phil's back passage. Chris had to stop and close his eyes, squeezing his knees together to prevent spontaneously combusting. Chris grabbed his own dick and forced it to withdraw from the edge of a climax before he continued.

Meanwhile Phil was going wild, thrusting his pelvis up and moaning like a bitch in heat. They were both dripping with sweat and the scent of Phil's body was making Chris so hot he was grinding his jaw to hold back from coming all over him.

Chris worked his fingers inside Phil, twisting and finding that magical gland that could produce euphoria with the right stimulation. Chris knew he'd hit pay-dirt when Phil jerked his body off the bed and howled in pleasure. Chris witnessed every sinewy muscle of Phil's powerful six foot three inch frame clench, showing off Phil's raw strength with vibrating ripples as he writhed and convulsed in his confining harness. Chris' body went into overdrive. It was too much intensity. The pleasure seemed to have an imaginary line to it; the space between nirvana and passing out into a black hole.

Chris knelt higher on the bed to prop himself up for a better angle of leverage and view. He worked Phil relentlessly while Phil's cries of ecstasy grew louder and his cock was so thick with blood it was nearly purple and roped

with protruding veins. Clear pre-come ran from the slit causing a string to attach from Phil's low abdomen to the head of his dick.

"Augh! Chris! Holy fuck!"

That pushed Chris over the edge. He let go with a grunt, leaned back and shot his load all over Phil's constricted balls and cock.

"Let me fuck you now! Let me fuck you now!" Phil roared, thrusting his hips off the bed violently.

His hands still trembling from his own climax, Chris stripped off the leather strap which surrounded Phil's balls, sheathed Phil's enormous dick and squirted gel all over it. A second later Chris impaled himself on it, straddling Phil's hips as Phil rammed his cock upwards using his trapped arms behind his back for propulsion.

Chris gaped in awe at Phil's expression, his huge rounded pectoral muscles glistening under the studded black leather. Chris couldn't believe this was real. He had to be dreaming.

"Fuck!" Phil thrust deep and hard, his eyes closing tightly, his teeth showing in a grimace of glory. "Ahhhfuckkkkk!"

Chris felt Phil's cock throbbing like mad inside him and closed his eyes to savor it, grinding down against Phil to connect them as one.

"Agh! Agh!" Phil gasped for air, his chest expanding like bellows, his legs shaking.

Chris collapsed on top of him, spent beyond exhaustion but utterly and completely sated. Coming back to earth once again, Chris forced himself to sit up, unhooking the leather that bound his lover.

Phil flopped to his side heavily as Chris removed all the strapping, shoving the harness off the side of the bed. When he was free, Phil enveloped Chris in his arms, finding his

Calling Dr. Love

mouth.

For a long loving moment, they kissed, exchanging lovesick sighs and no words.

Chapter Nineteen

The next morning after a shower and a shave, all they did was grin demonically at each other. Chris in his business suit, Phil in slacks and a crisp silk shirt, they moved around the kitchen, rubbing against each other at every possible opportunity. Even after exchanging morning blowjobs the urge to get tangled up and hump was powerful.

Finally seated at the kitchen table, coffee cups in one hand, toast in the other, eyeing each other like they knew the secret of the world, Chris finally spoke the first words of the day. “Any plans?”

“Yes. I have a large amount of money to deposit in the bank. I’ve been trying to find the time to do it. I will today.”

“A large amount?” Chris tilted his head.

Phil finished chewing. “Around fifteen thousand.”

“Good. You managed to save that much from working at both jobs?”

“Mostly.” Phil didn’t really want to mention the old man’s check at the moment.

“You okay if we go over your finances this evening? Get you squared away?”

“You sure?” Phil ate his second piece of toast.

In reply Phil got an admonishing shake of the head.

Calling Dr. Love

“It’s a lot of money, babe,” Phil warned.

“How much is a lot?” Chris sipped his coffee.

Phil took a minute to find the courage to admit it. “I owe twenty thousand more on credit cards, and...” he forced himself to meet Chris’ stare to see if he flinched at the amounts. “And about twenty thousand on the car.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

Chris shrugged, stuffing the crust into his mouth and brushing off his hands.

“Okay?” Phil repeated. “Did you hear me right?”

“Yup.” Chris took their empty plates to the sink. “Don’t forget to call Jack Larsen if he doesn’t get back to you by lunch time.”

Phil stood and stopped Chris from washing the dishes. “I’ll do it.”

Chris stepped back from the sink and they met gazes.

“It’s a lot of money, Chris.”

“It’s all relative. Ask me if I think your peace of mind is worth it.” Chris caressed Phil’s cheek.

“I’m not a high priced hooker, am I? Letting you pay my debts in exchange for sex?”

Chris’ expression became volatile. He pointed at Phil in anger. “That comment demeans us both. Is it necessary?”

Phil swiped Chris’ finger out of the air and embraced him, rocking him.

“Just get some little things done. Don’t go nuts, okay?” Chris stroked Phil’s hair softly. “Get to the bank, call Jack...go to the gym...relax. Take a day to unwind.”

Phil nestled into Chris’ neck. “You smell good.”

“Don’t get us started.” Chris stepped back from him and smiled.

“Grrr...” Phil ground his hard cock against Chris’.

“You’re trouble.” Chris pecked his lips and left the room.

Phil trailed behind, watching Chris gather his car keys and wallet, he smiled wistfully. He’d miss Chris while he was at work.

“Okay, my love.” Chris returned to his embrace. “See you supper time.”

“Okay.” Phil kissed him.

“Eat lunch. No skipping meals. There’s plenty of good food in the fridge.”

“Yes, Doctor,” Phil teased.

“Call me or text me. I’ll be going through Phil withdrawals all day.” Chris headed toward the front door.

Phil chuckling softly, knowing he felt the exact same way.

“Okay, lover. Let me get going.”

Phil hurried for one last kiss. It was a toe curling, full of tongue sucking and silly moans.

“See ya later.” Chris smiled adoringly and left, waving as he walked to his car.

Phil waved back, his heart pounding in pure devotion. He waited until Chris’ car vanished and closed the door, then set about locating where he’d stashed all his funds to get it into the bank and at least make a dent of his own in those horrible bills.

~

Between patients Chris checked his mobile phone and found two voicemail messages. He stood near his office door to listen to them.

“Hello, dear, it’s Mom. I hope you’re not planning on being alone for New Year’s Eve as well. Your father and I are going to a gala ball at the club and we want you with

Calling Dr. Love

us. Your father bought extra tickets. Please don't sit home and mope. Love you!"

Chris hadn't even remembered Wednesday night was New Year's Eve. He listened to the second message, smiling when he heard Phil's sensuous voice.

"I want to fuck you...grrrr...think about that while you're not with me, Doctor. Tie me up, you sexy god." Another extremely sensual groan ended the message.

Hard as a brick and shivering from the rush, Chris stepped into his office and closed the door to regain his composure. Before he met with his next patient he took a few deep breaths to calm down, and heard Karen's voice on the other side of the door, "You there, Doctor?"

"Yes. I'm here." Chris straightened his back, shut off his phone and opened the door.

"Miss Lehmbeck in room one."

"Thank you." Chris took the chart she handed him and read it, trying to focus, but he kept getting flashes of the way Phil looked harnessed up and glistening with sweat.

~

Phil chewed on the back of the pen and stared at the credit card payment slip. He cringed as he wrote ten thousand dollars on the check. It killed him. "Murder," he whined. "You did this to yourself you, jerk." He tore the check out of his book, sealing it inside the envelope. Phil stared at it in agony and wrote another five hundred dollar check out to the car leasing company, trying not to scream. "You know what I could do with that money? Vegas? Reno? Hawaii? Augh, you sons of a bitches. Take it! Take it." He stuffed a second envelope and felt ill as he moistened the flap. He set both letters on the kitchen counter and hunted around for stamps.

He found them in a drawer with other stationery items. Phil used two, then made a grudge-filled trip to the mailbox

which was on the edge of the property. He shoved the envelopes inside it, flipped up the flag and stomped back. "There, ya vultures. Chew on that."

"I need a fucking workout." Phil stormed back to the house and prepared his gym bag with his gear. He remembered Rick and the promise he made to write up a weight lifting routine for him. He returned to the kitchen to rummage through the same drawer for a pad. When he stumbled upon a checkbook Phil said out loud, "Don't." He pushed it aside. "Why not?" he argued. "Because it's not right."

"Fuck it." He opened it up and looked for the balance. "Mother-fucker!" Phil shoved it back into the drawer and caught his breath. "That can't be right."

Hating himself for being so damn nosy, Phil picked it up and reread the bottom line. "Unbelievable." He replaced it and removing a legal pad from the drawer, dropping down on the kitchen chair to think.

"No wonder forty-thousand is nothing to you. And that's just in your checking account?" Phil ran his hand through his hair in astonishment. Never in his life could he imagine saving that kind of cash or having a job where he could make that much.

"Plastic surgery. That's where the damn money is in LA, no fucking doubt about it." He exhaled a deep breath and jotted down a workout plan for a four-day routine. All the while he was wondering if being Chris' wife wasn't a pretty darn wise idea.

Good sex. Great companionship. He's smart. Makes a good living. Why is it only women who can benefit from that kind of life? Can't I become domesticated? Learn to cook and clean? I already know how to do the wash. I can be his wife, can't I?

One thing stood in his way. Male ego.

"Yes, *this is my wife, Phil,*" Chris would say when he

Calling Dr. Love

was introduced at gatherings. *"Oh, you should taste his roast chicken. Maybe he can give your wife the recipe."*

"No. No, no, no, no, no. I will not be his 'little woman'."

Phil finished jotting down the routine and made sure Rick could understand it, even sketching little stick-figure diagrams to show what each exercise was.

"I've got to get an education. I can't do this to myself. Live off another man's pay? No way." He stuffed the paperwork into his gym bag, checked he had all he needed and locked the door behind him. "Have a little fucking pride, Phil. Will ya?" he chided himself.

At the gym Phil changed into his exercise outfit and stretched in front of the mirror.

"Hey."

Phil spied Rick's reflection and spun around. He removed the folded yellow page from inside his shorts and handed it to Rick. "Glad you got here before it became all sweaty." Phil laughed.

"I'm not." Rick ran the page under his nose as if sniffing it for perfume.

Phil's grin dropped. "Anyway, there it is. Let me know if you have any questions."

While Rick read it over, Phil continued to stretch his muscles, reaching to the ceiling, bending to his toes, imagining his own workout before he began.

Ready to get started, Phil tightened the Velcro tabs on his gloves and made a move to the free weights. Rick stopped him with a touch to his arm.

Phil assumed Rick had an enquiry about the routine.

Rick gave the area a quick scan and whispered into Phil's ear, "You should do a workout video. Naked. Porn with weights."

The sense of degradation almost killed Phil. He felt like a fool to ever think he could shake off the reputation he'd created for himself. It was useless.

"Let me go. I need to get my workout done." Phil walked away with a heart heavy, trying to ease his wounded pride through sweat and strain. It had become his salvation. That, and a doctor called Love.

~

On the drive home, Chris' cell phone rang. He halted at a stop sign and took it out of his pocket, seeing who it was. "Hi, Mom."

"Did you—"

"Yes, I got your message. Hang on and let me put you on hands free." He clipped the phone into a holder, and wrapped the ear piece around his ear. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes, dear."

Chris continued driving. "I don't know what I'm doing for New Year's Eve yet."

"Please don't sit at home by yourself."

"First of all, why the hell is there so much pressure on not being alone for these pathetic holidays?" He pulled into a lot at a grocery store, parked and turned off the car.

"Christopher," she chided, "Come to the club with your father and I. Don't be so stubborn."

"Phil has moved in with me." He removed the phone from the dashboard clip and took the earpiece out of his ear, holding the phone there instead. "Did I lose you? I switched back...Ma?"

"I'm here."

"I said Phil has moved in—"

"I heard what you said."

"Jesus. Could you sound more pissed off?" He glanced around the busy lot. Women burdened with small children

Calling Dr. Love

were pushing shopping carts loaded with bags to their cars.

"You know I had no objections to you dating this man."

"I don't care if you do."

Silence followed.

"Ma. For cryin out loud," Chris said, "I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. I can't be alone and I can't have a partner. Make up your mind. Now I have to go and pick up some food for our dinner tonight. If you're going to lecture me or give me the silent treatment, I have to go." He removed the keys from the ignition and opened the door.

"No. Wait."

Chris tried not to scream in frustration.

"Your father and I would love to meet him."

"Sure you would." Chris shook his head.

"Bring him to the gala at the club."

"You're kidding, right? You do realize we'll be the only gay couple there."

"No one will mind."

"We'll mind. We want to be ourselves, dance together and hold hands."

"Who says you can't do that?"

Chris checked his watch. He wanted to be home with his lover.

"Christopher?"

"What," he responded flatly.

"Stay for an hour. At least let your father and I get acquainted with him."

"I'd rather do that in private."

"Your father bought extra tickets. Two."

"Two?" Chris noticed someone stare into the car at him as they passed, he stared back with the same odd intensity.

"Yes. Two."

“Why? What the hell did he do that for?”

“Just in case you had someone you wanted to bring.”

“Did he have any clue it might be my go-go boy boyfriend?” Chris sneered, then reined back his anger. “Fine. Let me run it by Phil. Okay? I have to buy some food for dinner.” Chris exited his car and used the fob to lock and arm it, walking to the entrance of the grocery store.

“It’s this Wednesday night, you know.”

“Yes, Mother, I know when it is. Let me go.”

“We won’t be upset if you bring Phil. I promise.”

“I appreciate that, Mom, sort of. I just can’t figure out what the hell you have to be upset about. See ya.” He disconnected the line and then noticed the person who had been staring at him was one of his patients. Chris changed his sour frown and smiled, waving politely before he grabbed a basket and hunted down food for dinner.

~

Phil pulled into the driveway noticing Chris’ car was not there yet. He made his way to the front door of the house, checking the time and wondering if Chris was running late. Phil dumped his damp clothing into the washing machine and headed to the spare room to drop off his gym bag. He gazed at all the boxes wearily for the amount of unpacking he had to do. Phil hoped this thing with Chris was permanent because he hated packing and unpacking.

He opened one box and removed his good clothing out of it, holding them by the hangers. Phil brought it to Chris’ bedroom, pleased to see Chris had already opened up an area of the large walk-in closet for him. Phil hung up his wardrobe before it needed pressing.

The Armani suit was folded in half in a box. Phil brought it to the closet and hung it up. He unzipped the garment bag and had a look at it, touching the fine fabric.

Calling Dr. Love

He sighed, wanting to have a profession where he could look sharp and crisp all the time.

The sound of the front door opening reached him. He leapt into the air and sprinted to greet his man.

Chris entered the living room with a load of plastic grocery bags and a big bouquet of long stemmed red roses. Phil blinked in surprise, losing his train of thought before he offered to help Chris bring the food to the kitchen. "Who are those for?"

A loving grin on his lips, Chris said, "Read the card."

Phil grabbed a few of the bags to help Chris out first. Once Phil placed them on the kitchen table, he took the bouquet and dug around inside it. A small envelope was tucked between the stems.

The blush hot on his cheeks, Phil opened it and read, 'To the love of my life.' Instantly caught between turning into a puddle of mush and getting slapped in the balls from the slam to his masculinity, Phil was stuck for a reply to such a wonderful gesture.

Chris said, "I knew it. I was torn as to whether it was a good idea or a horrible one." He set his keys and mobile phone on the table and began putting the food into the refrigerator. "I'm an ass. I'm sorry. It was impulsive."

"No." Phil inhaled their fragrance. "It's okay. It's just that no one's ever done anything like that for me before. I suppose it just caught me off guard."

"Stop being so nice and tell me I'm an idiot." Chris didn't meet his eyes, continuing to unload the bags.

Phil carefully rested the flowers on the counter and spun Chris to face him. "You're not an idiot."

Chris stared at Phil's chin as he said, "I'm not trying to make you feel like a woman. I'm just trying to show you how much I love you."

Phil wrapped his arms around Chris and hugged him

tight. In his ear he replied, "I am your woman."

"Stop humoring me."

"No. I think the double standard sucks."

Chris leaned back to instantly meet Phil's eyes.

Phil bit his lip, lost on the color of Chris' blue irises. "Look, it's a society thing. This macho man image. Is it wrong for a man to want another man to take care of him? Nurture him? Is it that emasculating that it can't be done without getting castrated?"

"Not in this house it's not. Do I give a shit about anyone else?" Chris shook his head no emphatically. "But if it makes you feel less of a man, then..."

"No. I can't let it." Phil pushed their crotches together tightly. "Look, Chris, I'm a guy. I've got a dick. What the hell else do I need to prove I'm a man?" Chris' cock throbbed against his. "These roles, these stereotypes, I've been struggling with whether they matter to me or not. It's been rough battle."

"I can imagine. I don't want to put you into a position you'll be uncomfortable with."

"But that's just it." Phil wriggled his hard dick against Chris'. "If I'm honest with myself, I want that role. I want to be your other half. It's just this pressure of society that keeps making me feel inferior. Why can a woman accept that place in society and a man can't?"

"It's just life."

"But..." Phil crushed Chris closer so their lips brushed together. "You want me to be that kind of partner. You crave to be the nurturer and dominate me."

That adorable red blush appeared in Chris' cheeks.

"I want to be okay with that." Phil humped Chris a few times to offer reassurance. "I crave being cared for. I want a strong man to guide me. I hate what I've done so far on my own. I suck at it. You're the first good thing that's ever

Calling Dr. Love

happened to me.”

Chris cupped his hand on the nape of Phil’s neck tenderly.

“I’m tired of fighting it.” Phil licked Chris’ top lip affectionately. “I’m sick of ridiculing myself for allowing you to act like a man with me. It’s making me crazy. All I want to do is act like a woman for you.”

“I love you,” Chris said.

Phil smiled in delight. “I want to be your domestic goddess.”

“Don’t get carried away.” Chris laughed.

“No. I mean it. I’ll learn to cook your meals. You know. Have dinner for you when you get home. Stuff like that.”

“I don’t want you to do anything that makes you feel inferior to me.”

“I am inferior to you.” Phil stopped Chris before his angry rebuttal. Phil added, “Everywhere but in bed. And I’m okay with that arrangement.”

“Can we take it a day at a time? I just don’t want you to grow to resent me with this odd restating of traditional family roles.”

“Where am I going, huh?” Phil rocked him, making hot friction between their crotches. “Someplace high and mighty? What are my aspirations in life?” Phil licked Chris’ chin playfully. “Trying to get an indecency charge dropped from my record and putting together a resume that consists of porn star and go-go dancer. Whoopee.”

Chris said nothing.

“Wanna know my new aspirations?” Phil smirked wickedly, pumping his hips against Chris hotly.

“What?” Chris swooned and went limp in Phil’s arms.

“The wife of Dr. Christopher James Love.”

“You want to marry me, hot stuff?” Chris rubbed their

lips together as he spoke.

“Do I!” Phil laughed.

“Oh yes...” Chris began simulating fucking Phil.

“Love, honor, cherish, butt-fuck, own me. I’m not that stupid that I can’t see a good thing when it’s stuck up my back passage.”

Chris roared with hilarity and Phil was delighted to see it. Chris struggled to hold back his laughter. “I adore you.”

“Ditto, Doctor. Ditto.” Phil kissed him.

“Why the sudden epiphany? Did something happen to make you come to this decision?”

Phil glanced at the kitchen table at the bouquet of flowers and the few groceries that still needed unpacking. “The roses,” Phil joked.

“I’m serious, Phil.” Chris squeezed him closer.

The smile dropped from Phil’s face. He cupped Chris’ jaw tenderly. “Yes. Something happened.”

Chris held Phil’s hand and led him to the living room sofa, sitting him down, keeping in body contact from their legs to their shoulders, and holding hands. Chris combed his fingers soothingly through Phil’s hair.

Phil sighed as he savored it. “Today I went to the gym.”

Chris kissed Phil’s cheek to encourage him to continue.

“I had a routine I had written up for a young guy named Rick. Yesterday he asked me for some help in bulking up.” Phil felt Chris nod his head as it rested against his own.

“While I was giving the exercises to him, I felt pretty good about myself, you know.” Phil inhaled deeply. “But he said something to me.”

“What, babe?” Chris wrapped his arms around him tighter.

“He said,” Phil swallowed audibly to get it out. “He said he wished there was a porn exercise video with me in

Calling Dr. Love

it.”

Chris sat back to make eye contact.

Phil met it, feeling like a loser once more, but getting through his thought process. “Chris.”

“What?”

“That’s my fucking legacy.”

“It doesn’t have to be.”

“It is. I can’t escape it.”

“Nonsense.”

“Listen to me. Please.”

Chris shut up and gave Phil his undivided attention.

“From the time I was thirteen and my first encounter with an older boy in school, to the experimentation with drugs, to the soliciting, arrests, crappy porn scenes where I always felt demeaned, I have done nothing to be proud of.” Phil could feel Chris gearing up for a comment and stopped him. “Let me finish.” When Chris’ body language changed to tacit understanding, Phil whispered, “Now all I want is to be the person in your life who means the most to you. The one you can count on. The one who’ll help you out with the chores and the mundane things in life, so you can do what you do best; helping others. Do you know how much it means to me to do that?”

Chris replied, “Is that living vicariously through me?”

“No. It’s not. It’s being the person who is behind the scenes to make you more of a success. Women do that, right? Good ones do. You hear it all the time. I want to be your First Lady.”

Chris bit his lip. Phil knew he was holding back a blast of hilarity.

“Are you serious?” Chris asked, making his face a mask again.

“Isn’t that what you want from me?”

"If I say yes, does that make me horrible for 'demeaning' you?"

"No. It makes me proud."

"What about dominating you in the bed?" Chris pushed his fingers through Phil's hair gently.

"You think you dominate me?" Phil's grin widened. "Really?"

Chris chuckled. "No. I don't. You reign supreme in our bedroom, believe me."

"Don't I know it." Phil winked.

Chris finally asked, "Is this really what will make you happy?"

"Oh yes."

"And if it doesn't, and it gnaws at you, do you promise to tell me and not let it form a wedge between us?"

"I do." Phil held up his hand in a vow.

Chris grabbed Phil's hand and urged him to lie back on the couch so Chris was on top of him. "You'll be my woman?"

"You got it. Domesticate me, macho man."

"I'm about to cream."

"I know." Phil wiggled underneath him.

"You're an amazing human being, Mr. Andrews. Not a woman."

"Oh?"

"Do you have any idea what kind of man it takes to take on the role of second banana in a relationship? Lover, you've got a very strong sense of your own masculinity, not a diminished one."

"Boy, do you say all the right things." Phil growled and wrapped his legs around Chris' hips.

"I'm not joking. Most men are insecure and would

Calling Dr. Love

never take on that job.”

“You wouldn’t,” Phil teased.

“No. Not me. I’m so fucking filled with pride and ego I couldn’t be as strong as you.”

“Deadly sin. Very deadly.” Phil reached down into Chris’ trousers, rooting his cock out.

“I know. And you’ve shed yours. You’re a better man than I am.”

“Damn. Did you come?” Phil felt sticky dampness as he explored Chris’ briefs.

“No, babe. That’s pre-come. That’s what you do to me.”

“God! You’re fantastic!” Phil frantically tried to open Chris’ pants.

“Before dinner?”

“Before and after.” Phil shoved Chris back, knelt on the floor in front of him and began sucking Chris’ cock.

Chris widened his straddle and moaned in pleasure.

Phil wanted nothing more than to please ‘his man’ and if that meant throwing the deadly sin of pride into the delete bin, so be it.

“I’m there.” Chris jerked his hips as he filled Phil’s mouth with come.

So am I, lover. So am I. Phil moaned as he swallowed him down in bliss.

Chapter Twenty

“Wow!” Chris said.

Phil modeled his new suit for Chris as he emerged from the walk-in closet. “You like?”

“I like!” Chris rushed him and embraced him.

“You’ll crease it.” Phil whacked him. “Naughty boy.”

Chris stepped back and adjusted Phil’s tie. “Goddamn best looking fucker on the planet.”

“Flattery. You’re liable to coax my horrible male ego back again.”

“I know what I want back again.” Chris chewed on Phil’s neck hungrily.

“We just fucked.” Phil laughed.

“And? So?” Chris stroked Phil between his legs briskly.

“Your parents are expecting us. Ah!” Phil felt a shiver of pure carnal pleasure rush up his cock.

“Fine. But we leave before mid-night and bring in the New Year fucking.”

“Yes, dear.” Phil kissed him. He looked at both of their reflections in the full length mirror in the closet. Phil asked, “Will they hate me?”

“They’ll love you.” Chris gathered his keys and mobile phone, pocketing the essentials.

“Do they know I was a porn star?”

Calling Dr. Love

“Yup. And a go-go boy.” Chris patted his own trouser pockets and tilted his head. “Let’s go.”

“You...you told them?” Phil gulped.

“Don’t worry. You’ll wow them.” Chris held Phil’s elbow as they headed to the front door.

“I’ll revolt them.” Phil shivered as they stepped outside.

“Yeah, right.” Chris unlocked the Cadillac’s doors. When his mobile phone rang, Chris cursed and took it out of his pocket, obviously assuming it was his mother calling him. “Jesus, Ma!”

Phil waited, trying not to tremble at the upcoming meeting.

“Oh, hello, Jack.” Chris nodded to Phil. “Yes, he’s here with me. Do you need to talk to him?” Chris handed Phil the phone.

“Hello, Jack? Am I dead?” Phil asked.

“No. On the contrary.”

“Yeah?” Phil sat up straight and gave Chris a big grin.

“I spoke to the vice detective who arrested you myself. I gave him a little warning of my own.”

“Did you?” Phil felt his heart beat faster. “What did you do?”

“I threw him off balance with a threat I was hoping I could make a reality. I told him you had twenty witnesses at that club who would vouch that he pulled your g-string down, exposing you, before you could even react.”

“It is what happened, Jack,” Phil replied, seeing Chris’ worried expression.

“I know. That’s why I bluffed him about the witnesses. You should have seen the color he turned, beet red.”

Phil grinned at the image. “And?”

“I advised him to drop the charges or I’d write it up as a harassment complaint based on your sexual preference,

implying the LAPD was homophobic. He went white right after the lovely red color.”

“Man, you’re good.” Phil reached for Chris’ hand.

“He said he’d get the charges dropped.” Jack asked, “You want your old job back? I can talk to your boss.”

“No. No, I don’t.” Phil squeezed Chris’ hand. “But I do want to meet you and thank you.”

“No problem. My life is a little hectic at the moment. Can we meet in a couple of weeks? After all this holiday crap?”

“Perfect. Thank you, Jack.”

“My pleasure. Happy New Year, Phil.”

“You too.” Phil handed Chris back the phone.

“Jack?” Chris asked.

Phil sank into the soft leather seat in relief.

“Great, just send me the bill. I really appreciate it. Yes, I’d love to meet you and your husband. Perfect. Thanks again, and have a great New Year.” Chris disconnected the call and smiled at Phil. “How about that?”

“Excellent!”

“Clean slate.” Chris started the car and pocketed his phone. “Right, let’s get going or my mother will be calling next whining as to why we’re late.”

“Now I’m nervous again.”

“Don’t be. But if you are, drink. It’s an open bar.”

“Good.”

~

Chris held Phil’s hand and poked his head into the ballroom.

“Do you have tickets, sir?” A stern-faced man stopped him.

“No. My father is meeting me here.” Chris checked his

Calling Dr. Love

watch and removed his phone. Chris noticed the stern-faced man grimace at their show of affection so Chris released Phil's hand to make the call.

"Christopher!"

Chris jerked his head up to see his mother waving at him from inside the ballroom. He stuffed his phone back into his jacket pocket and waited as she approached.

"Here are you tickets." She handed them to him.

"Just give them to this man, Mom." Chris tilted his head to the guy with the attitude. In defiance Chris grabbed Phil's hand boldly again and made sure the attendant noticed it.

"Here you go," Leona said, smiling at the stern man.

He didn't answer, took the tickets and made a gesture for them to move along as the line grew behind them.

"Asshole," Chris muttered.

"Behave," his mother chided.

Once they were out of the way and in the main hall, Chris brought a very nervous man front and center. "Phil Andrews, this is my mother, Leona."

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Love." Phil extended his hand to her.

"Leona. Please. No need to be formal." She shook Phil's hand and studied his features. "You look like a young Rock Hudson. Has anyone ever told you that?"

Chris caught Phil's blush and smile and winked at him.

"Yes." Phil tried to make his six-foot three inch frame vanish he appeared so embarrassed.

"Come. Let's find your father." Leona grasped Phil's free hand and led him into the huge crowd of glittering-gowns and tuxedos.

"Oh, God," Phil hissed out of the side of his mouth. "Your father will hate me."

"Don't worry." Chris gave his hand a reassuring

squeeze, spotting his father in a crowd of his peers, all retired surgeons and doctors. Chris tried to feel confident. He knew most of the family friends knew he was gay and out, but he didn't know which knew what about him.

"Sol!" Leona called in the din, "Christopher and Phil are here."

The ring of sophisticated men and women opened like a released handcuff, to engulf them. Chris heard Phil's audible gulp over all the noise.

"Did you hit traffic?" Sol asked, leaning over to be heard.

"No, just got a late start. Dad," Chris nudged Phil closer to his father, "This is Phil Andrews."

"Nice to meet you." Sol extended his hand in greeting.

"Doesn't he look like Rock Hudson?" Leona gushed.

A quick round of introductions was made. Chris assumed poor Phil was on autopilot just trying to survive the event.

After a round of hand shaking and smiles, Chris said, "Let us get a drink. We'll be back." Chris asked his mom, "Where's the bar?"

"Over there." She pointed to a back wall. Before Chris walked off, she grabbed his arm and whispered, "He's marvelous."

"Thanks, Mom. And that's just the outside of him."

She gave Chris a loving smile and released her hold.

They made their way through the mob of chatting, laughing people, nibbling on hors d'oeuvres. Chris felt Phil's hand go cold and clammy so he urged Phil to walk in front of him, directing him from behind, sneaking rubs of his cock against Phil's wonderful bottom.

They stood in line for booze. Phil asked anxiously, "What did your mother say?"

Calling Dr. Love

“She said you were ‘marvelous’.”

“Man, she’s clueless.”

Chris whacked him playfully. “What do you want to drink?”

“Vodka. Double, straight up and fast.”

“If you get too tipsy you may start dancing and getting cash shoved down your trousers.”

Phil caught Chris’ eye and smiled.

Chris was glad Phil took it as the joke he intended.

The booze supplied, Chris held Phil’s hand and they made their way across the large expanse of ballroom. The band music played loudly. Chris noticed people smile at him until they caught him holding Phil’s hand. Their grins changed to either annoyance or curiosity.

“God.” Phil moaned as he obviously caught the same expressions. “Take me to WeHo.”

“No shit. I told my parents one hour,” Chris said. “They have fifty minutes left and we’re gone. We don’t need this shit.”

“I hope no one throws anything at us.”

“They won’t, baby.” He maneuvered Phil in front of him again and watched over him.

The men made it back to their group. Leona pointed to a large round table for ten. “That’s our seats if you want to set your drinks down. Why don’t you two have a dance together?”

“Because we’ll get harassed.” Chris gulped his scotch.

“Nonsense.” Leone flipped her hand in an offish gesture. “Philip.” She waved Phil closer. Chris was beginning to sense his mother was slightly intoxicated.

Phil leaned towards her.

“Dance with me. I’ll be the envy of all the old ladies in here.”

Chris caught Phil's eyes and they exchanged smiles.

"Sure." Phil swallowed the contents of his glass and handed it to Chris.

Phil and Leona headed to the dance floor, Chris smiled contentedly. Phil would charm the socks off her.

"Where's your mother?"

"Dancing with Phil." Chris pointed them out, watching his mother holding Phil close, craning her neck at his height as she giggled like a schoolgirl. Chris said to his dad, "She likes him."

"She's smitten," Sol replied. "It's hard to believe a fellow with his looks and appeal—"

"Dad." Chris shook his head. "Don't."

"Sorry, son."

Chris checked his watch. Forty more minutes, and they would go.

~

"You're a fabulous dancer."

"Thank you, Leona."

"Sol doesn't like to dance. I tried to enroll us in ballroom classes." She turned up her nose. "He refuses."

"It isn't for everyone." Phil liked her. She was warm and instantly gave off an air of love and kindness.

"You know," Leona said like she was about to utter a secret, "my Christopher has been alone a long time, Philip."

"Has he?" *Philip, how cute is that? Makes me sound like a king.*

"He needs someone in his life. Someone to love."

"He found that someone."

"I'm so glad we met you. It makes all the difference you know."

"You mean from my horrible description?" Phil smiled

Calling Dr. Love

sweetly at her.

She tut-tutted him with a shake of her head. "If my Christopher thinks you're wonderful, then you are."

"You did a good job raising him. Believe me. You and your husband deserve some of the credit."

"What a nice thing to say." She hugged Phil tighter.

"The fact that you accept that he's gay? Are you kidding me?"

"That?" She made a face at him. "It's fine. It's all about love, isn't it Philip? Love? Finding real love?"

"Yes. It is." Phil drew her closer so she was resting against his chest.

"Uh hum."

Phil found Chris standing near.

"May I cut in?"

Leona released Phil and kissed his cheek. "You may. Enjoy."

Chris held Phil's waist to continue the dance.

"I adore her."

"She adores you."

Phil peeked around. "We're being watched."

"Good. We'll shock them, and go."

"How about this then?" Phil kissed him, expecting it to be a quick peck on the lips. Instead, Chris cupped the back of Phil's head and deepened it to a passionate mouth sucking swoon.

Dizzy from the kiss, and the fact that Phil knew it was either grossing the crowd out or stunning them, Phil parted from the connection with a gasp.

"We're out of here, Mr. Andrews." Chris held his hand and dragged him off the dance floor.

Chris found his parents where he'd left them. "Gotta

go.”

“So soon?” Leona pouted.

“Yup.” Chris kissed her cheek. “Happy New Year. Bye.”

Before Leona had a chance to react, Phil waved as he was forcefully evacuated from the scene. Sol waved goodbye quickly as they left.

Phil tried to smile and say bye, but he was tugged out of the room and out of their view.

“Time for sex.” Chris removed his parking stub and rushed Phil out the front door.

“Damn.” Phil laughed at Chris’ exigency.

“Go, go...” Chris nudged him to the valet.

“Go! Go!” Phil raised his hands over his head and began dancing like he was back in his club.

Chris groaned in agony from the tease and shoved his ticket at the attendant. “Get my car.”

The young man rushed off.

“You. Get over here.” Chris drew Phil against his body. “I want you. I want us to be connected at the stroke of midnight.”

“Stroke me.” Phil pumped his hips and made a face of ecstasy.

“Car! Where’s my car!” Chris hollered in a teasing display of urgency.

The Cadillac pulled up to the curb. Chris handed the young man a ten dollar bill and climbed behind the wheel.

Phil scooted closer, massaging Chris’ hard cock as Chris hit the accelerator and got them on the road.

“Calling Dr. Love...” Phil teased, knowing that was their safe word for rough sex.

Chris moaned in anguish and spread his legs as wide as

Calling Dr. Love

he could.

“...wanna fuck, fuck, fuck you...Tie me up.”

Another mournful groan escaped Chris’ lips. “Geez. Believe me, lover, you are the man of this family.”

“I know.” Phil rubbed the length of Chris’ cock where he’d grown hard down his pant leg.

“You control me...don’t let me fool you into thinking the opposite.”

“Women have used sex to get what they want from men for centuries. I’m no dummy.” Phil massaged Chris’ balls.

“No. You’re no dummy. That’s for damn sure.”

~

The car jerked to a halt and Phil raced Chris to the front door. The minute it was open, they started tearing each other’s clothing off. Suit jackets and ties, leather shoes, black socks, pressed cotton shirts and slacks, and finally briefs led a trail to the bedroom.

Phil spun Chris around, kissing and rubbing hotly against him. Chris was delirious.

“Love you, love you, love you,” Phil crooned as they connected mouths and twisted tongues wildly. Phil toppled them over onto the bed so Chris was on top. “Bind me, gag me!” Phil panted, spreading his legs.

“Fuck. Fuck.” Chris held his cock to stop it from shooting come.

Phil violently tossed Chris onto his back and began sucking him off. Chris’ body jerked as his balls clenched. With Phil orally piston-fucking him, Chris hit the moon, jamming his hips upwards to the back of Phil’s throat. Chris came, pumping out what he was certain was a huge load. Too overwhelmed to gasp out a words, Chris choked for air and convulsed with the intensity.

Phil drew every drop of come out of Chris’ cock, then

Phil mouthed his balls, moaning and humping Chris' leg.

Chris held his ribs as they rose and fell like bellows, attempting to recover. "Your mouth..." Chris moaned, "Your mother-fucking mouth...my fucking God..." He heard Phil's low seductive chuckle and felt Phil licking his ass.

A second later, Phil popped upright, hands behind his back. "Where's the leather?"

Still recuperating, Chris moved to a seated position slowly and wiped the perspiration off his face. Chris retrieved the harness from the closet and held it up. Phil raced to get into it, shivering visibly. "Make it a good one, Chris. A good one."

"You got it, babe." Chris secured the leather front and back, hiking Phil's balls up the base of his rigid dick. Chris escorted Phil to the bed, lying him face up, hands trapped, knees bent, and legs spread. Chris took a moment to gaze down at him. "What a sight. What an amazing sight."

"Grr!" Phil thrust his hips upwards. "Get the lube."

Chris placed a rubber nearby and knelt between Phil's legs with the bottle of lubrication. Before he coated Phil, he pushed his face between his thighs and gave him a tongue bath, gnawing at the root of his dick hungrily as Phil whimpered. The perfect submissive.

Chris wiped his face with the back of his hand, so hungry for Phil he was rigid and dripping once again.

Phil arched his back, his heels dug into the mattress in anticipation as Phil appeared to be holding his breath.

"You ready, babe?"

"God, yeah. Go for it this time, Chris...go for it."

"Same safe words?"

"Yes! Augh! Fist fuck me!"

Chris licked the sweat off his top lip and used the lube

Calling Dr. Love

liberally as he first entered Phil. Instantly Phil's hips began thrusting into the air and a steady supply of expletives and grunts accompanied the action.

Phil's body relaxed around Chris' fingertips as Chris twisted his hand like a corkscrew, getting in deeper.

"Yes! Ahhh!" Phil shrieked and jammed his ass downwards against Chris' hand.

"Okay, baby..." Chris found his sweet spot and massaged it. Phil's eyes rolled back in his head and his body jerked sharply. A low masculine moan filled the silent room.

Drops of sweat ran down Chris' face as he studied his lover's reaction to his every move. A hoarse strangled whisper urged, "Deeper."

Chris complied, watching Phil's cock darken to a purplish color and the veins thicken as they stood out from the smooth skin. Phil's balls appeared even more constricted under the leather strap and clear fluid began oozing out in a running stream from his slit.

"Ah...ah..." Phil's soft sighs were timed with his rising hips.

Chris' gaze was racing all over Phil at once; his expression of nirvana, his heaving, gleaming sweat-covered pecs, his slit running with pre-come and the shaking of his thighs as he tried to withstand the intensity.

Chris glanced at his own dick. He was about to blow just witnessing the pleasure on Phil's fantastic face. Chris knew Phil wanted him to push the limit. Chris began twisting and pumping his hand into Phil faster.

Phil let out a roar of pleasure and screamed, "Let me fuck you! Ah, Christ! Ahhh! Christopher! Now!"

Chris tore the leather strip off Phil's cock, sheathed it and squirted gel all over him. With a leap, Chris impaled his ass with Phil's engorged dick and blew his spunk all over

Phil's chest as Phil's cock rode over his prostate.

Phil began bucking violently and convulsing with the climax. Chris felt Phil's dick throbbing like mad inside him. Chris opened his eyes to see the orgasmic expression of pleasure wash over Phil's face. Phil went wild like a man in a straight jacket trying to escape as Chris ground down against that big dick in pure unadulterated bliss. Phil came in what appeared to be a devastating orgasm.

Chris had found heaven.

Fireworks sounded from someplace far off. Chris managed to get a look at the clock by the bed. Midnight.

"Happy New Year, baby." He dropped limply against Phil's soaked chest.

"Ohhh..." was all Phil could manage to say at the moment.

Chris got Phil loose from the gear, struggling with his own lethargy after his two orgasms. Once Phil was unbound, he wrapped his arms and legs around Chris and rolled on top of him, trapping Chris with his heavy weight to the bed. "My lover," Phil crooned, "My fabulous lover..."

Chris found Phil's lips and kissed him as the noise of explosions and whistling fireworks hit the air. Chris knew he'd found the love of his life.

Soaked in sweat, coated in spunk, they kissed, spinning on the bed, clenched tightly to each other.

Finally pausing to gasp for air, Phil laughed.

"Yes?" Chris smiled but wanted to know what Phil found funny.

"All this..." Phil panted, "from one night during a storm, in a blackout, in the dressing room at Nordy's. Who would have known?"

"Fate." Chris licked Phil's salty skin.

Calling Dr. Love

“And in reality...all I needed was a plastic surgeon.”

Chris tilted up to catch Phil’s impish brown eyes.

“Calling Dr. Love,” Phil hissed wickedly.

“Get the fuck over here.” Chris smiled, hugging Phil tightly. “I love you, Phil Andrews.”

“Ditto, Dr. Love.”

The End

About the Author

Award-winning author G. A. Hauser was born in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, USA, and attended university in New York City. She moved to Seattle, Washington where she worked as a patrol officer with the Seattle Police Department. In early 2000 G.A. moved to Hertfordshire, England, where she began her writing in earnest and published her first book, *In the Shadow of Alexander*. Now a full-time writer in Ohio, G.A. has written dozens of novels, including several bestsellers of gay fiction. For more information on other books by G.A., visit the author at her official website at: www.authorga.com.

G.A. has won awards from All Romance eBooks for Best Novel 2007, *Secrets and Misdemeanors*, Best Author 2007. Best Novel 2008, *Mile High*, and Best Author 2008.

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