



# *Lust Bites*

**BOUGHT AND PAID FOR**  
**AKM Miles**

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Bought and Paid For

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

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## *Dedication*

To the readers who serve as an inspiration for me to keep writing characters who love each other and have strength and faith to meet life's challenges together.

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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## Chapter One

"Oh, my good Lord! Tell me you're kidding." Parker raised his eyebrows almost comically high over his piercing blue eyes. The creases in his forehead nearly crawled up into his hairline.

"Aw, come on, Dr. Easton, you said you'd help out."

Parker leaned down from his six-four height and put his frown right in Dixie's face.

"We both know I did not mean I would be part of...of...that! There is no way I'm going to walk out on a stage and let people ogle me like a...a...crap, you've got me lost for words. You know I meant I'd *donate*, not *participate*. I think the idea of an auction for dates with people is ridiculous."

"It's not. It's been proven to be a good money maker. It's for the last bit we need for the new wing, which, by the way, will have your office in it when it's done. It makes sense for you to be part of it. Besides, you'll bring top dollar. Everybody says so."

"Everybody knows? Already? What the hell!"

"Hey, I didn't put your name on the list." Dixie, sweet southern Dixie from the PR department, was trying not to cower in the presence of his obvious anger.

"Who did? Who put my name on that list?"

"Maybe I shouldn't say," Dixie said.

"Tell me."

Dixie's explanation ran together so quickly, Parker had a hard time following the words. "Actually, the committee got a letter saying that you would go for over ten thousand if you would participate, and as a group, we decided it would be stupid to turn down that much money for the project."

"You're kidding. No, I've got to stop saying that. This is a nightmare. You actually got a letter saying someone would pay that much to go out with me? Hell, I *never* go out. I never have time. Who in the world would pay that much? Do they even know I'm...?" Parker paused.

"Gay? Uh, I believe so. I guess you want to see the letter, huh?"

"Oh, yeah. I want to see it. And this is not necessarily a done deal yet." He put out his hand for the letter he figured she had in the overstuffed folder she clutched to her ample chest.

Parker usually didn't go for the intimidation routine, but he was not going to get roped into taking part in this auction thing the PR department had come up with to get their much-needed funds. He was all for more money for cancer research. They definitely needed the new wing. He didn't care where his office was located, but the new equipment would make a huge difference along with the added rooms and offices.

"Here it is, but it's not going to tell you much. It's not signed."

"Then how do you know it's legitimate?" Parker asked, disgusted and looking for any way out of this. He scrubbed one hand through the dark brown curls on his head. Hell, he hadn't even had time to get a haircut in weeks, and the damn stuff grew like crazy. Personally, he hated it. His mind jumped back on track when Dixie answered.

"There was a follow-up phone call. A man called the office, asked if we'd received his letter, and assured us it was the real thing. He said we should make sure you know that he's good for the money and that he promises to make the date one you'll enjoy." Dixie blushed as she related the last part of the message.

"This is ridiculous," Parker stated, fuming.

"But you'll do it, won't you? You won't let us lose that much money, just for one night, will you?" She was still trying not to cower, and Parker began to feel bad.

"When is this damn thing again?" he asked, resigned.

"Friday night."

"*This* Friday night. You're kidding." He had to come up with a new word!

"No, sir. Haven't you seen the signs all over the hospital?"

"I may have seen them. I just haven't paid any attention to them, since I'd planned on making a donation only." Parker stalked off in his best huff strut.

\* \* \* \*

"Mr. Deacon, what are you doing in here, brooding? I've got you a nice supper ready, and you just come on and eat it."

Deacon Wagoner jumped when the voice of the only person he'd really loved in this house spoke from the doorway. Molly Macpherson, a more perfect example of the irascible Irish matron couldn't be found anywhere. He loved her like the mother he'd never really had. Molly had always been in his corner, sneaking him food when his father had punished him, patching him up when he'd had the usual childhood hurts. Deacon could not imagine his mother sitting with him on her knee while she cleaned and bandaged a skinned knee, elbow, bloody nose, etcetera. She'd have been mortified. He'd known from an early age who to go to for comfort. That hadn't changed. As soon as he'd moved back in, Molly had resumed her position as mother-figure in Deacon's life.

"Can I eat in the kitchen with you?"

"Yes dear, as long as it's just us. When you have company, you'll eat in the dining room as you should. Now, come on and eat while it's hot. I made tacos for you. I know you love them."

"You know too much about me."

"I know everything about you, young man, and don't you forget it. When are you going to bring your man here? I'm so glad you're doing something about fixing that mess you made." Molly stood there, looking all disapproving. It was hard for her to maintain it, though, and Deacon knew it. She loved him like a son, and Deacon marvelled again that she could be so loving and accepting of him when both his parents had...not been.

"You know I had to—"

"I know you think so," Molly interrupted. "I don't know, maybe you're right. Your father was certainly capable of ruining your young man's life. I just hope you'll get another chance with him. Y'all made such a striking couple, both so tall, him dark and blue-eyed and you blond and brown-eyed. You seemed meant for each other. You've been too alone for too long."

"You've got that right." Deacon joined Molly at the door, putting his arm around the woman, now in her sixties. She came up to his shoulder and turned into him, taking the hug he freely offered. Deacon bent and kissed the top of her head as they went to the kitchen.

Of course, Molly had everything set out and ready, knowing he'd prefer to eat in the kitchen with her. He watched her, bustling about, getting them some tea and sitting with him. Her hair was grey, her eyes now behind glasses, but she was youthful in her thinking

and her actions. He made sure she didn't do anything too strenuous, but she had no trouble running this house that he wasn't sure would ever be a home to him. Maybe if he could make things right with his lover and if Parker wanted to move in with him, they could turn this place into a home filled with love and lots of action and happiness. What a dream.

Deacon often walked through the big house that now belonged to him, unsure about his feelings for the family home. He'd grown up here, lived here until college. He hadn't been back in nine years. Four years of college, followed by five years spent ignoring his parents's attempts to pressure him into the family business. He refused to follow in his father's footsteps and become a puppet to some governmental agency. His esteemed dad had been a mayor, then a senator, then some kind of bigwig in the inner workings of the government.

Marcus Wagoner hadn't spoken to Deacon in over five years since Deacon had refused to major in the subjects that would have set him up to follow the path they'd wanted him to take. His mother, Delia, had been little more than a slave to his father's wishes. She meekly followed him, dressing as he'd decreed and saying what he'd told her to say. She was beautiful and made the perfect hostess to his charming host for the many important dinners and meetings held here. Deacon had been excluded because he had refused to play the game. He'd been shown exactly where that failure put him. Out.

Now, he'd inherited the house, the fortune and the land. Due to a small plane crash, Deacon was sole owner of a large sprawling horse farm he knew next to nothing about. His father hadn't either, but it had looked good, of course, the country gentleman ruling over the beautiful spread. Deacon hadn't even known how many horses were presently on the place. He'd had to meet with the man who was foreman of the whole shebang. Should he sell? What was he going to do with the inheritance? Did he want to live in this cold place which held nothing but bad memories?

If Deacon's refusal to follow in his father's footsteps had made the man unhappy, finding out that his son was gay had sent Marcus over the edge. Two years ago, Senator Wagoner had threatened all manner of dire things—things he guaranteed would end the young doctor's career without a doubt. Marcus had connections, and he wouldn't hesitate to use them.

Deacon didn't have any trouble believing him. He'd seen Marcus do that very thing to people who had gotten in his way. Threatening his father with some of the things he knew



about him had only resulted in more poison. Dear old dad had promised such severe retribution against the man Deacon loved that he'd been afraid to follow up on his own threats. Deacon just wasn't the monster his father had been. Though, he doubted Parker believed that.

Deacon spent a lot of time in his father's sacred study, behind the massive mahogany desk. He'd sit in the throne-like chair and rock back like he'd seen his father do many times. Maybe Parker would like it. Maybe he'd be interested in the house or the farm, the horses. Maybe Parker could help him decide what to do with the place. That was if he could get Parker to speak to him. His plan to purchase time with him this Friday night might just blow up in his face when Parker saw who had the golden ticket. Letting Parker Easton go felt like the biggest mistake in his life. He prayed he could rectify that situation, given enough time to plead his case.

He remembered his conversation with Daniel Compton, the man responsible for making the farm run smoothly. He was foreman of the whole operation, horses, stables, barns, and staff. Daniel had been here for as long as Deacon could remember.

"It's a shame, Mr. Wagoner, a real shame. You've got prime stock out there, and we're doing nothing but feeding and exercising them."

"It's Deacon, Daniel. I'm in the process of trying to mend some fences of my own. If I can do that, I may have an idea about what I'd like to do with this place and the horses. It would be hugely different from what you and the rest of the staff are used to out there."

"Are you getting back together with the doctor?" Daniel asked then looked embarrassed, like he'd overstepped.

"Well, I hope so, but I'm not sure. I didn't know my love life was common knowledge around here." Deacon wasn't upset. Daniel didn't sound like he was disapproving, just interested.

"Your father liked to come down and talk sometimes. He was—I don't mean any disrespect here, sir—but he was a bitter, cruel man. He had nothing to do with the horses, except to tell me when to go to a sale and what he wanted. He had some sort of grapevine that let him know when prime stock was coming up on the block. We've got some fabulous horses here, but he had no interest in them other than the prestige of owning them."

"I know that, Daniel, and feel free to talk honestly with me. I know exactly how cruel he was. There was no love lost between us, believe me."

"I know that, too. He told me what he did to you, about how he used those tactics to make you dump the good doctor. For the record, I hated hearing that. He had no right to do that, but son, you did the right thing. I saw him ruin men over and over when they didn't do what he wanted. I know it hurt you pretty bad. I hated knowing it. It seemed wrong that I knew something so personal about you, something so mean, and couldn't do anything about it."

"That means a lot to me. Now, let me tell you what I'm thinking might be a good idea and how it will all hinge on whether I can get Parker back into my life." Deacon had gone on to outline an idea for using the farm in a totally different manner, a productive one. He watched Daniel leave the study with a light heart. The man had been very receptive to Deacon's ideas. Now it just remained to see if Deacon would have a future with the man he loved, thus making all his plans reality.

He had a lot to make up for and knew it wouldn't be easy. Deacon had dumped Parker in the worst way possible two years ago. Just talking to Parker and explaining things would not have worked. Parker would have insisted they could outlast Deacon's father. Deacon had done what he had to do. He'd set it up so Parker would find him with someone else. It had worked.

Deacon would never forget the look on Parker's face when he'd come bustling in from work that evening, happy to have some time off finally. He'd walked in on Deacon and some twink, who he'd picked up and paid off. Deacon had thrown the young man out as soon as Parker had left. Mission accomplished. Parker's career was safe. His life wasn't ruined, just his heart.

Deacon knew how much he'd hurt Parker. They hadn't had a casual relationship. They'd truly been in love; of this, he'd had no doubts. It was because he loved Parker so much and knew what his work meant to him that Deacon had been able to do what he did. The split had nearly killed him, though.

Deacon had always thought of himself as a strong person. Seeing what his machinations had done to Parker had torn him apart. And he saw. He couldn't help seeing. Kicking Parker to the kerb didn't mean he could just go on like nothing had happened.

Deacon had become the proverbial stalker in the heartbroken months after that night. He'd become very adept at keeping tabs on the good doctor. Parker had no idea how safe he was, because he had a shadow who watched over him like some damn guardian angel. In so doing, Deacon was able to see the ravages his actions wrought on the man he loved, to this day, like the other half of himself.

Watching Parker lose weight, stop the running that had kept him in such good shape, and lose the smile that had been such a beautiful part of him nearly brought Deacon to his knees. So often, he found himself wanting to go to Parker, admit what he'd done, and hope Parker would take him back and, together, they could evade the hateful manipulations sure to follow from Deacon's father.

When it came down to it, Deacon couldn't do it. Despite the obvious toll the break-up had taken on Parker, he continued to work and excel and advance, saving lives, building a fabulous career and an impeccable reputation. To this day, Deacon felt he'd done the right thing. But now, Daddy Dearest was dead. It was time for Deacon to get his life and his love back. Going the conventional route would not work. Parker would never take a call from him or agree to meet him, thus, the subterfuge.

Deacon felt almost silly going about seeing Parker this way. In actual fact, he couldn't believe Parker had agreed to be in the program Friday. But would Deacon take advantage of the situation? Hell yes, he would. He doubted anyone else would outbid him for the date with Parker. Deacon doubted anyone could. He'd promised the ten thousand, but he'd go as high as he had to in order to get some time with the man who still fuelled every erotic dream Deacon had. Many were the nights that he finally fell asleep after shouting Parker's name, his hand messy with his response to thoughts of what they used to do together, so well and so often, when they'd been a happy couple.

In the two years he'd been away from his lover, Deacon hadn't been with anyone else. That was pretty extreme for a healthy gay man. He was actually a bit surprised himself, but he could not bring himself to even try with anyone else. He was still so in love with Parker Easton that he cringed at the thought of sex with anyone else. It made for some lonely nights, lots of lube, and a tired hand, but for Deacon, Parker was it.

As it was wont to do, Deacon's mind eased into a memory of the two of them from a time when they were secure in each other's feelings...

"Hnnh? Wha?" Parker's voice had been muffled as he'd answered the phone on about the tenth ring that morning.

"Get up, come and open the door for me. I've got breakfast. Come on, baby, let me in." Deacon had his phone to his ear and both arms filled with grocery bags. He hadn't seen Parker for over a week and knew he'd had a gruelling week at the hospital. And he knew that Parker had lost one of his young patients yesterday. Deacon needed to be there for Parker as much as Parker needed someone.

"Parker!"

"What? Yeah, okay, I'm coming."

Deacon could hear rustling and, in a few seconds, the door was opened.

"Man, you look like shit," he said.

"Why thanks. Breakfast and insults. Good morning to you, too." Parker let the door go and headed for the big couch in the main room of his apartment. Deacon eased in and headed to the kitchen. He set the bags down and went to his lover.

Parker's eyes were red-rimmed, either from lack of sleep or crying, and his hair was mussed as if he'd just crawled out of bed. Looking at the state of the couch, Deacon figured Parker had been there all night. The throw was tangled, and one of the pillows perched precariously on the edge of the wide green leather sofa.

Parker wasn't looking at him, so Deacon did what came naturally to him. He sat beside Parker and reached over to pull him onto his lap. Parker's head jerked around, and his arms and legs flailed a bit at the sudden change in position.

"What the hell? Deacon, I—"

"Shh, easy, baby. I'm just holdin' you. Not letting you go, either, so hush. Hold on now, move this leg over and straddle me. There's plenty of room on this big couch, even for big old guys like us. Come on, do it."

"What are you doing? I'm not—"

"I'm gonna keep interrupting you 'til I get my way, so you might as well give in. I need to hold you, and I think you need to be held, so scoot around here." Deacon was determined and Parker finally got it. He swung his leg over and was soon sitting on Deacon's legs, their torsos together.

"I feel stupid like this, Deacon. Now what?" Parker sounded frustrated and short-tempered.

"Now nothing. Just hold on. You don't have to talk, and I won't either for a while. I know this week and especially yesterday sucked for you. I'm just here for you," Deacon said, looking right into Parker's tired blue eyes.

"I'm not gonna cry all over you," Parker swore, the tears in his eyes exposing the lie.

"Not expecting you to. Just holding you."

Deacon reached up and took the back of Parker's head and pulled it to his shoulder. Parker resisted for a few moments then just melted against him, raising his arms to encircle Deacon's neck. Parker held on tightly and while there were no sobs or even a whimper, tears soaked Deacon's shirt. Tightening his own arms around Parker's back, he held on and provided just what Parker needed. Deacon knew how strong and how gentle Parker would have been with the child and her parents. He was always so very professional but with a tenderness that didn't go unnoticed by the staff and the families of those with whom he worked. How many times had he had impart the horrifying news to parents like he'd had to yesterday? It had to take a toll.

Deacon wasn't sure how long they sat there on the big couch, Parker's knees by Deacon's hips, their torsos plastered together, arms tight around each other as Parker just let it all out in a quiet steady stream of tears. Eventually, he pulled back and looked at Deacon.

"I'm leaking all over you. I'm sorry. She used to say that, Jenny did. I went in her room one time and caught her in tears. I handed her a tissue, and she laughed up at me and told me she was leaking. She was a funny, smart, sweet little eight-year old. What a waste."

Deacon just nodded. He knew Parker needed to talk about her, so he encouraged him to do so.

"Tell me something else about her."

At first, he thought Parker wasn't going to say anything else, but he settled back further on Deacon's legs, making some space between them. Deacon watched as Parker put both hands between them and turned his palms to face each other at about chin level. Intrigued by what Parker was doing, Deacon sat still and waited.

Parker made fists with both hands still facing each other and pulled up both index fingers, then curled them both. Deacon could not figure out what he was doing, but he kept watching to see what Parker was going to do next.

"I often caught her talking like this. She was alone a lot. She didn't have a father in the picture, and her mother was there with her as much as she could be, but she simply had to work. Jenny would entertain herself by making up conversations. Her fingers were the characters. Once I caught her in a talk with me. I listened as the character on the right," Parker raised his right hand with the curved down index finger, "that was me, told her that a miracle had happened and her cancer had disappeared. The other character on the left," Parker raised that hand a little, "that was Jenny, answered, telling my character that she was so happy and couldn't wait to tell her mother. She begged me," Parker raised his own finger-character again, "to let her tell her mother herself. She wanted to see the joy on her mother's face."

Parker slowly dropped his hands down to rest on his thighs.

"I would see her as I walked past her door, sometimes, her hands up, just talking back and forth. Often the characters were Jenny and her mother, sometimes Jenny and a nurse or an imaginary friend. She was a pistol. She wanted to be a teacher."

Deacon knew better than to try to tell Parker he had done the best he could, that it wasn't fair, that someday they'd find a cure or that Jenny was with the angels now. None of that was what Parker needed to hear. He knew it all, having gone through this before. So, Deacon told him the only thing he could think of right then.

"I love you."

Parker's eyes widened, and he dropped his chin down and sighed. He looked up at Deacon without raising his head, his sad blue eyes nearly tearing out Deacon's heart. Deacon put his hands up, taking Parker's face in between them, and pulled gently. Parker gave in and met Deacon's lips. What followed was a kiss of such soft intensity that Deacon could swear he felt the earth move. He kept his hands on Parker's face and pushed into Parker's mouth, sweeping in and taking him with such gentle need. Parker made a sound between a gasp and a whimper then Deacon felt his lover's hands on his own face, pushing back into his hair, holding his head.

He let Parker take over the kiss, knowing it was giving him a feeling of control, power, and strength—all things that losing Jenny had taken away from him for the time being. Parker's breathing deepened, and he pushed his tongue into Deacon's mouth, in and out, over and over. Deacon met it and moved his hands into Parker's hair, holding him, grounding him.

Deacon pushed his hips up, almost unseating Parker, who got the idea, and scooted back towards him again. Now Parker's knees were against the back of the couch, close to Deacon's hips like before, and their cocks bumped and strained to get out of their clothes.

"God. Need. Deacon. Help." Those words each sounded like a complete sentence to Deacon. He heard, "God, I can't stand it. I need you so much. Deacon, I love you. Help me get through this pain."

Well, that had been his plan all along.

"Yes," Deacon answered. His hands slid down Parker's back and grasped his cheeks, soft in the old sweats he wore. Grinning at Parker's groan, he pushed his hands down inside them and lifted, raising Parker and sliding the pants forward, baring him.

Parker's hands got busy on Deacon's jeans and popped buttons as fast as he could. Soon Deacon groaned as well, as his cock, hard and leaking, met Parker's. Deacon's hands met Parker's, both wrapping around the two straining cocks, mashing them together as they moved their hips. Deacon rested his forehead against Parker's as they both looked down between them. Parker moved his hand to the head of Deacon's cock, swiping the pre-cum from the tip and using it as lube to make it easier to slide up and down. Deacon copied the action, teasing the slit at the top of Parker's cock until he had the man gasping. Deacon thrust his hips up repeatedly, making more friction. He held onto Parker with the other arm around his back. Parker's free arm rested on Deacon's shoulder, his hand curled around Deacon's neck.

"Deacon!" Parker yelled as he came first, splashing over their hands. Deacon held on as Parker shuddered, pulses of hot cum bathing the fingers that still moved over him. Before long Deacon groaned and gasped as he, too, shot all over them, making a mess of the sweatshirt that Parker moved down to catch it, protecting the nice shirt Deacon wore. Deacon reached behind Parker, taking hold of the shirt, pulling it over Parker's head and wadding it

between them. They both used it like a towel to clean up then tossed it onto the floor behind Parker.

“Come here, lover. Rest a minute then I’ll feed you.”

“I love you, Deacon Wagoner. You know me so well. You are so good to me. I don’t know what I’d do without you,” Parker told him, resting his head back on Deacon’s shoulder, exhausted but dry-eyed this time.

“Don’t worry about it. Not letting you go,” Deacon answered, holding Parker tight in his arms...

But he’d let Parker go all right. Ditched him, dumped him, dropped him, cruelly. Deacon had torn out Parker’s heart just as cleanly as if he’d used a scalpel. He’d broken the only man he’d ever loved, and he’d done it on purpose.

Friday night, he would see if he could mend both their broken hearts. He wanted Parker Easton back. He loved him to this day, and he wanted a chance to make Parker understand why he’d done what he had two years ago. He wanted to make it up to him, make him, hell, make them *both*, happy again. He needed this chance.



## Chapter Two

Late Friday afternoon, Parker was in a dither. Parker Easton didn't do *dithers*. It infuriated him. He'd had two surgeries today, both successful, so he should be feeling good. He felt good about Susan Baker's chances, and Mr. Jackson was going to make it fine with one clear testicle. He'd recover and get used to the near-perfect replacement they'd put in.

No, Parker's present state of confused awkwardness had nothing to do with work. He was already at his apartment, cleaned up, dressed up, and almost ready to present himself at the Hilton Regency on West High. Parker tried to remember the last time he'd gotten really dressed up like this.

Despair hit him full force when the memory came to him.

He and Deacon had gone to a benefit. They'd used the opportunity to dress to the nines and go out afterwards on a love date. That's what they called dates they'd specifically planned as romantic. They'd gone out all the time, to all kinds of events and activities. Whenever Parker's schedule allowed, they were together, but they always planned a special 'love date' at least once a month. Most of their dates ended with Deacon at Parker's apartment all night. They could hardly keep their hands off each other. But love dates, they were something special. The two of them took extra care with each other, each trying to ensure the other got the most out of the experience.

Parker stopped working the links into his cuffs and sat on the end of the bed. Though he knew better, knew it was a bad idea, he let his mind go there. The last love date he'd gone on with Deacon, mere days before the end of their relationship, played through his thoughts like a movie reel...

That night, Parker had let his joy show in his voice. "I couldn't believe it when I saw you waiting for me in my office. And all dressed up, too. You are one sexy man, Deacon Wagoner."

"And a prepared man, too. I had everything you needed to look just as good. I saved us a lot of time tonight by bringing your clothes in with me. Now we're both ready for this. I

have something really special planned. We almost didn't make it this month. You've been super busy."

"I know. I'm sorry. It's just —"

"No, never apologise for the work you do. I told you at the beginning that I respect your career. I knew what a doctor's life was like. I fell in love with you anyway. Parker, I have never regretted one minute."

"Thanks for the love and the understanding. So, where are we going? I don't work tomorrow, by the way. I'm free, free, free. John Baylor is going to cover for me. He'll take special care of my new patients. So, you can take special care of me. I can't wait."

"A friend told me about a new club out on New Circle Road. I thought we'd check it out after dinner at Dudley's. I have reservations, and we have a romantic table for two in a corner tucked away for privacy. You hungry, baby?" Deacon reached across the front seat and smoothed his hand over Parker's flat stomach as he drove.

"I'm hungry for a lot of things. Dudley's sounds wonderful. I'd love to dance with you tonight. I'm happy to go anywhere you have planned. I really needed a night out."

For all the successful surgeries and happy endings Parker was part of, he was faced with death and reporting bad results from tests to patients who waited with bated breath, hoping for better news. Over and over, he had to be the one to kill someone's hopes and dreams. But more and more often, he was able to provide hope, and he lived to be able to deliver good test results and walk out of the operating room like he had today and tell a patient's loved ones that he'd been successful, and the patient would recover. The ups and downs of his life made it both heaven and hell. It was a stressful life. Parker was lucky to have Deacon Wagoner.

"It means a lot to me that you're always there when I need support and to celebrate when I'm successful." Parker didn't take for granted having Deacon in his life. He was glad he would have tonight to let Deacon know how much he was appreciated.

"How was your day, dear?" Deacon asked.

"Very good. I had two successes and a lot of paperwork. All in all, it was a great day. How about you? What gives in the world of art?"

"Nothing special today, but this next week, I'm going to meet a man who does the most amazing carvings. I can't wait to show you some of his work. I'm going to his studio, and I

know I'm gonna spend a fortune on his work. I also know it will go like hotcakes, so it's all good. Wish you could go with me," Deacon ended, wistfully.

Deacon had followed his heart, much to his family's chagrin, and gotten degrees in art history and business. He'd done this without using his father's influence, not that it would have been offered. Deacon had opened an art gallery and become very successful on his own merit.

His concept was well-accepted. Half of his gallery was highbrow, full of expensive and eclectic art. The other half was folk art. This region of Kentucky was rich in beautiful craft work. Parker knew Deacon got a lot of wonderful art from nearby Berea. Deacon travelled around the state looking for unique things for his gallery. He had everything from woven items from Berea to stoneware from Louisville. Bybee Pottery, Mary Alice Hadley, Louisville Stoneware, Churchill Weavers were just some of the great items available at DAC's.

The name of the gallery stood for Deacon's Art and Crafts, though most people didn't know that. DAC's was famous in the area, and Parker was just as proud of Deacon as his lover was proud of him.

"I'd love to go with you, but I've already got —"

"I know, Parker, I was just sayin'. Of course, you've got work scheduled down to the last minute. We need to plan a vacation together soon."

"Oh, man, that would be the best."

Parker watched as Deacon swung capably into the lot by Dudley's. He didn't voice his surprise when Deacon pulled around back then headed for the deserted corner where there was no light. Parker glanced over as Deacon turned off the ignition, released his belt, and turned to face him. Not being at all slow on the uptake, Parker met him halfway and their lips met amid sighs of relief and joy.

"Mmmph," Parker managed to get out as Deacon pushed his tongue in and swept the inside of his mouth. He met the marauding tongue eagerly, and they duelled for long minutes, the air getting hot in the car now that the air conditioner was off. Neither seemed to mind the added heat. They were creating enough between them. Parker put his hand up to cup the side of Deacon's neck and held onto him, his lifeline. Being Deacon's lover was what made him happy, made him strong and able to face the emotional ups and downs of his

career. He tried to convey through the intensity of this kiss, the depth of his gratitude for the goodness in his life, thanks to Deacon.

Parker chased Deacon's tongue back into his mouth and took over the kiss, showing his love, his need for the man. He thrust in, over and over, feeling Deacon suck on his tongue each time he pushed in. He pulled back a little, taking a breath, resting his forehead against Deacon's, their breaths mingling in the dark, heated confines of the car.

"Parker, God, I love your mouth. It seems like forever since we've been together. Suddenly, I'm not hungry for supper. You?" This question was voiced with Deacon's face in Parker's neck, his lips moving against whatever skin he could reach.

"Always hungry for you. Love you. Want you," Parker muttered, planting a kiss against Deacon's jaw. He was turning his head to find Deacon's mouth again when the stillness in the car was interrupted by a huge growl from Parker's stomach.

Deacon snorted into his neck, laughing as he pulled back. "Eaten recently?"

"Uh, I missed lunch. Sorry. Come to think of it, breakfast was a cookie from the break room."

"My poor baby. Come on in, and I'll feed you like you deserve after a day of saving lives and dealing with all that old paperwork." Deacon knew how much Parker hated that part of his job.

Parker leaned his forehead against Deacon's and asked, "What would I do without you?"

"Starve?"

"Oh, more than that. I couldn't make it without you in my life. I've discovered you are a necessity to my good health in all kinds of ways."

"Mmm, the feeling is mutual. Now, come on, and let's feed that stomach then I'll take you home and love you 'til you're all goofy and melty." Deacon teased Parker with the reference to how Parker had told him once that making love made him feel.

Parker grabbed Deacon's hand as they walked towards the back entrance of the popular restaurant. He bumped shoulders with his lover and dropped his hand as they went inside to fill one need. He didn't know if they'd make it to the new club or not, and he really didn't care. As long as he was with Deacon, he was a happy man...

Well, that was then, wasn't it? Parker shook his head now, ashamed of himself for letting his mind go down that road again. He'd probably relived every minute of their time together, and more than once. He couldn't help it. He felt foolish for not being over the man, but you didn't forget what you considered to be the love of your life.

At least, Parker didn't.

"Yeah, well, suck it up. Right now you've got to go strut your stuff like an idiot in front of who knows how many colleagues and society folks, who will hopefully put up enough money that this nonsense will never be repeated," he muttered to himself as he headed out to the big hotel.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, my good Lord," Parker muttered to himself. Horror had filled him as he'd listened while each of the other participants had been auctioned off to catcalls, whistles, lewd comments—more than he'd expected for such an affair. This event was expected to bring in several thousand dollars. It sounded like a strip club smorgasbord out there, and he was the last piece of meat on tonight's menu.

Just what he wanted to do on the first night he'd had free in seemingly forever. He was off tomorrow, too. A miracle in itself. The next miracle, he figured, would be if he got through the upcoming few minutes without freaking out completely. Dixie had better hide for the next month! She'd been giving him sly looks as she'd come back to select each new man for his walk down the platform that extended well out into the crowd.

*Why was he doing this?*

"Dr. Easton, you're next. You don't have to worry about anything. I told you that we've already been promised ten thousand for you. Just walk out there, smile, nod to a couple of the ladies, or men if you'd like, and unbutton that jacket and let them see what they're bidding on." Dixie smiled at his obvious discomfort at her words.

"Right. What are they going to say about me while I'm doing this walk of hell?"

"Nothin' but the truth, hon, nothin' but the truth." She crooked her finger as she turned, expecting him to follow. He felt like a lamb being led you know where.

Dixie stopped abruptly before they got to the curtain he was to walk through.

"Hey! Head up, show some pride. You can't walk out there looking like you've lost your best friend. Go out there and sell it, Dr. Easton. Make us proud, and make us a lot of money."

Giggles followed these remarks. Giggles! Good Lord!

Parker shook his head and threw his shoulders back. Damn it. He didn't want to do this, but he was stuck. Five minutes, tops, and he could walk off there. He'd show them all. He started by leaning down and planting a smacking kiss on Dixie's cheek. She almost shrieked then the giggles hit again.

The announcer's voice drew him out. "I feel like we've waited all night for this man. Give a warm welcome—and I have to tell you, *I'd* like to give him a warm welcome—to Dr. Parker Easton. Parker is thirty-three and in perfect health. He is, as you can see, a fine, fine figure of a man."

This is where Parker unbuttoned his jacket and held it open by putting his hand in the pocket of his tux pants. He hid the awkwardness he felt by tossing his head and throwing a huge fake smile out into the crowd. Women yelled and waved money. What? Was he supposed to let them put it on him somewhere? Geez!

"Oh, look at that. Thank you, Parker. Ladies...and gentlemen, doesn't he look great in that black tux? Remember this date is for dinner only. I can see a few of you are thinking about more. Could you turn for us, Dr. Easton, and let us see the whole...uh...package, shall we say? Oh yes, like that."

Parker was happy to turn and face the curtain for a second, trying to keep from running right back off the stage in embarrassment. He sucked it up and turned back around, managing to put a bit of a swagger in the next couple of steps he took. Maybe he should shake his booty and make their night. As one of his current young patients would have said, "*Like, no!*"

"You are a natural at this, sir. What do you say? Is everyone ready to start the bidding? By the way, I have a note here saying that someone has already bid a very substantial figure for a dinner date with this very exciting man. Shall I tell you all what that starting bid is? Yes? Ten thousand dollars. Whew! Do I hear ten thousand five hundred?"

Parker nearly ruined the whole thing when his eyes bugged out as a bidding war started between an older lady, a young black man he'd never seen, and a fiftyish-looking

woman who looked vaguely familiar. There was laughter and joshing back and forth, and he felt like dropping right through the platform floor. How long could this go on? What was the number now?

He tuned back in just in time to hear the announcer say, triumphantly, "Sold! Congratulations to the lady in the emerald gown, number forty-five, for twenty-five thousand dollars! Dr. Easton, you have raised the largest amount for the new wing. Congratulations to you and to the winner of the dinner date with you. If you'd like to go with Dixie now, she'll take you to the conference room to meet the person with the winning bid."

Parker started off the stage, stunned, shaky even. No way would someone pay twenty-five thousand dollars to eat dinner with him, even if it was for a good cause. Come on.

He heard the announcer winding down, telling people to have a safe trip home and that the total for the evening was a whopping one hundred and seventy-two thousand. Parker stumbled as he tried to take in the total. He remembered some of the other winning bids from when he'd waited for his turn. He knew one guy had gone for fifteen thousand, a few for ten thousand, and several for five thousand, with others of the total twenty taking numbers in between. Disbelief coloured his expression as he met Dixie behind the curtain to head back to the conference room to which each participant had been taken to meet with his winning bidder.

Parker was nervous. He didn't remember who had won the bid for the date with him. He should have paid more attention, but he was so busy being embarrassed out of his mind that the details escaped him. Just like Dixie's excited jabbering was lost on him as they walked down the hall.

What was she saying? There was something else about what? Parker shook his head and stopped walking.

"What? What are you talking about, Dixie? There's more what?"

"Uh, there's more in the request for your date. The person who bid the first ten thousand is the person who ended up bidding twenty-five thousand. Is that unreal or what? Somebody wants to spend some time with you, Dr. Easton. You should be flattered. It's really nice—"

"Dixie, you're blabbering. You're nervous. What are you not telling me? What do you mean there's more to this? I'm done here for tonight. Let me go on record right now, okay? Done here." Parker reached up to begin untying the bowtie around his neck, but she grabbed his hand.

"You can't. I mean, you have to meet the rest of the requirement." Dixie looked a little more than nervous now.

"Did the other men have to do more than what I've already done?" Parker knew he was in the right, and he wasn't about to be played. He was beginning to smell some kind of set-up, but he couldn't figure out what it was about.

"No, but no one else brought in twenty-five thousand dollars, either. Come on, it's not a big thing. You just have to meet your bidder in the same conference room as the rest of them did, but you have to agree to stay in there for a half hour, and you have to promise to follow through on the date."

"What the hell? Why wouldn't I follow through? Wait a minute, a half hour? What for? It should only take a few minutes to set up a date. Dixie, what's going on?"

They'd reached the door to the conference room, and Dixie looked up at Parker and said, quietly, "Don't be mad, okay? Go on in."

She opened the door and Parker, like a robot, walked inside. He didn't see anyone and turned to say so to Dixie but found the door closing and heard a lock click. What the *hell*?

"Hello, Parker."

Parker closed his eyes and let his heart absorb the sound of that voice just for a second. God, he'd missed hearing his name said in just that way. Fuck.

"Deacon? What the hell?" That seemed to be a recurring theme tonight. What the hell, indeed? Parker turned back, and there was Deacon Wagoner, the last person he expected to see here.

"Hi."

Well, that was woefully inadequate for whatever this situation was.

"What are you doing here? Surely...no! Tell me you're not the person who's paying twenty-five thousand dollars to eat with me. Come on. Come *on*! Why are you doing this? I haven't seen you for what? Two years? You left me for some little slut, and I've not seen hide



nor hair of you in all this time. You show up like this? And then it's just, 'hi' like we saw each other yesterday?"

Parker had to sit down. He was more stunned now than he'd been when he'd heard how much his date went for out there. Pulling out one of the chairs at the long table, he sat down, pulling it up and dropping his head onto his crossed arms on the gleaming surface. He sighed deeply, then again, unable to believe he was in a room with Deacon Wagoner, sexy, fucking gorgeous, cheater.

Parker heard a chair across the table from him being pulled out, and Deacon sat down, waiting silently. Fine. Let him wait. Parker had nothing to say. He'd not said anything when he'd found Deacon with the young boy back then, and like he'd said earlier, he hadn't seen him since.

Some men wanted to rant and roar at a break-up, but not Parker. Work had been the only way he'd been able to get through the last two years. He was still using it to hide the fact that his heart was not whole anymore nor trusting.

"Will you listen?" Deacon's voice held something that Parker had to admit he'd never heard from him before. Hesitation. Deacon Wagoner, afraid of Parker's answer?

"The way I hear it, I don't have a choice for about twenty-five more minutes. Twenty-five seems to be your big number tonight. Pretty expensive date there, Deacon."

"Worth every penny, Parker."

"Shit." Parker still refused to raise his head and look at Deacon. He couldn't. If he did, if he looked into those perfect, soulful brown eyes, those gorgeous features, he'd cave. He'd missed this man more than he'd thought possible and he'd loved him. God, how he had loved this man! Parker sighed again, a bit more like a shudder this time.

"I need you to hear this, all of it. I need that, Parker. I've been miserable for two years. You may not have seen hide nor hair of me, but I've kept up with you. I've watched you, watched over you, cared for you, dreamed of you, needed you, loved you."

"Shut up! Just shut up," Parker yelled, jerking his head up, looking angrily over at Deacon. "You don't come in here telling me this shit and expect me to believe it. I saw you. You couldn't have just told me you didn't want me anymore? You had to bring that kid in and let me see you with him? God, I'll never get over seeing that."

"He was gone before you made it down to the street, Parker. I hired him."

"What? You...you hired him? For what? To break my heart? Ruin my life?" Parker was furious, seething more and more as Deacon talked.

"Now there's the phrase I'm looking for. Ruin your life." Deacon put both hands out on the table, palms down and looked at Parker. Parker had seen though. He'd seen the slight tremble in Deacon's hands before he planted them on the tabletop. Parker waited for the rest.

"Remember my father? Nice man, Senator Wagoner. Lived and breathed politics. Literally hated the fact that he had a gay son. Parker, he came to me and told me to break it off with you and to not be seen with a man in public again or he'd make me regret it. I told him to fuck himself. He slapped me a good one for that. He said if I didn't break off with you, he'd ruin your career. Parker, I knew he could and would do that very thing. I'd seen him do it to others, over and over. He was ruthless. He would have taken away everything you had worked so hard for all those years."

"Shit. You don't expect me to believe you fell for that. You had to know I wouldn't have let him—"

"I know you think so. I know you would have fought to be with me. Parker, *I* fought to be with *you*. I threatened him with exposure for the things I'd seen him do over the years. He came right back with even more threats about you, some about your career, some about your safety. I fought him, Parker. We went back and forth. You'll never know how much I hated him. But I knew he could do what he promised without blinking an eye."

"You gave me up for a bunch of empty threats? You didn't even give me a chance." Parker shook now, anger warring with hurt, tearing him apart again.

"Not empty threats. He would have ruined your career. He showed me signed papers where people had come forward and sworn that you had taken advantage of their young son, making advances towards him while he was in your office."

"What? That's a lie. I would never..." Parker stopped as he began to see. One thing he didn't doubt was that Deacon knew he would never harm a child. "Go on."

"There were others that showed how you had misused funds to your own gain. They showed that you had used hospital funds to set up your own office and even take trips, all with evidence there on paper. There were Photoshopped pictures of you with two men, one black and one white, all three of you in a very compromising position. He was ruthless, Parker."

"Okay. I get it."

"You know, I didn't go home for years. That big place *wasn't* home for me. The only person there I cared about was Molly. She misses you. I'm not sure Father dear ever knew that she used her days off to come to see me and work at my apartment. She was crazy about you, you know? She wants — well, more on that later."

"Molly was a nice lady. Is she all right?" Parker had liked the sweet housekeeper who insisted she had nothing better to do with her days off than to spend them making sure Mister Deacon was properly taken care of, so there.

"She's fine. Dad's dead. Mom, too."

"Shit. How did I not know that? He's a senator, for heaven's sake. I'm bound to have heard it." Parker racked his brain, trying to remember reading about the senator's death, but for the life of him, he couldn't remember anything about it. Maybe he'd blocked it out.

"Don't worry about it. I hated him. They hated me. It was a plane crash. But now, everything's mine. Whoopee. I'm rich beyond words. Wagoner Hills is mine, with all its land, fences, and horses, who knows how many? I don't know what to do with it. All I know is I'm free to be myself. Now here comes the hard part." Deacon stopped talking and waited for Parker to look at him again.

Parker did. Just looked at him, trying to take in all he'd heard and make sense of it. Senator and Mrs. Wagoner were dead. He'd threatened Parker's life and career. Deacon was wealthy and wanted none of it. So, why was Deacon here now? He waited.

"I've been alone and unbearably lonely for two years, Parker. Don't you doubt me, I'm telling you the truth. There has been no one for me since you. There couldn't be. I love you, Parker Easton, with all my heart. You are my heart. I could not even think about seeing anyone else, much less having sex with them. How could I? We always said we were it for each other... What does that look mean?"

"I know you. You love sex. There's no way you could go two years without..." Parker shut up. What was he saying? He'd gone two years with nothing but his hand. Damned if he'd admit it, though.

"I loved sex with *you*, Parker. I loved, *love*, you. I know it's hard to believe that a healthy man could go two years without having sex with someone else, especially a gay man, huh?"

We're supposed to be fuck bunnies. How about you, Parker? How many men have you been with since that day?"

Parker blushed and ducked his head. He looked up again at Deacon and saw, for the first time, a smile cross Deacon's face. Parker watched as Deacon's eyes lit and the grin got bigger, showing teeth now. Next thing Parker knew, he was holding his breath, trying not to reach across the table. Deacon knew. Damn, he knew Parker had been just as alone and lonely as he'd professed to have been. To his credit, he didn't say a word. In no way, did he let on that he knew Parker had spent the same amount of time without sex.

Parker just looked at Deacon for the longest time. Long enough to get a massive hard-on under the table. What was that about? Evidently, his body had forgiven Deacon for the two years of hell he'd been through because of Deacon's stunt that night.

"Now what?" Parker managed to get out, his voice sounding rough and scratchy.

"Now, I have a very expensive date to collect on. Will you go out with me, Parker Easton? Will you let me try to make it up to you? I want to be with you, make you happy, hear you talk, taste your lips again. I want this to be a 'love date'. I want to be a couple again. I want sex with you, as often and as varied as I can get it." Deacon's sincerity was there for Parker to see, his eyes pleading as much as his words. "Will you let me try? I know it's a lot to take in, but, please, Parker, please, let me try to earn the right to be your lover again. I never stopped loving you. I swear it."

Now, it was up to Parker to decide whether he believed what Deacon had told him. He heard the lock on the door clicking open, though no one came in. Time was up. He could leave. He'd met the requirement for this night, anyway. What was he going to do? With a bang, his head hit his hands on the table again, and he sat and let it all sink in. He heard Deacon get up, but he didn't move. He could sense when Deacon was standing right beside his chair. It was no trouble at all to feel his heat and smell that special scent that was Deacon.

He felt the lightest touch on the top of his head, then fingers moving through his hair. Oh. No fair. He was a sucker for having his head rubbed, for feeling Deacon's fingers in his hair, and the bastard knew it. But Parker didn't call him on it. He sat there and let Deacon caress his hair, his head then his neck. He was shaking again.

"Okay." Parker pulled back, stood and looked up into Deacon's face. There were tears in Deacon's eyes, tears that had gathered there as he'd stood caressing Parker's hair for the

first time in two years. Parker opened his arms and Deacon stepped into them. He clutched Deacon tightly, breathing deeply, as he pressed his face into Deacon's neck. Parker felt right for the first time in two long years.

## Chapter Three

Deacon felt like he could never get close enough to Parker. He tightened his arms and just breathed in deeply. God, it had been so long since he'd felt so good. He knew he had a long way to go before he and Parker were good, but he was holding his love in his arms.

He turned his head and pressed a kiss to Parker's neck. Ah, he shouldn't have. He moved his lips up to Parker's ear and licked right behind it, knowing what it would do, but he couldn't help it.

"You're cheating," gasped Parker.

"All's fair," Deacon replied, feeling light for the first time in two years.

Parker snorted and dropped his forehead to Deacon's shoulder, and they stood for a moment, taking it in. Neither had loosened his arms around the other. Deacon wasn't sure he could let go. He brought both hands up to move them through Parker's hair and over his neck, where he knew Parker held most of his stress. He had no doubt that tonight was stressful for his shy love. He couldn't believe Parker had agreed to be in the auction.

"Thank you," Deacon whispered.

Parker pulled up his head, and their faces were really close together. He raised his eyebrows in a question, and Deacon grinned at him.

"For giving me a chance. I know you had to have hated me for all this time—"

"Never hated *you*. I hated what you did and hated the fact that I still loved you in spite of it. What did that say about me? I had no interest in anyone else, just in the man who'd let me go so cruelly. I had to question my own heart, my whole self, if I could be so weak. Why couldn't I hate you?" Parker's blue eyes showed real turmoil.

Deacon could tell that it had been hard for Parker to reconcile the part of himself that hadn't been able to hate him. He rejoiced in it, too. Thank God, Parker wasn't able to stop loving him.

"Give me a chance, and I'll make you the happiest man on earth, and I'll do it over and over. I'll never leave you, never let you go again. That's a solemn promise. I know you'll

have a hard time believing in me again, but I've told you the whole truth tonight. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, I wouldn't be standing here in your arms if I didn't. I just don't know..."

"That's enough for me. I'd like to take you out tomorrow night, if you'll go. I know you have tomorrow off. I've got a wonderful evening planned if you'll agree to it."

"That's fine. I don't care about the date thing. I must say it was a novel way to get to see me."

"I was so afraid you wouldn't see me, listen to me, unless you had no choice then I heard about this, and it worked out."

"Hey, who was the lady who bid on me? She seemed familiar. Twenty-five thousand dollars, Deacon? How rich are you, for heaven's sake?"

"Rich enough that if this night didn't bring in enough for the hospital wing, I can fund the rest of it, and would, in gratitude for you giving me another chance."

"Wow."

"Yeah. The lady was a friend of Molly's. You might have seen her a couple of times at the apartment when Molly was there. She agreed to help me, believing as she does, in true love. Her words. All I cared about was if it worked, and here we are."

"Yeah, here we are. So, after two years of loneliness, I don't even get a kiss?"

"Oh, dear God, help me. I want your mouth so bad, Parker. I'm afraid I won't be able to stop. I don't want to wait for tomorrow night. Will you take me home with you tonight? Tomorrow, I've planned a wonderful meal at the farm with Molly cooking our favourites."

"Sounds good."

"I can't wait 'til tomorrow night, Parker. I can't."

"I think I just asked you not to. What are you waiting for? I'll take you home with me, yes. But right now, I want a kiss to end all kisses. I want the magic back in my life. You took it away. You're responsible for putting it back. Please." Parker ended the plea quietly.

"Oh, my God, my baby. I love you," Deacon said, before stepping back a little. He turned them both so that Parker was sitting on the edge of the conference table. Stepping in, and taking Parker's face in both hands, he tilted it up to his. His heart pounded so hard he thought surely Parker could hear it.

Deacon bent just that necessary bit and took Parker's mouth, pushing in and sweeping through, meeting no resistance. Parker pushed just as hard, and Deacon was afraid they'd both draw blood. He tried to ease up a little and savour the moment, but it just wasn't happening. Parker's tongue twined around his, he couldn't get a deep breath, and he was afraid he might shake right off his bones.

He nearly jumped when Parker whimpered into his mouth. Oh. He opened his lips and eased his tongue out to sweep across Parker's lips, teasing the corners, reaching to taste the soft inside of them. Again, there was a noise from Parker which sounded like desperation to Deacon. He knew the feeling.

Parker's hands came up to cover Deacon's. They slid up his arms to his shoulders, pulling Deacon in closer. Oh, he could feel how hard and heavy Parker was. He moved his hips against Parker's, showing him that he, too, was in a bad way, just from being near Parker again, touching him, kissing him.

They were suddenly grinding against each other, both making sounds of need, though their lips never parted. Deacon pushed his tongue in and out of Parker's mouth in an obvious rhythm. Parker now had his hands in Deacon's blond hair, clutching, holding him there – as if he wanted to be anywhere else! A bed, maybe.

"Mmmph, don't stop," Parker pleaded, when Deacon pulled back for a breath.

"Not stopping. Breathing. I think I'm having a heart attack here. I feel like I'm coming apart. I'm so happy and so horny and so scared I'll lose you again or that this isn't real. Tell me it's real, Parker. My heart is pounding so hard, I'm gonna pass out, I swear. Don't let me go. I'm shaking so hard, I'll fall apart."

"It's real. We're here, holding, kissing and evidently, both still loving. I'm not letting you go. The only thing holding me up is this table. I've been unhappy for two years, and now the whole world has a new perspective. It's real. You'll have to fight to get away from me this time. Now come back here, I'm not done."

Deacon laughed and went right back for more. He let Parker take control of the kiss this time and held on. Parker thrust his tongue into Deacon's mouth as he moved one hand down to the big hard cock that pushed against the front of Deacon's pants. This time it was Deacon who whimpered. He pushed into Parker's hand, wanting the feeling but wanting it on naked skin. Reaching down, he reluctantly took away Parker's hand, never letting the kiss go. He



sucked strongly on Parker's tongue, rocking his hips against Parker's. Finally, he had to come up for air again.

"We've got to either get a room here or take this home. I don't want to stop, nor do I want to be caught in here, humping you over this table. Which, by the way, is about to happen in about ten seconds if we don't stop. God, I've missed you so much."

"Let's go. I want to be in my apartment with you, all night. Want you there all day tomorrow, too, if that's all right with you. I want you where I've missed you most, in my home, in my life. Come on. I'll take as much as I can get."

"Parker, you didn't understand me. You've got me for life. I'll go to your apartment and gladly spend all night and tomorrow then we can go to the farm and have our expensive date. Then I want to talk to you about where we're going to live. No more separate homes. We'll have one, you and me. Take me home. I want to make love to you all night."

They left Deacon's car at the hotel and took Parker's to his apartment. Neither could keep their hands off the other. Parker drove with one hand, the other held tightly in Deacon's. Deacon looked at Parker's profile the whole time, rejoicing in the fact that he had been believed and accepted back into Parker's life.

They nearly ran into the building and laughed as they managed to catch the elevator. Deacon stood in one corner and Parker in the other as if they both knew better than to start something here that they couldn't continue. As soon as the elevator dinged for Parker's floor, they burst out like horses at the starting gate. Key out, door open, slammed shut, and there they stood. Deacon couldn't believe he was here again, in Parker's home. He took a step towards Parker who raised his hand to stop him.

Parker put out his hand, and Deacon took it, letting himself be led to Parker's room, bypassing the huge couch where he'd spend so many wonderful hours and hoped to again. But Parker was right. This needed the bedroom. Deacon followed Parker, and finally, they stood beside the bed, gazing at each other.

\* \* \* \*

Parker reached to turn on the lamp by the bed. He didn't care about romantic lighting. He wanted to see every inch of Deacon. With a strong flourish, he grabbed the corner of the soft tan cover and threw it back off the bed, not caring that it hit the floor, taking the navy throw pillows with it.

"I want you naked, Deacon, and on this bed, stat." Parker grinned when Deacon laughed at the order. Laughing with joy himself, Parker began to disrobe, keeping up with Deacon until they were both completely nude and still alternately laughing, smiling or snickering. The moment was so fraught with tension the laughter broke it a little. Parker had dreamed of this moment so many times, he couldn't believe it was really happening.

"Did you dream about this, too?" Deacon spoke his thoughts, not surprising him at all. They'd often done that in the past. One of them would have a thought, and the other would voice it out loud. Parker's heart warmed, knowing they were still so attuned to each other.

"Oh, like every night, every time I napped, every time I let myself think about you. In those moments I wasn't feeling devastated and hurt, I allowed myself to dream about us being like we were before. So, yeah, I dreamed about you. Asshole."

"You're right. I know. I deserve it. But I couldn't think of any other way, Parker. I couldn't let him do that to you —"

"Shh. It's over. Let's talk about it some other time. Right now, I want you so badly I don't know what to do first," Parker admitted, stepping up and adhering himself to Deacon from head to toe.

"Good start. That's all we need. Come on, down you go." With those words, Deacon eased them both down to the king-size bed.

Parker pulled, and they both rolled over a couple of times. It felt good as he felt Deacon's cock pressing against his leg then his own. They took turns being on top, pressing against each other, rubbing, grinding a little, both leaking and smearing on the other.

"We're both still exclusive, then? No need for rubbers? I swear I haven't been with anyone, Deacon."

"No need, Parker. I told you the truth. It's only you for me, has been since about two weeks after I met you. We're good to go. You want to go first? Fuck me, Parker. I always loved the fact that we both like to top. I need to feel you deep inside me, hard, honey."

"Come here, my love." Parker pulled Deacon to him and kissed him hard and long, reaching down and taking hold of Deacon's cock, squeezing and pulling the way he knew Deacon liked it. He loved hearing the groan Deacon couldn't stop.

Parker rolled them one more time, putting Deacon on the bottom and settling between his legs. He finally eased off Deacon's mouth, looking at the wet swollen lips and grinning like the lovesick fool he was. He slid both hands down from Deacon's shoulders, past both sides of his torso, to his hips. He took Deacon's cock in both hands and swept up and down it then bent to place a kiss and a lick right across the tip. Scooting up a little, he spread Deacon's legs wider and lifted them with both hands. Deacon helped, grabbing under his knees and pulling them on up.

Parker took a moment to look and enjoy the sight before him, but soon, he stretched for the side table, grasping the lube, and settling back before Deacon's wide offering. He squirted lube on his fingers and placed two at the tight hole, pushing in, to Deacon's gasped delight. He slid them in and out a couple of times before twisting and turning them, searching for and finding Deacon's prostate for some sweet pressure there. Deacon's ass left the bed as he jerked each time Parker touched him there. Soon a third finger joined the others, and Parker spent as much time as he could, stretching that tight ring.

"Enough, Parker. Fuck me. Come on, baby." Deacon's pretty brown eyes bore into his as he begged, and it was all Parker needed. He replaced his fingers with his leaking dick and pushed in with one hard push until he was fully inside. He groaned long and low as he thrilled to the feeling of tight heat that squeezed his cock.

"Oh, my God, Deacon. I could come right now. Be still, honey, just a second." Parker took a couple deep breaths, trying to calm himself enough to do this. "The reality is so much better than my dreams. I've missed you, missed this, so very much."

"I know. I know."

Parker saw tears gather in Deacon's eyes as he admitted to the same dreams again, the same pain. Seeing that gave Parker the strength he needed. He pulled out nearly all the way then thrust back in, hard, as requested. Deacon's eyes closed, and he sighed. Parker started a hard driving rhythm that had both of them moaning, and occasionally shouting, in clear delight.

"More. Don't stop. Parker, that's so good. How could I have forgotten how good that is? I didn't. I didn't forget. I just missed it so bad. God, I'm babbling."

Deacon looked embarrassed to be talking so much, but when Parker reached with one hand to take his cock and start pumping it up and down, he replaced the words with groans. Within just a few strokes, Deacon came long and hard, spraying on Parker's hand and his own stomach. His face and chest were flushed a dark red, and his eyes blazed into Parker's.

"Come on, baby. Fill me up. I know you need to. Come on, harder," Deacon encouraged Parker. It wasn't long before Parker complied, filling Deacon with hot jets of cum. He jerked and managed a few more thrusts before settling onto Deacon. Deacon let go of his legs and settled his arms around Parker.

"Oh my God, I love you so much. Rest a minute or a few. I want you, too. Then we can shower, sleep, then I want to suck you 'til your eyes cross. I want to do everything, and I want it all at once. I know we have to space it out a little..."

"Yeah, just a little. But I like your plan so far."

Parker moved up and over until he was lying beside Deacon, his head where it had lain so often, on Deacon's shoulder, his leg thrown over Deacon's. His arm moved on his lover's chest, back and forth between the twin nubs that were tight and hard as he caressed them. Parker slid his hand down to caress Deacon's hard abs and the soft skin of his belly right above his cock. He was reclaiming his territory, to their mutual delight.

"I love you, Parker Easton. So much. And, if you keep that up, I'll prove it in just a few minutes."

"Not much of a deterrent there, Deacon Wagoner. I'm ready, any time you are. Take me and make me yours again. I need it just as much as you did."

It wasn't long before Deacon was pounding into Parker from behind with Parker on his hands and knees, a favoured position for him. He thrust back and met each of Deacon's forward movements. He cried out as Deacon reached under him to take hold of his cock and pump it until he came hard again. Soon he fell to the bed, ass full of cum, body covered by his exhausted lover. Parker didn't know when he'd ever been happier.

## Chapter Four

### One year later...

Deacon and Parker were having an unusual sleep in, due to Parker having been called out late last night. When he'd returned from the hospital at about two this morning, Deacon had helped him remove his clothes, pulled him into the bed and turned him over to massage the tight muscles of his neck.

Though he knew he should just ease Parker into the sleep the man obviously needed, Deacon turned it into a sensual massage, his hands sliding down, rubbing, kneading the strong back. When he reached Parker's tight, round ass cheeks, he softened his massage, taking liberties with the sensitive area, exploring the intriguing creases between, under each cheek, where Parker was very ticklish. He chuckled as Parker twitched and tried to roll away from his fingers, but he was relentless. His lips followed the path his fingers had taken, and soon Parker wasn't trying to get away but pushing up towards his mouth, moaning and muttering.

"Deacon, baby, love you. Love when you do that. Feels so good. Oh."

Deacon continued, spreading Parker's cheeks and bending to run his tongue up and down the crease before settling on the tight hole. Parker shouted and pushed up against him again, begging for more. Deacon didn't let him down. He stroked, probed, and licked until Parker was gasping.

He brought his hand up to his mouth and liberally wet his fingers. Carefully, he pushed two into Parker as he moved on down and took Parker's balls into his mouth, alternately rolling one then the other, enjoying the sounds Parker emitted as he continued his loving. With his other hand, Deacon took hold of Parker's hard cock and with only a couple of strong strokes had Parker coming hard, shaking, and gasping. He eased his fingers from Parker and turned him over, sliding up to take his lips in a soft, loving kiss.

"Oh my God, melty. Want to help you, make you feel good, too." Parker was asleep before the desire was totally voiced. Deacon smiled at his exhausted lover, smoothing the hair off his brow and pulling the cover partly over him. He got up and went to the bathroom,

coming back to clean Parker a little then headed for the shower to take care of himself. In minutes, he was back, snuggling in, holding onto Parker and following him into a deep satisfied sleep.

Now, Deacon was awake. Today was a special day for both of them. There was a lot happening later this morning. The house phone had just rung—Molly calling to tell them they had to get up and come for breakfast soon since people would be arriving before long.

“Hey, sleepyhead, we’ve been summoned for breakfast. This is a big day. Are you excited?” Deacon asked. His head was propped on his hand as he looked down at his dear love.

“Excited, yes. Tired, too. But, you’re right, we have to get up. Is everything set?” Parker rubbed the sleep from his eyes and reached up to pull Deacon’s head down for a kiss. The question went unanswered for a long time. They rolled over, mouths plastered tightly together, sighs escaping as desire grew.

“Stop. Lord, we don’t have time for this right now. Rain cheque, Parker, I swear. Tonight we take up right here.” Deacon hated having to let Parker go.

“Deal. I owe you, big time. Looking forward to paying up.” Parker stole another kiss, again letting it grow, get hot and intense, before easing off and meeting Deacon’s gaze. They grinned at each other, each rolling off opposite sides of the bed to begin the day.

They dressed quickly and went down for breakfast in the kitchen with Molly. She fussed, but they insisted on eating the morning meal with her when they could.

They’d spent the year making the big mansion into a home, perfect for the two of them. Out with the old, stifling, heavy furniture and drapes and in with brighter, lighter items that Parker had enjoyed finding with Deacon. Granted, Deacon had done most of the looking, but he had made sure Parker was part of the decisions, and they had managed a couple of buying trips. They were both pleased with the results.

Today, the new sign for the beautiful horse farm was to be delivered and installed. No longer was the place Wagoner Hills, a tribute to Senator Wagoner’s ego. It was now to be Wagoner Park, a linking of both Deacon and Parker’s names. Deacon had surprised Parker with the design for it on one of their special love dates. Parker had been thrilled with the idea, and Deacon would never forget how Parker had shown his gratitude for Deacon’s thoughtfulness.

Parker was even more in love with the plans for the horse farm Deacon had broached to him. Deacon had no aspirations in the racing world but found himself the owner of a huge set up with over thirty horses in the stables. They were all beautiful, well trained, and very expensive. *Nothing but the best for Senator Wagoner*, Deacon thought. Well, now those beautiful animals were going to give unimaginable joy to the children who would be coming out for visits from the cancer centre.

Parker and Deacon had met with the foreman and several of the hands to discuss the feasibility of such an operation. These horses needed to be seen and enjoyed. This wasn't to be a camp as neither man had time for such an undertaking. There might be limited amounts of riding involved, but mostly the children would come out, see the horses, pet them, feed them, learn about them, and enjoy the sunshine and the beauty of the farm.

It was indeed beautiful. In the last year, after the decision had been reached, the area had been made handicapped accessible for various needs. People were hired to handle the horses and train them for this new job. Others had been hired who would be knowledgeable about the children's needs and who would care for them. Parents were to be present, as well.

Deacon and Parker were starting small. Two children were coming with their parents and counsellors to Wagoner Park. First, the sign would be put up at the entrance at about ten this morning then, at about two this afternoon, they'd find out if their dreams and plans for their home would be successful.

Parker felt so good about being able to provide this bit of joy to some of the children he met. He was working with the manager and counsellors of the cancer centre to find the right candidates for the program.

Deacon had come up with the idea and brought it to him soon after the night of their big 'expensive' date. Parker loved the idea that they were doing this together. He loved his home here with Deacon, and he was thrilled with the idea of sharing the farm with the children.

"You boys look mighty happy this morning," Molly teased as they showed up in the kitchen.

"It's a good day, Molly mine." Deacon took her into his arms and waltzed her around the kitchen. She laughed out loud at his antics. Parker smiled at the two of them. His family. They sat down to a delicious breakfast of bacon, eggs, and scones with jam.

"Do you need us to help with anything, Molly?" Parker asked.

She was providing refreshments for the group coming in this afternoon. There was a back section of the house that had been closed off from the rest and would be used for entertaining the children and their entourage when they came to the farm. They'd all be met, go to the barns, see the horses and partake of whatever activities were planned individually for them. They'd then return to the house for refreshments and rest before leaving.

"I've got it all covered, boys. You go on and oversee the new sign going up. I like the new name, Deacon. It sounds more welcoming to the children, and it's special having both your names on it. You're a smart one, you are."

"See, Parker, she knows genius when she sees it."

"No argument here. Breakfast was great, as usual, Molly. Thanks." Parker scooted back from the table and stood to join Deacon at the door.

On their way to the front of the house, Deacon pulled Parker into the newly decorated study. A surprised Parker raised his brows at the change in direction.

Deacon closed the door behind them and put Parker up against it, taking his mouth in a fierce kiss. Parker was quick to respond in kind. Deacon pulled him away from the door and into his arms, rocking him a little as he continued the kiss, lapping at Parker's lips, nibbling at the corners, sliding his tongue across them before going back in to tangle with Parker's. Parker groaned and pulled Deacon closer, rubbing his hips against Deacon's. Deacon knew he had to stop them again. He gentled the kiss, easing back from Parker's mouth and dropping a couple of sweet kisses on his chin and neck before stepping back, looking serious.

"I wanted a moment. This is such a special day, Parker. There are so many of our dreams coming true. There's something I want to give you." With that, Deacon went to the desk and pulled out a black velvet box. Parker's eyes widened as Deacon came back to him.

"My heart's about to pound out of my chest again. Will you wear my ring, Parker? I'd marry you if I could. I'll happily commit to you in any way you want, formal or not. I bought these for us, hoping that you'd accept me...forever."

There was a sheen in Deacon's eyes as he held out the box, showing both rings to Parker. They were gold with a braided line going around the centre with three colours mixed, gold, silver, and a pinkish-brown colour. They were stunning in their unique, yet simple, design.



“You never cease to amaze me. I’ll wear your ring. I’ll commit to you, forever. I love you with all my heart, always have.” Parker took Deacon into his arms and whispered, “I’m yours, honey, bought and paid for.”

## About the Author

AKM Miles loves reading the M/M genre and decided to write what she loves. Early authors, read years ago in this area, were not as much interested in love, storyline, and character development, as those that she has found recently. Thrilled with the new works, AKM set out to make a career in this field. You can expect there to be a happy ending every time. You can expect for the two to find each other and choose to be together fairly early on, and then face conflicts, trials, and experiences as a couple. AKM prefers that over going back and forth over whether the love is returned or not. She loves to throw children in the mix, along with pets and wacky and wonderful friends. Hopefully, readers will love the emotional love stories that fill her head and spill onto her computer.

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