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HEAT SHEET

# Obsession

NOTHING  
BUT  
TROUBLE

Jamie Hill

Nothing But Trouble  
*by Jamie Hill*

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## **Nothing But Trouble**

a Phaze Obsession HeatSheet by

JAMIE HILL

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*by Jamie Hill*

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## Chapter One

"I want you to spend the night with me. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars."

Adrian Scott blinked, wondering if his employer was serious. He'd never heard of such an offer, except in the movies. "Excuse me?"

"Do you really need me to repeat myself, or are you simply mulling my proposal over?" The man's bright blue eyes twinkled. He always seemed to have a spark of mischief about him, along with a genuine smile that he displayed often. Today was no different. He seemed amused by Adrian's reaction to his shocking statement.

Adrian had always found the man attractive, but never let his thoughts go past that. He ignored the thick, wavy blond hair, and handsome, chiseled face. The muscular physique of the man's body looked like it belonged to someone in his twenties, rather than forties, making it hard to ignore. But Graham Elliott was not only his boss; he was also a very wealthy man. *Way out of my league*. Elliott owned the Las Vegas casino where Adrian worked as a waiter and sometimes bartender.

Tending bar was more prestigious and paid better, but nothing could beat the tips waiters made on busy nights. He'd pocketed several hundred dollars on many occasions. To Adrian, it was all about the money.

"What about Celina?" He was curious how Elliott's live-in girlfriend might feel about the proposed arrangement. A

stacked beauty—she had flowing red hair, tits out to there—and was a fixture around the casino. She and Elliott shared the penthouse apartment, which by all accounts was one incredible showplace. Adrian wouldn't know; the man's grand office was the closest he'd ever gotten to his employer.

Elliott flexed his fingers. "Celina and I have an understanding. I don't worry about how much she spends on her daily shopping sprees, and she doesn't worry if I don't come home at night. I keep a suite on the floor below the penthouse for, shall we say, *special occasions*."

Heat flushed through Adrian's body. He knew his face was probably bright red. Even with the year-round tan afforded him by the strong Nevada sun; he blushed like an idiot when embarrassed. "Is that what I am? A special occasion?"

"I hope so. I've been watching you, Adrian. I like the way you look in the tight, black pants you wear to work. Makes me *very* interested to find out what lies beneath."

His mind raced. He wasn't seeing anyone, so that wouldn't be a problem. But he really liked his job, and worried that if things didn't go right, he might suddenly find himself out of work. "I'm concerned this could interfere with my job."

"If you say no? Of course it won't. All I ask is your discretion. Keep quiet, and things go on as usual. If I discover you've told anyone about our conversation, you'll certainly be let go."

It occurred to Adrian, he'd never considered saying no. "And if I say yes?"

A slow smile spread across Elliott's face. "Nothing that happens between us will put your job in jeopardy. Again, all I

ask is discretion—and a blood test. Hate to be crass, but I need to see the paperwork from a test done on today's date, or after. I'll provide you the same courtesy."

Adrian looked him in the eye. "And fifty thousand dollars." The man's eyebrows rose.

"For two nights. Eight at night to eight in the morning, I'm all yours."

Squinting before he nodded, Elliott added, "I'll accept those terms, in part. Make it three nights, and you've got yourself a deal."

Adrian stood. "Agreed." He extended his hand.

Graham Elliott took his time rising and reaching out to shake. His hand was warm, his grip firm.

The man squeezed his fingers, making a tingle zip down Adrian's spine. He imagined those strong hands caressing other parts of his body. It was enough to harden his cock, right there in the office. He tried to speak, but his mouth was dry.

Releasing his grasp, Elliott reached for a business card. "Call me when you've got the paperwork. We'll arrange a date to meet."

"I will." He tucked the card into his pocket. "Thank you, sir."

With another nod and a very quick wink, Elliott turned and walked out the back door.

Adrian glanced around the office, taking a moment to compose himself before returning to the casino floor. *Who would have thought it?* Graham Elliott was gay—or perhaps bisexual, if he'd sampled the wares Celina flaunted around

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the bar and gaming tables. It was an incredible turn of events. And perhaps the most amazing stroke of luck he'd ever encountered.

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There was an inexpensive clinic near the Vegas strip where Adrian had his blood tested regularly. He didn't mind doing it again for Elliott, actually thought it was a pretty astute request. He'd still ask for condoms, but since the boss was paying, he wasn't sure how much control he'd have over the situation.

Dressing for their 'date', the whole thing felt surreal. It had taken two days for the test results, another five before Elliott had the time to schedule him in. Adrian wasn't sure if he felt more like a whore, or a piece of meat. Either way, he'd get over it. He'd never sold his body before, but fifty thousand dollars was a lot of money. *First time for everything.*

Showering and dressing carefully, he poured himself into the tightest black slacks he owned and a crisp white shirt with the casino logo on the chest. He didn't have to dress as if he were going to work, but it felt like he was. Besides, he could explain his presence there more easily if he looked like he was working.

After shampooing, his thick black hair sprang into tight ringlets. Adrian had always liked his curls, and in high school, discovered the girls liked them, too. Trouble was, that was about the same time he realized *he* didn't like *girls*. Guys wearing tight skivvies in the locker room turned him on, and he had to be careful not to show it.

Running gel through his hair, he let it dry naturally. Satisfied with his appearance, he took a moment to phone his mother before leaving. He tried to check in with her every day, and felt guilty cutting the call short. It was seven-thirty, and it'd take fifteen minutes to walk to the casino. There were times he wished he had a car, but he usually enjoyed walking. He was glad not to have many expenses. His tiny room in the run-down boarding house was evidence of that.

Walking toward the strip, he allowed his mind to wander about how he'd *like* to spend fifty thousand dollars. A nice apartment with clean hallways and plenty of hot water topped his list. A sporty Harley Davidson motorcycle would be great transportation in the city that never slept. Both were fantasies. The money was already spent. He had no illusions about that.

He spotted the *Graham's Aces* casino a block away. The sheer magnitude of the building sent a chill through him, as it always did whenever he paused long enough to admire it. *Imagine having enough money to own that.* It was mind boggling, and rather than dwell on his miserable lot in life, he walked on.

As instructed, he found Elliott's assistant, who would take him up in the hotel's private elevator. He'd seen Carmen Gray around the casino; a blonde knockout like her was hard to miss. She'd always seemed efficient, right there on top of Elliott's business needs. He'd wondered once if that was the only thing she was on top of. He chuckled now at the misconception. Perhaps she was there purposely, another cog in Elliott's wheel of deception.

She greeted him pleasantly, but skipped the small talk as the elevator ascended. Adrian longed to ask her how many other men she'd escorted to the private suite, but thought better of it. She wouldn't tell him, and he really didn't want to know.

"First door on your left," she instructed, when the lift glided to a stop.

"Thank you." He stepped out, and the doors started to close between them.

"Have a nice evening," she said softly, before disappearing.

"You too." It was meaningless, she was gone. His nerves jangled, and he stood there staring, as if she might come back.

Several minutes passed before he moved. His watch read eight p.m., it was time to knock. Two sharp raps on the door she'd pointed out, and then Adrian waited. His heart thumped so loudly, he hoped people on other floors couldn't hear it.

Graham Elliott opened the door wearing a deep blue silk robe. "Good evening. Come in."

"Thank you. Hope I'm not late." He stepped into the suite, and the man closed the door behind him.

"Right on time. I was opening a bottle of wine. I thought perhaps we could enjoy it in the hot tub."

"Allow me." Adrian moved to the bar, slipping in behind, where he felt more at ease. He picked up the smoky-colored bottle. "A very nice vintage."

"I like it. Hopefully, you will, too."

He worked the cork loose, setting it aside. Pouring the red liquid into two glasses, he put the bottle down, and looked up. "I'm sure it'll be great."

Elliott chuckled. "Why do I think we're not talking about wine anymore? You look so nervous, Adrian. Relax. I'm not into anything kinky."

His heart skipped a beat and he knew his eyes widened. *How naive was that?* That idea hadn't entered his mind. He'd never done anything kinky, ever. It would have been one hell of a surprise if Elliott liked whips and chains, or something equally unusual. "That's a relief."

"I'm sorry. We should have talked specifics—"

"Not necessary." He shook his head. "Oh, this is for you." Adrian pulled the blood test results from his pocket and handed the paper over.

"Thanks. Here's mine." Elliott reached into his robe, retrieving a similar slip. "I'm assuming we're all good." He pocketed Adrian's paper without looking at it.

"We are." He did the same with his employer's results. *Not* looking at it seemed like a sign of trust, one he didn't want to breach. Picking up the two glasses, he looked in the man's eyes. "Where shall I take these?"

"The hot tub is on the balcony." He led the way through a large living area, decorated in the hotel colors of maroon, black and white.

It was more spacious than Adrian's whole apartment. He found it rather gaudy for such an obviously expensive suite. The hotel didn't want people spending time in their rooms, though. The casino was where they made their money. "This



is amazing," he said politely, as they passed into the large bedroom.

"It's okay. Sometimes I get tired of seeing the same colors every day. A little purple might be nice. Vivid splashes of orange here and there." He stepped through a double set of sliding glass doors, onto a large balcony off the bedroom. A roomy hot tub was waiting for them, water steaming and bubbling. The tub looked big enough for six people, or two who wanted to spread out. It had thick, padded rails. Adrian smiled at the man's words.

Setting the wine glasses on the edge of the tub, he turned to Elliott. "You're going to love this." Holding the man's gaze, he unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it aside.

"I already do."

"Hang on." Kicking off his shoes and socks, he unfastened his slacks and lowered them.

Elliott blinked, and burst into laughter.

"Not the reaction I usually hope for, but this time it's okay." Adrian glanced down at his purple and orange briefs. He looked back up at his boss, a grin on his face.

"That's priceless. I guess it goes to show, I almost always get what I want."

"Almost?" Adrian looked at the man.

Elliott stared back, a lustful expression on his face. "Never say never, or always. But, I do know—I'm getting what I want tonight." His gaze dropped to Adrian's briefs, and stayed there.

Blatant desire in the older man's eyes caused his cock to stir. It'd been a long time since anyone had looked at him so

hungrily. The thought aroused him, and his briefs tented uncomfortably. "These are getting pretty tight. I should probably take them off."

"Please do." He watched Adrian lower the garment, kicking it away. Satisfaction gleamed in the man's eyes as he examined the erection that sprang up before him. "Very nice. Better than I'd imagined."

Adrian stepped into the warm water. "You've imagined what I looked like naked?" The thought surprised him.

Elliott chuckled. "Don't look so shocked. I've had my eye on you for quite some time." He peeled off his robe and sank into the hot tub.

Catching a quick peek of tanned torso and thick cock, Adrian raised his eyebrows. "Interesting." He'd had no idea his employer thought about him that way. It was disconcerting, but flattering, in a slightly creepy way. He reached for the wine glasses, handing one to Elliott.

"Thanks." He raised his glass in the air. "I always like to toast to ... possibilities."

Adrian tapped his glass against the other. "To possibilities." He sipped, allowing the wine to pool in his mouth a moment before swallowing. "Very nice."

"I'm glad you approve. So, Adrian, tell me about yourself. Where are you from?"

"I grew up in southern California. My parents and I moved here when I was in sixth grade. My father had always wanted to deal blackjack. He worked as a dealer for ten years, before he died."

"I'm so sorry." Elliott watched his face as he spoke. "How did he die?"

"Lung cancer. Back in the day, no one minded smoking in the casinos. When my father wasn't smoking on his break, he was inhaling fumes in the gaming room while he worked. Not sure his lungs would have recognized fresh air."

"I remember those days. I smoked for a few years, myself. Now, I can't stand the odor."

"I hear you." Adrian tossed back the last of his wine.

"So what about your mother? How is she getting along? Does she work?"

"Mr. Elliott, I'm not that comfortable talking about my family. Besides, I don't think you brought me here for small talk."

Elliott shrugged slightly, then nodded. He finished his wine and set the glass aside. "Just making polite conversation."

Adrian looked him in the eye. "I'm simply telling you, you don't have to. Be polite, that is."

"Whatever you say." With a shrug, the man was on him, pressing his shoulders back against the edge of the tub. His mouth found Adrian's and both opened at the same time, tongues darting, tasting.

Adrian groaned as the kiss deepened. He couldn't move his hands so he thrust his hips forward, cock rubbing against the other man's leg.

"Oh, yeah," Elliott murmured as he took a breath. "As luscious as these lips are, there's something else I've been dying to taste." He pressed his leg into Adrian's groin.

"Whatever you desire," Adrian replied breathily.

Elliott's mouth moved lower, tracing a wet path down the jaw to his neck. "It's a good thing we have all night, then. Because I desire *you*, Adrian. All of you."

Elliott suckled one of his flat nipples, sending a shiver down his spine. All night sounded good to him, too. The man grazed the wizened nub with his teeth, moving to the other side, forcing Adrian to inhale sharply. "I'm, uh, open to possibilities."

Elliott chuckled, nuzzling his way down Adrian's flat stomach. "If you're not, I think you will be when I'm done here." Stopping a moment to reposition Adrian's legs, the older man raised him up so he floated on the top of the water. Elliott knelt and supported Adrian's hips, so he had clear access to the flagpole of an erection sticking out of the water. "Oh, my," he murmured, burying his nose in the coarse, dark pubic patch before touching anything else.

Adrian squirmed. The man obviously knew his way around a cock. His was rock hard and oozing pre-cum by the time Elliott finished teasing the surrounding area. "Please."

"Mmm ... please, what?" He sucked Adrian's puckered ball sac into his mouth, rolling the orbs between his cheeks and tongue.

"Suck my cock." Adrian could barely utter the words. The warm mouth felt so heavenly, he feared he might come the minute his rod finally received some attention. The teasing was torture; the outcome would undoubtedly be sheer bliss.

"Anxious, boy?" Elliott let his nose nudge the pulsing staff. "Mmm, you're throbbing already. Tell me, Adrian, what's your pleasure? Would you prefer to stick this gorgeous cock in my

ass and fuck me with all your might? Or do you like to be on the receiving end? I've got ten inches I could ram into your sexy little hole and fuck you senseless."

Another drop of sticky white seed pooled in the slit of his cock. Elliott's tongue flicked out like a serpent and devoured it. Adrian gasped. "Oh, Jesus. I want both, sir."

With a sultry chuckle, Elliott opened his mouth, allowing the seeping cock to disappear down his throat. He pulled back quickly, watching Adrian's face. "Tell me about it, you sexy thing. I'm going to suck you dry, and while I do, I'd like to hear what's going to happen next. In your words. Don't skip a thing."

He clutched the sides of the hot tub as Elliott deep throated his eager cock. Adrian wasn't sure he could speak, but was desperate to try. He wanted more than anything to appease the man offering him so much pleasure. "Yeah, God, yeah." He thrust his hips in rhythm with the strong sucking motion. He had no doubt that mouth could suck him dry. With that power, it might drain the whole frigging hot tub.

Pausing, Elliott urged, "Focus."

"I, uh, want to come so bad." His words flew out in a rush, desperate to get the action rolling again. He heard a rumble of low laughter, before he felt blessed suction. "After I come, I want you to roll me over. I'll hang on to the padded edge of the tub, and stick my ass in the air. You can stick your cock—"

"Don't leave anything out," Elliott interrupted, before returning his lips to the purple head of the swollen cock.

Adrian dragged the back of one arm across his face. It was impossible to think under these conditions, but he managed to utter a few more words. "You'll get some lube and condoms. You'll apply a rubber—if they make one to fit that monster—and grease it up with slick lube."

More low laughter, but the sucking became deeper, more intense. Elliott was into the description, and Adrian realized that he was getting off talking about it. "One of your greased fingers slips easily into my ass. You ream it in and out, before deciding I'm ready. I can take the whole ten inches. You start slow, easing forward until your balls slap against mine. Grabbing my hips, you let me have it." He grunted, on the precipice of a delicious orgasm. "Then you, uh ... I ... oh, shit."

Elliott's hand replaced his mouth, stroking long and deep. "And then I fuck you senseless?"

"Oh yeah," he gasped, the first wave of cum shooting straight in the air.

The man's mouth covered the head, allowing further spurts to coat the back of his throat.

Adrian panted, gasped and moaned as the intense sensations went on longer than he'd ever experienced.

When he finally stopped shuddering, Elliott was cleaning his cock from base to tip with long, smooth strokes of his tongue. "Sorry about that," the man said quietly. "I was so overcome with lust, I had to speak. I almost missed the party."

"You did just fine." Adrian ran one hand over the back of the man's head, and cradled his face. "Better than fine. That was the best blow job I've ever had."

Elliott wriggled himself up next to Adrian's body, and pressed his hard erection into one thigh. "It was good for me, too. I loved your description of what's going to happen next. I almost came hearing you tell about it."

"I, uh, only want to do whatever you like, sir."

"I like very much." He pressed his mouth against Adrian's and they kissed. Pulling back, he added, "The way you described it is just how I pictured it in my mind. Then later, we'll dry off and make our way to the bed." Moving one hand lower, he fingered Adrian's dick as he watched his face. "You have a fantastic cock. I'm very anxious to have it inside me. I love a nice, hard fuck."

"I hope I can oblige, sir."

"No doubt about that." He kissed Adrian once more, tongue tracing every detail along the edge of his teeth. "Later, when morning comes, we can suck each other off. I love the taste of you, Adrian. I'm not sure I can get enough."

"We'll have plenty of time." Adrian kissed him back, his head spinning with desire. "I promise you'll get your fill."

Elliott leaned back and grinned. "I'll remember you promised."

He reached out for the man's hard prick. "You ready for phase two? I've got a spot that's aching to be filled right now."

"Let me get the lube and condoms." Elliott stepped from the steaming water, heading into the suite.

Adrian watched him go, erect cock and heavy ball sac dangling between the man's shapely legs. He wondered briefly how old his employer was. It didn't matter; the man was in great physical shape. Hard and firm in all the right places.

He stretched his legs, sinking down to his chin under the water for a minute. It was warm and inviting, and for the moment he didn't want to rise up. When he saw his lover return with a tube of lubricant and a foil packet, he changed his mind. Grinning, he flopped to the side of the tub and rolled over, extending his ass into the air.

"Now, that's a lovely sight." Elliott dropped back into the water and grasped both ass cheeks firmly.

Adrian glanced over his shoulder. "So were you, walking toward me with your thick cock and heavy balls swinging. Got me hot, just looking at you."

"Flatterer." Elliott nuzzled his face into Adrian's butt crack.

"I didn't mean to sound like—"

"Shhh," the man licked the crack from bottom to top. "Tell me more. I must admit, I'm a fan of flattery."

Adrian smiled, and then gasped as the man tongued his anus. "That feels good. I meant what I said; you looked hot walking toward me. Your cock is long and perfectly shaped. You have a great body for—"

"For a man my age?" Elliott finished the thought.

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Yes you did." He nipped at the fleshy part of one ass cheek.

"Hey!" Adrian jumped.



"Sorry, I didn't mean it."

"You're bad," Adrian teased, calming as the man licked the bite mark.

"Are you saying I'm a big pain in your ass?"

"Oh yeah." He squirmed as one slick finger slipped into his tight channel.

"I'm about to become a bigger one."

"I hope so." Adrian braced himself as the finger pulled out. Another digit joined it, stretching him marvelously. When those fingers had done their job, he fidgeted. He knew what came next. He wrote the script. "I really hope so." He closed his eyes and listened to the sound of the foil packet tearing. A moment later, the tube of lubricant landed on the floor next to the tub.

"You ready for this, sexy?" The thick tip of Elliott's erection nudged his hole.

"You don't know how ready." Pressing back into the man, the firm staff slipped in and he moaned with pleasure.

"I'm so glad to hear it." Elliott eased his cock forward gently, with tender care.

Adrian groaned when the man was fully seated. Balls slapped his ass, firm hands gripped his waist. "That's it."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" He pulled back slowly and eased the rod in again. "So fine, so perfect."

Gentle friction drove Adrian to the brink of another exquisite orgasm. Fully extended below him, his cock was pressed against the soft side of the tub. "More," he pleaded.

"Always in such a hurry. Sometimes patience has its rewards, my boy."

"Never been one to have much patience," Adrian admitted, gritting his teeth. "I know what I want, and I want it *now*."

"Ah, a man after my own heart. I'm usually that way, too. But, I do know the longer we can stretch this out, the more it'll be worth the wait. You'll see." He withdrew his cock to the edge, then sank it in again slowly.

"You're killing me!" Adrian groaned.

Elliott laughed. "When you fuck me, you can take it as fast as you like. It's my turn now, and I like it slow. Very slow."

Adrian cried out as an orgasm washed through him, sending spurts of creamy cum into the water below.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah." Elliott gripped him tight. "I can feel shudders wracking your body. Hold still for a minute, and soon you'll feel them wracking mine."

"Come on!" Adrian thrust his ass back, begging to be filled. He wished he hadn't insisted on the condom, though it was the sensible thing to do. At that moment, he wasn't feeling very sensible.

Waves of delight soared through him. He clutched the side of the tub as Elliott emptied into his ass. With the man sucking his shoulder as he ground out his climax, Adrian thought it was the most erotic moment he'd ever shared with another person. He didn't want it to end.

In the back of his mind, he knew it would. The moment would end, the night would end, and the arrangement would eventually end. Common sense told him that's how it had to be. As the final waves of pleasure sailed through him, he realized, he didn't care about the fifty thousand dollars. If he

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could have this—the way he felt at that moment—that was all he needed in life. *To hell with the money.*

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## Chapter Two

Adrian woke up to sunshine filtering through the drapes. He glanced around, trying to get his bearings. The room was mostly dark, the big bed empty. He sat up.

"Good morning." Graham Elliott sauntered naked from the bathroom. "How did you sleep?"

"I didn't think we were going to sleep. For a while there, I thought you might go all night long."

The man chuckled. "Would that I could. Unfortunately, I've got meetings from eight thirty this morning until well into the evening. I needed some rest to make it through my day."

Adrian stood, moving in front of him. "I hope you got enough."

Elliott reached for Adrian's morning erection. "Not sure I could ever get enough. Oh, rest, you mean? Yeah, I only need a few hours." He tugged the shaft. "This is what I might never get enough of."

Adrian thrust his hips forward. "At your pleasure, sir." He'd discovered early in the night—whatever pleased the other man, was fine by him.

Elliott squeezed his shaft, drawing it back and forth. "Ah, my pleasure, you say. Well, my pleasure would be to take you back to bed and keep you there for days. We might surface occasionally for food and drink, or a shower. Unfortunately, life rarely works the way we want it to. Right now, I'm afraid I've barely got time for that shower."

Adrian pressed himself closer. "I'll call in sick, if you will."

Booming laughter filled the room. "Nice idea, sexy guy. Not sure I could get away with it, though—especially when housekeeping shows up here in a bit."

"That could get interesting. Okay, how about the shower, then? I'm good with a bar of soap."

Elliott pumped the turgid erection one last time. "I really don't have time, babe. It's after eight."

"I'll be quick." Adrian cupped his hand over Elliott's and walked him backwards to the large, stark white bathroom, and the spacious shower they'd already used once. He flipped the nozzle on and adjusted the temperature.

"Why do I think, this is not going to be quick?" Elliott grinned, his own erection waving.

"I might surprise you." Adrian pressed the man against the tile wall and drew the silk curtain. Reaching for the soap, he lathered Elliott's chest and waist, then dropped to his knees before the man's cock.

He soaped the area briefly, and then dropped the bar back into its dish. Using one hand, he rinsed and stimulated Elliott's cock. The other soapy hand, he slid between the man's legs, where one slick digit penetrated his anus.

"Oh, my." Elliott braced himself against the wall. "Maybe I can be a few minutes late."

Adrian grinned and sucked the full length down his throat. He was intimately familiar with the handsome organ already. It had a slight lean to the left, which didn't matter in the least when it was pumping down his throat. Sucking harder, he added a second finger to the tight rectum and probed.

"Yesssss..." the man hissed. With just a little more stimulation, his cum burst forth, filling Adrian's mouth and coating his throat.

He sucked hungrily until Elliott shoved him away, caressing his face. "That was amazing, Adrian. Your lips are divine. I can't decide where I like them best—pressed against my own, or wrapped around my cock.

"Two equally wonderful choices." Adrian kissed his way up the man's body. When they were face to face, they kissed, tongues delving deep. "I want you," he whispered when they parted.

"I wish we had time for more." Elliott pressed him against the tiles and got on his knees.

"This works for me." Adrian gasped as the mouth drew him in. He'd lost count of the number of blow jobs he'd gotten the previous night. The number was obscene. He hoped they could top it the following night. "Yeah, suck me. I love the way you take me all."

Elliott murmured something intelligible, his suction deepening. He massaged Adrian's balls until they drew up in their sac.

"Christ, yeah!" He grabbed the man's head as he came. Pressing Elliott's face into his groin, he emptied his warm load down the willing throat. As his shockwaves subsided, he released his boss's head, embarrassed. "I'm sorry."

Elliott chuckled as he rose. "For what? I love your intensity. When we make love, you don't have to apologize for anything."

"Thanks. That was great."

"Yes, it was." One last quick kiss, then Elliott soaped and rinsed, then passed the bar over. "We need to hurry."

They dressed without speaking, but Adrian's mind raced. *'When we make love'* were the words he had uttered. Had it felt like more than just sex to his employer, too? He couldn't leave without asking when they could be together again.

They were both ready to go when he faced Elliott. "I had a really great time."

"So did I, Adrian." He seemed distracted. "Where did I put my keys?"

Glancing around, Adrian spotted them on the coffee table. "Here." He reached for the ring and handed it over.

"Great, thanks. I guess I'll see you around."

Adrian hesitated. "Are we going to, um..."

The man looked at him, his face reflecting the slightest bit of irritation. "What? You want your money, is that it? I assumed I'd pay you after the third night. Unless you don't trust me."

His heart sank. Of course, they'd see each other again. He'd sold himself for three nights. Whether he wanted to meet again or not, they would. That was the arrangement. "No, I trust you completely. I just wondered when our next—encounter—would be."

He waved his hand. "I'll have to get back you. I've got a big convention starting today, and then a delegation from Japan. I'm sorry, Adrian. I've really got to go. Duty calls."

"I understand. Okay then, goodbye." He felt as awkward as a schoolboy, and couldn't wait to get out of there. He

hurried down the hall and pressed the down button on the elevator panel.

"Talk to you soon," Elliott called as the doors closed between them.

\* \* \* \*

Adrian felt like an idiot. He'd been swept away by the passion of the night; had forgotten it was all just a man-for-hire deal. Graham Elliott had a life that would never include him—*he owned the casino, for fuck's sake!* Adrian was a foolish waiter-slash-bartender with big dreams and a perpetual hard-on that usually brought him nothing but trouble.

He hurried through the casino. With over four thousand rooms, it was a massive place, easy to get lost if a person didn't pay attention. Adrian was distracted, but knew exactly where he was going, and hit the front door with a relieved sigh. No one had stopped him for friendly small talk. The idea of chatting with his coworkers turned his stomach. He needed to go home and unwind, *attempt* to rid himself of the thoughts and feelings for Mr. Elliott.

Walking at a brisk clip, he made it to the boarding house in record time. He slammed and locked the door to his room, then dropped onto the sofa, feeling sorry for himself.

He'd struggled as a boy in California when his parents were out of work. Things got better when his father landed the job in Vegas, for a while. The old man gambled as much as he earned, racking up huge debt. Adrian worked after school, giving every dime to his mother. She worked long hours



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herself, but did her best to always make sure he had what he needed.

Then came the medical bills. Hospitals were relentless. They let him make payments, but that was the end to their generosity. Now, as the man of the family, the obligation was his and they never let him forget it.

Remembering the fifty thousand dollars he'd coerced from his boss caused his gut to churn. He didn't want to take the money. Time spent with Mr. Elliott had been better than he'd hoped, and it felt wrong to accept cash for it.

His more realistic side knew how far that money would go toward eliminating what was owed. It wouldn't cover everything, but it could make a huge dent.

Kicking his feet up, he stretched out on the sofa. Long forgotten muscles twinged from the sensual workout his body had endured. He'd never experienced a night like that in his life. Remembering he had two more evenings with his boss to look forward to, his excitement rose. *But then what? Would it end, just as suddenly as it began? Would the man move on to someone else easily, without looking back?* The idea wrenched him, knowing he could never do that himself.

Adrian rolled to his side. There was time for a nap and a bite to eat before his shift. He needed to put the night out of his mind, a task easier said than done. He'd fallen into a deep case of lust for Mr. Graham Elliott. Merely thinking about the man made him happy. Closing his eyes, he smiled.

\* \* \* \*

Several days passed with no sign of his employer. Adrian knew the convention—of porn stars, no less—commanded most of the man's attention, but it was held in a different part of the casino. He saw plenty of gorgeous people come and go, and along with the rest of the staff, trying to guess which of them might be actors in sexy movies.

His coworkers had plenty of comments about the guests, pointing out the large-breasted women and well-endowed men. Nothing Adrian saw turned him on in the slightest, until Mr. Elliott walked by.

Dressed in his usual stylish, dark suit, the man looked as goddamned gorgeous as he had lying on the bed beneath Adrian. It was a great memory—spreading the firm thighs wide, fucking him missionary style, playing with his cock until they both exploded. The recollection firmed his rod up nicely, and he stepped behind the bar to hide the bulge.

He watched, until his boss was out of sight. The man hadn't glanced in his direction, and Adrian's heart sank. He felt like a sad pup, waiting for his master to make eye contact, or offer a pat on the head as he walked by.

The next few days were no better. The porn convention ended, and most of the beautiful people left. *Graham's Aces* returned to its regular clientele, people of all colors, shapes and sizes. Never a dull moment, Adrian used to think, but most of his moments were dull these days. When he saw Elliott escorting a group of Japanese businessmen through the casino, he experienced his first spark of excitement in a week. The man looked him in the eye, but didn't show any sign of

acknowledgement, then walked on. Adrian felt lower than low, and slunk behind the bar.

He caught a glimpse of his reflection in the mirrored wall. He looked even more pathetic than he felt and decided, at that moment, enough was enough. Straightening his back, he set his shoulders. Adrian had self-respect, and intended to act like it. He'd stop panting after Elliott. If the man wanted him, he knew where to find him.

\* \* \* \*

It took another week, but Elliott finally sought him out. "Keeping busy?" he asked in a low voice, approaching the bar one evening.

Adrian stared at him without smiling. "Comes and goes. Mostly. And you?"

"Always." He smiled. "Busier than I'd like, sometimes. I've barely seen you around. I've missed you."

"Really," Adrian commented, without enthusiasm. "The couple times we did see each other, you bent over backwards ignoring me."

"When?" Elliott appeared surprised, then waved his hand. "Doesn't matter. I told you, I've been busy as hell. I haven't had a minute to think, or be by myself."

He felt a twinge of guilt, realizing the man's high profile lifestyle did keep him running. "Sorry."

"Nothing for you to be sorry about. If I didn't see you, I apologize. My head's been spinning the past couple weeks."

"Sounds like you need a night off." Adrian didn't look up, wiping at a spot on the bar with his rag.

"I agree. I was thinking Thursday night, actually."

"I have to work." His heart was in his throat. He tried to act uninterested, but knew he wasn't successful.

"Only until ten. I checked."

Adrian glanced at him. "Don't want to cheat you out of two hours."

Elliott grinned. "I think we can make up for it. Can I expect you Thursday, then?"

He feigned hesitation. "I'll have to clean up here, punch the clock, and make my way upstairs." Glancing at his boss, he smiled. "I'll see you at ten-oh-two."

"Not a minute later!" Elliott laughed as he walked away.

Adrian's heart raced. He couldn't believe how easily he forgave the man, and agreed to meet him. His mind wrapped around the fantasy, until reality crashed down around him. It was *business arrangement* for his boss, nothing more. He was so infatuated he kept forgetting that one detail. That one *huge* detail.

\* \* \* \*

Adrian almost backed out of the meeting several times while working Thursday. His mother hadn't been feeling well; he thought about using her for an excuse. Then he remembered the first night he spent with Mr. Elliott, and admitted how much he longed for another just like it.

He arrived at the suite at five after ten.

"You're late," Elliott teased as he opened the door.

"Blame my boss. He's a real slave driver." Adrian slipped into the room, as the man locked up behind him.

"Yeah, I heard he could be a son of a bitch." With no preamble, he pressed his body against Adrian's, pinning him to the wall. "Work, work, work..."

"Brutal." He smiled before their lips met, parting each other's with a quick swipe of the tongue. They kissed hungrily, the two weeks since their last meeting apparently weighing as heavily on the older man as it did him.

"God, I've missed you, Adrian. It was all I could do to keep from jumping you in the bar the other night."

"A floor show might have improved my tips."

He chuckled. "Come with me. I've got a few tips for you."

Adrian allowed him to drag him to the bedroom. "I could probably use a shower," he murmured, while Elliott stripped him.

"I need a hot, tight ass to fuck. I refuse to wait a minute longer. After that, you can shower all you want." He leaned Adrian over the side of the bed.

"Shower can wait," he mumbled. He clutched the sheet of the turned down bed as his ass cheeks were spread. The man was ready for him, with lube and at least a dozen condoms on the nightstand. "Oh, Jesus. It can wait, but I'm not sure I can."

"Me either." A slick digit reamed Adrian's tight hole, plunging in and out several times. "I want this, bad. Judging from your puckering anus, you want it too. My finger sank right in."

"Don't want your finger. I'm ready for your cock. Plant it in me, balls deep."

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"Yesss," Elliott hissed as he obliged. He worked the shaft in and out gingerly a few times, then rammed it deep.

"That's it!" Adrian's heart pounded as he backed into the man, pressing his butt higher. "God, yeah. That's perfect."

"So perfect," Elliott agreed, caressing Adrian's ass cheeks for a moment, before continuing to drive in and out, hard and fast. "So damned good!" He gritted his teeth.

"Yeah," Adrian muttered. His cock rubbed against the bed each time his body was plundered. The friction of the quick thrusts was exquisite. He humped the bed aggressively, causing his lover to press deeper. "Oh, shit!" The first orgasm took him by surprise, arriving quickly, spewing hot cum all over his body and the sheets.

Elliott's laughter was a low rumble, changing into something more growl-like when he too exploded. He latched onto the hips before him and squeezed, pumping his seed in spurts.

Adrian sighed with satisfaction. The warm heat in his ass tempered the stinging, burning sensation of being ravaged so suddenly, and so intensely. He figured there'd be red welt fingerprints on his hips, but he didn't care. He welcomed the sensations feeling alive again. At that moment, he only wanted more—more kissing, more touching, more white hot monkey sex—whatever the man had to offer. He wanted the night to last forever.

\* \* \* \*

"You're bleeding." Later, soaking in the bathtub, Elliott dabbed a washcloth against Adrian's nipple. "I'm afraid I got a little carried away."

"It'll heal." Adrian shrugged, leaning his back against the man's chest. "I want you to get carried away again. I never want it to end."

The older man nuzzled his neck, caressing his chest lightly. "So tell me, Adrian. When did you 'come out' as being gay? Were you a boy, or a man?"

"I'm not sure I ever 'came out'. I never kept it a secret. When I was in high school, I figured it out, and just went from there."

"You told people? Your parents?"

"Sure. My mom was okay with it. She wanted me to be happy. My old man wasn't thrilled, but as long as he didn't have to witness it, he didn't care. We didn't talk about it."

"That's not how my parents would have been," Elliott mused, leaning back against the tub. "They didn't mind gay people, as long as they weren't in their family."

"You never told them?" He glanced over his shoulder.

The man shook his head. "They would have freaked. They're both gone now, but I still carry that mindset with me. If I were to tell anyone, they'd go nuts."

"I can't believe you've never told anyone. Not even Celina?"

Elliott laughed bitterly. "Celina, now there's a joke. She's a nearly alcoholic, shopaholic. We live in two totally different worlds."

"Why do it? Why feel like you have to pretend? She must be costing you a bundle."

"It's easier than facing the truth."

"People don't care if someone's gay anymore, Graham." Adrian used the name cautiously. "It's not a big deal."

"I guess it is to me. I'm just not as easygoing about it as you are. I doubt I ever could be."

Adrian picked up the washcloth and eased it over his shoulder, onto the man's neck. "I could help you."

"Help me, how?" Elliott scoffed. "By coming out as my boy toy? How would that look? I'm almost twice your age."

Dropping the cloth, Adrian turned to face him. "Answer me this. How old is Celina?"

"What does that—?"

"Just answer me, please. How old is she?"

"Twenty-six."

"I'm twenty-four. We're nearly the same age. So age isn't really the issue, is it?"

"Of course it's not. The issue is that you have a cock."

"One that you enjoy very much, I might add." He wriggled against the man's chest, pressing their groins together.

"No doubt about that. I do love your cock. But I'm not ready to come out, Adrian. I'm not sure I ever will be. You'll have to accept that."

"I'll accept it, if that's how you feel. I'd do anything for you, Graham." He captured the man's gaze.

"You would, wouldn't you?" Staring back, their eyes locked.

"Anything," Adrian confirmed with a nod.



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Elliott kissed him, and they sank down into the water.

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## Chapter Three

"For the last time, I've really got to go." Graham eased his cock from Adrian's anus and dropped to the side of the bed.

"I've already blown off my first appointment this morning."

"So you could blow me off. I appreciate that."

"Which made me so horny, I had to fuck your sweet ass, one more time. You're killing me, Adrian, you really are."

"I'm doing my best, sir." He grinned as the man rose.

"You, stay there. I'm going to shower. I don't want your help. If you join me, I'll be at least another hour late."

"Staying put." Adrian sank into the covers. He was exhausted; they hadn't slept more than a few minutes all night long. Their marathon night of sex had taken them from the bed, to the hot tub, to the living room sofa, to the bathtub, and back to the bed, for the most wonderful night he could have ever imagined. He closed his eyes, dozing.

Graham woke him with a kiss to the forehead. "Stay as long as you want. I'll leave a message for the cleaning people to wait until tonight. You need some sleep."

"Sleep," he agreed drowsily, and shut his eyes again.

When he next looked at the clock, it was noon. He stumbled to the bathroom and peed, then stood under the shower spray to revive himself. When he was fully awake and clean, he turned off the water, reaching for a towel.

Graham had all the necessary toiletries, so he used what he needed then returned to the bedroom. Trying to remember where he left his clothes, he wandered naked through the

suite. On a hanger by the front door he spotted his uniform, cleaned and pressed. A small cleaner's bag held his socks and underwear. Adrian smiled. He wouldn't have to run home before work. Graham had thought of everything.

He dressed, then decided to check out the refrigerator for something to eat. Half a pepperoni pizza caught his eye, he grabbed a piece and ate it cold. Scanning the kitchenette, he spotted a white envelope on the bar. His name was written neatly on the front.

Opening it, he pulled out a check from Graham for fifty thousand dollars. In the memo he'd written, *'obligation fulfilled, paid in full'*. Adrian blinked. Last night hadn't felt like an *obligation* to him. He had to talk to Graham.

Careful to remove all his things from the suite, Adrian closed the door behind him. He rode the elevator to Graham's office on the tenth floor, mulling over in his mind what he wanted to say.

The pretty blonde receptionist smiled at him brightly. "May I help you?"

"I'd like to see Mr. Elliott, please."

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I think he'll see me. Tell him Adrian Scott is here."

She lifted her phone and pressed a button. "Mr. Elliott, Adrian Scott is here to see you. He doesn't have an appointment—okay, yes, sir." She replaced the receiver on its cradle. "You can go in, Mr. Scott." She lowered her eyes demurely, eyelashes fluttering.

"Thank you." He ignored the flirting and walked into the big office.

Graham and Carmen Gray stood behind his desk, leafing through files. "Hello, Adrian, I have five minutes before I have to go into a meeting."

"I only need three." He looked his lover squarely in the eye.

Graham acknowledged him with a terse nod, then said to his assistant, "Could you give us a moment, please?"

"Certainly." She gathered some papers and stepped into an adjoining office, closing the door.

Adrian looked at him for a moment before pulling out the check. "What is this?"

Taking a seat in the chair behind his desk, Graham crossed his arms. "I'm sure you know what it is. The pre-arranged amount."

"Our agreement was for three nights. This says *obligation fulfilled*."

A slow smile spread across his face. "I think it's been more than fulfilled, don't you?"

"I never thought it was an obligation. From the first night, it felt like something different to me."

"I know it did. Last night only reinforced those feelings, I could tell that. You're too involved, Adrian. This was supposed to be casual fun. I wasn't looking for more than that."

"I wasn't either," he admitted truthfully. "I agreed to do it for the money. But now I don't give a damn about it." He ripped the check in several pieces and tossed them in the trashcan next to the desk.

Graham shook his head. "You shouldn't have done that. I intend to pay you, Adrian. I think you must really need the money." He pulled a checkbook from his desk drawer and began writing.

"I do need it, but not this way. I won't accept it this way."

Tearing the check out, Graham glanced up. "Why do you require so much cash? Are you in trouble? It's not drugs, is it? Or gambling? I won't finance a nasty habit."

"You're my only nasty habit," he muttered bitterly.

Graham smiled. "I thought so. I can tell things about a man, and I never took you for an addict."

He opened his mouth to reply, but his employer cut him off. "I'm not talking sex addict, either. You're perfectly normal in that department, a young, healthy, vibrant man. I've enjoyed spending time with you tremendously."

"Then why?" Adrian blinked back tears. He hated that he was on the verge of crying, but the idea of never seeing Graham again ripped his heart to shreds.

"Don't look so sad. This is exactly the reason why, Adrian. You're too involved. You're infatuated with me, and spending one more night together isn't going to help that. It'll just make it worse."

"I thought I was infatuated with you, but I'm not. I love you, Graham. I want to be with you."

"No, no, no." He stood, walking around his desk. "It's not love. It's pure, physical lust. We had fun together, you and I. I'm going to miss it. But, we could never have anything more. I explained to you last night. I'm not prepared to come out of the closet. I'm afraid I'll always be secretly gay."

"I can keep a secret." Adrian lunged at him, grabbing his lapels. "I won't say a word to anyone. Just come and go as you desire. Please..."

"Stop it!" Graham's voice was commanding, low and firm. He slipped his arms around Adrian and pulled him close. "You deserve better than that. You're a gorgeous young guy. Find someone as open as you are, and live your life the way you want to—not how someone else wants you to." Pressing his lips against Adrian's, they kissed firmly.

Adrian tasted his own salty tears, and pulled away, embarrassed. "I'm sorry. I'm not usually such a candy-ass. But when something's important to me..." He stared Graham in the eye. "You're important to me, Graham. I love you."

"Thank you. Thank you for feeling that way, and for giving me two of the best nights I can recall. I'll treasure the memories." He turned to his desk and picked up the second check. Facing Adrian, he folded the paper and tucked it into the uniform pants pocket. "Cash this one. If you don't, I'll track down your mother and give it to her. If I do that, I may have to tell her what you did to earn it."

Adrian wiped his face with the back of his hand. He wanted to say more, but worried that additional tears would spill. Turning his back abruptly, he dabbed at his face to make sure it was dry before walking out. "Tell her I let my heart get broken." He placed one hand on the doorknob when Graham spoke.

"It wasn't intentional, believe me. I would never have done that to you."

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"Yet, somehow you did." Adrian opened the door and walked out.

\* \* \* \*

He worked his shift, trying to act as if his life hadn't been turned upside down. Business was slow, and when the floor manager asked if anyone wanted to leave early, he jumped at the chance.

At home, he stared at the check, wondering what to do with it. He tucked it into his sock drawer then reconsidered, deciding to keep it in his wallet, on him, rather than leave it in the crappy building, in an even worse neighborhood.

Glancing around the room, he imagined what fifty thousand dollars might buy. A lease on a nicer rental was tempting. The Harley Davidson was a pipe dream, but dreaming about a decent place to live wasn't being extravagant. He'd seriously consider it.

Changing into jeans and a sweatshirt, he walked the four blocks to his mother's apartment. Her neighborhood was nicer, the building old, but clean, and not infested with anything that he knew of.

Knocking twice on the door, he opened it and let himself in. "Hi Mom. How are you?"

There was no reply, so he wandered down the hall to her room. Finding it empty concerned him. "Mom?" The last room to check was the bathroom, where he found her sprawled on the floor. "Mom!"

Her eyes opened weakly as he cradled her head. "Adrian? What happened?"

"I don't know. I just found you here. Are you hurt?"

She straightened her arms and legs one at a time. "I don't think so. I felt dizzy. I remember getting up for a drink of water."

"Come on." He helped her up, leading her back to bed.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I should have been here."

"You have to work."

"Work sucked today. I'd have rather been here."

Watching her climb into bed, he realized how frail she looked. She'd never been heavy, but now, she was more like a ninety-eight pound weakling.

"What's this?" He scooped some dark fuzz from her pillow, and his hand began to shake.

"Just what it looks like, my fine locks. They told us this would happen with the chemo, remember? It hadn't up to now. I noticed it yesterday."

"God damn it!" He stomped across the room to the trashcan and dumped the handful of hair.

"It's just hair, son. It'll grow back."

He looked at her, continually amazed at her optimistic disposition.

"Eventually," she added, and smiled.

"You're something else." He shook his head.

"Been through this before, with your daddy. When his hair started falling out, we shaved it, remember? Made it easier to deal with. Think you could find a razor and do that for me?"

He tucked the covers around her and sat on the edge of her bed. "You really want to do that? Dad was bald as a cue ball."



She chuckled. "I know. Maybe you can find me a pretty scarf to wrap around my head. I just think it'd be easier to get it over with, when I say so."

He nodded. "I'll bring a razor and a scarf tomorrow, Mom. Can I get you anything now? Are you hungry?"

"No, thanks. I just want to sleep. You should run along. It's Friday night, isn't it? Don't you have a date or anything?"

"Nope. I just got off work."

Maria Scott yawned. "You work too hard. You need more fun in your life, son."

"I had a date last night," he said softly. "It was a lot of fun. Tonight, I think I'll stay here with you. I'll crash on the sofa, in case you need me."

"I'm glad you went out, and had a good time." Her eyes closed. "If you want to stay, that's fine. I'm just going to shut my eyes for a minute..."

He leaned over and kissed her forehead. Standing, he dimmed the light and left her room. The apartment was small, and there was no place else to go but to the comfortable, old sofa in the living area.

Adrian knew what the fifty thousand dollars would go for. His mother suffered from advanced pancreatic cancer, and while the chemo bought her time, the prognosis wasn't good. At first, he thought a full time nurse would be beneficial, but seeing her now brought reality smack in his face. She needed him, not a nurse. He'd quit his job and take care of her for as long as was necessary, or until the money ran out.

Tending bar and waiting tables paid the bills, but they weren't his dream jobs. He wasn't really sure what his ideal

job was, but he figured he'd have plenty of time to think about it. He'd give the floor manager at *Graham's Aces* two weeks' notice, and ask if he could work part time those two weeks.

The idea of not seeing Graham again stung. He was tired, and as anger over the day's events crept in, it mingled with his grief. Graham had made his decision. It was clear from the beginning, he was the one calling the shots. Adrian had no say about anything.

He reached into his wallet and pulled out the check, examining it again. He had no say, no control, and no choices about what happened in their relationship. He sold those rights for fifty thousand dollars. "*Fifty thousand dollars,*" he said out loud. The words tasted bitter in his mouth.

\* \* \* \*

His supervisor said he was sorry to see Adrian go, but agreed to cut his hours back for the final two weeks of his employment. Adrian contacted the local hospice, and found a volunteer who was willing to sit with his mother while he worked. He thought about simply quitting, not giving notice, but knew it was the wrong thing to do. He'd worked for the *Aces* almost two years, and would need a good job reference from them.

"*Obligation fulfilled,*" he said to himself, punching the time clock one last time. Walking out, he glanced around the casino, but didn't see anyone he knew. No big farewells, because he hadn't told anyone but his manager he was leaving. He hoped to escape with as little fanfare as possible.

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Walking out through the big glass doors, he thought how strange it was he hadn't seen Graham in over two weeks. He usually caught a glimpse of him occasionally—unless the man had purposely made himself scarce. *Of course he had!* He knew exactly where Adrian was, and had probably avoided that area, at all costs. It was hard for him, too. Adrian knew it was, and thought it was a damned shame things had worked out in the manner they did.

He'd been too busy to dwell on it, and walking to his mother's place, realized the heartache had lessened a little. It was still there, and if he let himself think about the sexy man with strong arms and muscular thighs, he could easily sink back into depression. His mother needed him. He was done with everything else, for the time being. His only worry was his mother; making her as comfortable as possible, taking care of her, and cherishing her, as she had done for him when he was a boy.

\* \* \* \*

Three weeks of caring for his mother full time left Adrian more worn out than hustling at the busy casino ever had. It was a different kind of tired, leaving him exhausted by the end of each day. He'd polish off the rest of the soup, or whatever food he'd made for her that she barely touched, before falling asleep on her sofa, resting fitfully. Later, he'd waken when he heard her cry out in the night, comfort her with a cool washcloth or drink, and see that she fell back to sleep.

She was dozing quietly one evening when the doorbell rang, and Adrian jumped. No one ever came to visit. He hadn't heard that bell in ages.

Shuffling to the door, he opened it, and got another surprise. Graham Elliott stood in the hallway. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to rat on you to your mother for not cashing my check. Then I was going to kick your ass for quitting your job." He frowned. "Looks like someone beat me to the ass-whoopin'."

Adrian smiled. "Yeah, life. It's been a long few weeks."

"Can I come in?"

He glanced back at the messy apartment. His clothes were strewn about the room, and dishes littered every table. "It's not—uh, we weren't expecting company."

Graham pushed past him and stepped inside. "I'm not company. But, wow, you could use a bulldozer in here."

"Mom would have a fit if she realized it," he admitted, closing the door.

"Where is your mother?"

He nodded toward the hall.

"I'd like to meet her."

"She's in no condition—"

"I understand that. You think she'd mind if I said hello?"

Adrian was too tired to argue. "She'd probably enjoy the company. This way." He walked to her room and turned a lamp on. "Mom, someone's here to see you."

"Oh?" Maria shifted in bed, sitting up slightly. "I'm not fit for company." She touched the scarf on her head.

"I'm not company," Graham repeated, entering the room.  
"I'm Graham Elliott, a friend of Adrian's."

"He's actually my boss." Adrian tossed him a sidelong glance, not feeling very friendly.

"Mr. Elliott! I'm so pleased to meet you. I've heard nothing but good things about you. Come, sit down." She motioned to the chair by her bed.

"Thank you. I've heard lovely things about you, as well."  
He sat, smiling.

"Adrian loves his job. It's so nice that you've given him this time to spend with me. I told him I didn't need him here all the time, but I have to admit, it's been a blessing."

Adrian watched the exchange, noticing how pale his mother looked compared to Graham's tanned skin. Her eyes appeared sunken, with deep circles around them. She looked like hell. He turned and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He didn't look much better.

"We're so glad Adrian could be here for you," Graham told Maria. "He seems a little tired. I wonder how you'd feel about a nurse coming in for a few hours here and there, to give him a break? I think he could use it."

"So do I!" she exclaimed. "I've told him to go—take a shower, get some rest, whatever. He just won't leave me."

"I'd like to arrange for that nurse. With your permission, of course."

"Thank you." She held up one hand, and Graham took it.  
"I really appreciate your taking care of my boy."

"My pleasure." He gazed at her warmly, and squeezed her hand.

"We're going to go talk, now," Adrian told his mother. "We'll be right out here if you need anything." He glanced at Graham, who stood, then walked out.

"Go ahead, I'll be fine." Maria closed her eyes.

Adrian dimmed the light and pulled the door mostly shut behind him. They went to the living room, where he shoved a pile of clothes to the floor so they could sit.

"Not sure even a bulldozer would be up to this task." Graham pulled out his cell phone and punched a button.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting you some help. I promised your mother, didn't I?"

Before Adrian could refuse, Graham spoke into his phone. "Carmen, I need you to arrange for a private nurse. A few hours a day, starting immediately. Tell her there'll be a large bonus if she can start now, and be here within the hour. Then grab someone off the cleaning staff. Offer them double pay for an easy couple hours work. I'll give you the address."

Adrian listened in disbelief. When Graham finished the call, he asked, "Why are you doing this?"

"I promised your mother."

"That's not what I meant." He gazed into the blue eyes that had turned his world upside down, searching for answers.

Graham studied him for a moment, then set his jaw. "Listen closely, Adrian, because you might never hear me say these words again. You were right, and I was wrong."

He blinked. "Excuse me?"

A smile played at the corners of his mouth. "You look so cute when I shock you. I'll have to remember to do it more often."

Adrian rolled his eyes. "Sorry to be dim, but I'm beat. I have no idea what you're talking about."

"I'll try to make this perfectly clear. I was wrong when I thought I could dismiss you, and go on with my life. It's been horrible. I realized after just a few days that you'd gotten to me, Adrian. Try as I might, I couldn't get over you."

"Really." He bit back a smirk.

"Stop it," Graham snapped. "At least be a good sport. You won."

"Oh yeah?" He moved his face closer. "Seems to me, we both won."

"Good point. Anyway, I'm sorry. I should never have pushed you away."

"That's true." Sitting back, he crossed his arms. "And now you expect me to take you back with open arms."

"I hope you'll consider it."

"What exactly am I considering?" Adrian looked at him. "Being your boy toy? Secret lover on the side? I think I have a right to know what you're offering."

"Of course, you do. First of all, I should tell you—Celina is gone. I sent her to a very nice spa in California for a few weeks. When she's done there, she's moving home to her family in Arizona."

"I see." He didn't, but his stomach churned with excitement at the possibilities.

"I'm not sure how easy it's going to be for me to come out. I only know, I'm ready to do it. You showed me it's the right thing to do."

"For me. I can't speak for you, Graham."

"Yes, you can. I think you might know me better than I know myself. I want to do this."

"Then, I'm here for you."

Graham glanced around. "This is definitely a better neighborhood than that creepy old boarding house you listed as your address. But, I don't want you here, Adrian. I want you with me, in my penthouse. I have several job openings you can choose from, some in marketing, a floor manager position—you can choose. If you agree."

He finally smiled. "Of course, I agree. I couldn't ask for anything more. I love you, Graham."

"I love you, too, Adrian. I want to be with you. I've wasted so much time." He glanced toward the back bedroom. "I believe we've both seen that time is precious, not something to be squandered away."

Adrian followed his gaze to the bedroom. "You're right about that. You know I can't leave her. I need to be here, for as long as it takes."

He covered Adrian's hand with one of his own. "As long as it takes. I know that. But, you're not in this alone, anymore. I'll do what I can, and the nurses will help. When they're here, you get some rest, and decent food. I don't want you getting sick."



His shoulders shook as the burden he'd been carrying shifted. Adrian buried his face in his hands, embarrassed as tears fell.

"Come here." Graham pulled him into his chest. "Let it out. This has been a heavy load for you." He rubbed Adrian's back lovingly.

Adrian glanced up, and they kissed. "Thank you," he murmured.

Using his thumbs to wipe away the tears, Graham winked. "Why don't you hop in the shower and clean up. You'll feel better. I'll sit with your mother, and when the nurse gets here, we'll go out. I think a change of scenery will do you good."

"You don't have to—"

"Don't tell me what I have to do. I'm doing exactly what I want. Stop giving me trouble."

Adrian stood and smiled at the love of his life. "I'm nothing but trouble, haven't you figured that out?"

"Yep. I decided I could use a little trouble in my life. A little shaking up." He gave Adrian's body the once-over. "I think you'll fill the bill, just fine."

"I'm completely exhausted. You know that, don't you?" He made an apologetic frown. As much as he wanted to be with Graham, he was dog-tired.

"I can see that. I'm not looking for anything tonight. I thought I might call my masseuse. A nice, relaxing massage, followed by a big steak dinner, sound good?"

Adrian groaned, and padded toward the bathroom. "That sounds wonderful."

"This is about more than sex, you know," Graham called after him.

He stopped and looked back, clutching the wall for support. "It is, isn't it?"

"Damn right it is. Now, get in the shower, and I'm going to sit with your mom. She seems like a very special woman." He stood and moved to the hallway.

"I think so." Adrian nodded.

"I can't wait for you to meet my Aunt Tess. She's seventy-three, and passes through town on her way to Sturgis every August."

"Your seventy-year-old aunt goes to a motorcycle rally?"

"Seventy-three, she'll correct you if I don't. She's gone to Sturgis for as long as I can remember. I usually fly to California to see her over the holidays. She's a little nutty—too much dope smoking, I think—but she'll love you."

"You calling me nutty?"

Graham patted his ass. "In a good way. Shower. Go."

"Going." He made his way to the bathroom and peeled off his second day clothes. It was relaxing standing under the water spray, not having to listen for his mother. His cock even made an appearance as he thought about Graham, and what lay before them. Perhaps he wasn't as tired as he'd thought.

He changed into fresh clothes, and then wandered back to his mother's room. Graham sat by her bedside, reading aloud from her favorite book of poetry. Her eyes were half open, and with the smile on her face, Adrian thought she looked

happier than she had in a long time. He leaned against the doorframe, admiring the view, until the doorbell rang.

The nurse and the cleaning woman arrived together, and he explained what needed to be done. Walking the nurse back to the bedroom, he saw Graham lean down and kiss his mother's cheek. "The nurse is here, now. I'm going to take Adrian out for a bite to eat. I'll see you tomorrow, Maria."

"Thank you, Graham." She cradled his face for a moment before her hand fell.

Adrian made introductions before the men slipped out. He inhaled the crisp air deeply. "What a beautiful night."

"Seems pretty much the same as last night," Graham teased.

"No, it doesn't. It's not the same at all. Tonight, the world feels wonderful."

"I was joking. It does feel great, doesn't it?"

Adrian looked at him. "You wouldn't happen to have a motorcycle."

"I do. It's a beauty. A Harley Davidson Sportster 1200 Custom."

"No way!" Sparks of life returned to his tired body.

"I certainly do. It's in my garage at the casino. Would you like to see it?"

"I'd like to do more than that. I know a secluded spot by the lake. It'd be a fantastic ride on a night like this. Interested?"

"Absolutely!" Graham extended his hand.

Adrian reached for it, and as their fingers clasped, both men smiled.

Nothing But Trouble  
*by Jamie Hill*

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### **About the Author**

Jamie Hill was born and raised in the Midwest, where she continues to live with her husband and two sons. She juggles her spare time to include writing every day, freelance editing, reading as she finds time, tinkering on the computer, listening to country music, as many naps as possible, and watching movies (especially scary movies) with her family. For more information please visit her website: [www.jamiehill.biz](http://www.jamiehill.biz).

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