

*Dreamspinner Press Presents*

# NAP-SIZE DREAMS



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## Brush with Desire by Chrissy Munder

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A couple of apples, some bread, a chunk of that nice cheddar that melted so well when he made grilled cheese... what else had he stopped for again?

The plastic basket felt awkward as it swung on his arm but Brian didn't think he'd have the energy to wrangle one of the carts through the store. Especially as he always seemed to get the one with the wonky wheel.

A quick hit and run. That's all he was here for. Not the rattle, rattle, rattle of the wonky-wheeled cart up and down every aisle. Not that that wasn't fun in its own way when he was just aimlessly wandering and looking at things to add to his shopping wish list.

Oh yeah, creamer. Tomorrow morning's coffee would absolutely suck if he forgot to get creamer. He really should have written all this down. Brian brushed past a man looking at the fruit, turning so he didn't hit the man with the basket. Hmm, that was nice cologne.

The overhead fluorescents were bright, the light given off stark and harsh against the high ceiling. Brian closed his eyes for a quick second and groaned as he tried to remember exactly why he'd thought it such a good idea to stop off for a few groceries on his way home.

He was tired. More than tired, actually, if you added up the total number of hours he'd just worked without a break. There had been a lot of stress lately at the small IT firm he worked for, and via the trickle-down theory, a lot of stress on Brian. You might not have ever have thought there was such a thing as a website emergency. Before Brian had taken this job he sure hadn't.

Now it seemed like there was nothing but one emergency right after another.

Take today, or actually yesterday, when the point-of-sale page for one of their main clients went down. It meant umpteen lost dollars for the client and that in turn meant umpteen lost dollars for the firm.

That all translated to long hours for him until he got it fixed. Brian rubbed his hand across his red-rimmed eyes and let himself imagine the joy of sinking into his bed and falling asleep knowing there wasn't an alarm set.

Not that that happened very often. But once he got his few groceries and made it through the checkout, he would be on his way home for three glorious days of no alarms and no work. Yeehaw.

Ooh, Brian paused. Maybe a treat for Dwayne. To make up for not having been home. Furry fake mice or nummy treats. Which would be better for his unforgiving baby?

Knowing Dwayne, both.

Of course, the furry fake mice were on the absolute other side of the mega-store from the nummy cat treats. A major downer, having to hike the distance equivalent to crossing a small continent, as beat as he was. But the place was open twenty-four hours and as advertised, you could get damn near anything within the walls of the giant box with only one stop, and when your schedule was as erratic as his was, that was important.

"Ouch!" Brian winced as his braid caught on one of the store's endcap displays. Damn, that hurt.

Oh yeah, he needed more hair bands. Despite the embarrassing amount of cat toys that littered their small apartment, Dwayne insisted in thinking that the small rubber bands Brian used on his braid made the best toys and hid them all over the house.

When he was done playing hockey with them on the kitchen floor, of course.

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Brian once again thought that just maybe he needed someone in his life other than an overweight, foul-tempered tomcat. That and he really needed to clean out underneath the stove to retrieve the latest escapees from Dwayne's games. Oh wait, the thought train had taken off on him again. Creamer, Brian told himself firmly. Furry mice, nummy treats and hair bands.

Then home.

Luckily the store was pretty deserted at this hour of the morning. Even so, there was just something weird about walking through the cosmetic aisles. Not quite as weird as having to wander through the feminine hygiene row to get to the personal lubricant and such, but weird nonetheless.

There was some guy kneeling down at one end of the row looking at the assortment of hairbrushes and combs, but Brian was so tired he just wandered past without taking a good look.

That wasn't a good sign – if he was too tired to even take a look, did that mean he was getting old? Maybe he was giving up? Focus, Brian told himself sternly. Hair bands. Of course, there had to be the selection from hell to wade through. Hairbrushes, alligator clips, barrettes. Rubber bands. There they were, all the way at the other end of row.

All-righty then. Time to search through all the madcap assortment of colors and sizes and cartoon characters to find some nice plain, black, fabric bands. Way too much stimulation for his brain to cope with this morning.

Why did it have to be so hard? If he really thought about it, he might say it reminded him of searching through the condom display looking for one particular favorite brand.

Not that he'd done any of that lately, either.

Maybe he should just give up and cut his hair. Brian set his basket on the floor and reached behind to finger the long, dark braid that hung down to his waist. He had been stuck in a bit of a rut lately. Both fashion and otherwise.

There was a nice aroma in the aisle, something kind of familiar, the scent teasing at his nose and Brian looked around to see if there were any perfume displays. No. So where was that intriguing scent coming from? There was nothing here but him and the guy at the end of the row.

Oh.

Brian picked up a package of rubber bands and casually looked over at the man still debating over the selection of hairbrushes. Now that was interesting. Not only the pleasing cologne, but the guy was wearing a suit. A nice, expensive suit at that.

He'd been a waiter at an upscale restaurant a few years back, a way to pay for his IT degree, and even from this distance, Brian could tell from the color and drape that the light wool had cost a pretty penny. And the guy was just kneeling in the middle of the row, uncaring of the dust and wear. Some people's kids.

Brian decided to take a look at some of the alligator clips in the middle of the long row. He did use them to pull his hair up on top of his head sometimes when he needed a quick shower and couldn't be bothered with combing out his hair. The fact the little action moved him closer to the man in the nice suit had nothing to do with his decision. Nothing at all.

Oh, my.

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It wasn't that having moved closer to the kneeling man, Brian could smell the cologne even better. It wasn't even that from what he could see the man had a trim figure and a nice full head of blond hair. No, it was definitely his hands.

Large hands.

Well-groomed hands.

Hands that were calmly and sensuously stroking over the brush in his hand like... like... like Brian wished those hands were touching him. Oh, to be those bristles, the curved wood of the handle.

Brian forgot that his basket was still down by the hair bands; he forgot he was in the middle of the twenty-four hour mega-store. He stood there in a flushed daze and watched as the stranger carefully and slowly felt up the hairbrushes in his search for the perfect one.

And boy, judging by the tent in Brian's thankfully baggy cargo pants, was it getting him hot. Brian wiggled slightly, trying to adjust himself without being too obvious. Although what he really wanted to do was push the heel of his hand down on his unruly dick and tell it to behave.

It wasn't so much that he was tired, even though he was that. It wasn't even the incongruity of the image before him that was so absorbing. It was the care; the thorough and purposeful way the man was running his long and elegant fingers over the brush in his hands.

Like it was the only thing in his world. The only thing that mattered.

Like Brian would love to have someone treat him.

When the man held the hairbrush in one hand and moved his wrist to feel the weight and balance of the brush, Brian's brain was filled with all sorts of nasty, wishful images that he just knew were going to feature prominently in his next jack-off session.

When the man grasped the handle firmly and let the back of brush hit his other palm with a solid smack, Brian bit his lip to keep from whimpering out loud as he imagined the sound that would make on his own ass, the pink flush that would rise up on his bare skin and the deepening mark it would leave behind.

Nasty, wishful images indeed.

Apparently the brush in his hand met all the stranger's requirements as well as Brian's, and he stood effortlessly upright. As he turned his gaze caught Brian, who was unable to do anything but stand there like a drooling deer in the headlights. With a hard-on.

Brian couldn't help the blush that swept over him, pinking his neck and cheeks with painful color.

He was so busted.

The line at the register was horribly long. Brian's feet hurt from all the walking around the store, the basket hanging off his arm had gotten impossibly heavy and he just wanted to get this over with and get home. Why was this so difficult?

The fact that he was mortified beyond belief didn't help matters. If he thought about it, he just might start to cry with embarrassment. God, what an idiot he must have seemed. Brian could only

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cringe as he thought of how he must have looked standing there open-mouthed and flushed with an obvious hard-on.

The guy was only looking at hairbrushes, for goodness sake. A simple act that people did every day. Instead of just minding his own business, Brian had to turn it into his own private little kink fantasy. In public, no less.

Like the guy in the nice suit would have anything to do with Brian even if he was into a little extra-curricular festivities. Brian looked down at his wrinkled clothing. There wasn't much call for dress-to-impress when you were keeping company with a computer screen. But even so, what the hell was that stain on the front of his t-shirt and how long had it been there?

Brian moved the basket, holding it in both hands to cover his chest and the offending stain. His first reaction once the man had walked confidently past him had been to just run out of the store. But he needed the few groceries he'd put the effort into picking up, and he needed the treats to bribe his way back into Dwayne's good nature if he even hoped to be allowed in the apartment door.

So Brian had shuffled his way back to where he'd left his basket and slunk shamefacedly through the store, hoping to avoid seeing the tall stranger. He was afraid the man would be ahead of him at the checkout, but while there was only one line open, the man wasn't anywhere to be seen.

Thankfully.

The cashier was moving at the speed of molasses and Brian couldn't decide what was worse, having to listen to an irritating remixed-rendition of "Knock Three Times" for the fifth time as the cell of the man in line ahead of him kept ringing, or having to listen to the actual conversations once he answered.

Crap. There it went again. Nothing against Tony Orlando and Dawn, but could the guy maybe afford to download another ringtone? Please? Like immediately?

Brian knew it cost a lot to keep the store open twenty-four hours – what with the cost of lights and heat and who knew what all else. But honestly, would it break them to have more than one freaking cashier working?

Just about the time he was ready to cut his losses and deal with an empty fridge and the wrath of Dwayne, it was finally Brian's turn and he upended the plastic basket onto the moving conveyor belt with a sigh.

The cashier just ignored him, she was still punching buttons and finishing up the sale of the cell phone guy and Brian fussily started straightening his items on the belt. Uh huh, there it all was. Could he advertise his single and spinster-like state any louder?

Yes sir, nothing spelled excitement and I'm going home alone like a few apples, some bread and cheese, a half-gallon of milk, furry fake mice, hair bands and...

A hairbrush.

What?

THE hairbrush.

The one the man in the suit had been caressing.

On the conveyor belt. From HIS basket.

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Brian stared at it like it was a snake before he reached out one finger to touch it, just to see if it was really real. Maybe he was home already and he was just reliving his embarrassment in a dream.

It was solid. Real. Heck, Brian almost thought it was warm. Like the man's hand had just left it.

How in the hell did it get into his basket? Brian looked around quickly but no one else appeared to have noticed anything unusual.

"How ya doing?" The cashier questioned perfunctorily as she began scanning his items.

"Yeah. Fine," Brian responded, unable to take his eyes off the hairbrush. It really was a nice one. Expensive. The handle appeared to be real wood with a smooth grain. The bristles according to the tag were natural boar bristle. With hair as long as his, Brian appreciated a good hairbrush.

Why in the hell was it in his basket? And more importantly, what was he going to do about it? Brian risked a look around at the people in line behind him. Could everyone tell what he'd been thinking about when he saw it? Did he have "I want that man to come and spank me raw" written all over his face?

"Uh... that's not..." Brian stopped as the cashier looked up at him.

"What?"

"The brush..." He pointed at it as it lay on the conveyor. Looking at him.

"Yeah?"

Brian looked into her bored eyes and tried to form the words that would explain, coherently, what was going on.

"It's... it's..."

Harder than he thought since he didn't know what was going on.

The conveyor belt stopped as the cashier took her foot off the pedal.

"You want it or not?"

Oh, what the hell. Brian nodded.

Brian supposed he wasn't the weirdest customer the cashier had rung up that morning. But he sure felt like it. He swiped his card and took his groceries, feeling the weight of the bags in his hands and wondering which one she'd put the hairbrush in.

He couldn't help himself from peeking into the bags. There it was. This was all pretty strange but he'd worry about it later. Home. Home was waiting. Dwayne was waiting. His bed was waiting. He'd worry about his new hairbrush later.

In an effort to avoid the crowd of cars by the front entrance, Brian always parked at the side of the store. It was about the same distance to walk and he didn't come out to find someone had jammed a cart up against his door, or parked so tight that he couldn't even get his door open. Sometimes his fellow men could be real assholes.

So once he left the double glass doors, Brian turned right and started walking to the side of the store. The garden section was closed but he could still smell the faint perfume of the flowers and



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hear the tinkle of the wind chimes displayed. Maybe he'd get a new one for his patio this year. Something with a nice crystal in it, so that when the sun hit, it the rainbow light could stream in....

When the strong hand grabbed his wrist and twisted it up behind his back, Brian could have reacted a lot of ways. He could have fought back, he could have screamed, he could have twisted and turned and pulled his arm away and run.

But Brian didn't do any of those things.

It was something inherent to his personality, a response he couldn't help that turned his body liquid and let him simply flow along with the forceful shove up against the wall. Taking it and waiting for more. He was the other man's to command – he simply couldn't help himself.

He was already hard when his chest hit the chill concrete wall.

The lighting was dim on this side of the building but Brian's eyes adjusted quickly; he could make out the texture of the block wall in front of him. He was panting slightly at the unexpectedness of the attack. But he wasn't scared. Not really. He was too turned on for that.

He could smell the cologne of the man behind him as his bags were taken from his hands and placed on the ground beside them.

"Hey! What the hell's going on?"

It was the man from the store behind him, he could tell that much from the cologne. God, he was big, Brian could tell that from the size and heat of the body as it pressed up against him.

"All right, asshole. Enough with the jokes." As hot as this was, he wasn't going to be a total pushover. Brian bucked his hips, searching for a weakness, a way to turn the man's own weight against him, but only felt the return thrust of a rock-hard erection against his rear.

Feeling the size of the cock pressed up against him, Brian hoped like hell this wasn't a joke.

He could hear the sound of hot breath behind him, feel it touch his skin like a flame with each slow exhalation that teased his neck. The slightly salty tang of male sweat pulled at his senses. He knew that distinct aroma, knew it intimately. Just hadn't been this up close and personal with it for a while.

"Did you buy it?"

The voice was low and husky and Brian shivered at the thought that the sound came from the man in the suit.

"Buy what?"

There was a long pause and then the response, when it came, was low, almost a growl as muscular arms reached around his body and pulled both of his to the front and enfolded them in a tight grasp.

"Do you want to play games with me? Or do you want to play games?"

Hello, sunshine. Now there was an idea.

Brian let his weight sink back against the strong support of the man behind him in answer to his question. He shook his head slightly, the movement sending his braid rocking like a pendulum before it gently settled down against his back.

"Did you buy it?" The question was repeated.

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“Yes.” Brian forced the word out, his reward a rough nip of sharp teeth on the skin of his neck exposed by his braid.

“Good.”

As his lips parted to speak, to question, one of those long, elegant fingers he’d watched in the store appeared in his line of vision, moving closer until it disappeared as it finally came to rest against his mouth.

“Shhhhhh.”

The soft skin caressed his, tracing the outline of his lips slowly before coming to rest.

Brian tried to direct his mind to order his body to struggle. To do something. Anything other than just give in to the first big, strong man to touch him in what seemed like months. His traitorous body seemed to have other ideas. And his mind kept replaying the image of the hairbrush smacking against the palm of the large hand.

Games, huh? God, but he only wished.

Still keeping Brian’s arms in front of his body, the man’s hands traveled down Brian’s shoulders and upper arms, strong and warm on his cool skin. Brian shivered again in response.

There was a pause before he covered Brian’s hands with his own, entwining their fingers and then raising them slowly as if they were one. The stranger kept his hand on the outside of Brian’s, directing their movements.

Brian could feel their joined hands as they pushed up and under his t-shirt, brushing the underside of his pecs before their fingers began to lightly circle his nipples, caressing closer and closer to the now tightening centers before moving in to grasp the hard buds and roll them between their fingertips.

“Aaaah.” Brian’s moan was soft and low, barely audible as his body responded to the familiar touch of his own fingers and the added spice of knowing they were not in his control. His head fell back against the shoulder behind him and his breath began to quicken.

The shot of adrenaline from being grabbed and forced up against the wall, his body’s craving for the satisfaction, both these things worked against Brian’s common sense. It didn’t matter he was outside the store; it didn’t matter that someone could walk by and see them. There was pleasure to be found right now in the dark and unknown. And he wanted it.

Releasing the pinch on Brian’s nipples, the man moved their left hands upward towards Brian’s mouth. Soon both of their index fingers were trapped in the wet cavern as he carefully covered them with moisture before they were returned to daub the swollen tip of Brian’s left nipple. He could feel the small, instinctive movements of his hips in response to the caress and knew that the man behind him could, too.

Slowly the man played with Brian, using his own fingers to tug and pull at Brian’s nipples until they were hard and pointed. With a low chuckle, he lowered one set of hands carefully down Brian’s abdomen, moving under his baggy cargos to the nest of curls below.

Oh man!

Brian spread his legs willingly, his back slightly arched, his chest pressed up against the rough wall. Brian was moaning now in earnest, wanting the pleasure to continue. And he wasn’t disappointed.



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Keeping control of their hands, the man moved them between Brian's legs and shoved the loose waist of Brian's pants down to his thighs while he grabbed hold of Brian's hard and leaking cock.

About fucking time! Brian wanted to yell. But he groaned instead.

Brian's hips bucked as he was stroked. The sensation was deliciously different from his usual self-gratification. The combined grip was tighter and the feel of the large hand in conjunction with his own, well, the sensation was enough to make him whimper.

He was unable to keep his hips from circling, pressing himself harder and harder into their joined hands. This was hot and dangerous and everything he didn't know he needed to unwind from the stress of work.

When one of Brian's hands was released, he pressed it up against the rough brick in front of him. Brian was gasping now, groaning with each thrust of his hips into their hands. More fingers were at his lips, demanding moisture.

"Good and wet now."

Brian nodded eagerly, sucking on the fingers and pressing against the rough wall in front of him when they thrust their way into his body and began to match the rapid movements of his hips.

"Burns," he groaned.

"Is it good?"

Brian just nodded again and the fingers inside him kept moving in and out, twisting and refusing to give him any chance to catch his breath or reason.

It didn't matter that the wall was cold and hard against his exposed chest; Brian just pressed himself harder against it. There was roughness and some discomfort, there were certainly going to be marks, but it only served to further fuel his excitement.

It seemed like it had been so long! Brian could feel his balls drawing up, the sensation spiraling at the base of his spine. Sensing the moment was near, his partner released Brian's hand and placed his over Brian's mouth in time to stifle his scream of pleasure.

Brian could hear the soft grunt of pain the man gave as he bit down sharply on the fingers in his mouth, his come jetting out of his body and coating the wall in front of him.

Shit. Shit. Shit. Oh God, but that had been good .

His hands finally free, Brian reached behind him, searching for the hard pole that had been jammed into his back and rear during the whole hot episode. It was only fair. And oh boy, it was still hard. The man pressed himself forward, trapping Brian's hand between their bodies, rubbing himself against Brian's palm for a moment before he pulled away.

"Hey!" Brian exclaimed indignantly. "I had plans for that."

The man behind him just laughed. "Let's make them a little more private."

Brian turned within the circle of arms and stared into the blue eyes of the man from the hairbrush row. "You finished your shopping?" he asked breathlessly.

"I got everything I was looking for." The man pulled Brian's t-shirt down and picked up his groceries, handing them over to Brian with a smile. "How about you?"

"And then some," Brian agreed.

The drive from the mega-store to Brian's small apartment didn't take long, but Brian was overly conscious of the headlights of the vehicle behind him. Just breathe, he told himself. No one has to know it's been ages since you brought someone home. You're calm, you're cool, and oh shit, Brian thought, he was anything but collected.

Games. The tall blond stranger had promised him games. Be still his beating heart. And it would seem that even though he'd just blown a nut on the outside of the mega-store (would he ever be able to walk by there again without thinking about it – Brian thought not!) Brian's dick was already busy doing the Happy Days Are Here Again Dance – complete with big band accompaniment.

Some might think that being roughly manhandled by a stranger shouldn't be anyone's idea of a good time. But to Brian, well, man, this was such a great start to his days off! The best start to any day in he didn't know how long. Huh, when exactly was the last time he'd brought someone home?

Oh, wait. He was bringing someone home! As in to his place. As in was it clean? When was the last time he'd changed his sheets? Did he have any clean sheets? Did he leave any dishes in the sink when he'd left for work this morning, sorry, yesterday morning?

Just breathe, Brian told himself again as he pulled into his usual parking spot and watched the car following smoothly maneuver into the open spot right beside him. At least he didn't have to worry about Dwayne's litter box. That was one thing he was very careful about keeping clean. Mainly because if he didn't, Dwayne would be pissed and there was nothing worse than a pissed-off Dwayne.

"Oh my God!" Brian exclaimed in shock as he shut his car door. "I forgot about Dwayne!"

"Your boyfriend?" The man in the suit leaned casually against the door of his own vehicle.

"No, jeez." Brian chewed nervously on the end of his braid, a bad habit he'd never been able to break. "My cat."

"You don't want Fluffy to watch, we can lock him in the bathroom. What's the big deal?"

At first, Brian was horrified at the casually spoken words. Lock Dwayne in the bathroom? What kind of monster was this guy? No sex was that good. But then he saw the humorous sparkle in the blue eyes and smiled back. "You don't know my cat," he said ruefully.

Brian tried not to think about what had happened the last time he'd brought someone home. He still didn't know what he could have done to prevent it, despite what the rep for his renter's insurance had said right before they'd cancelled his policy.

So fine, they'd never paid out for a cat bite before, especially not in that area. It wasn't Dwayne's fault that he was genetically programmed to attack anything that twitched. Especially something that small.

Sometimes Brian thought he could still hear the scream.

"Here, let me help you with those." One of the grocery bags was effortlessly taken from Brian's grasp as he stood there motionless and momentarily distracted by his memories. "Lead on." A warm hand rested low in the center of Brian's back, urging him forward.

That was such a nice feeling, just that small gesture of caring left him all kinds of warm and tingly. Just as quickly as the thought crossed Brian's mind, it was replaced with a swift and urgent plea. Please God, this time let Dwayne behave, please! Brian couldn't help but whisper the little prayer out loud as he fumbled for his keys; difficult, as his dick was still doing The Dance.

"What the hell is that?"

They were standing outside Brian's apartment door and the noise Brian had just been questioned on was coming from inside the apartment.

"Uh, that's just my cat, Dwayne." Brian tried not to cringe at the angry sounds clearly audible through the door. Ouch, and scratching too. There was no way the apartment complex was ever going to give him his security deposit back when they got a look at the back of that door.

It was totally apparent the cat gods weren't listening to him this morning, that and Dwayne was obviously unamused by his extended absence. Brian risked a glimpse over at the man standing beside him.

"Just a cat." They listened for another second. Dwayne certainly was in fine voice this morning. "You're sure about that? It's not some rabid timber wolf trapped by mistake?"

Another time, Brian might have appreciated the dry humor. But he had a chance at getting laid here. And he didn't want to blow it. Well, he did. But, well, he knew what he meant. Breathe, Brian reminded himself once again as his thought train tried to veer off track.

"He's a little unhappy. I haven't been home since yesterday morning." Brian took a deep breath and opened the door. "Daddy's home," he called out as he entered, carefully gesturing behind him when he didn't see any sign of Dwayne, who had vanished as soon as the door had opened. "And he brought company."

They walked into the small kitchen and Brian placed his bag on the counter before reaching for the one the other man carried behind him. He hated to admit how worried he was that Dwayne wasn't waiting for him in his usual spot on the kitchen counter. "Why don't you go ahead and have a seat? It will only take me a minute to put these away."

The kitchen was separated from the living room by only a small breakfast bar and it was there that Dwayne had decided was the perfect place to spring his ambush. As Brian's horizontal rumba partner (he hoped) walked toward the couch, Dwayne gave a fierce growl and with amazing speed and stealth for his size, all fifteen pounds of him leapt at the suit-clad leg.

"Dwayne?" the man asked calmly, looking down at very large cat laying sideways on the floor, front claws wrapped around his ankle while the back claws were busily rabbit-kicking against his leather shoes.

"Dwayne," Brian agreed with a grimace. "I'm sorry about your pants. I could never bring myself to have him declawed."

"He's a beautiful animal." Ignoring both Dwayne's hiss and Brian's instinctive "Careful!" he reached down and let the cat sniff his hand. "Have you had him long?"

"Since he was a kitten. He's what the vet calls "overly-bonded" with me," Brian said weakly.

"A jealous baby." The tall form carefully scooped up the large tabby, supporting Dwayne's weight in all the right places while he whispered something Brian couldn't hear into the cat's ear. "Possessive. I can understand that."

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Brian looked on in amazement as Dwayne licked one of the large hands that held him and loudly began to purr. "I can't believe he's letting you hold him."

"He knows we're going to come to an understanding. Why don't you finish with the groceries and then join us on the couch?" The blue eyes warmed as they looked at him and Brian's dick, which had taken cover at the depressing thought of Dwayne tearing the man's leg to bloody shreds, began to perk up once again.

"Sure. Uh... would you like something to drink; a beer or soda or something?" Brian wiped his hands nervously on his cargos.

"Water would be fine." The lean form folded easily down onto Brian's shabby couch.

"I'm Brian, by the way. What's your name?"

Boy, did Brian feel stupid. This was by far the hardest part of a pickup. Hot sex was all well and good. It was the painful and fumbling moments in between the hot sex that left Brian feeling so awkward.

"Dale."

Brian took a bottle of water out from the fridge and walked over to the couch where Dale was busy scratching Dwayne under the chin, unmindful of the fur that was getting all over his suit.

"He's never willingly sat in anyone's lap before but mine." Brian couldn't help but be amazed.

"I simply had to remind him that self-control is of the essence. It's what separates a superior beast like Dwayne from the masses." Dale looked up at Brian. "Are you done with the groceries yet?"

"Oh, sorry. I'm just so surprised." Brian flushed as he was caught staring once again.

"Bring it to me when you're done," Dale said casually as he turned his attention back to Dwayne, stroking and petting the soft fur and Brian couldn't help but let his gaze follow the caressing motions of his hand.

Oh, yeah.

IT.

Brian practically saw the capital letters in his mind as he ran back to the kitchen.

Brian was strangely breathless as he walked back into the living room with the hairbrush cradled in his hand like an offering. He wasn't sure what to expect from Dale and the uncertainty was thrilling.

"Sit on the couch beside me, Brian. Put your back toward me."

The low voice was commanding and Brian shivered in reaction. He had left a kitty light on for Dwayne when he'd left and the light wasn't bright enough to totally illuminate Dale's face, the result an intriguing mix of shadow and darkness. Brian sat down on the sofa and heard Dwayne's small growl of complaint as his weight shifted the cushion beneath them.

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Dale stretched out his hand and gently took hold of Brian's braid. "I was fascinated when I saw you in the store. All this hair, I could just imagine how it would look spread out like a satin curtain, brushed until it gleamed with a soft shine."

He tugged gently at the braid, pulling Brian's head back. Dale's lips brushed Brian's for the first time, his voice husky as his words painted pictures in Brian's mind that made him feel special. "I guess you could say it's a small kink of mine."

"Really?" Brian could barely form the word coherently and his fingers tightened on the smooth wood of the brush. Dale's lips were close enough to his that they were sharing each breath.

"Really." Dale let his lips drift over Brian's jaw to the underside of his ear. "Do you like the hairbrush?"

"It's... it's beautiful." Brian tried to follow the conversation, really he did. But goose bumps were rising on his skin with every caress and any remaining blood in his brain was traveling south in big way.

"I picked it out with you in mind." Dale's breath was warm on Brian's ear. "Did you know that?"

"Noooo." Brian tried not to squeak when Dale's teeth closed gently over his earlobe, but honestly, how could he not?

Dale stroked his hand down Brian's long braid until he came to the band holding the end fast. He removed the elastic band, and as he began combing the strands out with his fingers, Brian shivered again. Every nerve ending he had was beginning to tingle.

Oh, this was just too fantastic.

Dwayne had watched the proceedings with his usual detached and disdainful interest, but once the small rubber band had been removed from Brian's hair his tail quivered and with a low growl and a skillful swipe of his paw, he snagged the band before rolling off Dale's lap and onto the floor with his prize.

"Give me the brush, Brian," Dale commanded softly and Brian jerkily thrust the brush up toward the other man.

"No, no," Dale chided. "Slowly. Carefully." His fingers tightened their grasp in the long, dark hair, tugging until the taut tension in his hand traveled up to Brian's scalp. "With control."

Oh, God. Brian took a deep, sucking breath in and then exhaled slowly. Okay, he could do this. Really, he could. Slowly he reached up and offered Dale the hairbrush that had started his blood pumping from the moment he'd first seen it in Dale's hands.

"Very good." Dale took the brush and dropped a kiss on Brian's still outstretched hands.

"Oooohh." The touch of the warm lips on his palm made Brian shiver again, and Dale laughed softly as he settled Brian closer between his thighs, before he started at Brian's scalp and brought the hairbrush slowly and carefully down to the ends of Brian's hair in a long, slow stroke.

"Beautiful," Dale said huskily. Brian just nodded, lost in a slow and sensual daze as Dale brought the brush back to top of Brian's head and started the long stroke once again. "Do you like this?"

Brian tried to form words, he really did, but all he managed was a strangled rasp in the back of his throat. He tried nodding again instead.

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“So tell me about yourself.” Dale’s voice vibrated deep in Brian’s belly, those large, capable hands continuing to slide the brush through his hair with a hypnotic motion. What? He was supposed to talk?

“Uh...” Brian coughed, trying to ignore the squeak that had slipped out again. “I’m an IT guy. I work with websites mostly. Troubleshooting. You know.”

“Interesting work.” Dale was humming now, some tune that Brian thought he recognized but maybe not. Still the brush kept its steady pace through Brian’s swath of hair with no signs of stopping and Brian couldn’t help moaning, just a little.

“It beats waiting tables, even with all the overtime.” Brian was actually pretty proud of the way he was managing to carry on a real conversation and hadn’t yet dissolved into a drooling puddle (much). “How about you?”

“Nothing so exciting,” Dale shrugged as he ran one hand caressingly over the smooth, thick curtain of hair he’d brushed into a glossy shine. “I’m an architect. I had a meeting with a client who wants me to draw up some plans to remodel his lake house and insisted I see it in the early morning light. Lucky me, I decided I wanted a mango for breakfast after but didn’t have any at home.”

“Lucky me,” Brian repeated. He really couldn’t help himself, his eyes were closed, his head was drooping forward onto his chest and the only thing that was managing to stay upright on him during the mesmerizing motions was his very hard dick, happily throbbing away with every stroke of the brush.

But wait a minute, Brian struggled to stay conscious. This really wasn’t very fair, or even very hospitable of him. He had, after all, already gotten off once already and he could certainly feel Dale’s hard erection poking him in the back.

“May I?” Even as Brian softly asked permission, he was turning and sliding off the couch onto the floor, barely missing Dwayne busily occupied tooting his prey. Good thing he’d bought extra hair bands today. Brian scooted forward on his knees until he was between Dale’s legs, his hands grasping the firm thighs on either side of him.

Blue eyes smiled down at him with an approval that warmed Brian as he slowly moved his hands to the zipper placket bulging before him. The only sound in the room was the low rasp of the zipper as Brian pulled it down and the firm flesh beneath found freedom.

The scent of aroused male was heady. Tangy and musky – just the way Brian liked it. As far as everything else went, well, with his up close and very personal view, Brian had to admit that as far as cocks needing to be sucked, this one was right up there on his all time top five list.

Maybe even his top three.

Nice and thick, red and swollen, Dale’s cock was a sight to behold, definitely living up to any and all promises it had made when pressed up against his ass outside the mega-store. It quivered at the touch of Brian’s breath, blood pulsing through the large vein that knotted its way up the straining length.

Sweeter still was the liquid glistening on the crown, pearling at the top and then slowly gliding down the side. Proof that Dale, while outwardly controlled, was just as aroused as Brian, who felt his mouth actually begin to water as he stared at the little slice of heaven directly in front of him.

But while he could admire the fine cock all day long, Brian really wanted to taste it. He leaned forward and pushed aside the material of Dale’s pants, running his tongue over the furry balls resting



heavy and inviting in front of him and enjoying the small exhalation of breath that was Dale's only response.

Brian loved being on his knees, almost as much as he loved sucking cock. There was something about this position, about being ready to service the man before him that he found both liberating and empowering.

The knowledge that all he had to do was reach out and with a single touch he could take control of the situation was heady. It wouldn't be easy, not by any means. Brian knew a challenge when he saw one and Dale was definitely going to be a challenge.

He was so looking forward to driving Dale out of his mind.

Brian reached up behind his neck and pulled his baggy t-shirt off over his head, exposing his pale skin and slightly tightened nipples to Dale's heated gaze. Dale's cock throbbed, bobbing as Dale shifted his position on the couch.

Gottcha! Brian thought smugly as he ran his palms over his nipples for just a second, letting his fingers linger on the scratch marks from their earlier encounter before he tossed his hair back over his shoulder, watching as Dale's eyes followed the heavy weight of hair as it moved. Brian happily grinned up at Dale, all too aware of the enticing picture he presented as he knelt between Dale's legs.

It was time to turn up the heat. With practiced grace, Brian shifted back until his ass rested on his heels. He lowered his gaze, letting his long lashes feather onto his cheek, and smiled demurely upward.

"You are quite a handful aren't you?" Dale chuckled and ran his fingers lightly through the hair that had fallen back over Brian's shoulder as he enjoyed the show.

Brian just smiled and started with Dale's left foot, raising it up to his eye level and sliding the calfskin loafer off with care. Next he slowly removed Dale's sock, rubbing his hands over the high arch and soothing the little lines left behind.

"Large hands. Large feet," Brian winked at Dale. "It's definitely my lucky day."

He turned his attention back to the foot he cradled, using his thumbs against the sole and working upward to the toes with firm strokes. He made sure to press with a little more firmness on his favorite reflexology points, especially the pelvis pressure point in the base of the heel and the adrenals. Every little bit helped, he told himself.

Brian carefully rolled the delicate phalanges of each toe between his fingers and his thumb, tugging slightly while he admired the well-kept nails. You could tell a lot about a person by the little details. Dale's head had relaxed back against the couch, eyes heavy lidded and closing fast. With another grin, Brian wrapped his mouth around Dale's big toe and began to suck.

"Shit!" Dale's eyes flew open and he stared down at Brian happily licking his foot and sucking strongly and suggestively on each toe before gliding his teeth over the sensitive arch. Certain he had Dale's attention once again, Brian picked up a handful of his shining hair and used it as a towel to gently wipe his saliva from Dale's skin.

Dale's cock had gotten even redder, the head even more swollen by the sudden congestion of blood. Brian smiled happily at the sight. Oh yeah! Brian thought proudly. Looks like someone's enjoying this.

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He heard the sharp intake of breath Dale gave as Brian switched his attention to Dale's other foot. The sensations would be more intense now that Dale knew what to expect and anticipation would raise his level of arousal.

Of course – Brian gave a tug at the crotch of his cargos – it was certainly raising his own as well. He did so love being in control like this. Brian made sure to move a little slower on this foot, drawing his movements out and keeping Dale hanging right on the edge with suspense before deciding it was time to change things up a bit.

“Can I suck you?” Brian whispered quietly.

“Yes!” Dale hissed as, seemingly unable to help himself, his hand reached out again to card through Brian's hair and lightly touch his cheek. He wrapped his other hand around the base of his cock, squeezing slightly as he panted.

“Let me feed it to you.” Dale's voice was as quiet as Brian's, but more urgent.

Brian shifted forward, opening his mouth and running his tongue over his lips in anticipation until they glistened.

Shit. He almost forgot. With a disappointed moan, Brian rocked back onto his heels.

“Rubber.” Brian pulled at his crotch again, soothing his own dick that was voicing its unhappiness. “Be right back.” He knew there wasn't anything in his bathroom cupboards, but if he was lucky, there just might be something stashed elsewhere in the apartment.

Dale stayed sprawled on the couch, legs spread with a sensuous abandon that caught Brian's eye every time he looked over. It wasn't hard to get distracted; Dale's pants were pulled half off and the man was gripping his cock at the base while he watched Brian frantically go through the drawers in the kitchen as he looked for latex.

Talk about pressure.

This was a definite downer, Brian decided as he came up empty-handed yet again and tried to remember just when was the last time he'd bought rubbers. Why hadn't he thought to buy any at the store this morning instead of furry fake mice? Hell, at this point he'd settle for anything made of the right chemical molecules. A rubber glove. A plastic sandwich bag. Cling wrap, even.

Anything.

Just when Brian was ready to scream with frustration, he remembered the gift basket his sister had given him as a gag for his birthday. At the time he'd thought she was just rubbing his single and celibate status in his face like the bitch that she was. Now he promised to remember to send her flowers.

Later.

So where in the hell did he put that again? Aha! Brian wiggled his way out from under the bottom cupboard. Darn thing had managed to end up all the way to the back. He blew the dust off the cellophane wrapping and tore into the basket, showering an amazing assortment of rubbers, lube packets and... was that really a dildo? onto the floor. He was really going to have a few words with his sister.

Much later.

“Everything okay in there?” Dale's voice called to him from the living room.

“You betcha.” Brian checked the expiration date on the foil packet in his hand and raced breathlessly back into the living room. Dwayne had decided to join Dale back on the couch; two pairs of intent eyes watched Brian as he quickly knelt back on the floor. Dwayne was purring loudly as one of Dale’s large hands stroked down his back. Oh yeah, baby, Brian thought. Daddy knows just how good that hand can feel.

“Sorry about that.” Brian ripped at the packet and leaned over towards Dale. He held the top of the rolled latex against the head of Dale’s cock and used both hands to bring the material down the long length. It was so hot, so hard under his hands, Brian couldn’t help but moan.

“Please.” He looked pleadingly up at Dale, all coyness gone from his gaze and only need remaining.

Without a word, Dale slid forward, reaching to grab a handful of hair at the back of Brian’s head to hold him still as he rested his erection on Brian’s parted lips.

“Open for me.” The words slid over Brian’s skin like warm oil.

Brian rested his hands on his knees as he opened his mouth further and let Dale push into his mouth with no hesitation, no gentle feeding him inch by inch in careful increments. No, sir. Just a steady push all the way in and down, spreading his lips wide and hitting the back of his throat and oh, was that wonderful!

There was always something about these initial moments that made Brian quiver. The faint taste of licorice from the condom barely hiding the acrid bite of the latex, the adjustment needed to breathe, the feeling of being used and wanted – all of it so overwhelming and wonderful.

Brian watched as Dale’s eyes closed when he first closed his lips down and sucked. Strongly, fiercely. Dale seemed to know that he didn’t need to be careful with Brian, he just slid further down Brian’s throat, blocking his breath and swelling even larger in his mouth.

Both of Dale’s hands were now fisted in Brian’s hair, strands wrapped around his large hands like reins, pulling Brian’s head forward and back and Brian relaxed into his hold, enjoying the feeling of being taken this way.

Brian could hear the sudden and harsh change in Dale’s breathing. Oh yum! It looked like things were definitely heating up. Brian’s own cock was throbbing and he knew he was whimpering; soft breathy sounds that couldn’t make their way past the obstruction in his mouth as Dale pushed and pushed and then finally pulled back just enough to let air in.

Dale was grunting now as he lost more of his control, moving faster, his hands pulling on Brian’s hair. Small pinpricks of pain sparked along Brian’s scalp, feeding his enjoyment. “Take it, Brian.” Dale’s voice was harsh. “Feel me.”

Brian’s insides felt weak, glowing with pleasure at Dale’s words. He didn’t even have to work at this, no special tricks with his tongue or his teeth or his throat needed. All he had to do was let Dale fuck his mouth like it was the man’s last day on Earth.

He looked up at Dale, his eyes shining with enjoyment. He was giving pleasure, that he knew. Dale was letting him know with each curse and groan. But oh, the pleasure he was receiving. This guy was too good to be true.

It didn’t take long after that. Brian could feel Dale swell, could feel his thrusts stutter and lose their rhythm before he felt the sudden pulse and heat as Dale filled the condom. All Brian could feel

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was sorrow that it was over. Sorrow that he couldn't let that juice roll down his throat and over his tongue.

Dale's hands relaxed in his hair, stroking now instead of tugging, Dale's head resting on top of his as the man struggled for equilibrium. "That was good. That was damn good."

Brian let Dale's cock slip out of his mouth. He carefully removed the filled condom and tied it off, slipping it into the pocket of his cargos where Dwayne couldn't be tempted to investigate. With a smirk, he let Dale relax back against the couch once again and rubbed his head on Dale's knee. His cock was still throbbing but he didn't feel any need yet to take care of things.

He had faith that Dale would instead.

It took only a few minutes before Brian felt Dale's hand on his head, stroking his hair once again. Gentle caresses that relaxed Brian even as they sent tingles of enjoyment down his spine.

"I think you deserve a little reward." Dale's voice was low and Brian raised his head, the better to hear. The hairbrush was back in Dale's hand, moving back and forth and striking Dale's thigh in a gentle motion. "What do you think?"

"What do you think?"

Brian looked at the hairbrush that wagged so enticingly at him and then up at the good-looking man holding it so carefully in his large hand. A hand that Brian could definitely remember feeling on his own skin scant moments before. What did he think?

Holy Short Sheets, Batman! What he thought was that today was better than Christmas, New Year and the opening of that new video game store all rolled into one. Hell, if he had a tail he'd be wagging it at Dale right now, just like a puppy dog.

Of course, if he had a tail and he started wagging it like a puppy dog, Dwayne would disown him. Maybe even eat him first, depending on how hungry his baby was. Oh yeah, where was Dwayne? Brian turned his head even though he kept the steadily moving hairbrush in the corner of his eye. He wasn't losing sight of that, not a chance!

What a big softy. Despite keeping his attention on Dale, Brian couldn't help but smile as he spied Dwayne reclined on the floor beside him. With the hair band tamed and now discarded, the big tabby was rolled over onto his back, that huge furry belly extended upward and his front paws pulled up and dangling over his chest in complete surrender to the joy of the moment.

Brian knew just how he felt.

Dale let the back of the brush hit his thigh with a louder impact and Brian's head snapped back to face him. Dale smiled, all hard edge and gleaming promise and Brian's heart skipped a beat at the sheer menace newly evident in the twist of his lips. "Do remember when our eyes met in the store this morning, Brian?"

Brian just nodded. Jeez, was it really only this morning? He was mesmerized by the mercurial moods of the man seated on the couch before him. The softness of the last few moments had disappeared. Dale's pants were still pulled down, his legs still sprawled apart, his cock barely at rest but his authority, his presence was unmistakable.

"Tell me what you were thinking." The hairbrush continued its slow movement; back and forth like a metronome.

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“I... uh... I...” Brian stammered, stopped and then forced himself to swallow. Control. He could hear Dale’s voice in his head. “I was watching your hands as they handled the brush.”

“No.” Dale’s voice was calm but inflexible. “That’s what you were doing. I want to know what you were thinking.”

Brian closed his eyes, shutting out the distraction of Dale sitting before him and concentrated. “I was thinking about cutting my hair, that I had been in a bit of a rut lately.”

“That’s a good start. It would be a crime, by the way – but go on.”

“Uh... I was thinking about the way you were focused on the brush in your hands. The way it seemed to be the only thing that mattered to you.”

“What else?” Dale must have slid closer to the edge of the couch without Brian hearing him because suddenly there was a warm exhalation against his ear and the words seemed to hover in the air before his closed eyes.

“I wanted to be that brush.” Brian took a trembling inhalation. “I wanted you to focus like that on me.”

“And now?” Dale’s hand was back on the long fall of Brian’s hair, sweeping the heavy length behind one ear and down across his back, stroking the shining surface with a caressing hand.

Brian savored the feeling of Dale’s hand in his hair. It felt so good. This was why he hadn’t cut his hair. Brian trembled as he opened his eyes; he knew they would be large and luminous with the direction of his thoughts, the pupils dark dots of lust. “I still do.”

“Lucky me.” They both smiled at the repetition of their earlier words and then Dale feathered his lips across Brian’s once again. Brian stayed still, his hands pressing painfully into the flesh of his thighs as he fought to keep from reaching out to Dale. This was his show now.

Rather than deepening the kiss Dale pushed away, falling back against the couch and looking at Brian with an intensity that made him want to moan. “I need to get more comfortable if we’re going to get serious. Come and take my jacket off.”

Rather than bouncing to his feet as his first instinct demanded, Brian let his legs unfold slowly and gracefully as he rose to his feet and leaned over Dale. He started at the left arm, one hand tugging at the cuff while letting the fingers of the other slowly grasp the lapel of the suit jacket and carefully pull it off the long arm and over the hairbrush Dale had yet to release.

Dale was a lefty. Not only did he hold the hairbrush in his left hand, but based on Brian’s observations, he tucked himself to the left as well. Brian didn’t know why he found that so exciting but he did. Brian gave a mental snort. Who was he kidding? Everything about Dale was exciting.

Brian was trembling again, his nipples hard points of desire as Dale leaned forward and let him move the suit jacket behind him to repeat the process on the other side. The air in the room seemed thick and heavy as Brian performed the service, his dark hair swinging behind him.

Oh wow, this was just like one of his fantasies come true. The one where Brian was a manservant in like Victorian England or something. Well, except that instead of a hairbrush, the lord of the house the servant attended would usually be holding a riding crop or something like that.

He used to steal his sister’s regency romance novels and, ignoring the actual plot, used to make up all kinds of stories about a servant who secretly lusted after the master of house and the events

that would ensue. Sometimes the servant worked in the stables or out in the grounds, but Brian had really bad spring allergies so he preferred to keep things indoors.

Okay, so just maybe his sister had reason to be mad at him when he thought about the condition some of those books ended up in before he returned them. But it's not like he could've helped himself. And now here was Dale, a walking, talking, forceful example of his fantasies come to life.

Brian almost dropped Dale's suit jacket on top of Dwayne, and then he reconsidered and draped it carefully over the back of the sofa. Dale gave him another one of those approving looks and Brian felt proud he'd made the right choice, even though Dwayne looked disgruntled at having lost his possible new prey and decided to get up and stalk off to his food bowl in disgust.

The shirt Dale wore underneath the jacket was a sheer, lightweight fabric that probably cost more than everything in Brian's closet put together, and Brian swallowed as he rested his fingers on the first button and then pulled it through the small hole. Crisp blond hairs revealed themselves as he managed to undo Dale's shirt despite the trembling in his fingers until it gaped open and exposed his chest to Brian's eager eyes.

Oh hell, yeah! Lean and fit, but not overly muscular. Christmas had definitely come early. And it didn't seem to matter that Brian had come once already himself. He was hard and aching and just dying to get Dale's hands on him again.

"I have to wonder, Brian." Dale was still smiling with that mesmerizing hint of menace as he ran one hand along Brian's jaw line, turning Brian's face to his. "If this..." Dale wagged the brush again for Brian's benefit. "...if this is your idea of a reward, just what is your idea of a punishment?"

If only Dale could see the parade of images that swept through Brian's mind.

Hot images.

Sinful images.

Lustful images.

That was the only way he'd manage to find out because, frankly, Brian was rendered totally incapable of speech by the softly spoken words. Up until now they'd mostly been hidden desires he'd never really thought he'd get a chance to make real. There was something about Dale, though, that made Brian question that long held belief.

"What's the matter, Brian?" Dale dropped his voice just a hint lower, the sound even more melodic and sensuous to Brian's ears. "Is there something you need?"

Oh my god! Brian couldn't help it. He reached down and grabbed himself through the fabric of his cargos. He was going to come right there – just from Dale's voice alone – if he didn't manage to do something!

The sudden pain was sharp; unexpected but crisp and pure as it zinged through Brian's awareness. Dale had smacked his hand with the brush. Once he realized what it had been, Brian whimpered. The urge to come receded for a moment before lust surged through him again, leaving him weak and dizzy. Oh more, please! he silently pleaded.

"Uh, uh." Dale wagged the hairbrush at Brian. "That's for me."

Brian's tongue flickered out to wet his lips; his stomach was fluttering with a mixture of nerves and lust, anticipation flooding through him. He didn't know yet what Dale was going to do but, just



like from the moment Brian first saw him in the aisle of the store, he knew deep down he craved the chance to find out.

“I’m sorry.” Brian managed to squeak out. His breath was nothing but quick little pants of air. Truthfully, he wasn’t the least bit sorry. How could he be? Not if it meant Dale would look at him like that some more. There was a glint of danger mixed with the desire in the deep blue eyes that thrilled Brian right down to his tightly curled toes.

“We’ll see.” Dale gestured for Brian to straighten up in front of him and Brian quickly complied. His crotch was level with Dale’s eyes, his painfully hard erection tenting the loose pants that would have slipped off his hips without the stiffness beneath holding them up.

Dale’s lips twitched. “That looks uncomfortable.” He tapped Brian’s cock lightly with the hairbrush and Brian clenched his hands into fists so hard his nails left painful dents in his palms. Lucky dog, I’m a lucky dog... the words to an old commercial raced through Brian’s mind as he fought not to come. Sorry, Dwayne, Daddy can’t remember the words to any cat songs. Brian wanted to giggle – there went the thought train again.

Dale made quick work of the buttons and zipper on Brian’s pants and with a gentle tug they slipped down to Brian’s ankles. “Come here.” The quiet command sent a shiver of need up Brian’s spine.

Brian stepped away from the material pooled at his feet and his sandals. Before he could think, Dale had flipped him over onto his stomach and across Dale’s thighs as he sat on the couch. Brian loved being manhandled and wow, was Dale strong! Part of Brian thought he should put up some kind of token protest, but he’d wanted this from the moment he’d first seen Dale, and Dale knew it.

“So pretty.” Dale’s hand was warm as it gently rubbed his ass. There was a slight callus to his touch, not enough to be from work; it must be from some kind of sport activity. Not that it actually mattered to Brian, but his brain was racing a mile a minute, his thoughts bouncing around and refusing to settle.

Brian moaned when the warm hand left his ass and pressed on the nape of his neck, forcing his eyes to stare down at the floor. He could feel the hardness of Dale’s resurgent cock, hot against his belly; the press of his own against Dale’s thigh and his breathing quickened even more.

“You need to focus, Brian.”

Dale’s voice was firm and it made Brian shiver with expectation. “Whatever you want,” he managed to pant. Focus? It was all he could do to keep breathing! He didn’t know what to do with his hands or his arms and he moved restlessly before settling them on the floor before him.

“But you want it too, don’t you, Brian?” The hand had left his neck and traveled back down to his ass, dipping lightly into the crease and then out again, teasing more than touching. Brian’s legs spread wider as he instinctively arched upward towards the fleeting sensation. More! More! More!

“Yes. You definitely want this.” Dale was chuckling and for a moment Brian was miffed. Here he was, naked as the day was long, ass up and exposed over Dale’s thighs and humor was not part of the plan. Dale should have been overcome with lust and desire, quivering at the very sight of Brian’s pale, but totally fine ass. Oh, wait, that did sound a little too much like one of his sister’s romance novels, didn’t it?

Dale's fingers danced lightly behind Brian's balls, finding the hidden ticklish spot that no one knew about and suddenly Brian was giggling as well, his momentary snit forgotten. Well, maybe there was something amusing about the whole situation when he really thought about it.

Brian relaxed a little bit more, his legs spreading apart even further as he gave himself over to the security to be found in Dale's hands. They were strong hands, masterful hands. Brian sighed lightly as Dale stroked his butt cheek once more. Wonderful hands.

The sharp tap of the hairbrush against his skin took him by surprise. There hadn't been any warning. Just the gentle stroking of his hair and skin and then sharp, crystalline sensation that spread through his veins like a wildfire.

Brian sucked in his breath sharply as his muscles instinctively tensed. His toes scrambled on the floor but Dale just pressed one hand on his back and tilted him down a bit more to keep him off balance.

The room was suddenly eerily quiet, the sound of the hard back of the brush striking his flesh loud in the silence. Focus? That wasn't a problem now. Every atom of Brian's attention was zeroed in on Dale and the bloom of heat he could feel start at his very center.

The second stroke of the brush made Brian hiss. He'd been expecting it but was still unprepared. Surely there should be some disturbance in the force, some change in the very air to tell him when it was coming.

Damn, but Dale was good. The feeling was warming, but it didn't really hurt. It was still more a mental sensation than a physical one. Brian could feel his weight settle against Dale even further in response.

Brian couldn't help the way his eyes closed on the third stroke, the way his mind spiraled down its inward path. Dale's free hand gathered up a handful of Brian's hair, pulling the long strands taut and Brian moaned at the feeling.

By the sixth stroke he felt as if he were standing on a beach during a moonless night. The dark, timeless sound of the ocean filling his ears, the gravitational pull freeing his inhibitions and sweeping them out to sea with the tide. He was losing his sense of self. Brian felt a moment's panic fill his chest, rushing up and over, threatening to drown him before Dale's voice softly called him back.

"Shhhh. It's okay." The deep voice reached deep inside him. Callused warm hands soothed the sting and Brian felt the fear leave as quickly as it had come over him. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No!" Brian said. He shook his head; dark snakes of hair spilling over his bowed head to his clenched fists on the carpet below as he lifted his burning ass, pleading with his flesh and every bit of his being. "Please don't stop."

Brian had played games before and he had always liked things a bit rough. But never before had he felt taken outside of himself like this. Or was it inside of himself? He felt a little helpless, a whole lot breathless and best of all he felt safer in Dale's hands than he had at any other point in his life.

The brush came down harder. The satisfying sound of each stroke came faster. Brian rubbed his aching cock against Dale, sliding back so that he could almost feel the heated slick of the other man, his ass rising up to meet each blow. He could only imagine how red the cheeks of his ass looked decorated by the brush so forcefully wielded by Dale's hand. Tears gathered at the corner of his eyes, the moisture running down his face but he barely noticed.

God, but Brian was so sensitive it was electrifying. So aware. He felt a part of everything that surrounded him. Best of all, he could feel Dale. He could hear Dale's soft intake of breath as he raised the brush up, his exhale on the downward stroke. The low groan Dale gave as he rubbed his hand over Brian's sensitive flesh and the pulse of his cock against Brian's.

"So damn pretty, just like this." Dale's voice was husky as the words tumbled out with each strike of the brush. "If only you could see yourself. Your skin so sweet and hot to the touch. You were made for this, baby. Made for me."

Brian's breath caught in his throat at Dale's words. He'd never felt sexier than that he did at that moment, seen only through Dale's eyes and the touch of Dale's hand. He was so close to coming. So very, very close. He squirmed on Dale's lap as the man continued to whisper how hot he looked, how sexy he was between each rise and fall of the brush until he didn't think he could take it anymore.

"Dale..." Brian stammered. He didn't want the moment to end, but he knew he couldn't hold out much longer.

"Is it time?" Dale was smiling again, Brian didn't know how but he could hear it in his voice. "Get on your hands and knees for me."

Brian's legs were shaking and he needed Dale's help to slid off his lap on to the floor before him. His arms couldn't hold his weight and his forehead pressed down into the carpeting before he turned his head to the side, cradling his face on his folded palms. A soft paw reached out and tapped at his cheek, seeking attention.

"Dwayne?" Brian murmured dazedly. "Not now, sweetie. Daddy's busy."

Dwayne had obviously gotten bored with the dry crunchies in his food bowl and wandered back into the living room looking for fresh amusement. Apparently Brian on his hands and knees was proving to be an interesting diversion.

But Brian couldn't think about Dwayne right now or take the time to find one of his furry mice and toss it across the room as a distraction. Not when Dale knelt on the floor behind him and his hand reached out to stroke the welted flesh of Brian's ass. Brian trembled, Dwayne totally forgotten. He'd never felt anything like this. It stung and burned and hurt so good.

"Just stay there, right like that." Dale's husky voice surrounded Brian, grounding him even more than the feel of the floor beneath him. Dale placed one palm on the small of Brian's back and shuffled forward on his knees before bending forward and pressing gentle kisses to the heated skin.

"Just like that," Dale whispered hotly.

Brian whimpered at the low command, the feel of Dale's shirt brushing against his hips. His own cock was throbbing between his legs, keeping time to the unmistakable sounds behind him as Dale jerked himself off with short, rough strokes before he gave a loud groan and Brian felt the spray of liquid heat cover his ass and start to slide down his crack and the back of his thighs.

"Lean back now," Dale urgently panted into Brian's ear.

It hurt when Brian sat back on his heels. He gasped at the initial contact but then Dale moved his swath of hair and draped it over his own back, joining them together and baring Brian's neck to the pleasurable sharp bite of Dale's teeth.

Then there was nothing but feel of Dale's hand as he wrapped it around Brian's cock, the overload of sensations that suddenly transmuted into a rich pleasure that not even the baleful look in Dwayne's eyes, crouched low by Brian's knees as he watched them, could touch.

"Come on, baby," Dale whispered in his ear, his chest warm against Brian's back as his hand moved with steady and sure movements on Brian's cock. "Just for me."

Dale used Brian's hair to pull Brian harder back against him, pushing him harder down onto his heels, tightening his grip until Brian couldn't do anything but let the feelings boil up inside him.

Brian could feel it, coiling like a snake, moving from the base of his spine and flowing upward and outward to coat Dale's hand and everything else before him, leaving him panting and breathless and yes, heaven help him, horribly amused at the look on Dwayne's face as the tabby tried to shake the creamy drops off his paw where some had landed.

He couldn't help the giggles that escaped him. Dwayne looked so indignant! Brian clung to the man behind him, not wanting Dale to think he was giggling at him. Definitely not on the list of things to do after a mind-blowing orgasm. But somehow, Dale seemed to know, just like he'd known everything else about Brian.

"Come here, Dwayne." Dale's voice, his soft command even worked on Dwayne. The large tabby crept forward to share his disgust. He opened his mouth and showed his fangs triumphantly at Brian when Dale petted and soothed him and told him what a good baby he was before wiping off his paw and shooing him away.

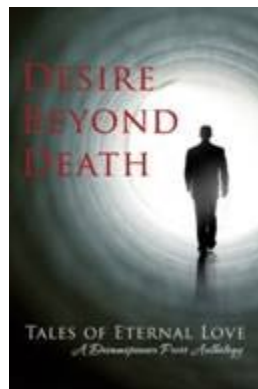
Brian just smiled; he was tired, boneless and practically brainless. All he could do was lean against Dale for support and thank goodness he had the next couple of days off. Honestly, if they ever got around to actually fucking it just might kill him. He was really going to have to write a letter of thanks to the mega-store. They had certainly lived up to their advertising.

## Brush with Desire by Chrissy Munder

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