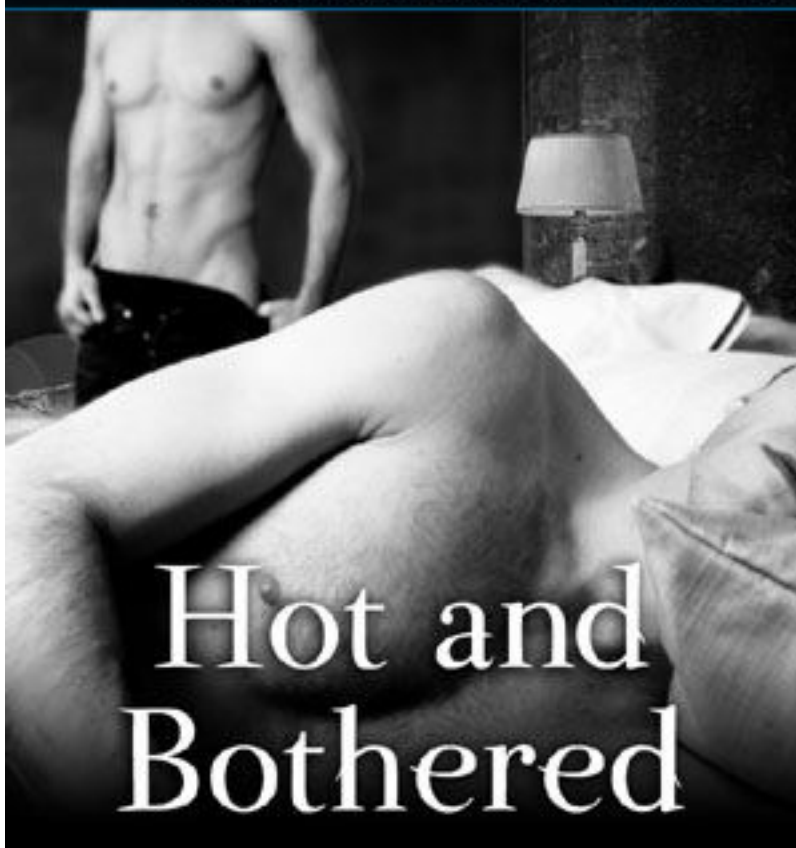


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WICKED

Cassandra Gold



Hot and
Bothered

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By

Cassandra Gold

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Hot and Bothered

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Dedication

To all my fellow Missourians, who know what the dog days of summer are like here in the Midwest.

Dustin came into Gil's room the way he always did, without knocking. He brushed his overly long blond curls out of his eyes. "God, it's hot!"

Gil turned toward the door, put his book on the desk, and scowled at his housemate. "Do you barge in on everyone, or do you save that for me?"

Dustin gave him a puzzled look. "What? You were just reading."

Grrr. "That's not the point!" Gil wasn't sure how many times he'd lectured Dustin about knocking first. Obviously his words had gone unheard. Why bother getting into it again? He sighed. "Never mind. Did you have a reason for coming in here?"

"Yeah. It's *hot*."

Gil rolled his eyes. "I think we've established that, Dustin. What do you want?"

Dustin's expression morphed into the puppy-dog look he always put on when he wanted something. With his big blue eyes, blond curls, and near-angelic features, the sad face almost always worked. "Well..."

Luckily for Gil, he was one of the few people who seemed to be immune to Dustin's charms. At least that's what he kept reminding himself. He narrowed his eyes at his housemate. "What?"

The other man aimed a hopeful smile straight at Gil. "I was thinking since you're the only one with air conditioning, you might be willing to let me stay in here tonight."

Having chosen just that moment to take a drink from his bottle of water, Gil choked and began to cough. *No. No way!* Dustin crossed the

room and patted his back, a little too hard, until Gil waved him away. When he was able to speak again, he told his housemate what he thought in no uncertain terms. "No."

"Aw, come on, Gil. The fan in my room broke. It's like two hundred degrees in there! Even at night I can't stay cool."

"No."

* * * * *

Five hours later, Gil had showered, brushed his teeth, and put on a T-shirt and shorts. He was just climbing into bed when the door opened again. Dustin entered, carrying some blankets and a pillow. Gil felt the sudden urge to punch himself for agreeing to let the other man stay in his room. What the hell had he been thinking? It wouldn't have killed Dustin to stay in his own room.

Dustin grinned, shaking his damp hair out of his face. "Man, feels good in here. I wish I could have sprung for a window unit like you did."

Gil frowned, feeling guilty for being so mean. Even though he and the other man were nothing alike, he knew Dustin wasn't just trying to mooch off him. His housemate could only afford to be here because he had a baseball scholarship. He worked full-time during the off-season, and Gil knew any extra money Dustin got went back home for his mom and five younger siblings. He never failed to come through on his portion of the bills, either, which was something Gil couldn't say for the other two guys sharing the house.

Still, every time he talked to Dustin he became tense and rude. He could explain part of his rudeness away with the other man's annoying tendency to tease Gil and come into his room without knocking. He had to admit the rest of his behavior was due to how he felt every time Dustin came near him. Gorgeous, athletic, funny Dustin was everything he'd always wanted but never been brave enough to get, which made him feel like the skinny, awkward geek he was. He hated the feeling. He covered up his nervousness with a haughty coldness that didn't seem to faze the other man. In fact, sometimes Dustin seemed to find Gil's attitude

amusing, which only made him angrier.

Irritated with himself for dwelling on the subject, Gil flopped down on his bed and turned to face the wall. "Can you get the light?"

"Sure." Dustin dropped his stuff on the floor and turned the light off, bathing the room in soothing darkness.

They were both silent for a few minutes as Dustin arranged his blankets on the floor and got comfortable. Then Dustin spoke again. "I wonder why they call them the 'dog days' of summer."

"The Ancient Greeks and Romans called the hottest days of summer the dog days because the sun rose and set with Sirius, the Dog Star. They thought we could feel Sirius's heat on Earth, even though the star is actually too far away. The earth's tilt is really what causes the heat, not the Dog Star." He trailed off, feeling stupid for going into lecture-geek mode when Dustin had probably just been making small talk or asking a rhetorical question.

"Really? That's cool."

To Gil's surprise, the other man sounded as if the mini-lecture had interested him. Then, after a pause so long Gil thought Dustin had gone to sleep, he continued, his voice uncharacteristically subdued. "You must think I'm really dumb. You know so much stuff, and all I know about is sports."

Shocked, he turned over to face the other man. His eyes had adjusted to the dimness of the room enough for him to see Dustin biting his lip, eyes downcast. Even in the near-dark it was obvious Dustin really believed Gil thought he was dumb. Gil must have been even more of a jerk than he'd realized. Another twinge of guilt, this one stronger, ran through him.

He'd been silent so long that Dustin clearly took his lack of response for agreement.

"Is that why you don't like me? 'Cause I'm dumb? I know I bug you a lot, but I was just joking around, trying to be friends. I'm sorry."

Dustin sounded hurt. The idea of Dustin trying to be his friend, being hurt by what he thought, surprised the hell out of him. This whole time he'd figured a guy like Dustin could never want to be his friend, and

Dustin had been thinking something similar about him. This would be the perfect opportunity for him to make Dustin go away for good, but he couldn't let his housemate go on thinking he was too dumb for Gil. It wasn't true, and it wouldn't be right.

Finally, he managed to get his voice to work. "I don't think you're dumb, Dustin. And I don't dislike you."

The other man seemed to think his words over for a minute. "Yeah, right. If you don't dislike me, why won't you talk to me? You act like you can barely stand to be in the same room with me most of the time."

Gil sighed. The only way to convince Dustin would be to tell the truth. Or at least part of the truth. "I don't avoid you because I don't like you. I avoid you because you make me nervous."

"What?"

The darkness made explaining easier, when Dustin couldn't see his face very well. "All through high school, I was this scrawny little geek. Most people only talked to me to pick on me or ask if they could copy my homework, especially the popular kids. Here it's different. I can be skinny, and get good grades, and study a lot, and people don't tease me very much. Somehow, though, talking to you...Well...I feel like I did back then."

Dustin's frown was so fierce Gil could see the expression perfectly, even in the dark. "You're not a scrawny geek. Those kids were assholes if they'd treat you like that. I wasn't teasing you to be a jerk, Gil."

"I know."

Shifting to his back, Dustin stared at the ceiling. "I just didn't know how else to talk to you, since you're so smart and all. The truth is, you make me kind of nervous too. I mean, you always seem so self-assured, like you've got everything figured out. Makes me a little bit jealous sometimes."

Once again Gil was astonished. Dustin was jealous of him? The shell of cold defensiveness he'd always maintained around Dustin cracked a bit more. Before he thought about it, he admitted, "I've been jealous of you too. You're so good at sports, and everyone wants to hang around you." *And you're the hottest guy I've ever met.* He restrained himself

from saying that part, at least.

A soft sigh greeted his admission. "Everyone wants to be with me except the person I want to be with."

Gil swallowed hard against the sudden lump in his throat. Dustin wanted to be with someone? He prayed Dustin wouldn't ask him for advice on his love life now that they were friends, sort of. What could he say? Forget about whoever you like and go for me instead? Yeah right. No way would Dustin be interested in him even if he liked guys. He cleared his throat. "Um, I wouldn't be the person to talk to about that."

Dustin sat up and turned toward him. "You're the only person I can ask."

Oh, God. This was torture. "Look, Dustin, I'm the last person you should ask for relationship advice. Whoever you want to be with would run the other way if you took advice from me." Gil wasn't lying. He could count his relationships on one hand and have fingers left to spare. He'd been too shy in high school to come out, and now he was out, but too busy and too shy to do much dating. Pretty much anyone could give better advice than he could.

In a voice almost too low to hear, Dustin said, "It's you, Gil. It's been you ever since I moved in."

* * * * *

Stunned, Gil stared at Dustin. Disbelief and hope warred in his head. There was no way he could have heard right. What could a guy like Dustin, who could have anyone he wanted, possibly see in him?

After a few minutes, his housemate looked away and let out a soft, humorless laugh. "All I seem to know how to do is screw things up with you. You don't have to say anything." Dustin stood and started to gather up his blankets.

The movement galvanized Gil into action. He sat up. "Wait."

Dustin stilled but didn't turn. "What?"

Gil struggled to find the right words. "Do you want to know the real reason I've always been such a jerk to you?"

Dustin nodded.

He kept going, the words tumbling out. "Because I didn't want you to see how you make me feel. When you first moved in I thought you were hot, but you're more than that. You might not think people notice, but I do. I snapped at you all the time because it seemed safer."

Dustin faced him at last. His expression was serious. "I notice you too, Gil. You're safe with me. I'd never hurt you, not on purpose."

A little glow of something he didn't want to identify unfurled in Gil's chest. "I know." And he did. Dustin was nothing like the guys in high school who'd taunted him, or the ones he'd crushed on in secret but been too scared to talk to.

"Good." Dustin smiled and let the blankets he'd been gathering fall to the floor. He smoothed them, obviously intending to lie back down.

Gil summoned his courage. It had been more than three years since high school. Wasn't it past time to stop being a scared kid and go after what he wanted? He took a deep breath. "You don't have to sleep on the hard floor."

The wide-eyed look Dustin gave him was almost funny. "I don't?"

He shook his head. "You could come over here with me, if you wanted."

"Oh, I want to. But I didn't say that stuff to try to get, well, you know."

Was Dustin *blushing*? Gil smiled. "I know you didn't." He patted the bed next to him. "Come over here."

"Okay." A few hesitant steps later, Dustin stood by the bed. He sat next to Gil.

For a long moment they gazed at each other in silence. Then they both started laughing. The tension was broken, at least until they stopped laughing and another kind of tension took over. Gil's gaze raked over Dustin from head to toe. They'd lived in the same house for a year, yet he hadn't ever really looked at the man. He'd been too scared Dustin would catch him staring. Now that he could look his fill, he drank in Dustin's broad shoulders and the well-muscled arms that strained the sleeves of his T-shirt. All those years of baseball had paid off, at least in Gil's opinion.

He touched Dustin's chest through the soft, thin material of his shirt, unsurprised to find it as hard and muscular as it looked.

Dustin sucked in a sharp breath. "Better not do that if you just invited me over here to sleep."

"I was kind of hoping we could sleep later." Part of Gil couldn't believe how bold he was being. The rest of him decided to go with it.

"I like that idea." One of Dustin's hands, so much larger than Gil's own, tipped his chin up until their gazes met. Even with the dim light, he could see the desire in Dustin's blue eyes. Then Dustin kissed him, and he closed his eyes.

At first, Dustin's mouth was soft and gentle against his. He parted his lips, allowing Dustin's tongue to slide along his own, sleek, hot, and wet. He couldn't help the moan that slipped out at the contact.

The sound seemed to flip a switch in Dustin. His mouth went from tentative to voracious. Gil speared his hands into Dustin's silky curls and held on tight.

Together, they fell back onto the bed. With only a little scrambling, Gil untangled his legs and Dustin brought his up so they lay side-by-side. The hard warmth of Dustin's body next to his drove Gil crazy. It had been a long time since he'd been with anyone, and he had never been with anyone he wanted this much.

Large, warm hands stroked up and down his arms before they wrapped around him and pulled him close. He took his hands out of Dustin's hair and explored the strong, sexy body next to him as much as he could in their close quarters. He traced the contours of Dustin's biceps and lingered over his tight abs. Pulling his mouth from Dustin's, he slipped his hands up under the clinging T-shirt. Dustin's skin was hot and smooth beneath his fingertips.

Dustin shivered. "God."

"Nah, just Gil."

Not giving the other man a chance to reply, he pushed the soft material up to expose Dustin's stomach and chest. The cool air from the air conditioner wafted over them, making Dustin's nipples tighten. Another surge of boldness filled Gil, and he brushed his fingertips over

one of the little brown buds.

This time Dustin's shiver was more of a shudder. "Don't stop."

Gil didn't plan to, but he hesitated on what to do next. His limited experience hadn't prepared him for this. Telling himself not to over think things, he ran his fingers through the light dusting of golden hair on Dustin's chest, exploring. He leaned forward to kiss Dustin, who met him halfway. Their mouths fused together in a deep, searching kiss. Beneath his fingertips, a pounding heartbeat told Gil he wasn't the only one affected by the contact.

Breaking the kiss, Dustin rolled them until Gil was on his back, Dustin half on top of him. He peered down at Gil. "This okay?"

Okay? It was perfect. Gil had never dared to imagine being in this position with Dustin, but now that he was... Arousal and a burst of shyness washed over him, and his face heated. He nodded, hoping Dustin wouldn't take his sudden reticence as fear or dislike.

Apparently he got the point across, because Dustin smiled. "Good." Gil got a quick, hard kiss, almost like a reward.

Before he could gather himself enough to kiss back, Dustin trailed his lips along Gil's jaw line to his throat. Gil let out a soft whimper and tilted his head, allowing Dustin better access. Dustin took advantage of his move, teasing his neck and throat with kisses and tiny bites. At the juncture of Gil's neck and shoulder, Dustin nudged the neck of his shirt aside and sucked. "Dustin!" Gil arched and moaned, the small pain more of a turn on than he'd expected. His cock, already interested, came to full attention. Even knowing there would be a mark didn't dampen his desire. If anything, it excited him. He wanted more.

As if reading his thoughts, Dustin moved lower. He shoved Gil's shirt up and pressed his lips to Gil's collarbone, his sternum, and then, finally, his nipple. Dustin lapped at the nub with the tip of his tongue. It tightened right away. Gil shivered and threaded a hand through Dustin's silky hair.

Dustin glanced up, and their gazes locked. It was hard to be sure with the lack of light, but Dustin looked nervous. "Can I, I mean, I want to..." He stopped, cleared his throat. "Can I suck you?"

"Please," Gil whispered.

Big, warm hands slid down Gil's body to his waistband, dragging his shorts and boxers down. His erection sprang out, slapping against his stomach. Dustin laughed. "Like the idea, huh?"

The question must have been rhetorical, because Dustin didn't wait for an answer. He leaned down and took Gil's straining cock into his mouth.

Gil groaned at the tight, wet heat of Dustin's mouth. He forced his eyes to stay open. The sight of Dustin's tousled blond head and the quick glimpses of his face, lips stretched around Gil's dick, were nearly enough to make him come. The way Dustin's tongue teased the head didn't help. In an attempt to hold off his climax, he let his eyes fall shut and started running equations in his head.

His technique would have worked if he'd been with any of the few other men who'd given him blowjobs, but Dustin was relentless. Gentle fingers rolled his balls while Dustin sucked hard, taking Gil's entire length without gagging or backing off at all. Dustin's other hand played along his perineum and stroked over his hole in a feather-light touch. Every touch seemed calculated to get him off as fast—and as hard—as possible.

No matter how he tried to hold it off, Gil felt his climax building. His balls tightened almost to the point of pain. His cock throbbed. Then a thick, spit-moistened finger pushed into his opening. The slight stretch and burn sent sparks through the sensitive tissue. He cried out as his orgasm exploded through him.

Dustin didn't pull away until Gil was spent. Then he laid his head on Gil's thigh and smiled up at him.

Lost in a post-orgasmic haze, Gil could do nothing but smile back. He knew he probably had a ridiculous grin on his face, but he couldn't seem to care. He stroked Dustin's hair, which was even softer and silkier than he'd imagined. "Wow. That was... Well, I think you could tell how it was for me."

Laughing, Dustin nipped his thigh. "Maybe I want you to tell me anyway."

"It was okay."

His smart remark drew another laugh from Dustin. "Jeez. That's cold."

"Well, you shouldn't be fishing for compliments." With a chuckle of his own, Gil gave Dustin's hair a light tug. "Come up here, you big baby. It's your turn."

* * * * *

Dustin was stretched out beside him in seconds. Gil might have laughed at the other man's speed if Dustin hadn't chosen that moment to smash their lips together in a hard kiss. He groaned at the slick rub of Dustin's tongue along his own. Their lower bodies grazed, and the hard press of a cloth-covered cock against his bare thigh made him squirm.

Pushing Dustin's shorts down without breaking the kiss was difficult, but Gil managed. He grasped the thick erection that sprang out and stroked it lightly. Dustin groaned and pushed into the touch. Gil stroked a few more times and then stopped. Dustin whimpered.

Gil pulled away far enough to speak. "D-do you want to fuck me?" He'd never been good at asking for things, especially sexual things. His face flamed, and he knew he had to be blushing like a schoolgirl.

Dustin's eyes widened. "Shit."

Okay. That wasn't the response he'd hoped for at all. Mortified, Gil tried to twist away.

One of Dustin's muscled arms held him down, keeping him from escaping. "God, I'm sorry. That wasn't a no. It's just that I've been fantasizing about you saying something like that for over a year. I couldn't believe you were actually saying it."

Gil dared to meet Dustin's gaze. He saw nothing but sincerity in the other man's handsome face. Dustin had really fantasized about him. The thought blew his mind. A little smile curved his lips. "So is that a yes, then?"

"Are you kidding? That's a 'hell yes.'"

Gil laughed. The eagerness in Dustin's voice washed away his remaining uncertainty. "Well, all right then."

Gripping the hem of Gil's shirt, Dustin grinned. "Let's get you naked." He stripped the shirt off, leaving Gil naked except for his shorts, which were around the vicinity of his knees and not much help at all.

No one would ever call Gil built. His body had always been pretty skinny, and even with working out and eating well, he hadn't managed to get much thicker. Next to Dustin's sculpted form, he looked like a scarecrow. It was hard for him not to try to cover himself up, but he managed to keep his arms at his sides. He lay stiffly while Dustin tossed his shirt to the floor and turned back to him.

"Nice. Tight, like a runner."

The appreciation he heard in Dustin's voice floored him, as did the reverent way Dustin's hands traced over his chest. He wasn't sure why, but apparently the guy he'd spent the past year thinking of as the ideal man thought *he* was attractive. How odd.

The realization, on top of everything else he'd learned tonight, freed him. For the first time in a long time, he felt truly desired. He sat up and tugged at Dustin's shirt. "Your turn." He pulled the T-shirt off and dropped it.

They shoved their shorts the rest of the way off as well. Both naked, they paused for a moment to stare at each other. Gil couldn't believe how incredible Dustin's body was. Everything was perfect, at least in Gil's eyes, from his broad shoulders to his narrow hips and strong legs.

Desperate to touch, Gil broke the frozen tableau first. He wrapped his hand around Dustin's stiff prick. Normally he would be more interested in learning Dustin's body and taking it slow, but tonight he felt greedy and impatient. He wanted Dustin inside him now.

Apparently Dustin felt the same way. He gasped out, "Condoms? Lube?"

"Bedside table." Gil didn't release his grip on Dustin's cock. He continued to stroke it in slow, leisurely movements as Dustin attempted to get the supplies they needed from the bedside table drawer.

Dustin groaned. "Jesus, Gil. You're killing me here." He rummaged in the drawer for a couple of minutes before he came up with the tube of lube and a condom. "Yes!"

Grinning, Gil took the condom. "Good job. I'll take it from here."
"Smartass."

Dustin's mock-snarl made him laugh. "Thanks." He opened the condom wrapper and drew the little circle of rubber out. His hands shook a little as he rolled it onto Dustin's erection.

Dustin didn't waste any time either. He poured a generous amount of lube onto his fingers. The clear gel made a slick sound when he rubbed his hand over his condom-clad cock. Then he turned his attention to Gil.

Gil hissed and let his legs fall open at the first touch of Dustin's lubed fingers to his hole. At first, Dustin only teased the outside, circling Gil's hole and rubbing gently over his puckered entrance. Gil whimpered. "Dustin. Please."

"Please what?"

The man was torturing him. "I need more."

"More of this?" Dustin ghosted a touch around the edge again. "Or more of this?" His finger slipped inside, just enough to torment Gil even more.

Gil tried to twist his body to get more of Dustin's finger, but Dustin wouldn't let him. "I need you inside me."

Dustin finally stopped tormenting him. He pushed his finger in to the hilt, crooking it just a bit. The resulting shock of sensation nearly had Gil jumping off the bed. Despite having just come a few minutes before, his dick twitched. "More."

Dustin gave him what he asked for, pushing another finger in alongside the first one. He moved them in and out, twisting them and stretching Gil's entrance. A few times he hit that spot inside Gil, and each time Gil's desire shot up another notch.

By the time Dustin removed his fingers, Gil was babbling and begging. Dustin didn't pause to tease him about that. Instead, he replaced his fingers with the head of his cock and filled Gil with a long, slow thrust.

It had been a while for Gil, and Dustin's dick was quite a bit bigger than his fingers. The stretch and burn accompanying the intrusion melted into a sort of pleasure-pain. Rather than dampening his arousal, the sensation increased it. He moaned.

"You okay?" Dustin paused, fully seated, to peer down at him.

Okay? He was freaking fantastic. "I'm good."

"Thank God, because I've got to move." Dustin pulled almost all the way out and pushed back in, slow and easy.

Gil arched into him with a cry. That seemed to spur Dustin on. His thrusts grew faster and harder.

Gil met each one, his hands clenching in the sheets. He nearly tore them in half when Dustin lifted him just a little—enough that Dustin's erection scraped over his prostate with each thrust. Sparks of pleasure shot through Gil's body, and his cock filled. It bobbed with each hard shove.

"You're so fucking sexy," Dustin gasped out between thrusts. "You feel so good."

"You do too." If possible, Dustin's words made Gil even hotter. He released his death grip on the sheets and brought his hands up to stroke over Dustin's shoulders and chest. He wanted to lick the sweat-sheened skin. Putting his thoughts into action, he leaned up and ran his tongue from the base of Dustin's neck up to his jaw.

"Oh, *fuck*." Dustin's voice went low and hoarse, and his movements grew ragged. He clutched Gil close and pounded into him with quick, wild thrusts.

Gil latched onto Dustin's throat and sucked. He kept one arm wrapped around Dustin's neck to steady himself. The other he wrapped around his own neglected erection. As Dustin surged into him, he jacked his cock in the same rhythm. His balls tightened almost immediately, and he could feel a second orgasm hovering just out of reach.

"God, Dustin, please," he choked out.

A large hand covered his own, forcing his hand up and down his cock just a little tighter and faster than it had been. The extra pressure, and the knowledge of whose hand it was, sent him over the edge. He exploded with a loud cry. Ropes of hot, white semen spurted between their bodies, over their hands and stomachs.

Dustin fucked him through it, prolonging the pleasure until it was nearly unbearable. Finally, when he thought he couldn't take another

moment, Dustin stiffened and cried out his name. A rush of heat filled him, almost as if he could feel Dustin filling the condom.

"Oof." The large, muscular body that looked so sexy and fucked him so well was a lot heavier than it looked when it was lying on top of him.

A rumble told him Dustin was laughing. Soft lips grazed his ear. "Am I crushing you?"

"Just a little."

"Sorry." Dustin rolled off and lay on his back next to Gil. He looked lazy and satisfied.

Gil couldn't help smiling. He felt great, and blissed-out Dustin was not at all hard on the eyes. "It's okay."

They stayed there in silence for a few minutes, catching their breath. The air conditioner continued to pump out chilled air. Combined with the now-congealing mess on his stomach and chest, Gil started to get a little bit cold. He reached for some tissues. After tossing several at Dustin, he used the others to dab at the mess.

Dustin finished first and rolled to face Gil. He trailed his fingertips over Gil's bicep. "So..."

Gil tried to meet his gaze, but Dustin's eyes were downcast. "So?"

Dustin started to speak but closed his mouth before any sound came out. He was silent for a moment before he spoke. "Want to be my boyfriend?"

Boyfriend? Astonished, thrilled, Gil didn't know what to say. He could only stare at his now blushing bedmate.

When he didn't reply right away, Dustin rushed into speech. "You don't have to. I mean, I'd really like us to date and get to know each other, but no pressure." He paused. "God, I sound like such a freaking girl. Say something."

The sight of his confident housemate nervous and uncertain was oddly reassuring. It was nice to know that perfect Dustin was like him in more ways than he'd expected. Gil smiled. "I would love for us to date and get to know each other. So yeah, I'll be your boyfriend."

Dustin laughed. "I feel like I should be passing you a note in class

or something: 'Do you like me? Circle yes or no.'"

Gil laughed too, unable to picture Dustin doing such a thing. "I'd circle yes."

"Aw, thanks."

Still grinning, Gil scooted closer to Dustin and put his head on his broad chest. He traced the mark he'd drawn up at the base of Dustin's tanned throat. He'd put it there, and Dustin would be wearing it for days. Another thrill ran through him at the thought.

Dustin wrapped an arm around him, holding him close. "You know, it's supposed to be really hot the rest of this week."

Gil pressed a kiss to his new boyfriend's chest. "I guess you'd better stay in here with me, since your fan is broken."

Dustin chuckled. They were silent for a few minutes, and then he asked, "How long do the dog days of summer last, anyway?"

"As long as we want them to."

Dustin pulled him closer and kissed the top of his head. "Good."

Gil was still smiling when he drifted off to sleep, snuggled against Dustin. It may have been hot outside, but inside, it was perfect.

Author Bio

Hot and Bothered by Cassandra Gold

By day, Cassandra is a (relatively) mild-mannered middle-school teacher. At night, she lets the characters in her head out to play as she writes erotic romance. Unfortunately for her husband, neither of Cassandra's personas enjoys doing housework.

Visit Cassandra at www.cassandragold.com, or at her Yahoo Group: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/cassandra_gold.