

WARNING: This book is not transferable. It is for your own personal use. If it is sold, shared, or given away, it is an infringement of the copyright of this work and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be accessed by minors.

All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are solely the product of the author's imagination and/or are used fictitiously, though reference may be made to actual historical events or existing locations. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Cover Photo Credit: Reno MacLeod

Cover Design: Reno MacLeod

Only Words © 2008 Acer Adamson

eXcessica publishing

All rights reserved

Only Words

By Acer Adamson

Max leaned back in his chair and stared up at the blinding florescent lights. "God, I hate this fucking job."

* * * *

It had been a pretty shitty day from the start. Like most others, it had begun with Max smacking the snooze button on his alarm clock at least five times in a row. Then he'd spent too long in the shower, trying to wash off lack of sleep and a fierce hangover. His tardiness had been compounded when he'd gone to Starbucks and gotten the server from Hell who couldn't comprehend the basic concept of coffee-flavored coffee. Max had figured that once he got down to the station and settled in at his desk, his day would improve.

It hadn't. If anything, it had gotten even worse.

First off, some asshole had taken his stapler off his desk again, the third one he'd lost inside of two weeks. Not that he stapled things much; Detective Maxwell Fielding was more a paperclip sort of guy. Staples were too damn permanent, they left marks in the paper, and they were too much hassle to get rid of if you made a mistake or simply changed your mind.

Second, some asshole had decided to use the paperwork he'd abandoned the previous night as a coaster. Right smack dab in the middle of the top page was a damp brown ring the exact circumference of your average dollar store coffee mug.

Last but not least, some asshole had decided to alert the captain that he was late again, going so far as to pull Cap into the room just in time to see Max drag himself to his coffee-ringed, stapler-less desk.

Max had decided right about then, generally speaking, that cops were generally

assholes.

* * * *

"Nah," said the cop seated across the aisle. "You don't hate the job, Maxie. You just hate comin' into this fuckin' office, that's all. Which ain't a private club, you know?"

Max smiled. "How's the wife, Franco?"

"Fat. Cranky. Said if I don't have a pint of Ben and Jerry's in my hands when I get home tonight, she's gonna rip my nuts off and make Christmas ornaments out of 'em."

Max cringed and chuckled. "When's the baby due?"

"Not fuckin' soon enough," Franco grumbled good-naturedly.

"Who are you trying to kid? You know you love her." Max smiled again at the veteran.

"Somethin' awful." A proud-looking grin spread across Franco's pudgy face. "Fat, cranky and all."

That was precisely when the pleasant, buddy-cop movie scene suddenly went sour, and the scant bit of recovery it had given Max's otherwise shit morning went swirling down the crapper.

Max looked up. Through the bulletproof glass that separated the cop shop from the lobby he spotted a familiar face. That beautiful, heart-shaped face with the green eyes and thick, dark lashes. The obscenely high cheekbones, full lips, and the sleek black bob with the center part tucked coquettishly behind perfect ears. Even this early in the morning the makeup job was flawless. Just the right amount, seasonally appropriate, muted daytime colors. Always classy, always tasteful, always impeccably gorgeous.

Max watched Skyler Trent do a double take when Skyler spied him through the window. Long fingernails painted a soft, bashful coral fiddled coyly with the neckline of Skyler's sage-green jersey dress.

Skyler smiled at him.

I'm a fucking dead man. Max closed his eyes and shook his head, and when he looked toward the lobby again he didn't see Skyler there. He was just about to thank his lucky stars for hangover hallucinations when the desk sergeant came bursting through the door.

"Fielding! You got a visitor." The short, wiry man grinned like the fucking Cheshire cat.

Max winced. He'd never liked the puny little bastard—the guy was a worse gossip than a goddamn woman—and Max didn't trust the prick any further than he could throw him. "Yeah, Sarge?"

"Yeah."

"Well?" Max rolled his eyes. "Who is it?"

"The skinny little faggot from that highfalutin dress shop around the corner."

Max blanched. His eyes darted across the room just in time to see Skyler standing in the doorway, those high cheekbones flushing bright scarlet.

The puny little desk sergeant didn't find out what had hit him until the precinct captain told him later in the emergency room.

* * * *

There was a great deal of paperwork to fill out for an employee incident, as Max had discovered. Once that had been completed, Cap had driven Max personally to the

desk sergeant's home, where Max had offered as sincere an apology as he could muster to the man with the badly mangled nose. The sergeant hadn't apologized for his untoward comment nor had he been asked to, and Max wasn't sure which pissed him off more. After a few terse words with Cap on the way back to the station, not only had Max been suspended for two weeks, but now it was without pay instead of mere administrative leave. That shit tended to cling to your personnel record for a very, very long time.

Once he'd turned in his badge and sidearm, Max had gone to his usual after-work haunt to get himself good and hammered. He'd accomplished that feat fairly quickly, but damn if his bad day hadn't gotten worse still. Two off-duty cops from his district had waltzed in, an out-of-shape vet and his twerpish rookie partner. They'd started right in on Max, teasing him about his 'chick-with-a-dick' boyfriend. Warning the other cops in the bar to look out for 'Meat-gazer Max' in the locker room. Don't drop the soap, that sort of crap.

Max had lost it. After the on-duty cops had come in and busted up the brawl, Max had found himself with a four-inch long gash on his right shoulder blade from being raked with a broken beer bottle. After the dust had settled, he'd shoved a paramedic aside and had driven straight to the dress shop.

* * * *

It was well past dark by the time Max finally showed up, and Skyler nearly jumped out of his skin when the bells on the front door jingled. He'd been on edge all day, worried and wondering what had happened after Max had leveled the uniformed officer. Skyler had been shuffled out abruptly. He'd gone straight home to the shop and

closed up, in no frame of mind to conduct business. Then, he'd waited.

And waited.

After hours of fretting and pacing, it had occurred to Skyler that he didn't know Max's home or cell phone numbers. Hell, he wasn't even sure if Max *had* a home phone, and he only knew Max had a cell because he'd seen him use it.

Skyler rose from the settee, smoothing out knee wrinkles in the skinny black leggings he wore under his skirt.

Max stood just inside the door; he winced and hissed when his back bumped against the molded woodwork.

Skyler's eyes went wide, and his hands flew to his cheeks. "Oh my God, Maxwell!! Are you hurt?" He rushed forward, grimacing when he saw that Max's brown hair was matted in places with blood.

Max's shoulders squared. "Got anything to drink, Sky? I've had a really fucked up day."

Skyler pressed a palm lightly against Max's cheek. "Which began with me showing up unannounced at the station. I'm sorry."

"Nah, it was actually pretty damn crappy even before that."

"But that made it worse, and for that I *am* sorry." Skyler took Max by the hand, led him to the rear of the store and settled him into the aging, overstuffed easy chair that had become Max's favorite. "Take off your jacket and get comfortable, and I'll fetch us something to drink."

"Maxwell, you're bleeding," Skyler said upon his return. He quickly set the refreshment tray on the coffee table. "Here, let me see."

"Quit fussing over me," Max grouched, trying to shift away. "It's no big deal."

"Nonsense." Skyler scowled. "Your shirt is soaked red clean through. How did this happen?" He unbuttoned Max's bloody shirt, gingerly peeled it away from Max's skin and pulled it down over his shoulders. "I have a medical kit in the back. When I return, I want you tell me everything."

* * * *

Max leaned forward, elbows on knees with his head supported in his hands.

Skyler knelt at his feet, placing the medical kit on the floor and flipping the lid open. "This didn't happen at the precinct."

Max sighed and shook his head.

"From the beginning." Skyler unwrapped several sterile gauze pads and soaked them with alcohol. "This will be easier if you would come sit on the floor with me."

Too tired to argue, Max slid from the chair to sit cross-legged in front of Skyler.

"This is going to sting."

"*Fuck!*" Max shrieked. "A little warning, Skyler!"

"From the beginning. If you talk to me, it may help take your mind off what I'm doing. This is a nasty wound, and it might require stitches."

Max swallowed hard. "Well, you already know what happened at the station house."

"More or less." Skyler dabbed at the deep cut. Max half-watched as Skyler cleaned away debris left from the shirt, small flannel fibers caught in coagulated blood.

"You heard what that asshole said."

Skyler nodded. "Yes, I did."

"Didn't it bother you?"

"Of course it did, Maxwell, but not nearly enough for me to inflict bodily harm on the man." Skyler took a pair of tweezers from the kit. Carefully, he began picking out tiny glass shards that were stuck deep down in the gash.

Max flinched. He figured if he was going to make it through this without passing out he'd better just keep on talking. "Well, it pissed *me* off, so I slugged him. Stupid, ignorant weasel."

"Aren't you now doing the same thing he did?" Skyler plucked out more glass.

"*What?*" Max's head snapped around.

"Calling the man a cruel name based on your personal, biased perception of him?" More splinters of glass, more bits of cloth. Pick, pick, pick.

"Well, he *is*!" Max stared down at the wood-plank floor.

"The same could be argued for what he said about me." Skyler put down the tweezers and the gauze, then removed a sterile suture needle and thread from a sealed cellophane packet.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Max's peripheral vision caught Skyler threading the needle. His stomach flipped like it did the time Skyler cajoled him into riding one of those twisty steel rollercoasters at Six Flags. Max swallowed a sour taste. "What do you mean, the same could be said?"

Skyler sprayed what Max recognized as a topical anesthetic over the wound. It was scorching cold, and Max wondered if *that* didn't hurt more than the damn suturing would without it. He hissed and swore under his breath, craning his neck around.

"Don't look, Max," Skyler said. "Let me work; I promise I'll be quick."

Max shot an eyebrow up, eyes narrowing. "You've done this before?"

Skyler just smiled at him. Jesus, he was pretty. "Do you think those dresses and gowns sew themselves?"

Max tensed up, feeling his muscles draw into tight, hard knots.

Skyler huffed out an impatient-sounding breath. "A seam is a seam, Maxwell. Now, please be still. You're going to have to trust me."

Funny thing was, Max did. He didn't have a clue as to *why* he trusted Skyler Trent so much, but he did. He nodded and returned his gaze to the floorboards. "You didn't answer my question."

"It may have sounded cruel, what your sergeant said, but it wasn't entirely inaccurate."

"What?"

Skyler slid the needle through Max's skin. "It could be argued that I *am* skinny, that I *am* little, and though I loathe the word and its connotations, I *am* a faggot."

"*Skyler!*" Max snapped his neck around so quickly that Skyler nearly poked him in the nose with the needle.

"Maxwell! Be still. I'm attempting to *repair* a wound, not inflict new ones."

Max sighed. He looked back down at the floor.

"I didn't say I like it, Maxwell. I'm simply saying that if you're going to be upset with someone to the point of harming them for something like that, your bitching would have more credibility if you didn't turn around and do the exact same thing." Skyler managed to get enough stitches in the gash to close it up neatly. He smiled, apparently pleased with his work. "It shouldn't scar. I really am an extraordinary seamstress."

Max felt full, warm lips press a kiss near the sewn-up cut. Soft, silky hair tickled his skin. "I guess I see your point."

"Of course you do, you're a very smart man." Skyler closed up the medical kit, gathered it and the used materials, and then headed out of the room.

* * * *

Skyler returned a few minutes later with a large T-shirt that Max had left on the bedroom floor one night earlier that week. Sweaty and rumpled then, the shirt was clean and neatly folded now.

Max stood and took the shirt from Skyler and slipped it over his head. His eyes flicked down toward the tray on the coffee table.

Skyler followed Max's line of sight with his eyes and smiled. "I'd love some."

Max poured them both a drink, some sort of dark red liqueur in an expensive, antique-looking bottle. Skyler clinked his glass against Max's then took a small sip.

Max took a bigger swallow, more like a gulp. He coughed and sputtered and it made his eyes water. "What in the—"

"Black cherry brandy," Skyler said. "Exotic, potent, and extremely rare."

"Kind of like you?"

Skyler smiled, but his expression rapidly sobered. "You've skillfully managed to avoid telling me how you got that cut."

Max took another healthy swig of the cherry brandy. It still burned some going down, but he didn't cough and his eyes didn't get weepy this time. "More of the same," he said. "Later on, at the bar."

"You started *another* fight." Skyler's eyes rolled.

Max vehemently shook his head. "No, these two jerk cops started saying—"

"They're only words, Maxwell."

"Yeah, but they were about *you*, damn it!" Max had reached his limit for being preached at. He had assumed that he'd get a hero's welcome for defending Skyler's honor not once but *twice* in one day. But despite Skyler's gentle words, kind touch and soothing tone, Skyler had done nothing but tell Max what *Max* had done wrong since he'd walked in the goddamn door. Enough was enough.

Skyler's dark brown eyes were wide. "I had no idea you cared so much."

Max stared at Skyler as if the man had just spontaneously sprouted two additional heads. "How could you not know? Jesus H. *Christ*, Skyler. I'm here all the time anymore, and we've been...well, we've been sleeping together for months, and—"

"You've never once told me how you feel."

"They're only words."

"That's not fair." Skyler pouted, eyes narrowed. "You're intentionally twisting my meaning."

Max knocked back the rest of his drink, snatched up the fancy bottle, and poured another full glass. "What do you want me to say? That I love you? Shit." Max set the bottle back down on the table. "Hell, I'm still trying to come to grips with the fact that I even like *fucking* another man, much less—"

"*Oh!*" Skyler's mouth dropped open. "I cannot *believe* you just said that! You crass, overbearing, classless—"

"Skyler, you're doing it." Max fought hard to suppress a smile, failing inside of two seconds.

Skyler gasped, both hands flying to furiously blushing cheeks. He spun on his heels and bolted for his bedroom, slamming the door so hard behind himself that the chandelier above Max's head swayed.

But Max wasn't ready to let this one go. Too frequently their arguments—and there had been many—ended with one or the other clamming up and storming out. Not this time.

This time it wasn't about Skyler wearing clothes too complicated for Max to get off him quickly. It wasn't about Max stumbling in drunk at all hours after seeing shit a person should never have to see, or about Skyler shooing Max out whenever a client came into the shop for a fitting. It wasn't about Skyler's short-list of suitable restaurants that only included those with French-speaking sommeliers and fancy dessert carts, when sometimes all Max wanted was a cold domestic beer and a goddamn greasy pizza.

This time it was different. This time it was important.

* * * *

Max rapped softly on the bedroom door. "Skyler?"

Nothing. Not a sound. No books being turned into projectiles, no stomping as Skyler angrily paced and muttered under his breath, no dramatic sniffing. Only silence, the scariest sound of all, Max knew, where Skyler was concerned.

"C'mon, Sky, let me in." Max leaned his forehead against the door. His fingers touched the burnished brass knob. "You can't expect me to leave like this. C'mon, open up."

The heavy door creaked open a crack. Skyler's eyes were bloodshot. He'd been

crying, and not melodramatic crocodile tears.

"Fuck." Max sighed harshly. "Shit, I'm sorry. C'mon, man. Please, let me in so we can talk about this?"

Skyler pulled the door open a hair more.

Since Skyler hadn't slammed the door in Max's face or even simply closed it, Max took that to mean it was okay for him to enter. At least he *hoped* that's what Skyler meant. Sometimes Max had trouble figuring out exactly what Skyler was shooting for.

Max pushed the door gently open and peered inside. The room appeared as it always did. The large ebony bed cocooned in a silk canopy. A fire burning in the hearth. Expensive vases and thrift store rescues. An odd combination of opulent decadence and simple comfort, so very much like its occupant.

Skyler was sitting in the center of the bed, already changed into his pajamas. His knees were tucked up under his chin, arms hugging his legs to his chest.

Max took a seat on the edge of the mattress.

"I'm sorry," Skyler said. "I know I ask a lot. *Too* much, sometimes."

"No," Max said, falling back on the bed. "You don't. You never have."

"Until now." Skyler sighed into his knees, and the shuddery, defeated sound of it twisted something deep in Max's gut.

Max draped a forearm over his eyes and let out a deep sigh of his own. "It's stupid, and I know it makes me seem like a fucking hypocrite, but..." Max lifted his head and let it drop back to the mattress, like banging it onto the down-filled quilt was going to knock some sense into him. "The sex is one thing, Sky, but me saying I love you—"

"—would make you a—"

"Don't." There was that damned scary silence again. It ran on for minutes until finally Max heard the bedclothes ruffle and felt the mattress move.

Skyler's soft voice quavered. "We wouldn't be having this conversation if I were a woman."

Max sighed. "No, we probably wouldn't."

"When we—" Skyler paused, and Max felt him shifting on the bed. "When we make—" After a second false start Skyler finally blurted it out. "When we fuck, do you fantasize that I'm a woman?"

Max sat up like a shot. "What the hell makes you ask me a question like *that*? Jesus, Skyler."

"Do you?"

"Sky—"

Skyler cut him off, fast as lightning. "You've only ever taken me on my hands and knees. I've brought myself to completion on those occasions when I couldn't physically bear *not* to, and always *after* you've left the room to shower. What do you think that says to me? How that makes me feel?"

When put into those terms it sounded horrifying, and Max swallowed the growing lump in his throat. He stared down at the quilt, momentarily grateful that Skyler had closed up his wound *before* they'd arrived at this part of the discussion. Max suspected he might have ended up with his mouth stitched shut instead.

"Given my appearance, I should think it would be rather easy to pretend. A hole is a hole, as they say."

"Stop." Max felt as if he were going over the crest of that rollercoaster's tallest,

steepest hill. He plucked up a feather sticking out of the quilt and absently fiddled with it. "You want me to lie and say no, then I'll lie and say no." Max ran both his hands through his hair and let out a quick, sharp breath. "Just at first. I haven't done it for a long time."

"A long time is a very relative term, Maxwell. We've only been intimate for a few months. That makes *whatever* period of time you may have carried on your delusion significant."

Surprisingly, Skyler had a smile on his face, and Max wasn't sure if the expression was gorgeous or frightening or perhaps a little of both. Max slid a hand down his face, closed his eyes, and shook his head. He opened his eyes again, fixing his gaze on Skyler. "There's no easy way for me to get out of this, is there?"

Skyler pursed his lips and his head shook slowly side-to-side. "I don't believe so. In the crude vernacular of your co-workers, it's time to...to..." Skyler tapped his chin with a perfectly manicured fingernail. "Something about a pot."

"The pot calling the kettle black?" Max offered, feeling the beginnings of a smile tugging gently at the corners of his mouth.

"No." Skyler scowled, which did nothing to un-soften his.

"A chicken in every pot?" Max said, teasing.

"No." Skyler frowned, but the mischievous sparkle in his eyes told Max that there was an easy way out of this and there had been all along.

Max made a show of pondering. "Shit or get off the pot?"

"That's the one."

Max pulled the T-shirt back over his head. It wasn't sweaty yet, but it rumbled on the floor next to Skyler's bed just like it had the last time Max had left it behind. "Where

should I start?"

Skyler stretched out his legs, flipped over onto his tummy, his chin coming to prop on an elbow-raised fist. "They're only words, Maxwell, but they're good words. Important words. I would very much like to hear them on occasion."

Max rolled onto his stomach, softly kissed those perfect lips, Max's light pecks traveling along Skyler's satin-smooth cheek. He whispered in Skyler's ear.

Skyler smiled, and Max thought it looked beautiful this time.

"That wasn't so difficult, now was it?" Skyler asked.

"No. Am I out of the doghouse yet?"

"Not even close." Skyler's smile broadened, and Max thought *that* was one of the sexiest damned things he'd ever seen.

With a blindingly quick and well-practiced move, Max flipped Skyler over and straddled those slim hips, Skyler's arms pinned overhead with wrists overlapped. Max was well on his way to hardness, and Skyler must have noticed. God, that smile was beautiful.

Max unbuttoned Skyler's pajama shirt with his free hand and spread it open. He studied the flat expanse of perfect, pale skin for a moment, eyes dropping to take in Skyler's erection. His eyes returned to Skyler's pretty face.

"On my knees or on my back, I am *still* a man," Skyler said in a voice that Max *swore* sounded like pure confection, thoroughly sweet and totally sinful. "As are you."

Max nodded, releasing Skyler's wrists. He nibbled his way down Skyler's chest, tugged lightly on Skyler's nipples with his teeth and kissed his way to Skyler's belly. He shimmied Skyler's pants down over hips and off Skyler's slender, gorgeous legs. Max

purposefully breathed, open-mouthed and warm, against Skyler's stiffening cock.

Skyler's eyes fluttered closed, and he sighed contentedly, back arching off the bed at the application of Max's lips and tongue.

Grinning, Max looked up from his task. "Am I still in trouble?" he asked, then took Skyler's cock into his mouth just past the crown and sucked.

Skyler's green eyes went wide. "Oh...oh my!"

Max snorted, the closest thing to a laugh he could manage short of spitting out Skyler's cock first. He flattened his tongue and slid his lips over the length of Skyler's cock to the base. Tidily trimmed black hairs tickled at his nose, and Max hummed a low moan around Skyler's cock. Max could tell this wasn't going to last long.

Skyler's hips bucked up, his hands flew to Max's head, and his fingers twisted in Max's hair. "Oh *God*, yes, Maxwell! Oh, *oh*!"

Max could feel Skyler's thighs quiver, random nerves twitching uncontrollably under the skin. Skyler's fingers clutched frantically in Max's hair, and Max could see the muscles in Skyler's belly draw up into a tight, hard knot.

Max was a quick study, and although this was a first for him it wasn't like he hadn't thought about it. He'd actually spent a fair amount of time lately with his mind on that very subject: in his own bed at night, in the shower. Hell, he'd even made a mess in his unmarked police car during a long, boring stakeout just a few nights ago. Skyler gave incredible head. That warm, sweet mouth, that long, soft tongue, those beautiful, luscious lips. Max had paid close attention to how Skyler used them, and as a result Max had spent countless hours jacking off while reverse-engineering Skyler's blowjobs in his head. He was glad now that he had, since the opportunity for practical application

had suddenly presented itself.

A loud moan echoed off the walls when Max's lips glided slowly up Skyler's shaft, the flat of Max's tongue dragging pliant skin over the bold hardness beneath. Skyler was close—Max could feel it.

And so Max pulled away.

Skyler gasped, eyes opening wide. "You're just going to *stop*? I don't *believe*—"

"Ssh." Max pressed a finger to Skyler's lips. He rose to his knees, unsnapped his jeans, lowered the zipper and shucked off his 501s. He reached for the nightstand, opened the drawer and quickly fetched what he needed. He didn't take his eyes from Skyler's while he tore the foil open with his teeth. "I want to fu—" Max carefully extracted the condom from the packet while he just as carefully rephrased. "I mean, I want to make l—"

Skyler's eyes were smoky and half-closed, those high cheekbones flushed pink. "You can still fuck me, just tell me that you—"

"I love you, Sky." Max rolled the condom on. He was hard as concrete, which made it quick and easy work. He popped the cap on the lube, spread a liberal amount on his sheathed cock and then tossed the bottle away. "I mean it."

"I love you, too." Skyler bent his knees, his legs parting wider. His cock flexed, a thready string of translucent precome smearing his belly.

Skyler's nails dug into Max's hips, urging downward. Max guided himself in, careful not to take his eyes off Skyler's pretty face and those amazing eyes. Skyler felt so goddamn good. Hot, tight, a smooth, easy glide but only because of the lube.

Nails dug harder into Max's hips, and Skyler thrust upward against him, took him

deeper, clenched around him until Skyler ripped a moan from Max that sounded beautifully shattered. Skyler's hips rolled, canting sideways slightly which changed up the angle.

Max's moans and the thickening twitch of his dick inside Skyler's ass telegraphed Max's orgasm. He came, slammed so hard by the climax that he lost his balance on the mattress. He fell onto Skyler, trapping Skyler's hard cock between his own taut abs and Skyler's soft belly. Max pumped his hips with each forceful jet into the condom, surprised at his own cognitive presence to slip a hand between them to jerk Skyler off.

With Max panting into Skyler's ear, sweating all over him, Skyler came quietly in Max's fist. Come dribbled warm and sticky down Max's hand, and when Skyler's soft whimpers subsided Max withdrew and flopped beside him on the bed.

Max slapped a hand onto Skyler's belly, palm side up.

Skyler smiled, and slid a hand into Max's, fingers lacing together. "Now, wasn't that much better?"

Max kept his eyes on the canopy, bit the inside of his cheek, shrugged and sighed. "Oh, I don't know..."

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

Max saw Skyler eyes narrow when he sneaked a furtive glance at him. He leaned over and nipped at Skyler's dramatically turned-under bottom lip. "I think I need more evidence. You know, just to be sure."

"I think that can be arranged." Laughing, Skyler climbed on top of Max and straddled Max's strong thighs. He slipped the condom the rest of the way off Max, tied it and tossed it into the bedside wastebasket. Skyler's nails dragged bright pink trails

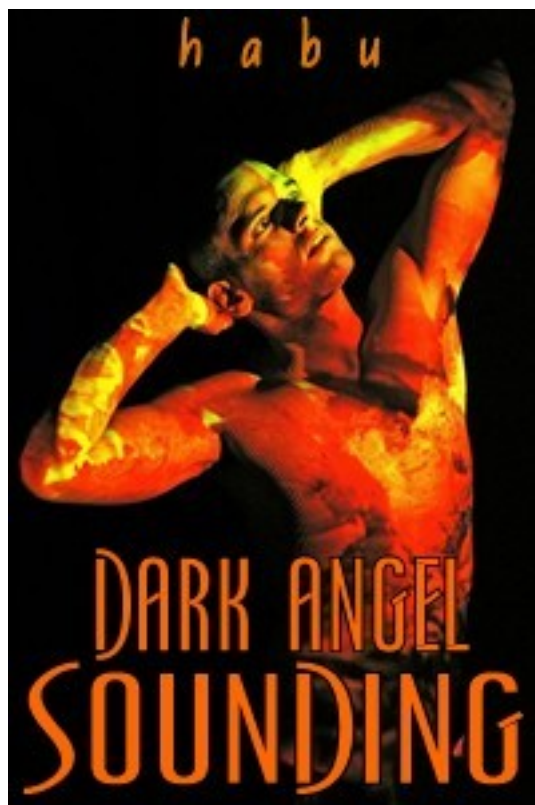
down Max's belly. "But I want your phone number first."

The End

ABOUT ACER ADAMSON

Acer Adamson lives in a small New England town with his partner and their growing menagerie of cats and freshwater fish. Along with his partner, Acer enjoys writing, watching movies, and is shamefully fond of competitive reality shows such as America's Top Model, Project Runway, and Top Chef. Acer writes less fluffy gay urban fantasy, horror, and sci-fi novels under another awesome pseudonym. For more fascinating information like this, please visit Acer at his [LiveJournal](#).

If you enjoyed ONLY WORDS, you might also enjoy:



DARK ANGEL SOUNDING

by habu

A young man's personal experience cautionary tale of falling ever deeper under the sway of a practitioner of one the most dangerous and invasive and least discussed and written of male sexual practices—sounding—in his pursuit of being totally and fully dominated and possessed. How fully can he be taken? Will he succumb to the satanic magician or escape the wand of control invading his very being?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, elements of bdsm, fetish, sex toys as well as m/m, anal and group sex.

Review by Emily, Rainbow Reviews

This is a wild ride from beginning to end, with graphic and intense descriptions of both physical and mental trials. The scenes are both explicit and erotic and it is captivating to watch as the young man begins to embrace the level of domination he deeply desires. For those who enjoy domination stories, this is an excellent selection which delves into a level of possession that few are willing to explore. I recommend this story for readers who are open to very rough treatment as there is quite a bit of pain involved but it leads to unparalleled levels of pleasure. These are some of the most intense domination scenes I have ever read and they continue to resonate long after reading.

Excerpt From DARK ANGEL SOUNDING:

As the dark angel worked his hand under the waistband of my trousers and cupped my balls and played with my cock, my attention went back to the stage, where I saw the young man straining his muscles, his head thrown back, emitting loud moans from a slack, stretched mouth.

And then I saw why, and I involuntarily tensed inside the dark angel's embrace. The burly dominator was kneeling at the end of the high side of the wedge, between the receiver's wide-spread, cuffed legs. He was holding the end of a silver, curved, rather thin wand between two of his fingers. And he was slowly pushing it into the piss slit of the young man. As it slid in farther, the young man was panting hard and crying out a series of "yeses," which was the only indication I had that he was enjoying this invasion of the most intimate area of his body. The burly man twirled the wand slightly inside the slit, and the young man groaned and grunted his ecstasy.

And then the wand was being extracted—slowly and dramatically. A sigh went through the audience. When extracted, it looked like a good six inches had been inside the slit.

I felt like I couldn't breathe and discovered that this was largely because the dark angel was holding me tight, almost smothering me in his embrace. And he was humming softly to himself.

BUY THIS AND MORE TITLES AT
www.eXcessica.com



eXcessica's [BLOG](#)

www.excessica.com/blog

eXcessica's [YAHOO GROUP](#)

groups.yahoo.com/group/eXcessica/

Check out both for updates about eXcessica books, as well
as chances to win free E-Books!