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HIS GENTLE TOUCH

Stormy Glenn

EROTIC ROMANCE



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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Erotic Romance

HIS GENTLE TOUCH Copyright © 2009 by Stormy Glenn E-book ISBN: 1-60601-660-1

First E-book Publication: October 2009

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PUBLISHER

Siren Publishing, Inc. www.SirenPublishing.com

DEDICATION

I wanted to dedicate this book to all of my fans for their continued support and kind words. I couldn't do this without you.

HIS GENTLE TOUCH

STORMY GLENN

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Chapter 1

"Hey, Micah, I thought you went on a blind date this afternoon? What happened? Dead beat?"

"I'll say," Micah Adin replied as he slumped down into the red vinyl booth seat. He looked across the table to his friend, Seth.

"And this would be because?" Seth asked. His eyebrow rose in query, a slight smirk on his face.

"Because I'm tired of playing grab ass with guys I don't even like. I went out on this blind date because I wanted to meet someone, not fight off every asshole who decides that I'm an easy lay just because I'm gay," Micah grumbled.

"Date that bad?" Seth asked as he sat forward in his seat.

"Hell yes! I spent fifteen minutes listening to him tell me how he's richer than Midas and that his last boyfriend, who he just dumped, didn't appreciate his dominant behavior. Then he wanted to sneak off to the bathroom for a little *get to know me* session. When I told him that I wasn't interested, he got pissed and took off. He even stuck me with the bill."

"Ouch," Seth sympathized.

"Yeah, you could say that. The next time I say I'm going out on a blind date, just hit me with something." Some of the tension left his shoulders as he looked around the tavern they sat in, the beat of the music starting to sink into him.

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"So, what are you going to do?"

Micah shrugged his shoulders. "Go home alone, again."

"Want a drink?" Seth asked, gesturing towards the waitress as she approached their table.

"I'll have a ginger ale," Micah answered. "It doesn't look like I'm going to get lucky anytime soon, but I don't need the added headache."

"You're just looking for the wrong type of guy, Micah," Seth said as he waved the waitress down and gave her their order.

"Oh yeah? And just what type should I be looking for?" Micah asked.

"Well, what exactly are you looking for?" Seth asked. "A quick fuck or something long term?"

"I don't know," Micah replied. He leaned forward, clasping his hands together and resting his elbows on the table. "It just all seems so predictable. Find a guy, take him home, have a little fun, then he's gone. Hell, lately, they barely let the sheets cool down before they're gone. It would be nice to wake up next to the face I took to bed."

"Be more specific," Seth directed.

"Nice, gentle, strong, but not too aggressive, if you know what I mean. Someone loyal, willing to put in the time to build a relationship."

Micah looked at Seth with curiosity when he began laughing. "What?"

"Dude, you just described a cocker spaniel."

Micah rolled his eyes. "I did not." Micah considered his words. "Did I?"

Seth nodded his head, the grin still on his lips. "Sorry, man, but you did."

Micah closed his eyes. He let his head fall down to where his hands folded together. He couldn't believe he just described a dog. He laughed softly as he raised his head and opened his eyes to look at

Seth sheepishly. "Maybe I should buy a dog. At least someone will be in my bed when I wake up."

Seth chuckled. "What are you really looking for, Micah? I mean *really* looking for. I want you to sit back, close your eyes, and describe your dream man to me," Seth said a few moments later.

Micah rolled his eyes again but did as Seth ordered, leaning his head back against the booth seat and closing his eyes as he envisioned his dream man. What would his dream man be like?

"He has to be tall. Besides the fact that tall men are sexier than hell, someone taller than me just makes me feel better. Protected, I guess. I need to know I can depend on him to keep me safe. Strong would be good, too. Another one of those protective things, I suspect," Micah surmised.

"Tired of getting beat up?"

Micah nodded his head without opening his eyes. "Just because I'm smaller than some people doesn't mean guys have the right to beat the crap out of me when I say *no*. It would be nice to be with someone big enough to keep me safe and still take no for an answer."

"Just how tall are we talking here?" Seth asked quietly. He was so quiet Micah started to open his eyes to ask him what was wrong. "No! Close your eyes, Micah. You tried it your way, and it didn't work. We're going to do this my way this time."

Micah heaved a big sigh, mentally rolling his eyes, and went back to thinking about what his dream man would be like. "Did I mention tall?" Micah chuckled.

"Yes." Seth chuckled. "But you didn't tell me how tall?"

"Taller than me?" Micah asked.

"Micah, everyone's taller than you."

Micah giggled. "Okay, so tall then, really tall."

"Six foot?" Seth asked.

"Taller." Micah smirked.

"Six foot five?"

"Getting closer." Micah chuckled. He wasn't lying when he said he liked tall men and they were talking about his fantasy here. He probably didn't exist. "You did say my dream man, right?"

"Wow, you really do like them tall, don't you?" Seth asked in wonder.

Micah nodded his head, a wide grin spreading across his face. "The taller the better."

"So, what else? Hair color? Do you prefer blondes, brunettes, or redheads?"

"I'm not real sure. I've dated all of the above, but I guess I tend to go for darker hair more often than not. Although, I've never dated anyone with black hair so I couldn't say about that."

"Eyes?"

"Dreamy." Micah giggled. He could feel his face heat up.

"Dreamy?" Seth snorted. "Can you be any less descriptive?"

"Well, they say that the eyes are the window to the soul. I want to be able to look into his eyes and see exactly what he's feeling and thinking. So, yeah, dreamy."

"Dreamy, got it. Any particular color?"

Micah shook his head.

"What about hair?" Seth asked.

"Didn't we already cover that?" Micah laughed.

"No, I mean do you prefer a hairy guy or one without hair. You know, chest hair, beard, the works. Or do you like all smooth skin?"

"A little hair is nice across the chest, maybe one of those little trails that leads down, but not tons of hair. And I'm not terribly partial to beards, although, a little shadow is nice. Mustaches are okay, so no real preference there. Next?"

"Personality?"

"Smart, but he doesn't have to be a genius. Someone friendly, too. It would be nice to be able to bring him around my friends without worrying he's going to insult someone or start a fight or—"

"Drool?" Seth chuckled.

"Yeah, that would be good." Micah laughed. "He also has to have a sense of humor. That's a must. I just couldn't be with someone that didn't laugh. Gentle, too. If he's big and strong and—"

"Tall?" Seth interjected.

"Yeah, tall." Micah laughed. "If he's big enough to be strong, he has to be big enough to be gentle. I don't want to be with a barbarian. I want someone who's kind, gentle, caring, even affectionate."

"Affectionate?" Seth asked incredulously.

"Well, yeah. If I want to kiss him, I need to be able to kiss him. I don't want to have to ask or wait until we're alone. His being affectionate with me would be good, too. Oh, that reminds me. He can't be ashamed to be with me."

"Craig?" Seth asked, referring to one of Micah's ex-boyfriends.

Micah nodded his head, cringing a little at the memory of his ex. Craig refused to be affectionate in public or even at each other's apartments unless they were in bed together. It drove Micah crazy.

"Anything else?" Seth asked.

"Well, someone that's good in bed would be nice." Micah laughed.

"That's kind of a given, Micah. I'm talking about any deep-seated fantasies here. Anything special you haven't found with any other man."

Micah shrugged his shoulders. There were a couple of more things he wanted in a dream man, but he felt a little embarrassed to talk about that. Some fantasies should not be shared, even with his best friend.

"Come on, Micah. We're talking about your dream man here. Tell me" Seth said.

Micah could feel his face heat up as he answered Seth, his voice almost a mumble. "I want someone romantic."

"Someone what? I didn't hear you, Micah."

"Romantic, okay?" Micah said loudly just before he dropped his head down into his hands, rubbing his eyes with the palms of his hands. "I want someone who knows how to be romantic."

He shouldn't be embarrassed about wanting someone romantic but he was. Maybe it was the whole male versus female thing. Women were supposed to want romance, not men. Men wanted sports and fishing and working on cars.

Micah knew he was stereotyping. He couldn't help it. He had been taught all of his life that there were certain things men did and certain things that women did, and never the two shall cross. And it drove him crazy.

No wonder so many people were out of touch with their true feelings. They had been taught to be that way. His father certainly had done everything he could to make Micah into what he considered a man.

When he figured out it wouldn't work his way, he kicked Micah to the curb, literally. Micah walked away from home at the age of sixteen with two cracked ribs, several bruises, and the clothes on his back.

It wasn't that he minded the manly things his father tried to teach him. He didn't mind driving to a cabin in the woods. He just didn't want to fish or hunt. He wanted to curl up in front of the fireplace with his lover.

"Okay, so, romantic. Don't get me wrong, that's okay, but what exactly do you mean by romantic?" Seth asked, breaking into Micah's deep thoughts.

Micah sighed, dropping his hands from his face to fold them together in his lap. "I don't know exactly. I like cuddling, warm fires, and getting phone calls for no reason other than to hear my voice. I want to know that I matter to him for more than an easy fuck." Micah opened his eyes to look over at Seth. "Is that so wrong?"

Seth shook his head, regarding his friend with a somber face. "No, Micah, that's not wrong at all. It actually sounds pretty nice."

Micah never had something like that, but he believed it was out there. Just because he was a man wanting it from another man didn't make it wrong. Micah forced out a small nervous laugh.

"Well, you did say my dream man, didn't you? We are talking about a fantasy here. Anything goes."

Seth laughed. "Yeah, right, your dream man. But, if we're talking about your dream man, would he look anything like him?" Seth asked as he pointed past Micah's head.

Micah turned his head to look where Seth pointed. His mouth dropped open at the sight of the sexy man standing by the pool table with several other men. He couldn't look away. The man looked exactly as he described to Seth.

He was huge, every last inch of him. He stood at least a foot taller than Micah, possibly more. He dipped his head every time he walked by one of the hanging ceiling lights.

Micah could tell the man was strong. He could see it in the way the fabric of his simple black dress shirt stretched over his broad shoulders. It looked ready to bust at the seams.

And his black slacks? The way they hugged the man's thighs, they looked painted on. When the man turned and bent over the pool table to shoot, Micah let out a low groan. Damn! Even his ass was perfect. Micah could just imagine that ass in front of him when he was naked.

As the man stood up and turned back to his friends, Micah took in the rest of his chiseled features. Just a bit of a five o'clock shadow graced his strong square jaw. His lips were full, just begging to be kissed. Even his thin straight nose looked sexy.

His long, black hair was tied back at the nape of his neck. Micah would love to run his fingers through it, or even grab onto it during sex. As the thought came to him, Micah could feel his face burning red. He hadn't even met the man and already he imagined them in bed together.

"Well?"

Micah turned back to look at Seth, shaking his head sadly.

"What? I would have thought he fit your description pretty well," Seth replied, sounding slightly confused.

"Oh, he's perfect, exactly what I described, but come on, Seth. Do you really see a guy like that with someone like me? Besides, he probably has guys all over him. He could have anyone he wanted."

Micah could see Seth roll his eyes. "Well, I don't know about you, but I'm going to go talk to him," Seth said as he got to his feet and started towards the man.

"Seth, no, don't!" Micah cried out, reaching for his arm, but Seth just scooted past him, heading across the room toward the man. Micah watched him walk up and start talking to the gorgeous man, gesturing every once in awhile back toward Micah.

As the man turned to look over at him, Micah groaned, dropping his head down into his arms. He couldn't believe Seth was doing this. And here he thought they were best friends. He felt so embarrassed.

Micah brushed his curls back from his forehead as he lifted his head and looked back. He was stunned when he realized the man still stared at him. Micah could only stare back at him, captivated by the curiosity he could see in the man's eyes.

"Would you like to dance?"

"Wha—" Micah turned his head to see a blond man standing next to his table looking down at him.

"Would you like to dance?" the man said again.

Micah stared up at him in surprise. The man's thumbs hooked in the edges of his pockets. He leaned back on his heels, pushing his hips, and groin, in Micah's direction. A wide self-assured grin covered his lips as the man winked down at him.

"No, thank you," Micah replied, turning back to look across the room at his dream man. He forgot the man standing next to him the moment his eyes touched on the tall man's again. Damn, he was hot!

"Come on, gorgeous, come dance with me. Or we could just cut out the foreplay and go straight back to my place."

Micah frowned, turning to look back up at the annoying man. "No, thank you. I'm not interested."

"Oh, come on, don't be like that," the man drawled as he reached for Micah's arm. Micah tried to pull away, not realizing what a firm grasp the man had on him until he was pulled to his feet. *God*, *he hated that!*

"Let go, now!" Micah yelled, trying to pull his arm away from the man, but the man mirrored an octopus. His hands seemed to be all over Micah. Every time Micah pulled him off one part of his body, he landed somewhere else. Before he knew it, Micah was being pulled onto the dance floor.

"I said no, damn it. Now let me go!" Micah yelled again. He just started to lift his leg to knee the man in the groin when he was suddenly lifted off the floor. Micah's eyes widened when he looked down and realized that a single muscular arm held him off the floor by several inches.

"Is Petey bothering you, *liebling*?" asked a deep rough voice that made Micah's bones melt. Pressed as he was with his back up against the man's chest, he could feel his deep voice vibrate all the way down to his toes.

Micah raised his head, then raised it some more. Oh boy, was he tall. Even being held off the ground several inches, Micah still had to look up to see into his smoky gray eyes. And they were gorgeous eyes, nearly the color of a summer storm cloud.

"Hey, Wulfe, I didn't know he belonged to you. I...I would never have—" the shorter blond man stammered nervously.

Wulfe turned his head to look down at Petey. "It doesn't matter if he belongs to me or not, Petey. He said no. You should have left it at that. Now, I'm going to have to tell Bruce about this. It's not okay to force someone to do something they don't want to do."

"Oh hell, Wulfe, don't tell Bruce. He won't let me back in again for a month, and I just got back in here tonight. Besides, I didn't mean it, not really. He sat all by himself and he's just so damn sexy."

Wulfe turned his gaze back to Micah, staring intently down at him. "I couldn't agree more."

"I'm really sorry, Wulfe. I just—" Petey stammered again.

"Go away Petey, and I might forget I ever saw you," Wulfe replied as he walked back toward the booth Micah sat in before. Micah raised an eyebrow, amused that the man didn't set him down on his feet, continuing to carry him as he walked.

"Um," Micah said as he quickly glanced down at the floor, then back up to Wulfe, "are you going to put me down?"

"Do you really want me to put you down?" Wulfe asked, his voice rumbling.

Honestly? Hell, no, but it just didn't seem right to let another man carry him around, no matter how big he seemed.

"What's your name?"

"Micah."

Micah could feel his cheeks blush as Wulfe smiled down at him. "Micah? I like that. It's very—nice. Is there anything you need from your booth, Micah?"

"My booth?" Micah asked in confusion, his mind still on the strong arm wrapped around him. He frowned, looking down at the seat he had sat in.

"Yes, I'd like you to come sit with me. Is there anything you need to get from your booth first?" Wulfe asked.

"You want me to come sit with you?" Micah repeated, stunned at what the gorgeous man said to him. Suddenly, his eyes widened as he remembered Seth had been talking to him. What in the hell had he said?

"Please put me down," Micah requested desperately.

He couldn't have been more surprised when Wulfe immediately set him down on his feet, although he shouldn't have been after the way he dressed Petey down for not taking no for an answer.

Once Micah felt his feet under him he craned his neck back to look up at Wulfe, way up. "What did Seth say to you?"

"Seth?" Wulfe asked, his dark eyebrows drawn together in confusion.

"My friend? He went over to talk to you before Petey asked me to dance?"

Wulfe turned his head to look over at Seth standing by the pool table talking with his friends. "The little brown haired guy? That's your friend Seth?" he asked as he looked back down at Micah.

Micah nodded his head. "That's him. What did he say to you when he went over to talk to you?"

If anything Wulfe looked more confused. "He asked me if we planned on using the pool table all night or if you and he would have a chance to play. Why? Do you want the pool table now?"

"He asked you about the pool table?" Micah asked, surprised. "That's all?"

"Yes. Why? Should he have asked me something else?"

"No, no, that's fine." Micah laughed. "I just wondered what he said to you."

"What did you want him to say to me?" Wulfe asked.

If Micah didn't know better he would have sworn that Wulfe's voice dropped lower. The deep rough sound vibrated through Micah, making his cock harden against his zipper. He hadn't thought it possible without the big man touching him. He was wrong.

Micah shook his head, trying to clear the lustful thoughts from his mind so he could concentrate on the conversation. "Nothing, I just wondered, that's all."

"Would you like to come play with me?"

"Would I like to play with you?" Micah's eyes widened again. *Oh boy, would he!*

"Pool? Would you like to come play pool with me?" Wulfe asked, chuckling.

Pool? "Oh, um, I don't really like to play pool much, but I wouldn't mind watching. Would that be okay?"

He watched the smile that crossed Wulfe's face with fascination. "That would be fine," Wulfe replied, looking past Micah to the booth behind him. "Is there anything you need to get?"

Micah shook his head. "No, I didn't bring a jacket with me, and my drink was empty anyway."

"Can I get you another drink?"

Micah smiled, nodding his head. "Ginger ale, please."

"You don't want a beer or something?" Wulfe asked curiously.

"I don't drink very often, and I've already had one. If I drink too much more I'll be a puddle on the floor," Micah said with a shrug. "Besides, I'm a cheap drunk. More than three drinks and I won't remember a thing."

"Probably a good idea, but if you wanted to have a beer, I would make sure nothing happens to you," Wulfe replied.

Micah shook his head. "No, thank you, though. A ginger ale will be just fine for me right now. I might have a beer later on though."

"Ginger ale it is then," Wulfe replied with a grin. Micah nearly jumped when he reached down to hold his hand. He felt even more surprised when Wulfe pulled him toward the other side of the room, never letting go of his hand.

"Um, Wulfe?" Micah began.

"Gideon."

"What?" Micah asked, confused.

The man turned around to look down at him. "My name is Gideon Wulfe, but most of my friends call me Wulfe. I'd prefer that you called me Gideon."

"You don't want me to call you Wulfe?" Micah asked, his heart sinking a little. The big man didn't want to be friends? *Damn!*

Gideon raised his hand to run his fingers down the side of Micah's face. "I want you to call me Gideon. No one else does. That's just for you," he said softly.

"Okay," Micah breathed as he leaned his face into Gideon's hand.

"Now, come play with me," Gideon said as he grabbed Micah's hand and led him toward the pool tables.

"Okay."

Chapter 2

Micah opened his eyes and looked up at the white tiled ceiling. He knew he wasn't in his own bed. His room didn't have ceiling tiles. And his bed wasn't nearly as comfortable as the one he lay in.

That brought him to the realization that he didn't have a stitch of clothing on his body, just a sheet. He could feel the soft white cotton sheets brushing against his body as he moved. They must be really good too because they felt great against his skin.

A frown creased his face as he tried to remember where he was. The last thing that he really recalled was sitting at a club with his friend, Seth. They discussed the blind date Micah went on earlier in the day. After that...

Had he found someone last night and gone home with him? If so, where in the hell was he? Micah's eyes widened suddenly as a stray thought filtered through his head. Had it been a *her*? Oh hell, he hoped not. That could create all sorts of problems.

As he lifted his hand to wipe his curls from his eyes, a glint of gold sparkled on his hand. Micah turned his hand over, holding it above his face as he looked at the intricate gold and silver ring on his finger.

It was a beautiful ring. A strand of gold wove together with a strand of silver, intertwining around his finger. Micah wasn't sure he ever saw such an artistic ring, yet one that seemed so simple.

"After all of the trouble I went through to get that ring for you, liebling, I certainly hope you're not planning on taking it off," a deep voice said off to one side of Micah.

He turned his head sharply to see a tall, ebony haired man standing in the doorway to the bathroom, a towel hung low on his hips. From the look of his wet hair, he had just gotten out of the shower.

Micah was so shocked by his presence that he could only stare at him. Well, if he chose someone to go home with last night, at least he chose someone gorgeous. And boy, was he gorgeous.

The man stood big enough in height and width to fill the doorway. His long, black hair hung down his back and over the side of face. It reached midway down his chest.

It seemed fairly obvious the man was in great shape. His muscles covered nearly his entire body. Micah could just imagine what he might look like in a simple white shirt and a pair of faded jeans. Or better yet, completely naked. *Yum!*

The man sported thick muscular arms, broad powerful shoulders, long sturdy legs. Even his chest was a work of art. Thick pectoral muscles covered in a smattering of dark brown hair that narrowed together and led down his chest to his flat abdomen, then on down to disappear beneath the edge of the white towel. Talk about drool worthy.

But it was his eyes that mystified Micah the most. They were a deep smoky gray, and hypnotizing. Micah could stare into his eyes for ages and never get tired of looking into them.

As the man began walking toward the bed, Micah grabbed the edge of the sheet and pulled it up to his chest even as he scooted back to lean against the pillows. His eyebrows shot up in surprise when the man knelt on the side of the bed and leaned in to give him a kiss.

Micah heard about kisses like this. They shook you right down to your toes. Well, at least far enough down to make a quick stop at his cock, which started throbbing the moment the man's tongue brushed against his.

Micah moaned softly as the man wrapped his hand around his neck and pulled him closer, his lips demanding more response from

him. Micah opened his mouth, gladly giving the man whatever response he wanted.

As he thrust his tongue out to stroke along the man's lips, he could feel the man's other hand move up to softly caress the side of his chest. Micah couldn't help moaning when his fingers moved across his chest to gently pinch his nipple.

"Damn, liebling, I love how responsive you are," the man whispered as he lifted his lips to smile down at Micah, his eyes greedily moving over his softer features. "It makes me harder than a rock."

Micah knew he told the absolute truth. The man's very impressive cock pressed against Micah's leg. It made Micah's mouth water. He could barely keep from reaching down and grabbing the man.

However, as much as he wanted to see him up close and very personal like, he needed to know who the man was and how they ended up in bed together. And where was that bed located anyway?

"I know this is kind of, um, rude to ask at this point," Micah said as he looked up at the man, "but, who are you?"

He couldn't have been more surprised when the man threw his head back and let out a loud rumbling laugh. "Oh, Micah, you are such a delight." He continued to laugh for several moments before rolling to the side of the bed and standing up.

He glanced back down at Micah, a tender expression transforming his rugged features. "You might want to get up and get dressed. The car will be here for us soon. We need to get going if we're going to reach home by nightfall."

Car? What car? "Uh, hey, look, I'm sure this has been fun and all, but I really need to be getting back to my friend."

"Seth will be waiting for us downstairs in the lobby when we're ready to go. I told you he was welcome to come visit us whenever you or he wanted," he replied as he dropped the towel on the floor and reached for a pair of slacks hanging in the closet.

Micah could only stare as the man bent over to push one leg into his pants. His ass was spectacular. Micah didn't know if he ever saw an ass more perfect before in his life. He knew he would be having fantasies about it for years to come.

"Aren't you going to get ready, Micah?" the man asked as he turned around and saw Micah just lying there, staring at his ass. "You can play with my ass when we get home. Now, come on."

His trance broken, Micah scooted to the side of the bed, grabbing the sheet and wrapping it tightly around him. He didn't want to taint the good mood the man seemed to be in, but he just had to know his name.

"What's your name?"

The man looked over at Micah, a peculiar frown on his face. "Gideon."

"Gideon," Micah murmured as he smiled at him. "That's a very nice name. What's your last name?"

The man frowned again. "Wulfe, same as yours."

Micah's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Uh, look, Gideon, I don't know what I told you last night but my last name is Adin, not Wulfe."

"Your last name used to be Adin. Now it's Wulfe," the man replied as he walked over to the side table and grabbed a piece of paper. He looked down at it for just a moment before walking back over to Micah and holding it out to him.

"As of 10:32 last night when you married me, your name became Micah Wulfe," Gideon said as he handed the paper to Micah, then stalked to the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Micah stared down at the paper in his hand, trying to comprehend the words written on the marriage license. He really married Gideon last night like he said. It was right there in black and white.

Well, hell! He knew he hurt Gideon's feelings. How was he supposed to know he married the man the night before? He didn't remember any of it. He wished that he did, then maybe he wouldn't feel like such a jerk.

Micah set the paper down on the bed and looked around for his pants. He found them on the floor on the other side of the bed. Quickly pulling them on, he buttoned up the bottom few buttons, leaving the last two unbuttoned in his haste.

Walking to the bathroom door, he took a deep cleansing breath before knocking on the door. "Gideon? Can I talk to you, please?"

After a moment, the door opened, Gideon quickly turned his back and walked over to sit on the edge of a very large tub. He had his head bent, not meeting Micah's eyes, and he twisted his hands together as they hung between his legs, his elbows resting on his knees.

Micah walked over and sat beside him, resting his elbows on his own knees. He folded his hands together and rested his chin on them as he glanced over at Gideon out of the corner of his eye.

"You really don't remember?" Gideon asked after a moment.

Micah shook his head regretfully. "Sorry, but no. The last thing I remember was sitting in the tavern with Seth. After that, it's all a blur. But, I wish I did remember. Sounds like we had quite the time."

When Gideon didn't say anything, Micah felt even worse. He seemed like a nice guy and here he was destroying whatever camaraderie they might have established. "Gideon, can you fill in the blanks for me?"

Micah watched with a sinking heart as Gideon twisted the ring on his finger around several times before suddenly jumping to his feet and walking toward the door. He paused briefly to turn his head slightly, not quite meeting Micah's eyes.

"It doesn't matter. We'll just chalk it up to a good time and let it go at that." He turned back to look out the bathroom door before continuing. "I'll see you, Micah Adin."

Micah watched Gideon walk out of the bathroom, a strange knotting beginning in his stomach. Instinct told him, hell, screamed at him, not to let Gideon go. Something about the man told Micah he needed to hold.

Getting quickly to his feet, Micah ran out of the bathroom after him. In the bedroom, he found Gideon sitting on the far side of the bed putting his shoes on. His small suitcase sat on the floor next to his feet.

Throwing all caution to the wind, Micah leapt onto the bed and grabbed Gideon by the shoulders and pulled him back. He knew the only way he could pull Gideon back down onto the bed was because he caught him by surprise.

As Gideon's back hit the mattress Micah swung his leg over him, settling his body over the top of his strong hips, one leg on either side of him. Leaning forward to brace his weight on his arms, he looked down into Gideon's stunned features.

"Unless you lied to me, Gideon, this ring says that you belong to me now," Micah said as he held up his hand for Gideon to see. "That means you don't get to walk away from me when your feelings get hurt. You have to stick around and work things out."

He could see the confusion warring with hurt feelings in the tightening of Gideon's features as he stared at the ring, then up at him. "But you don't remember anything. You didn't even know my name until I told you."

"No, I didn't, but you could tell me what I don't remember. Besides the obvious, if I agreed to marry you, there must have been something about you that I liked," Micah replied.

"The obvious?" Gideon asked in confusion.

"Are you serious? You're the hottest thing I've ever laid eyes on." Micah laughed.

"Really? You think I'm hot?"

Micah was confused by the lack of self-confidence Gideon displayed. The man was gorgeous from the top of his beautiful dark haired head to the bottom of his sleek feet. He could have any man he wanted. How could he not know that?

"Am I breathing? Of course I find you attractive. You're glorious! You could have any man you want. I just can't figure out why you picked me."

"Because you weren't afraid of me." Gideon said it so matter of fact Micah could only stare at him for several moments in stunned silence.

"Why would I be afraid of you, Gideon?" Micah asked after a moment.

"Most people are. They cross the street so they don't have to walk past me, like they're afraid I'm going to attack them or something. Little children just point and stare. But you didn't. You didn't even seem to be fazed by my size."

Micah tried to stifle his giggle, but it escaped anyway. "I hate to tell you this, but I actually find your size a huge turn on, Gideon."

"You do?" Gideon whispered in wonder.

Micah just nodded his head. "Oh yeah," he murmured as he sat back to stroke his hands over Gideon's strong chest. "All these powerful muscles underneath my hands, it's like a feast for a starving man."

He lifted his eyebrow in curiosity when he felt Gideon's cock hardening between his legs. "I think you like the idea that I'm turned on by your size," he remarked. His chuckle turned into laughter when he saw Gideon's face flush with embarrassment.

"Micah, I—damn!" Gideon said when the phone began to ring. "Hold that thought."

Micah watched while Gideon reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a cell phone, flipping it open. He was a little surprised when Gideon's voice changed, becoming deep and strong as he replied to the person on the other end.

"Very good, Ivan. We'll be down in a few minutes," he said as he closed the phone and shoved it back into his pocket before looking back up at Micah. "The car is here to take us, uh, take me home."

He was leaving? Without working things out between them? Micah suddenly felt his chest tighten up, making it hard to breathe. What in the hell was going on with him? He didn't know this man. Why did the thought of never seeing him again seem so painful?

"Gideon, I don't want you to go," he whispered quietly.

"Micah—"

"Please?"

"There's no reason for me to stay, Micah. You obviously don't remember marrying me last night, or any of the time we spent together. I think it would be best if we just called this a onetime thing and went our separate ways, don't you?"

Micah didn't have an argument for Gideon's reasons. He didn't remember last night, not the wedding or the time afterwards. That still didn't mean he didn't want to get to know Gideon better. There must be a reason he married the man.

Married the man—they were married! As Gideon lifted him up and started to set him aside so that he could stand up, Micah wrapped his arms around his neck, refusing to let go. He had a piece of paper that said this man belonged to him.

"Micah—" Gideon began when Micah refused to release him.

"No, I won't give you a divorce so you can't leave," Micah said as he buried his face in Gideon's neck. He felt overwhelmed by the strong musk like scent coming from Gideon.

"I don't need your permission to get a divorce, Micah. You know the law as well as I do. During the first six months of our marriage either of us can file for an annulment. I'd say our one night together falls within those six months," Gideon said as he used his strength to pull Micah's arms from around his neck.

Micah tried to fight him as Gideon pushed him away, but it did him no good. Gideon was much stronger than him. As Gideon pushed him away and quickly stood to his feet out of Micah's reach, Micah finally realized what he was doing.

Obviously Gideon didn't want to be married to him. He just wanted to leave, preferably without him. Micah was just making a fool of himself, which made perfect sense. He always made a fool of himself when he found someone worth keeping. He found the perfect man and fucked it all up.

Falling back against the pillows, Micah watched silently as Gideon picked up his jacket and small suitcase. He walked to the door, pausing to look back at Micah one more time. "I'll send the papers to you as soon as my lawyer has them drawn up."

Biting his lip to keep from begging Gideon not to leave, Micah watched his husband walk out of their honeymoon suite before rolling onto his side and curling into a fetal position. He felt silent tears fall down his face as he realized that the man of his dreams just walked out of his life, and it was all his fault.

Chapter 3

"You want to talk about it?"

Micah shook his head as he stared down at the cup of coffee in his hand. "Not really."

"Come on, Micah, something is obviously on your mind. You've been down for a couple of months, but tonight you're really in the dumps. What's wrong?" Seth asked as he leaned forward in his seat.

Reaching into his jacket pocket, Micah pulled out a thick envelope and slapped it down on the table. He could barely stand to look at it, turning his gaze back to his cup of coffee. "The annulment papers came today."

"Oh," Seth said sympathetically. "Sorry, man. I know you hoped he would change his mind."

"Yeah, it was stupid. I guess until they showed up today I kept thinking maybe he would come back. How funny was that? Gideon Wulfe coming back for me. I'm surprised he married me in the first place."

"Why? You're a great guy. Anyone would be proud to be married to you."

"Apparently not that great or these wouldn't have been delivered today," Micah said bitterly as he gestured towards the envelope.

"Have you signed them?" Seth asked a few minutes later.

"I haven't even opened them yet. I—I just can't."

"Then how do you know that they're annulment papers? Maybe it's a letter from him or something. Plane tickets and an invitation to join him?"

"No, they're annulment papers."

"How do you know if you haven't even opened them?" Seth asked as he reached for the envelope. He carefully ripped the end off, pulling a large stack of papers out. He grabbed them with both hands and began reading.

Micah raised his eyes and watched Seth read the papers Gideon sent. It came as no surprise to him that a deliveryman dropped them off at his apartment. Gideon certainly wouldn't deliver them himself. Micah might make a fool of himself again.

Still, until the papers were actually in his hand, Micah held out hope Gideon would change his mind and come for him. He realized that such a thought was silly. Gideon Wulfe, the sexiest man he ever met in his life, could have anyone he wanted. He just didn't want Micah.

"Well?" Micah asked hesitantly. His last bit of hope died a slow death as Seth raised his eyes, shaking his head sadly.

"Sorry, man. They're annulment papers. But he's giving you a nice settlement package. That has to mean he must have cared about you."

Micah reached for the papers with trembling hands, pressing them down against the table as he began to read them. Seth was right, Gideon had given him a nice settlement, especially considering they had been together all of twenty-four hours. He probably did it so that Micah would just sign the papers and not put up a fight.

Three million dollars to forget that they were married. It wouldn't even be considered a divorce but an annulment. Once Micah signed the papers, it would be like their marriage never happened.

The only problem was that he didn't want it even if it meant he could stop working two jobs just to keep a roof over his head and food in his stomach. He just wanted Gideon. If he couldn't have Gideon, he didn't want anything from him.

Folding the papers back up, Micah pushed them back into the envelope and put it back in his jacket. He took another sip of his

coffee before deciding the only thing he really wanted to do was go home and crawl into bed.

"I'll see you later, Seth. I think I'm going to head out," he said as he grabbed his jacket and stood to his feet.

"Sure you don't want to stick around for a little while? You don't seem to get out much anymore," Seth said as he looked up at him.

"No, I'm just not in the mood to hang out right now. I'm not very good company anyway. I think I'd be better off all by myself tonight. Maybe after I sign the papers and return them, things will be better." Micah smirked.

He waved and walked away, heading back to his tiny apartment, alone once again. He seemed to always be alone lately. Ever since Gideon left, he couldn't even stomach the idea of another man touching him much less having sex with one. Which meant he never brought anyone home anymore.

It wouldn't be fair to anyone if he did. He couldn't stop thinking about Gideon. In the two months, three weeks, and five days since Gideon walked out, he hadn't been able to stop thinking about him.

He still couldn't remember everything about their time together, but some things returned. The main memory that returned to him was why he agreed to marry Gideon in the first place.

After spending most of the afternoon watching Gideon play pool, he had been mystified by him. Gideon gave him as much attention as he did his pool game. By the time the evening drew to a close, Micah hung on Gideon like they were lovers.

A few hours later, that had been the truth when Gideon invited Micah up to his room and made love to him. Micah had been half in love with Gideon by the time they reached the room. He fell the rest of the way when Gideon held him in his arms afterward, cradling Micah against his massive chest like Micah was something precious to him.

When Gideon expressed his growing feelings for him, then asked him to stay, Micah readily agreed. He hadn't been prepared for how

fast Gideon arranged things, finding someone to marry them and getting wedding rings.

Before he knew what happened, they were standing in front of a judge getting married. Then they went back to the hotel for a celebration. It was after the champagne that things turned fuzzy.

Micah hadn't been lying when he told Gideon alcohol turned him into a pile of goo. He'd usually wake up the next morning not remembering a thing with a headache as big as a bus.

Hence, his loss of memory about Gideon. Micah still didn't understand why he drank so much when he knew how his body reacted to the alcohol. He knew better. It had been a stupid move on his part, one that cost him Gideon. Micah never wanted to touch alcohol again.

Micah unlocked his door and walked into his apartment, shutting and locking the door behind him. He took his jacket off and laid it over the back of the couch before slumping down next to it.

As he saw the top of the envelope sticking out, he wondered how much it would cost him to pay for an attorney to amend the settlement Gideon offered. The money would be nice, but did he really want it?

Sure, he worked two jobs just to pay for the miserable little one bedroom apartment he lived in and to keep food on the table. And it seemed no matter how hard he tried, how much he skimped, he could never get ahead.

He already gave up his car, taking the bus everywhere he needed to go. He didn't have cable television, internet service, or even a phone. Most of his money went to pay for his apartment. Anything left went into a savings account.

Micah had a grand plan. He would save up his money and move to the country, get out of the big city. He just needed to save up enough money to buy a little farm. He didn't want much, just a place to call his own, something someone couldn't take away from him.

Maybe he should take the money? He could buy a nicer farm right away, move into the country and never have to work again. All of his dreams would come true, all but one. He wouldn't have Gideon.

Shaking his head, Micah reached for his checkbook. It would cost him a lot of money to hire a lawyer to amend the papers, money that come out of his savings account, money meant to give him a better life.

It was just one more regret he had about the whole situation. But he really didn't have a choice. If Gideon wanted to be rid of him enough to offer him three million dollars, Micah would go, but he wouldn't be taking his money.

* * * *

"Sir, those papers you wanted have arrived. Would you like me to bring them in?"

Gideon hit the intercom button to his secretary. "Uh, yes, Stella, please bring them in," he replied. His fingers twisted nervously around the pen in his other hand as he waited for her to bring in the papers he sent to Micah.

Annulment papers. If the papers came back, that meant Micah signed them, ending their marriage. Their marriage, now that was a laugh. They were together all of twenty-four hours, but it had been enough time for Gideon to know he wanted to spend the rest of his life with Micah.

Some things were just not meant to be. Gideon wished for a lot of things in his life. He wished he was shorter, smaller, less scary to children walking down the street. But he never wished for anything like he wished Micah would grow to love him. But, as with most of his wishes, this one had not been granted either.

Gideon looked up as Stella walked into his office, handing him a large envelope. Gideon tried to hide the fact that his hands shook as

he took it. "Thank you, that will be all, Stella. I don't wish to be disturbed for the next half hour."

"Very good, Mr. Wulfe," Stella replied as she turned and walked out of the office, shutting the door behind her.

Gideon glanced down and stared at the envelope in his hands with longing, rubbing his thumb over it gently. Not so many days ago, this envelope had been in Micah's hands. It touched his skin.

Shaking his head at his own foolishness, Gideon reached for his letter opener. Delaying the inevitable would be stupid. Slicing the letter opener across one side, he cut the envelope open then pulled the papers free.

Taking a deep breath, he opened them up and started scanning over them, his mouth dropping open in surprise the more he read. Micah declined his settlement offer but signed the annulment papers anyway.

Why would Micah do that? He was crazy not to take the money, and it wasn't like three million dollars would put a dent in Gideon's net worth. He was worth several hundred million dollars. He could give Micah the money without blinking.

So, why wouldn't Micah take it? Did he hate Gideon that much? Gideon knew Micah didn't have a lot of money. They talked about that during their time together. He would have thought Micah would jump at the money.

Gideon hit his intercom button. "Stella, would you ask Ivan to come in, please?"

"Right away, sir," came the quick reply.

A few minutes later the door opened and Ivan, Gideon's bodyguard and personal assistant, walked in, closing the door behind him before walking over to sit down in one of the chairs across from Gideon.

"What can I do for you, boss?"

"Do you remember Micah?" Gideon asked.

"Your ex-husband? Sure."

"Yeah, my ex." Gideon grimaced as a shiver of pain and regret shot through him. "Look, I need you to do something for me. I want to know everything there is to know about him, where he's working, who he's seeing. Hell, I want to know what he eats for breakfast. Everything, got it?"

"Sure, but, can I ask why?" Ivan asked as he sat forward in his chair.

Gideon didn't really want to answer him because he wasn't quite sure himself. But, Ivan was more than just his personal assistant and bodyguard, he was Gideon's friend. Gideon brought Ivan with him from the old neighborhood when he made his money. He deserved an answer.

"Micah signed the annulment papers and returned them to me today."

"Oh, sorry, Gideon. But if he signed them why do you want him investigated?" Ivan asked in confusion.

"I offered him three million dollars as a settlement. He turned me down. I want to know why," Gideon replied as he handed the annulment papers to Ivan to read.

He hoped Ivan bought his answer. He really didn't want to explain that he needed to hear about Micah. He needed some little tidbit of news about the man, anything.

He watched as Ivan read over the papers, seeing the surprise cross his features as he saw the amended papers. He felt much the same way when he read them. When Ivan raised his head to look at him in confusion, Gideon just shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know, Ivan. I know he doesn't have money. Hell, he worked two jobs when we got married. It's stupid to turn down three million dollars. If he was careful and invested, he wouldn't have to work again."

"Could he be holding out for more money?"

"I thought of that, but if he was, why sign the annulment papers in the first place? If he wanted more money, you would think he would refuse to sign them. Now, he doesn't have a leg to stand on."

"So, if he isn't after more money, what is he after?"

"That's what I want you to find out," Gideon said as he took the papers back from Ivan and put them back in their envelope before putting the envelope in the top drawer of his desk. "It just doesn't make sense to me."

"How deep do you want me to go?" Ivan asked as he stood to his feet. "Do you want me to look into his past? Look at his financials? Take pictures? What?"

"I don't know. Use your best judgment, I guess."

"Okay, I'm on it. I'll call you when I have something."

Gideon nodded his head, watching Ivan walk out of his office. He ran his hand through his hair, wondering if he'd lost his mind. Micah clearly didn't want anything to do with him. Why was he so obsessed with learning everything about him?

It just didn't make sense. Micah had signed the annulment papers and sent them back. If that didn't mean Micah had moved on with his life and didn't want anything to do with him, Gideon didn't know what did.

Maybe he should just let it go. He probably chased something that wasn't there, but he just couldn't seem to let it go—to let Micah go. Something about the man that called out to him.

He knew he took a chance when he sent the annulment papers to Micah. He wanted some sort of reaction from him after not hearing from him for three months. Well, he got it, just not like he hoped.

After he left Micah at the hotel and gone home, and after his anger and disappointment cleared away, he hoped Micah would contact him. As the days went by with no word, he started to give up that hope.

Sending him the annulment papers probably wasn't his best course of action, but he wasn't sure how Micah would react if he

showed up in person. Calling him wasn't an option either. Micah didn't have a phone. He just couldn't seem to give up without a fight.

Micah was a dream come true. He didn't seem to care that Gideon had millions of dollars. Gideon never discussed how much money he had with Micah. He wanted Micah to like him for him, not his bank account.

Gideon's size aroused Micah. It didn't frighten him. Gideon never experienced that before. He thought he finally found someone that would want him for himself. It had been a wonderful feeling.

And it all came crashing down on him when Micah woke up and forgot who he was. After the wedding and the fabulous wedding night they spent together, Gideon had been devastated when Micah asked him his name. It nearly broke his heart.

So, he walked away, positive Micah played him for a fool. He still wasn't so sure he wasn't. Too many people tried to make a fool of Gideon in the past not to be cautious now, especially when his heart was involved.

* * * *

"Hey, boss. I just wanted to check in and let you know I'm here and on the job."

"What have you found out so far, Ivan?" Gideon asked when he heard Ivan's voice on the phone. He held his breath as he waited for him to reply.

"Micah's still working two jobs. He works from 5:00am until 2:30pm at a deli then catches the bus to go to his next job. He works as a store clerk from 3:00pm until 11:00pm then he goes home."

"When does he sleep?" Gideon asked, surprised at Micah's work schedule, worried that the man wasn't getting enough rest.

"From 11:30pm when he gets home to 4:30am when he goes to work, I guess. He does have Saturday and Sunday off, and so far from what I can tell he sleeps most of those days," Ivan replied.

"Is he—is he seeing anyone?" Gideon asked hesitantly. It would rip out his heart if Ivan said Micah dated someone else but he had to know.

"I've only been here a couple of days, but I haven't seen him with anyone except some little dude named Seth O'Connal. I don't know if they're dating or not but—"

Relief flooded through Gideon. "They're not. Seth is Micah's best friend. I met him when we got mar—well, I know that they are just friends. Anything else?"

"Well, he has sixteen thousand dollars and change in a savings account. Except for last week when he pulled out fifteen hundred dollars to pay for an attorney he hasn't withdrawn any money from that account since he opened it seven years ago. He does deposit a few hundred dollars a month into it on average."

"He has sixteen thousand dollars in a savings account, but he doesn't have a phone and he works two jobs? Why?"

"I couldn't say, Gideon. That's something you'd have to ask him."

"Look, keep digging will you? Find out why he's working two jobs when he has money in the bank."

"Will do, boss," Ivan replied.

"And stop calling me boss!" Gideon chuckled as he hung up the phone. Ivan calling him *boss* had been a long-standing argument between them for years. Gideon knew Ivan did it just to annoy him.

Gideon sat back in his chair and pulled the middle drawer of his desk open, pulling out a small framed picture out before shutting the drawer.

He stroked his fingers down the clear glass wishing that he could touch Micah in person instead of just a picture of him. Still, it was the only thing he had of the man.

He wanted more, so much more. Micah had given him such happiness in the short amount of time they had been together, more happiness than Gideon ever remembered. He wanted it back. He wanted Micah back.

Maybe that was his problem? He kept waiting for Micah to do something, to act on what Gideon thought he should do. Gideon put all of the responsibility in Micah's hands.

Gideon smiled as he put Micah's picture back in the drawer. Maybe it was time for him to be responsible too.

"Stella," Gideon said as he hit the intercom, "I'm going to be out of the office for the rest of the day and probably tomorrow. Clear all of my appointments and have my car brought around."

"Yes, sir," Stella replied.

Gideon grabbed his suit jacket and put it on. He glanced around his room once more before heading for the door. The time had come for him to go find his husband.

* * * *

Ivan shook his head when he hung up the phone. Gideon had it bad. In all of the years he knew the man, he never saw him this messed up over someone. Gideon always seemed so self-assured. Micah tied him up in knots.

Ivan wondered if the little man was worth the hell Gideon went through. He hadn't met him personally. It was his night off when Gideon met him. He had just been there for the quiet aftermath.

Gideon was heartbroken. Ivan knew it no matter how hard the man tried to hide it. Micah really got to him. After watching Micah the last two days, he felt pretty sure Gideon got to Micah just as much. The man seemed miserable, just moving through each day because he had to.

Ivan loved Gideon. They were best friends. He wanted more than anything for him to be happy. He suspected Micah would make him happy, what he needed. Now, he just needed to get these two stubborn men together.

And he just might know the person to help him, Ivan thought as he watched Seth walk across the tavern and sit down in a booth. Not

asking for permission, Ivan crossed the room and sat down across from him.

"Seth O'Connal? My name is Ivan Federov."

"Uh, hello, Ivan. Is there something I can do for you?" Seth asked curiously.

"For me? No. But you and I have some mutual friends that are in need of our assistance. I think if the two of us work together, they will be a lot happier."

"Mutual friends? What friends?"

"Micah and Gideon."

"Gid—if you're a friend of that asshole then we have nothing to talk about," Seth said sternly as he started to get to his feet.

"Would it make you feel more like talking if I told you that Gideon is miserable?" Ivan asked.

"It would make me feel better to know that he's boiling in a vat of hot oil, but it doesn't make me want to talk about the guy."

"How about if I told you that he's in love with Micah?"

Ivan watched Seth's mouth open and close several times before he finally sat down, looking across at him cautiously.

"So, talk."

Ivan's mouth twisted into a little grin as he raised his hand and waved down the waitress. "You want something?" he asked as the waitress walked over.

"Beer."

Ivan nodded, ordering a beer for each of them before turning back to Seth. "Gideon sent me here to check Micah out. He wants to know why Micah turned down his settlement package. It's pretty standard in cases like this."

Seth looked defensive as he glared over at him. "Because Micah doesn't want anything from him."

"Even if it means he never has to work again? I know he's working two jobs right now just to make ends meet. I also know about his savings account. If he accepted the settlement, he wouldn't have to

work so hard. Did he hope if he turned Gideon's offer down, Gideon would offer more?"

Seth sat forward in his seat, folding his hands together. "Look, this was never about the money for Micah. Beyond what he gets from working himself, Micah doesn't care about money. He never has."

"Then why did he sign the annulment papers?"

Seth looked down at his hands for a moment before raising his eyes back up to Ivan's. "He did what he thought Gideon wanted. If Gideon wanted to get rid of him so bad that he offered him three million dollars, what other choice did he have? Those annulment papers made Gideon's wishes pretty clear."

Ivan sat back in his chair, shaking his head. It would seem that Gideon and Micah lived in a hell of their own making. Unless he and Seth stuck their noses in, they might never find their way out.

"How does Micah feel about Gideon?"

Seth considered Ivan for several moments before replying. "I don't know exactly how Micah feels about Gideon, but I can tell you he hasn't taken his wedding ring off since Gideon put it on his finger three months ago."

"But he signed the annulment papers. Why would he do that if he still wanted to be married to Gideon?"

Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Until the annulment papers arrived, he still held out hope Gideon would change his mind and come back. When they arrived and he saw the size of the settlement Gideon offered him, he figured Gideon wanted to buy him off."

Ivan shook his head. "No, he just wanted to be sure Micah was taken care of. Despite what Micah might think, Gideon does care for him. If he couldn't be there to take care of him himself, he at least wanted to be sure he wasn't lacking anything."

"The only thing Micah is lacking is his husband."

"So, what do you think we should do about it?" Ivan chuckled.

Seth began to smile. "We need to get the both of them in one place for more than five minutes. They need to talk to each other, honestly, about whether they really want an annulment or not."

"I know Gideon doesn't," Ivan replied.

"Then why did he send the annulment papers?"

"He hadn't heard from Micah in nearly three months. He hoped it would get him to do something."

"Oh, it did. He pulled money out of his savings account to pay for an attorney. In all the years I've known him, he's never used any of that money for anything, even if he needed to skip meals. That's his nest egg."

"What is it for anyway?"

Seth drew in a deep breath before replying. "When Micah was sixteen, he came out to his parents. After beating the shit out of him, his father kicked him out with only the clothes on his back. Micah had nothing. Everything he has, he scraped for."

"My god! Why would he do that?"

"Because Michael Adin does not want a gay son. It doesn't look good. You have to remember, this goes back before several of the states passed same sex marriage laws, back when men were still not allowed to be legally married in most places. Senator Adin couldn't have a gay son."

"Senator Adin? The same senator that lobbied so hard against same sex marriages?" Ivan asked in astonishment.

"One and the same. Micah doesn't talk about it much. He told me just once after he had a few drinks. He didn't even remember talking about it the next morning."

Ivan nodded his head. "I think that's one of things that hurt Gideon the most, that Micah didn't remember him the next morning. He didn't even remember marrying him."

"Micah did warn him about what happens when he has alcohol. That didn't stop Gideon from ordering champagne that night."

Ivan could hear the accusation in Seth's voice. He didn't blame him. "So, you're saying that if Micah didn't drink the champagne, he would have remembered everything that happened?"

"Pretty much. Oh, he's remembered some of it since then, but there are still a few blank spots," Seth replied. "Nothing Gideon couldn't have filled in for him if he took the time to do it."

"So, what is the savings account for anyway? If he used some of that money instead of saving it, things might be a little easier on him."

Seth nodded. "Oh, I have no doubt about that. But that savings account is his nest egg. He won't touch it until he thinks he has enough."

"So? What's it for? Is he saving to buy a car or something?" he asked, exasperated.

"No. He wants to buy a small place in the country and get out of the city. Something that is his, that no one can take away from him. It'll take him a few more years, but if he keeps working like he does, I have no doubt he'll be able to do it."

"Look, I've known Gideon since we were kids. I know how stubborn he is. From everything you've told me, Micah is just as stubborn. How are we going to get these two together?"

"I don't know." Seth chuckled. "But you seem like an intelligent guy. I'm sure the two of us can come up with something."

Chapter 4

"I'm coming, I'm coming," Micah shouted to whoever pounded so loudly on his door. He finished buttoning up his jeans and ran his hand through his sleep-rumpled hair before pulling the door open.

"Hello, Micah."

"Gideon. What are you doing here?" Micah asked as he stared at him in astonishment. He thought he'd never to see the man again. It shocked Micah to see Gideon, to realize how much he still wanted him.

"Can I come in? I'd like to speak with you," Gideon said, nodding his head in toward the apartment.

Micah stared at Gideon for just a moment before stepping back and letting Gideon come in. He watched with fascination as Gideon ducked down to get through the doorframe. Damn, he was so tall and so fucking gorgeous.

Following Gideon into the living room, Micah crossed his arms over his chest to keep from reaching for Gideon and begging him to stay, to make love to him, to just love him. The feeling was so overwhelming, for a moment he didn't know if he could fight it.

Sitting down across from him, Micah raised a foot up onto the edge of the chair and wrapped his arms around his leg, pulling it back against his naked chest. He looked over at Gideon, waiting to see what he wanted.

"How have you been, Micah?" Gideon asked as he sat down, crossing one of his legs over the other one. He folded his hands together in his lap.

"I've been fine. What do you want, Gideon?" Micah asked. He knew he was being rude, but the longer Gideon remained, the more chances Micah would lose it and start begging.

"No chitchat, I see." Gideon chuckled.

"Is there a point to all of this, Gideon? I thought that the annulment papers pretty much said what you wanted them to say. I signed them just like you wanted. What else do we have to discuss?"

"Why did you sign them, Micah?"

Micah stared at Gideon in surprise, then confusion. "You sent them to me. Obviously, you wanted me to sign them or you never would have sent them to me. What was I supposed to do with them? Wallpaper my bathroom?"

"Why did you turn down my settlement then? It could have made things much easier for you. You wouldn't have to work so hard. You could do whatever you wanted."

"I don't want your money, Gideon. I never did. Hell, until the annulment papers arrived, I didn't even know you had money." Micah laughed bitterly. "But, it wouldn't matter to me if you were worth millions. I don't want it."

"What do you want then?"

Micah lowered his eyes to look at his feet, wishing that Gideon wasn't watching him so intently. He didn't want to embarrass himself by wiping away the sudden tears in his eyes in front of Gideon.

"Micah? What do you want?" Gideon asked again when Micah didn't answer him.

"Something you obviously can't give me," he whispered sadly.

"Oh, I don't know about that, Micah. I have a lot of money. I seriously doubt that there's anything out there that I can't give you."

"Why do you care?" Micah asked, raising his eyes to Gideon's. "I signed your annulment papers. There is nothing I want that your money can buy me, Gideon. I don't think there is anything else for us to talk about."

Micah didn't know what to expect from Gideon when he saw him standing in his doorway. A part of him suddenly filled with hope that Gideon had come to take him back, but as Gideon began to talk, even that began to fade.

Gideon wasn't there for him. He just wanted to ease his conscience, nothing more. Micah wished the man would leave so he could lick his wounds in private. He wanted to hold on to some dignity.

"Look, Gideon, just say what you came here to say and go, please?" Micah asked quietly.

"I wanted to make sure that you're okay."

"I'm fine. Your conscious is clear. Now, please go," Micah said as he got to his feet and walked toward his front door. He grabbed the door and held it open, his face tilted down to the floor so he wouldn't have to see Gideon leave.

But he could still see Gideon's feet when he stopped in front of him. "Micah," he said softly. "Look at me, Micah."

Knowing it was a really bad idea, Micah raised his face to look up at Gideon. His breath got caught in his throat at the tender look in Gideon's eyes as he gazed down at him.

"I'm sorry, Micah. I never meant for any of this to happen," he whispered.

Micah logically knew Gideon apologized for the situation they were in, but it felt like the man's words pierced his heart. Did Gideon regret the situation they found themselves in or marrying Micah in the first place?

"Never meant for what to happen?" Micah murmured softly.

"I never meant for you to get hurt. That was the last thing I wanted, Micah," Gideon replied, his hand coming out to rest on the wall beside Micah's head.

"What did you want?"

Gideon's smile was rueful as he gazed down at Micah, his hand coming up to softly caress the side of his face. "I just wanted you."

Micah reached up to grab Gideon's hand, holding it against the side of his face. "You had me, remember? You're the one who left."

"You—" Gideon began but the glint of gold and silver on Micah's finger caught his attention. He grabbed Micah's hand and turned it over looking down at the wedding band he gave him three months ago.

"Why are you still wearing your wedding ring, Micah?" Gideon asked quietly as he rubbed his finger over the hard edges.

"Because I'm married and no piece of paper that you make me sign will change that," Micah snapped as he pulled his hand away from Gideon's grasp, folding it protectively against his chest as if afraid that Gideon would take the ring from him.

"You signed the annulment, Micah, just like I did. We're no longer married."

"Don't worry, Gideon, I won't ask anything from you. I won't even tell anyone you're my husband," Micah spat out bitterly. His nostrils flared as his breathing increased. Micah couldn't believe Gideon did this to him.

"I'm not your husband anymore, Micah. We got an annulment, remember?" Gideon growled down at him.

Micah stared up at Gideon, trying to read his expression, but his face could have been made of stone. He gave nothing away. Micah finally lowered his eyes, nodding his head sadly. "Whatever you say, Gideon."

"Say it, Micah. I want to hear you say it," Gideon said as he pressed his body against Micah's, pinning him to the wall.

Micah closed his eyes, his heart breaking at the level of Gideon's cruelty. He really must not care anything about him to treat him like this. Micah guessed it answered any questions he might have about where he stood in Gideon's affections.

Still, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't say the words Gideon wanted. He didn't care what the papers they signed said. In

his heart, Micah knew Gideon would always be his husband. Nothing would ever change that, not even Gideon.

Opening his eyes he glared up at Gideon, bracing himself for the fallout. "No."

He watched cautiously as one of Gideon's dark eyebrows went up in surprise. "No? No, I'm not your husband or no, you won't say it?" Gideon challenged.

"No, I won't say it."

"Micah—"

"And there is nothing you can do to make me say it. No matter what papers I've signed, no matter how much you wish it would just go away, you are my husband and there is nothing you can do to change that."

Micah knew he was making a fool of himself, again. He knew Gideon probably silently laughed at him, especially if the grin that crossed his lips was anything to go by. It was a devilish self-satisfied grin, and it made Micah very nervous.

"Let's just see about that, shall we, Micah?" Gideon said just before he lowered his head to place his lips against Micah's.

Micah's yelp of surprise quickly turned to a deep moan as Gideon's tongue caressed his lips, demanding entrance. He kissed Micah with a hunger that belied his outward calm. Micah felt like Gideon devoured him, and he was powerless to stop it, even if he wanted to.

Gideon's hands were not motionless either. Micah felt them caressing his shoulders and back before moving down his chest to grab his hips. When Gideon gripped his hips and pulled him closer, Micah felt like he melted under the touch.

He could feel every contour of Gideon's body press against his, including the hard cock wedged against his stomach. Gideon wasn't as unaffected as he pretended to be. A lot of things he could hide, but not his desire.

As Gideon's lips moved from Micah's lips down his chin to his throat, Micah tilted his head back. His hands clenched in the fabric of Gideon's white dress shirt. Micah wanted to demand to know what Gideon was doing, but he enjoyed it too much.

Micah just moved his hands up to wrap around Gideon's neck when he suddenly felt himself lifted into the air, Gideon's hands under his ass. "Fuck, Gideon, what are you doing?" Micah exclaimed as Gideon carried him down the hallway.

A small squeak escaped Micah's mouth as he was tossed onto the bed, bouncing a few times. Micah looked up at Gideon. Shock overwhelmed him as he watched Gideon unbutton his shirt.

"You have exactly ten seconds to get those clothes off before I rip them off of you, Micah," Gideon said. Micah gulped past the lump in his throat when Gideon dropped his shirt on the floor and reached for the buttons on his jeans.

"Gideon," Micah choked out. This so wasn't a good idea, no matter how much he wanted it. Gideon was just trying to prove a point. Micah didn't know if he could live through the heartache after Gideon proved it and left. Still, it would give him one last memory of Gideon to hold onto.

"Times a-wasting, liebling."

Micah shimmied out of his jeans and kicked them off the end of the bed. He could have cared less where they landed. He was too intent watching the sleek muscular body moving towards him. Damn, Gideon just seemed to get better looking every time Micah looked at him.

Micah trembled when Gideon's hands touched him. His long fingers wrapped around Micah's ankles and pulled until Micah lay in the middle of the bed. Gideon slowly climbed up the bed until he lay between Micah's thighs, his body covering Micah's.

The groan that built up in Micah since Gideon started taking his clothes off rushed from his mouth. He closed his eyes, tilting his head

back as Gideon began planting little kisses along his jaw and bare throat.

"Mmm, you taste as good as I remember, liebling," Gideon murmured. He licked at the soft skin beneath Micah's chin. Ohfuckohfuckohfuck!

"I'm going to eat you up."

Okay!

Large hands covered Micah's skin, caressing him, arousing him. Micah thought his head might blow off. His hands clenched against Gideon's broad shoulders. He widened his thighs, Gideon settling closer to him. Micah could feel his hard cock pressing against Gideon's abdomen leaving a trail of pre-cum as he humped his hips.

The pressure building inside of him was so intense Micah didn't know how long he could last. He wanted this for so long, dreamed of it. Now that it was actually happening, Micah thought he just might burn up and die. But not before he felt Gideon inside of him.

"Gideon," Micah pleaded. He thrust his hips against Gideon again. "I need you, Gideon."

"I have you, liebling," Gideon replied.

God, yes, he did.

Micah's mind went blank when he felt Gideon's fingers move against him. He distantly heard a drawer open, felt movement as Gideon grabbed at something then settled back between his legs. He didn't care. The only thing that mattered was Gideon's body pressed against his and the soft pressure of fingers pushing inside of him.

Micah never thought to feel this again. He also knew he would have to remember every last second of it for future fantasies. His body soaked up every last touch, every single soft breath against his skin.

A small part of Micah's soul rebelled at the thought that he would never have Gideon like this again. He knew he should be protesting, something. He shouldn't give into Gideon's seduction just because he ached so much. Gideon didn't love him, not like Micah deserved, not like Micah dreamed about.

Micah knew when Gideon left he would be devastated. He wasn't even sure he would be able to live through it. The time before had been hard enough. This time would be even harder because now he would have a much clearer memory. But it would be so much more than he had before today.

A long tortured groan fell from Micah's lips as long thick fingers pressed into him. Even if he felt a slight tinge of pain, Micah was glad he hadn't brought anyone home since meeting Gideon. It made it all that much sweeter to know he hadn't been unfaithful to his husband, even if Gideon denied that status.

Gideon sat up and knelt between Micah's thighs. Micah tried to reach for Gideon needing to touch him, to hold him, but Gideon grabbed his ankles and placed them over his strong shoulders. He grabbed Micah's hips.

Micah's body vibrated. He knew what was coming. He craved it. Micah's hands fisted in the blanket on each side of his body. He felt Gideon's hard cock press against him. He was ready, oh, so very ready, but Gideon seemed to hesitate.

Micah's heart began to beat frantically in his chest. Had Gideon changed his mind? And at this late point in things? Micah knew he would do anything to have Gideon one last time. Micah tilted his hips and pushed back until the head of Gideon's cock pushed past the first ring of muscles.

He heard Gideon groan above him. He felt Gideon's hands dig into his hips to the point of bruising in a kind of pleasurable pain. It told Micah that Gideon was really here, that the thick cock thrusting into him was not made up from his desperate imagination.

"Oh God, liebling," Gideon moaned. "I missed this so much."

Micah would have voiced his agreement if Gideon hadn't pushed into his ass the last few inches at that exact moment. His head arched back, his mouth falling open. Micah couldn't do anything except feel.

Slow even thrusts began as Gideon impaled Micah over and over again. Micah groaned. Gideon moved so slow, so controlled. Micah

wanted him out of control. He wanted Gideon to be as frantic as he felt.

Micah reached up and plucked at Gideon's nipples. He squeezed his inner muscles around Gideon's cock. When Gideon's body settled over the top of him, Micah latched onto the soft skin of Gideon's neck with his lips and teeth.

He felt Gideon's body press him down into the mattress as the powerful thrust of his hips increased. He could hear the breath in Gideon's throat escape in a raged moan. The hands that held Micah's hips trembled.

Micah felt a tingle start at the base of his spine and move up through his body. He knew he was about to come and Gideon hadn't even touched his cock. He wanted Gideon to come with him. He wanted this memory.

Micah framed Gideon's face with his hands and looked up into his eyes. What he saw shocked him. Gideon's grey eyes were filled with bewilderment, desire. Most importantly, they seemed to be filled with adoration.

"Come for me, love," Micah commanded.

Gideon's loud roar filled the room and shook the windows as his sudden release overtook him. The ferocity of it sent Micah over the edge and he joined Gideon, filling the space between them with his seed.

Micah felt Gideon thrust into him once, twice, then slump down on top of him. His hands slid around Gideon's neck holding him close, not wanting to let him go. If he could just hold onto Gideon for a few more minutes...

It was Micah's last thought before exhaustion took him.

Chapter 5

Micah knew before he opened his eyes that Gideon had left. Besides not feeling the bed dip with his weight, Micah felt cold. Gideon kept him warm all night long, his big strong arms wrapped around him.

Opening his eyes, he rolled over to the other side of the bed. He could still smell Gideon's scent in the pillow beneath his head and feel the lingering warmth made by his body in the sheets.

As Micah curled himself around the pillow and inhaled deeply to catch more of Gideon's smell, he wondered how long it had taken Gideon to gather his things and leave. Besides the smell he left behind, nothing left in the room said that he had even been here.

Micah turned his head, his eye catching the gold and silver of his wedding ring. He rolled over onto his back, holding his hand out in front of his face. He turned his hand just a little back and forth, watching the light shine off of it.

It really was a beautiful ring. He loved it from the moment Gideon gave it to him. He never wanted it to leave his finger. Taking it off was paramount to admitting his marriage was over. But, maybe the time had come.

"After all of the trouble I went through to get that ring for you, liebling, I certainly hope you're not planning on taking it off," said a deep voice from behind him.

Micah quickly rolled over and sat up. He leaned back on his arms as he stared at Gideon in shock. He leaned against the doorframe, his arms crossed over his chest. He looked casual, comfortable, something that Micah definitely did not feel.

"Gideon," Micah whispered. His heart hammered in his chest. He expected Gideon to be gone, to never see him again. His mind couldn't comprehend why Gideon stood in his bedroom.

"Well, at least you remembered my name this time." Gideon chuckled as he walked across the room to stand right before him at the side of the bed.

"Gideon, wha—"

Micah's words caught in his throat as Gideon pulled his clothes off, dropping them to the floor. Micah felt too stunned to move as Gideon crawled up on the bed, slowly moving toward him until he settled between Micah's legs.

"What are you—"

"I had something to go take care of, but now I'm back, liebling," Gideon whispered as he leaned up to kiss Micah.

"What are you doing here?" Micah asked in confusion.

"You're here. Where else would I be?" Gideon asked as he kissed a trail down Micah's cheek to his jaw. Gideon's hands caressed his skin and pulled at the sheet tucked around Micah's body.

Micah was so confused. Gideon behaved just like he did the night they got married. Micah wasn't complaining, but he didn't understand why he acted this way. The last thing he remembered clearly, Gideon was demanding that he admit that they weren't married. After that, the rest of the night had been filled with mindless pleasure.

"Gideon, wait," Micah said as he pushed his head away. "What's going on? Have I been drinking again?"

"Oh no, liebling. If I have anything to say about it, you'll never touch alcohol again. I want you to remember every moment we spend together." Gideon chuckled as he tried to lean in to kiss Micah again.

"Gideon! Stop!" Micah yelled. He put his hands against Gideon's chest and pushed.

Gideon stopped, moving over until he lay on his side, his head propped up in his hand. He kept his other hand on Micah's chest, softly stroking him as if he couldn't stand to break contact with him.

"I'm so confused, Gideon. Please tell me what's going on," Micah begged desperately.

"Well, liebling, it's very simple. Somewhere around 3:00 a.m., you convinced me we would be better off if we got married. That we have something special together, and I would be stupid to give you up."

Micah glanced past Gideon's shoulder to the clock on the nightstand. It was only 6:00 p.m. "Uh, Gideon? It's only six o'clock." *Clearly Gideon had lost his mind.*

"Oh, well, that would be 3:00 a.m., three months ago, liebling," Gideon replied.

"But, that's when we—"

"Got married? I know."

"I don't—then why did you—if you wanted to be married why—I don't understand, Gideon," Micah whispered, tears coming to his eyes as he considered the possibility Gideon was being cruel to him again.

"Come here, liebling, and I'll explain it to you," Gideon ordered as he held out his arms.

Micah stared at him for all of two seconds before rolling over to lie against him. His head rested on Gideon's arm. He chewed on his lower lip nervously, and he raised his eyes to meet Gideon's.

"The first thing you need to understand is that we *are* married and we're going to stay married," Gideon said as he reached over to the nightstand and grabbed a large manila envelope.

Micah immediately recognized the envelope he used to mail the signed annulment papers back to Gideon. His heart settled somewhere in the pit of his stomach as he watched Gideon open the envelope.

A moment later, his mouth dropped open in shock when Gideon opened the envelope and upended it, spilling a large pile of shredded papers onto his chest before tossing the envelope over his shoulder.

Micah picked up a couple of the strands of paper, lifting them curiously. "What is this?"

"Our annulment papers," Gideon replied, his voice sounding not quite as happy as a moment ago.

"But—" Micah said, more baffled now than a few moments ago. Gideon shredded their annulment papers? Why? Micah couldn't afford to pay to have them amended again. If Gideon drew the papers up again...

"Gideon, if you draw up these annulment papers again, I won't sign them."

"Good, I don't want you to," Gideon said.

Micah pushed himself back from Gideon as he looked at him. "You didn't want me to sign the annulment papers? Then why in the hell did you send them to me in the first place?"

"Because you never called me," Gideon replied simply.

"I never called you? You sent me annulment papers because I never called you?" Micah said quietly, astonishment filling him, followed quickly by anger. He didn't even have a phone. How could he call?

He stared at Gideon for a moment before rolling away to the other side of the bed to sit up. He stared at the floor below him, everything around him seeming to move in slow motion as he tried to make sense of the things Gideon said. But it didn't make sense.

"Gideon—" he began only to be interrupted by large hands wrapping around his waist, two huge legs settling down next to his, and a warm stomach pressing against his back. He closed his eyes and he leaned back into Gideon's embrace, wishing he never had to leave.

"Listen to what I have to say, and then if you really want me to leave, Micah, I will," Gideon whispered into his ear.

Micah nodded, afraid of what Gideon would say, but needing to hear it anyway.

"When I met you, I was captivated. You seemed to be interested in me, not my money or what I could do for you, but me."

"Gideon, I didn't know you had any money. I would never—"

"Shhh, liebling, let me say this, please?" Gideon said as he brushed his fingers against Micah's cheek. "It's very hard for me, and I need to say this before I lose my nerve."

Once Micah nodded his head, Gideon continued. "You were such a wonderful surprise to me. Even my size didn't bother you. You don't know how rare that is for me. The people that do accept me do it because of the size of my bank account, not because they care about me. But with you—" Gideon trailed off as he ran his hands down Micah's arms.

"After we made love, I knew I never wanted to give you up. I wanted to spend the rest of life with you, caring for you, loving you. When you agreed to marry me—Micah, I've never felt like that before, not with anyone."

Micah could feel tears form in his eyes at Gideon's words. He said all the right things, all of the romantic words he dreamed of. But if Gideon meant them, why did he leave? Why did he send the annulment papers?

"The next morning when you didn't remember me, I thought my heart would break. I thought I had been played for a fool, that you only wanted my money."

Micah could hear the sadness in Gideon's voice, the heartache. He suddenly realized this entire time he though about his own heartache. He never considered what Gideon might have gone through, might still be going through.

"Gideon, I never wanted your money, I swear. I'll sign something right now, anything that you want that says I have no access to your money. I have two jobs. I even have money saved up. I can take care of us," Micah said quickly.

"Thank you, liebling. That means a lot to me, but I'm not worried about that anymore. If having my money makes you happy, you can have all of it," Gideon assured him.

Micah turned his body so he could look up at Gideon, draping his legs over his. He framed Gideon's face with his hands. "Gideon,

listen to me. I never wanted your money and I wasn't trying to make a fool of you. I was serious when I said that I can't hold my liquor. More than three drinks and I black out every time."

"Do you remember anything?" Gideon asked softly. Micah could hear the hope in Gideon's voice. He wished he could say yes, he remembered everything but that would be a lie and he wanted only truth between them.

"I remembered making love with you that night and our wedding. I remembered everything up until we drank that champagne. Most importantly, I remembered why I wanted to marry you. After that it gets a little fuzzy."

"Why did you want to marry me?"

Micah smiled, leaning in to give Gideon's lips a quick kiss before looking into his smoky gray eyes once again. "I wanted to marry you because I felt like I was falling in love with you."

"An—and now? How do you feel now?" Gideon whispered.

"Now, I know I was falling in love with you. The last three months without you have been hell, Gideon. Every knock on the door, every car that drove by—I kept hoping it was you. When those annulment papers arrived I thought I would die."

Gideon pulled Micah close, tucking his head under his chin as he stroked his fingers through Micah's curls. "I'm so sorry, liebling, I never meant for you to be hurt. I just wanted to get your attention. I knew I needed to let you go, but I just couldn't."

"I'm glad you didn't. I don't want you to ever let me go," Micah whispered against Gideon's throat.

"Does that mean you want to stay married to me?"

Micah held his hand up in front of Gideon's face, wiggling his ring finger. "I'm still wearing your ring, aren't I?"

He turned his head to watch Gideon grab his hand, his fingers rubbing over the gold and silver ring. He remained so quiet, Micah started to get worried. He sat back a little so that he could look into

Gideon's face, his chest hurting when he saw the silent tears falling down Gideon's face.

"Gideon?" he whispered softly. "Don't you want me to wear your ring?" When Gideon didn't answer him, Micah began to feel like he wanted something that Gideon might not. Did he read the situation wrong? Didn't Gideon want him?

"Do you want your ring back?" Micah asked, pulling his hand free from Gideon and sliding the band off his finger. He mustered up every last bit of courage he had and held the ring out to Gideon. It meant more to him than any possession he owned.

Micah took a deep breath to hold back his tears as Gideon took the ring from his fingers. He didn't think he would survive this level of pain. The area in his chest where his heart was supposed to be felt like it was filled with cement.

He started to sit up and go to the bathroom to lock himself in until Gideon left, when Gideon suddenly grabbed a hold of him, pushing him back on the bed before covering his body with his much larger one.

Gideon grabbed his hand and pushed the ring back down his finger before closing his hand into a fist, covering his hand with his. "You are never to take this ring off again, ever! Not even when we are old and feeble and die together at home in our bed. Do you understand me, Micah?" he growled down at him.

Micah couldn't stop the tears this time. He felt a little sob escape him at the fiercely possessive look in Gideon's eyes. When Gideon suddenly sat up and reached for his pants, Micah tried to hold onto him, his hands reaching out for him. But then, Gideon came back, his arms settling around him. He held out his hand, palm up.

"I believe you need to put this back where it belongs, liebling."

Micah's eyes lowered to Gideon's palm, widening when he saw the large silver and gold wedding ring in his hand. His hand trembled as he reached over to take it before sliding it down the finger Gideon held up to him.

Before letting Gideon's hand go, he pulled it to his lips, kissing the ring on his finger. He raised his eyes to Gideon, smiling when he saw tears in his eyes, knowing they matched the ones in his own. "Gideon," he whispered.

Micah cried out when Gideon lifted his legs and thrust his fingers into his ass, thankful he was still stretched from their earlier love making. Micah heard a small noise and cold gel was added to those fingers. Gideon suddenly pulled his fingers free and pushed his large cock into him with one plunge. Micah gazed up at Gideon in surprise only to see him gritting his teeth, the corded muscles on the side of his neck standing out.

He watched in awe as Gideon thrust once, then threw back his head, yelling out Micah's name as he filled him with his seed. The hands holding his thighs up to his chest clenched, digging into his skin as Gideon thrust again, his head dropping down to Micah's chest as his loud voice turned to a low grunt.

"I'm sorry, liebling. I needed to feel your warmth around me," Gideon whispered before lifting his head to look down at him.

Micah just smiled. "You can have me whenever you want me, Gideon."

Gideon chuckled lightly. "Somehow I don't think that would be very wise. You'd look kind of funny being carried around with my dick in your ass all of the time."

Micah laughed. "I'm sure I can learn to deal with it if you can."

Gideon stared down at him. His hand softly caressed the side of Micah's face. "Are you going to stay with me, Micah?" he asked, apprehension in his voice.

"If you want me?" Micah meant it to be a statement, but it came out more as a question. He still reeled from the fact that Gideon was here, let alone that Gideon seemed to want him back.

"I want you, Micah," Gideon replied. "I've never wanted anyone as much as I want you."

"Then I'll stay."

"No more talk of an annulment? No more separate lives, separate homes, or separate beds? You'll come home with me? Let me take care of you?"

Micah watched Gideon's face as he spoke, wondering at the lost little boy look on his face. How could a man that looked as sexy as he did, a man worth millions, be so afraid of rejection?

"Gideon, you don't need to take care of me. I've been taking care of myself for a long time. You just need to love me. That's the only thing I want from you, not your money or your prestige, just you," Micah's hand stroked the naked flesh beneath it, "every glorious inch of you."

"I know I don't need to take care of you, Micah, but I want to. Please? I've never had anyone to share this with. It's always just been work, work, work. I've never had someone to share it with. I want to share that with you."

Micah smiled again. "Okay, Gideon, I'll go home with you and let you take care of me, just as long as you remember that caring is a two way street. I get to take care of you as much as you get to take care of me. That's what a marriage is all about."

Gideon's smile was slow in coming, almost as if he couldn't believe Micah's words, but when it did come it shinned. It made Gideon's entire face light up as the small little wrinkles around his gray eyes became more pronounced.

"When I went out, I got you something," he said as he reached for his pants again, pulling something out of his pocket before handing it to Micah.

Micah looked down at it. It was a cell phone, a very high end cell phone at that. He'd seen these things in commercials but never thought to have one. They did just about everything except cook dinner.

"You got me a phone?" he asked curiously.

Gideon nodded, looking as giddy as a little boy as he reached for the phone and flipped it open. He hit a number on speed dial. Micah jumped when Gideon's pants suddenly rang.

"I've already programmed it with my cell number, my office and our house numbers. That way, you can call me whenever you want to. I'm never going to let the lack of a phone keep us apart again," Gideon said harshly as he closed the phone, ending the call, and held it out to Micah.

Micah smiled as he took the phone and set it on his nightstand. "Thank you, Gideon."

"You're welcome," Gideon said, smiling once again. "Now, how about we get a quick shower, and then I'll take you out to lunch?"

"You know I could just make us lunch here."

"Nope." Gideon shook his head. "I want to take you out and show you off."

Micah rolled his eyes as he pushed against Gideon's shoulders. "Fine, then get up. I can't very well get to the shower with your dick in my ass."

"Want to bet?" Gideon said as he wrapped his arms around Micah and picked him up in one large motion. He turned around to the side of the bed and stood up. He walked towards the shower, Micah still impaled on his reawakening cock.

"Gideon!" Micah laughed.

* * * *

Micah finished buttoning up his shirt as he watched the news on the television. He could hear Gideon in the shower. A simple shower turned into a long romp against the shower wall, much to Micah's enjoyment.

There was something to be said about having a husband big enough to pick you up in his arms and hold you against the wall while

he fucked you. Micah might have a slight ache in his ass now, but it was a delicious ache.

As the shower shut off in the bathroom, Micah heard Gideon's name mentioned on the television. He quickly sat on the end of the bed and turned up the volume. His eyes widened as he listened to the news story.

"A spokesman for business mogul, Gideon Wulfe, announced today that Mr. Wulfe is no longer one of New York's most eligible bachelors. Mr. Wulfe celebrated his nuptials with friends and family in a private ceremony a few weeks ago. The spokesman for Mr. Wulfe also said that the name of his bride is being withheld until next month, when Mr. Wulfe will be hosting a reception in honor of his new bride."

"Gideon!" Micah yelled. His eyes widened as he watched the picture of his husband turn to another news story.

"Yes, liebling?" Gideon asked as he walked out of the bathroom, drying his hair with a towel.

"You were just on the news." Micah pointed toward the television.

"Micah, I'm always on the news."

"Yeah, but they were talking about you getting married and having a party next month in honor of your new *bride*!"

"Oops." Gideon chuckled.

"Oops? That's all you can say? Oops?" Micah yelled, his hands landing on his hips as he glared at Gideon. "I'm not a woman, Gideon. What's everyone going to say when you bring out your husband and not your wife?"

"Congratulations?"

"Not funny, Gideon."

"Look, liebling, you need to understand something," Gideon said as he dropped the towel on the floor and walked over to wrap his arms around Micah, resting his chin on Micah's head. "I'm not exactly in the closet, but I'm also not *out*."

"What do you mean you're not out? Does that mean you're going to hide me?"

"No, of course not. I just like to keep my private life private. It wouldn't matter if I were straight. I still wouldn't put my life on the front page of the gossip mags. Because of that, not many people know that I'm gay."

"You are, right?" Micah asked hesitantly, feeling stupid when Gideon began to laugh.

"Yes, liebling, I am most decidedly gay. There's no need for you to worry there."

"Then what do I need to worry about?" Micah asked as he tilted his head back to look up at Gideon, once again reminded of how tall his man actually was when he needed to lean his head all of the way back just to look at him.

He raised an eyebrow in query when Gideon turned slightly red. "What?"

"I've never really been out with anyone seriously, and by out I mean in public, not out of the closet. I'm considered one of New York's most eligible bachelors, but that's just because of my bank account, not because I date a lot, because I don't."

"Just how much are you worth?"

"Six hundred million, give or take a million. But most of it is invested in companies that I own, not liquid cash. Why?"

Micah just stared at Gideon, his mouth hanging open. Gideon was worth six hundred million dollars? He could never in his life even imagine that type of money. It made his sixteen thousand dollars seem like pocket change.

"That also might be something we need to talk about."

"What?" Micah asked. He suddenly felt a very creepy sensation moving up his spine.

"I'm worth a lot of money, liebling. Because of that, there are often people that try to take advantage of me. It means I have to have a bodyguard wherever I go. You're going to need one, too."

"A bodyguard?" Micah whispered. Visions of armed men surrounding him in droves as people fired guns at him filled Micah's mind.

Gideon nodded regretfully. "It's for your own safety, liebling. I wouldn't ask if it weren't important. I need to be able to keep you safe. There are people out there that won't stop at anything to take my money, even hurt you."

"Why? I haven't done anything. I don't even have any money."

"Because once people learn how much you mean to me, they'd know that I'd give up every last penny I owned to keep you safe," Gideon replied as he looked down at Micah solemnly.

What could he say to that? Gideon just acknowledged that he would give up all of his money, all six hundred million dollars, to keep Micah safe. If that wasn't a declaration of love, he didn't know what was.

"Gideon," he whispered as he buried his face in Gideon's chest, just holding him.

"I'm sorry, liebling. I wish it didn't have to be this way," Gideon murmured as he leaned down to wrap his arms around Micah's ass and pick him up.

"I'm not," Micah said as he framed Gideon's face with his hand. "I'll take you anyway I can get you, bodyguard included."

"You don't mind the bodyguard?"

"Well, I'm not thrilled with it, but if that's what I have to do to be in your life, that's what I'll do. But I would like some say in who my bodyguard is, if that's okay."

* * * *

Gideon leaned his forehead against Micah's, breathing in a deep breath of relief. He couldn't believe Micah took this all so well. He just wasn't sure Micah really had a clue about how his life would change.

When Gideon told him he was worth a lot of money, he wasn't kidding. But being worth that amount of money meant a lot of different things. One, he needed to be more careful. A lot of people wanted his money.

But it also meant there wasn't much out there he couldn't give to Micah. He could take him around the world, show him everything he'd ever seen in magazines and on television. And if Micah wanted something, he only needed to say the word, and it was his.

Maybe having so much money wasn't a bad thing. For one, Micah would never have to work again. No more holding down two jobs, having to do without just to save a penny, and no more sleeping only on weekends. He would take care of his little man and make sure he had everything he ever wanted.

"You ready for lunch, liebling?" Gideon asked as he lowered Micah's feet to the floor.

Micah grinned, looking down at Gideon's naked body. "Well, I am, but you need a little work."

Gideon felt his face blush as he looked down at his naked body. *Oh yeah, clothes*. As he looked over at Micah, he noticed the fire in the man's eyes as he gazed at his naked body. He felt his cock begin to fill.

"Oh no," Micah said, waving his hand and standing back. "You just put that thing away. I'm hungry and you need to feed me before we do anymore playing around. I'm about to wither away here."

Gideon laughed as he reached for his clothes, quickly pulling them on. As he finished buttoning up his shirt he looked back over at Micah, finding his eyes still trained on him. "Got your phone?"

Micah nodded, patting his pocket. "Got it right here."

Gideon nodded. "Good, I want you to—oh hell, who is that?" Gideon asked when his cell phone began to ring. He pulled it out of his pocket and flipped it open. "Hello?"

"Boss? It's Ivan."

"Oh, hello, Ivan, what do you need? I was just about to get some lunch."

"I need to talk to you about Micah. Your secretary told me you had come to town or I would have just called your office."

"Micah?" Gideon said as he turned to look at Micah curiously. "What about him?" Gideon watched a small frown come over Micah's face as he stepped up closer to him.

"There's just a few things I need to talk you about where Micah is concerned. Don't worry, it's nothing bad. I just think this is better said in person. Do you think you can meet me? I'm at the bar where you met Micah, Murphy's Pub, on 5th and Main Street."

"Uh, okay. I'll be there as soon as I can," Gideon said before closing his phone. "Well, that was a little weird. Ivan wants to talk to me about you. Any idea what that's about?"

Micah shook his head. "Who's Ivan?"

"My bodyguard, best friend, confidante, you name it, over the years, he's been it. I've known Ivan since we were both fifteen years old in the old neighborhood. When I moved up in the world, I brought Ivan with me."

"And how does he know about me?"

Gideon smirked. "Because you, my little love, have been all I've been able to think about for the last three months," he said as he grabbed his jacket and put his arm around Micah's waist. "Now come on, let's go see what Ivan wants then we'll go have lunch."

Chapter 6

When Gideon Wulfe walked into Murphy's Pub, eyes everywhere turned to watch him go by. Micah held back a little and watched the watchers, seeing Gideon through their eyes.

Men wanted to be him. They envied his good looks, his obvious affluent status, and were intimidated by the self-confidence he naturally emitted. Women wanted to get to know him better, wondering what kind of lover he would be.

Micah smiled to himself as he followed behind him. He wasn't sure Gideon even had a clue what others saw when they looked at him. He may have been the guy that scared little children years ago but now he was the guy others wanted to be.

He was also all Micah's. Just knowing everyone wanted what belonged to him now gave Micah a little thrill. He just hoped he would be able to give back to Gideon what the man gave him.

Micah was so busy watching the other patrons in the restaurant, he ran right into Gideon when he stopped beside one booth. Micah felt Gideon's hand come around to steady him, pressing him into Gideon's large back. He started to step around Gideon when he began to talk.

"Ivan, I didn't realize you knew Seth. How have you been, Seth?" Seth? What was he doing here, and with Ivan?

"Gideon, I'm not sure I can say it's good to see you considering what you've put Micah through the last three months, but Ivan has convinced me that it would be in Micah's best interest to talk to you," Seth replied.

Again, Micah started to step around Gideon to confront Seth but Gideon grabbed him by his arm, keeping him pressed up against his back. Micah rolled his eyes, reaching out to pinch Gideon on the ass.

"Oh, and just what has Micah been going through these last three months?" Gideon asked.

"He's miserable. He won't even go out to play pool with me anymore and it's all your fault," Seth explained.

"My fault? How is it my fault?" Gideon asked.

"You married him then left him the very next day. How do you think that made him feel? Micah would never have married you unless he really cared about you. You had no right to hurt him the way you did," Seth said, his voice starting to rise.

"Do you think I felt any less miserable than him? He was my husband and he didn't even remember my name," Gideon replied.

Micah could hear a trace of pain in his voice. It made his heart hurt to know he caused Gideon that kind of anguish. He grabbed Gideon's hand, giving it a little squeeze as he leaned into his back. He placed a little kiss on his back, trying to let him know how sorry he felt. His chest felt a little better when Gideon squeezed back.

"Look, this is all moot," Gideon said, holding up his hand. "Why did you ask me here?"

"Because you and Micah need each other," Seth replied. "I know how miserable Micah has been. Ivan told me how miserable you've been. You're both too stubborn to be the first one to give in. Don't let the annulment papers go through, Gideon. You'll regret it for the rest of your life."

"There are a lot of things I will regret, Seth, but drawing up those annulment papers is not one of them. It brought—"

"How can you say that, Gideon? Micah loves you. I swear he does. If you would just take a moment and listen to what—" Seth said quickly.

"Look, Seth, if you're done," Gideon said as he pulled Micah around from behind him. His arm wrapped around Micah and pulled

him back against his body, "I'd really like to take my husband to lunch. We spent all night in bed together, and he's a little hungry."

Micah waved, laughing when Seth and Ivan's mouths dropped open in shock. "Hey, guys. How's it going?" he said with a wide grin, leaning back into Gideon's arms.

"Micah," Seth finally said, "what are you doing here?"

"Having lunch with my husband." Micah lifted an eyebrow. "What are you doing here?"

Seth's eyes swung to Gideon, then back to Micah. "Your husband? Then you two have made up? What about the annulment papers?"

"The big guy here shredded them and gave them to me as a present," Micah said, pointing behind him to the large man holding him.

"You shredded them?" Ivan asked from the other side of the table.

Gideon chuckled. "I may be a lot of things, Ivan, but stupid is not one of them. I only had the annulment papers drawn up to get some sort of reaction out of Micah. I never wanted an annulment. I just wanted him to call me."

"But, Micah doesn't have a phone," Seth tried to say.

"I do now," Micah said as he pulled his phone from his pocket and waved it in front of Seth's face. "Gideon gave it to me this morning so I can call him whenever I need to."

"So, what's going to happen now?" Ivan asked, sitting back in his seat with a satisfied smile on his face.

"Well, I'm going to take my husband out to lunch then hopefully get him back to his apartment and out of his clothes. You are going to find him a bodyguard. The announcement has already gone out over the wire that I'm no longer one of New York's most eligible bachelors. When we have our wedding reception next month, he's going to need the protection."

"You work fast, my friend." Ivan chuckled.

"I want everyone to know Micah is mine. What better way to do that than drop a bug in a reporter's ear?" Gideon laughed before turning to look at Seth. "You'll come, won't you? I know Micah would want you there. Besides, any friend of Micah's that would fight for him so diligently, is a friend of mine. You're always welcome in our home, Seth."

"Uh, yeah, sure," Seth replied, seeming slightly confused. "What home? Is Micah moving in with you?"

"Of course, we're married. Why would we want to live separately? As for where we'll live, I guess that will be up to Micah. I don't want to take him anywhere he'd be uncomfortable, but I have homes all over the world. He can choose any of them."

"You have homes all over the world?" Micah asked, looking up at Gideon in wonder.

"Well, yeah." Gideon shrugged. "I do a lot of traveling for business, and I hate staying in hotels. It just seemed easier to buy a house in any place I stayed for any long period of time. Why? Is that a problem?"

"No, just a little weird. But, if you don't like staying in hotels, what about the one we stayed in after we got married?"

Micah watched with fascination as Gideon's face seemed to turn a little red. He could hear Ivan laughing behind him.

"I own the hotel," Gideon said sheepishly.

Micah stared at Gideon for a moment then laughed. "Of course you do, love. Come on, let's go get lunch, and we can discuss our living arrangements. Somehow I doubt you're going to be comfortable in my little apartment."

"Micah, I don't care where we live as long as we're together," Gideon protested.

"Don't worry, honey, it took me too long to get my hands on you. I have no intention of giving you up now," Micah said as he grabbed Gideon's hand and began pulling him out of the bar. "So, where are you taking me for lunch?"

* * * *

Micah's eyes widened as a valet opened the car door to let them out in front of one of the city's most expensive restaurants. He watched Gideon step out then reach back in, holding his hand out to help Micah from the car.

Micah scooted across the soft black leather seat and took Gideon's hand before stepping from the car. "This is where we're going to eat?" he asked in astonishment as he gazed up at the red satin canopy covering the walkway into the building.

The curvy, black letters announcing *Anisette's* blazed across the front of the canopy. The *Anisette's* restaurant was known by everyone as the place to see and be seen. It served the best food at the highest prices.

Micah had seen pictures of the place, but he had never been there. He wasn't even sure he could afford to get into the broom closet. This place looked ritzy. Way out of his price range, and social range.

His hand gripping Gideon's, Micah swallowed hard. "Gideon, are you sure you want to have lunch here?"

"Would you rather go somewhere else, liebling?" Gideon asked.

Micah glanced down at his simple white button shirt and faded jeans. "I don't think I'm dressed for this place, Gideon. I'm more a dollar menu type of guy."

"Nonsense, you're a Wulfe now. You can eat anywhere you want to. If you don't like this place, I know of a rather quaint little café in Paris. I can have my jet wait for us. We could be there for breakfast."

Micah raised his head to look up at Gideon. The serious look on his husband's face shocked him. He thought Gideon was joking with him. "Are you serious? You'd fly me to Paris if I didn't want to eat here?"

"Liebling, I'll take you anywhere you want, Istanbul, Paris, London, Hong Kong. You name the place and I'll take you there,"

Gideon said firmly as he wrapped his arm around Micah's waist and pulled him closer.

Micah let his head fall against Gideon's chest as he tried not to laugh. Gideon was perfectly serious. He'd take Micah anywhere he wanted to go. This new life would take some real getting used to.

Micah lifted his head to look up at his husband, flashing him a wide smile. "Tell you what, we'll eat here today. You can take me to Paris next time, okay?"

"Are you sure, Micah? It wouldn't take anything to have them fire up the jet," Gideon said. "My pilot is always on standby. He has to earn his paycheck somehow."

"I'm sure, honey. Now, let's go eat," Micah said as he looked toward the door. "Just promise me one thing."

"Anything, liebling."

"Don't leave me in there," Micah replied. He could feel his nerves tightening up the as they walked toward the front door. He felt so out of place. Gideon could pick a million other men to be at his side that would be better. Micah didn't even know the difference between a regular fork and a salad fork.

"Consider me glued to your side," Gideon promised as he swept Micah into the building, nodding at the doorman who opened the door for them. "Hello, Fred. How's the wife?"

"Good, Mr. Wulfe, thank you for asking," Fred replied.

"Well, you tell her I said hello."

"I'd be happy to, Mr. Wulfe."

Micah looked up at Gideon. "You know the doorman's wife?" he whispered.

Gideon chuckled. "Of course. Fred's worked here for—what's it been now, Fred? Fifteen years?" Gideon asked as he looked over at the doorman.

"Seventeen years, Mr. Wulfe," Fred said with a smile. "And you haven't forgotten to say hello in all of those years."

"And what would I do without you, Fred? You're part of what makes *Anisette's* one of the best restaurants in town. Everyone expects you to be here when they arrive. I think this restaurant would shut down if you left, Fred."

"Parish the thought, Mr. Wulfe," Fred said.

Micah tugged on Gideon's arm, getting his attention before nodding toward the doorman. He watched in fascination as Gideon's face briefly flushed.

"Fred, it seems I have forgotten my manners. Consider it the craziness of my day. I'd like you to meet, Micah, my husband," Gideon said quickly.

"Your husband? I didn't know you were married, Mr. Wulfe," Fred said, smiling over at Micah.

"Actually, we've only recently gotten married. No one knows yet, so let's keep it to ourselves until next month. I'm throwing Micah a big wedding reception. Until then, I just want some time with my husband before we're besieged by reporters."

"Well, in that case, let me be the first to congratulate you. And I'll make sure that no reporters get in today. If you have any problems, you just let me know. My boy, Johnny, is working in the kitchen and he'll toss anyone out if they bother you," Fred said.

"Thank you, Fred. I'll be sure to keep that in mind," Gideon replied. "I'll have Stella send you and your wife invitations to the reception. I know Martha's been bugging you for years to take her on a second honeymoon. Why not come to New York?"

"Oh, Mr. Wulfe, I couldn't do that, I—" Fred said.

"Nonsense. I'll send plane tickets for you both and have a place waiting for you to stay. You just tell that lovely wife of yours to pack her dancing shoes and her prettiest dress. I'll set everything up for you. And I won't take no for an answer, Fred."

Fred was silent for a moment then finally smiled. "Very well, Mr. Wulfe. Just as long as you understand that Martha's going to cry all over the place at the reception."

Gideon laughed. "I expect nothing less."

"Have a good meal, Mr. and Mr. Wulfe."

Micah felt Gideon grab him by the arm and start to lead him into the restaurant entry, stunned for a moment at being referred to as Mr. and Mr. Wulfe. That was the first time he had been called Mr. Wulfe since they got married. It kind of made it real.

"Micah? Is something wrong? Do you not want me to invite Fred to the reception?" Gideon asked.

Micah shook his head. "No, that's not it. It just suddenly hit me when Fred called us Mr. and Mr. Wulfe. We're really married."

"Of course we are. Did you think this was all for play?" Gideon chuckled.

"No, of course not. It's just that no one's referred to me as Mr. Wulfe before now. It was a little weird," Micah said.

"Weird in a good way?"

Micah could hear the hesitation in Gideon's voice, the worry and uncertainty. He realized Gideon felt as unsure of their relationship as he did. Micah smiled. He would have to do something about that.

"In a very good way," Micah said as he leaned up and kissed Gideon, giggling when he heard Gideon growl, his large hands tightening on Micah's waist.

"I'm going to give them the best damned second honeymoon they could ever imagine."

Chapter 7

Micah felt so anxious he needed to wrap his arms around his stomach to keep it from rolling. He took in several slow deep breathes hoping to calm his frazzled nerves. It wasn't helping. The more time he spent waiting, the more apprehensive he became.

"Micah, liebling, it's going to be fine. Stop worrying."

"Easy for you to say," Micah replied as he turned to look at his husband. "You're not the one everyone's going to be staring at."

Gideon held his arms out to his sides and glanced down at his outfit. "You don't think everyone's going to be staring at me?" He looked up at Micah. "Tuxedo too much?"

Micah snorted. "You look wonderful, and you know it."

Gideon walked over to stand in front of Micah. He straightened Micah's black bowtie. "And you look like the most gorgeous man I have ever seen. Maybe I should think about marrying you and keeping you all to myself."

Micah lifted one eyebrow. "Maybe you should think about losing the tux and taking me back to bed." He could always hope.

Gideon chuckled, shaking his head. "Nice try, liebling, but it's not going to happen. I want the world to know that you belong to me."

"Yeah, but do we have to have a party to do it? Couldn't you like, take an ad out in the paper or something."

Micah was surprised when Gideon's face flushed red. "What did you do?" he asked cautiously.

Gideon gave a little shrug. "There's a reporter from a major magazine coming over tomorrow to do an interview with us. Full cover spread with photographs and everything."

Micah's mouth dropped open. He stared at Gideon for several long silent moments then the absurdity of the situation hit him. Micah started laughing even as he dropped his head forward onto Gideon's chest.

"You're not mad at me, are you?"

Micah shook his head. "No, I'm not mad, but it would be nice if you gave me a little more warning about these things in the future. I'm not used to all of this...this hoopla, Gideon. My life has been pretty simple up until now."

"Do you regret being with me?"

Micah's head shot up in shock. "God, no, Gideon, what could ever have given you that idea?"

"Well..."

Micah rolled his eyes. "You listen to me, Gideon Wulfe. I married you because I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you. All this other crap is, unfortunately, the baggage that comes with marrying you. Believe me, honey, I have my own baggage."

Micah picked at Gideon's lapels, brushing off imaginary lint. "I may not be used to it, and I may not like it, but I can deal with anything as long we're together, even your parties and magazine ads."

"Are you sure, Micah?" Gideon asked hesitantly. Micah could see the worry in his eyes. He was once again amazed that a man as big and gorgeous as Gideon, one worth millions, could be so insecure.

Micah patted Gideon's cheek. "I'm positive, love."

"I like that," Gideon murmured.

"Like what?"

"You calling me love."

Micah smiled. His husband could be so cute sometimes. "Well, you are my love, aren't you?"

Gideon's face flushed again. Micah could feel a hard bulge press against his abdomen. He felt Gideon's fingers dig into his hips, pulling him closer. Gideon growled low in his throat. Micah tossed back his head and let his joy fall from his lips in a loud laugh.

"Down, boy. We have a party to go to, remember?" "Spoilsport."

Micah could feel Gideon's arousal pressing against him and see his hunger in his eyes. He glanced past Gideon's shoulder to the clock on the wall, then back at Gideon. His hands went to the buttons of his black slacks.

"You have five minutes," Micah said as he pushed his slacks down around his ankles and turned around to lean over the desktop, baring his naked ass to Gideon. He heard Gideon's sharp inhale, then hands touched him, eagerly exploring the naked skin Micah revealed.

Micah groaned, biting his lips when Gideon pushed one long lubed finger deep into his ass. There was always a slight burn when Gideon started stretching him but Micah loved it. It told him that within moments Gideon would be claiming him, loving him. It got to the point where Micah craved that little bite of pain.

"Gideon," Micah cried out when another lubed finger joined the first one. Gideon was really good at sex. Foreplay was by far Micah's favorite. It seemed like Gideon could spend hours priming Micah's body.

Then came the times Gideon couldn't seem to wait and just had to take Micah with no foreplay whatsoever. Micah wasn't sure which he liked more. He just thanked god he never had to choose between the two.

"You ready for me, liebling? I only have four minutes left so this is going to be fast."

Micah grinned even as he grabbed the edge of the desk and braced himself. He could handle fast. He couldn't keep the small cry from falling from his lips as Gideon pushed his hard cock deep into him, though. Micah didn't think he'd ever get enough of that.

"Oh damn, Micah, you feel so good," Gideon groaned. "I could do this forever."

"No, you can't." Micah laughed. "You only have three and a half minutes left."

Gideon grabbed Micah's hips. "Guess I'd better get to it then."

Gideon's hands dug harder into the skin on his hips as his larger body moved. Micah could feel every movement Gideon made from the hard thrust of his cock deep into his ass to the feel of Gideon's larger body pressing against his. Micah wished he could record this moment for all time so he'd never forget.

The feeling of Gideon pounding into him felt so good, Micah could almost taste the orgasm headed his way. He just needed a little more. He let go of the edge of the desk to reach for his cock only to have his hand trapped under him before he could even touch himself. Gideon moving too fast.

Resigned to not quite getting there, Micah concentrated on the feeling of Gideon's cock moving in and out of him. He figured he would just jack off after Gideon finished. He was wrong.

Gideon suddenly wrapped an arm under Micah, lifting his ass up high in the air. Micah scrambled for a hold on the desk, finally coming to rest on his knees on the hard wood. Gideon trapped his feet together between his thick legs.

"Gid—what are you doing?"

A moment later, Gideon answered Micah's question when he wrapped his hand around Micah's aching cock. His hand began to move with the rhythm of his body. Micah groaned. Oh yeah, that's what he needed.

Just as he began to feel the small tingle at the base of his spine, heralding his climax, Gideon tightened his hold around the base of Micah's cock, freezing his orgasm in its tracks. Micah cried out in frustration. What the hell was Gideon up to? Why wouldn't he let Micah come?

Just then, Gideon stiffened behind Micah, roaring as he released into Micah's tight ass. Micah could feel every spurt of hot seed shooting into him, taking his intense arousal even higher until Micah almost screamed.

Micah clutched at the arm Gideon wrapped around him. If Gideon wouldn't take care of the problem, he would. He tried to pull Gideon's hand away only to cry out as Gideon suddenly pulled out of him and flipped him over on the desk.

"You didn't think I'd leave you like this, did you, liebling? I just didn't want to get your nice tux messed up," Gideon said right before he lowered his head and engulfed Micah's cock.

Micah cried out. His hands wrapped up in Gideon's hair. One or two long licks, a swallow, and one long drag of Gideon's tongue across the top of Micah's cock, and Micah erupted, filling Gideon's mouth.

He felt boneless. He didn't think the delight Gideon gave him could get any better until he felt a finger push between his ass cheeks and fill him. Gideon zeroed right in on Micah's sweet spot and began stroking him. Just when he thought it all over, Micah felt himself crest again, his orgasm becoming one long pleasure filled haze.

By the time Micah could open his eyes, Gideon stood dressed and grinning down at him. Gideon glanced at the clock, chuckling. "With two minutes to spare."

"Smartass," Micah said as he grabbed Gideon's hand and allowed himself to be pulled into a sitting position. He felt weak like he just run a long marathon. His legs shook. His heart still beat rapidly in his chest.

Micah scooted off the desk and grabbed his slacks, pulling them up enough to make his way to the small bathroom off to one side of the room. He quickly cleaned up and redressed, brushing his hands through his unruly curls before turning to leave the bathroom.

He jumped a little when he turned and found Gideon standing in the doorway. "Damn! You need a bell."

Gideon smirked. "Does that mean no more quickies?"

Micah's eyes widened. "You call that a quickie?"

"It took less than five minutes. Guess that pretty much makes it a quickie. What would you call it?"

"Earth shattering? Mind altering? Out of this world?" Micah chuckled. He stood up on his tiptoes and pulled Gideon's head down at the same time then pressed a kiss against Gideon's lips. When Gideon's hands moved down to grab his hips, Micah laughed and pushed Gideon back.

"Oh no, if I let you get started again, we're never going to get out of here."

"I thought that's what you wanted," Gideon said as he turned and walked farther into the study.

Micah rolled his eyes. "Gideon."

Gideon chuckled. "Okay, liebling, I'll behave, for now, anyway. All bets are off after this party."

"Deal. Now let me straighten your tie, and let's get this over with." Micah walked over to Gideon and reached up to straighten his bowtie. He smoothed down Gideon's lapels, admiring how the fabric laid against Gideon's muscular body. "You really are a sexy man, Gideon Wulfe."

"Glad you think so."

"I do, and I imagine a lot of other people do as well."

"Only matters what you think, liebling."

Micah patted Gideon's chest. "Just you remember that. You'll live longer."

Micah laughed as he followed Gideon out of the study and down the hallway to the elevator. Stepping in beside Gideon, he smirked as his husband pushed the third floor button. Sometimes it paid to live in the penthouse of a large hotel.

A large ballroom on the third floor waited for them, complete with a fully stocked bar, catered buffet and staff. Micah knew the multitudes of people waiting for them would be complete strangers to him. He just hoped he didn't do anything to embarrass Gideon.

The elevator stopped, the doors opened, and they walked off, heading toward the double doors at the end of the hallway. Ivan stood by the doors waiting for them. He turned toward them, smiling.

"Mr. and Mr. Wulfe, are you ready to meet your adoring public?" Micah snorted.

"It won't be too bad, Micah, I promise. I've been to hundreds of these things with Gideon. Just remember two things. One, you are now married to one of the richest men in the country and that makes you richer than sin." Ivan chuckled. "And two, Gideon loves you and is just doing this so that there are no questions concerning who he married. I doubt he really gives a fig about what any of these people really think."

"You also need to remember that little talk we had with Ivan last week," Gideon cut in. "Don't go anywhere alone, even if you have to go to the bathroom. Always let me or Ivan know where you are at all times."

"Even at a party for us in your hotel?" Micah asked doubtfully.

"Even then. While there is security at the doors and throughout the room, someone can always sneak in somehow. You can never let down your guard, Micah," Ivan said. "It'll take some getting used to, I know, but it's important you follow our instructions."

Micah didn't like it, but he nodded anyway. It was eerie thinking he needed to always look over his shoulder for someone who might be after him. He just wanted Gideon. He could care less about all of the other stuff that came with that want.

"Okay, okay, I get it. Stick to both of you like glue and don't go tinkle without an escort."

Gideon grabbed Micah by the arm. "Micah, this is no laughing matter."

"Do you see me laughing?" Micah smirked.

"Micah," Gideon growled menacingly.

"Gideon, I get it. I understand what you and Ivan have been trying to drill into my head for the last couple of weeks." Micah pulled his arm away from Gideon's grasp and smoothed down his curls. "That doesn't mean I have to like it."

"Micah—" Gideon began. Micah reached up and pressed his finger against Gideon's lips, silencing him.

"It's okay, love. I'll follow the rules even if I gripe about them." He glanced past Gideon to look at Ivan. "I assume griping is still allowed?"

Ivan chuckled, nodding his head. "Yes, griping is allowed. It's even encouraged."

Gideon glared over at Ivan. "You're not helping."

Ivan held up his hands. "I said I'd guard Micah from harm. I didn't say anything about guarding you from Micah."

Micah knew he won the little argument they seemed to be having when Gideon let out a big sigh and his head dropped to his chest. He probably shouldn't make fun of Gideon's concerns. They were valid. Micah was just having a hard time adjusting to having a bodyguard.

"Okay, love, enough of this. Put a smile on those gorgeous lips and let's go see if I can keep from embarrassing both of us with my backwood, boondock, low rent, Hicksville, attitude."

"Micah" Gideon started quickly.

"Relax, big guy, I'm only teasing you." Micah turned to face the large double doors behind him. He could hear the noise of the crowd waiting for them beyond the doors. Micah gulped. "Maybe."

"You ready, liebling?" Gideon asked.

"If I said no, could we go back upstairs?" Micah asked. He hoped his voice didn't quiver.

"We could but then you'd miss out on all the people that want to celebrate our nuptials with us." Gideon laughed. "Think of all the pricey wedding presents waiting for us from all those people that want to kiss my ass and get on my good side in the hopes that they can sway me in a business deal."

"You make them sound so friendly, kind of like a bunch of rabid dogs."

Ivan burst out laughing. "Yeah, that pretty much describes them." Micah shook his head. 'Then why invite them?"

"Appearances, my dear Micah," Ivan replied as he reached for the door handle. "Everyone who is anyone wants to be seen at the wedding reception for the great Gideon Wulfe. It's the biggest *be seen* party of the year."

"Be seen party?" Micah asked in confusion. He really didn't understand all of these new terms that suddenly flew his way since he married Gideon. He thought a wedding reception was a celebration with friends and family. Guess he was wrong.

"Anyone who is anyone has to make an appearance. If you don't, you could be slighted by even your closest friend." Ivan snickered. "Personally, I think it's hilarious. These people go all out, plan for these thing months ahead of time. Gideon threw them for a loop when he gave a month's notice for this shindig. Can you imagine how they must have scrambled to get the best outfit custom made, buy the most expensive jewelry, find the hottest dates?"

The visual that Ivan supplied made Micah feel a lot better. He could just imagine the horror the guests must have gone through when they received Gideon's invitation to the reception. If Ivan could be believed, the people invited to the reception couldn't miss it, which meant that they had to scramble to attend.

Micah laughed. He wrapped his hands around Gideon's arm and smiled up at his husband. "Not possible. I have the hottest date here tonight."

Gideon grinned, showing of the deep dimples in his flushed cheeks. Micah once again wondered how a man as gorgeous as Gideon didn't know the intense impact he had on people. The man was breathtaking.

Micah took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He nodded over at Ivan. "Okay, let's get this over with."

Ivan chuckled. "Lower your eyes, pretty boy or you're going to be blind the second I open these doors."

Micah gave Ivan a curious stare. He quickly lowered his eyes when he saw Gideon doing the same. The moment Ivan opened the

doors, Micah knew why. Cameras flashed, bulbs flashed, bright spots appeared in Micah's eyes.

Micah's hand tightened on Gideon's arm. He felt Gideon's other hand pat his, reassuring him. It did give Micah some small comfort, at least, until he raised his face and saw how many people were actually looking at him.

"Gideon," he growled quietly.

"Smile liebling, don't let them know you're afraid. They can smell fear and they might attack," Gideon murmured.

Micah plastered a smile on his face. He turned to look up at his husband. "You're a dead man," he said through his clenched teeth.

"Love you too, liebling." Gideon chuckled. Micah grunted when Gideon wrapped an arm around his shoulders and pulled him close. He felt pretty sure Gideon was doing it just to trap his arms so Micah couldn't reach up and strangle him.

Neither Ivan nor Gideon mentioned anything about cameras. They certainly hadn't said anything about just how many people had been invited to the reception. Micah counted over fifty strangers just in the immediate area. Who knew how many others there were?

"Mr. Wulfe, Mr. Wulfe," a voice called out from the crowd, "how does it feel knowing you've landed one of New York's most eligible bachelors?"

Before Micah could form an answer, Gideon spoke up. "I think I was very lucky to land him." Micah grinned. He felt pretty sure that wasn't what the reporter meant. Gideon's words did get a chuckle from the crowd though.

Still, Micah felt the need to speak up. "I didn't know Gideon was one of New York's most eligible bachelors when I married him. I just thought he was some really sexy guy that liked to play pool."

"Doesn't hurt that he's loaded," someone else yelled out.

Micah pressed his hand against Gideon's chest when he felt him tense. He looked out over the crowd and smiled. "Actually, I didn't know about Gideon's money when I married him. I married him

because I love him. I have even offered to sign something that states I have no rights to his money. The only thing I want out of this marriage is Gideon."

Micah could tell from the faces looking at him that those in the crowd didn't believe him. He could have cared less. The big man next to him suddenly relaxed, the hand around his shoulders giving him a little squeeze. That's the only opinion Micah cared about.

Micah tilted his head back to look up at Gideon. "I haven't been to that many wedding receptions, but don't they involve cake?"

Chapter 8

Micah sipped his sparkling apple cider as he leaned back in his chair. He was grateful Gideon remembered to provide him with something non-alcoholic. He didn't want to forget a single moment of their wedding reception, even if he didn't know a single person in attendance.

That wasn't to say he hadn't met a lot of people tonight because he had, more than he could ever possibly remember, even sober. Gideon seemed to know them all so Micah guessed it was okay.

It really was quite the party. Gideon obviously hired the best help around. It probably helped that he owned the hotel. Waiters kept everyone's glasses full and walked around offering hors d'oeuvres to all of the guests. An orchestra played softly in the background.

People danced. People laughed. People celebrated. Yep, it was one hell of a party and Micah was bored out of his mind. He could barely keep from yawning. High brow receptions were definitely not his *thing*.

"How are you holding up, liebling?" Gideon asked.

Micah shrugged. "I'm okay. I'd be a whole lot more comfortable back at Murphy's Pub playing pool with you and Seth."

"Me too," Gideon said. He waved his hand toward the crowd. "This will all be over soon and we can go home. Just a little longer, okay?"

Micah nodded. What else could he do? This party seemed important to Gideon.

"Hey, liebling? Do you know why New York is called *The Big Apple*?"

Micah's forehead crinkled in confusion. He wasn't sure why Gideon asked him that particular question. "Uh, no."

"Well, according to the New York Public Library the name came from a book called *The Wayfarer in New York* by Edward S. Martin in 1909. Now, there's still some disagreement over this, mind you, but it is one theory of thought."

"Do you agree with that theory?"

Gideon shrugged. "I don't know."

"And you're telling me this because?"

Gideon shrugged again, this time adding a slightly red face. "Just something I heard somewhere."

Micah snorted. He leaned over and kissed Gideon on the cheek then nuzzled his nose against his husband. "Feel free to share these useless tidbits of information anytime you like, big guy. I'll do my best to remember each and every one of them."

"Now you're just laughing at me."

"No, love, I'm laughing with you. Big difference."

"Oh?" Gideon asked, one dark eyebrow raised high. "I'm not sure I see the distinction."

"Well," Micah chuckled, "if I laughed at you, I would have told you that you retain some of the oddest shit I have ever heard. However, since I'm laughing *with* you, I won't."

"Somehow, I still don't see the distinction," Gideon replied.

Micah leaned into Gideon, brushing his side. "You wouldn't," he laughed.

"Now, what exactly do you mean by tha—" Gideon began, only to be interrupted by a voice behind them.

"Mr. Wulfe, I'm sorry we missed your grand entrance. I hear it was spectacular. We were detained by a traffic accident coming in and arrived just a bit late. Where has your beautiful bride gone off to?"

Micah froze. He knew that voice. It haunted his dreams and his nightmares. He turned slowly in his chair to look over his shoulder.

He prayed the person he knew stood there wasn't actually standing there. No such luck.

"Hello, Father."

"Micah!" Senator Adin exclaimed. His face blanched. "What are you doing here?"

Before Micah could say anything, Gideon stood to his feet. He reached back and held out his hand to Micah, taking it and pulling Micah to his feet.

"Senator, I understand that you are acquainted with my husband, Micah?"

"You...your husband?" Senator Adin gasped.

Micah watched with a kind of detached curiosity as all of the blood drained from his father's face. His mother stood next to him just staring off into space as she always did. Micah wasn't even sure she lived on the same planet as everyone else. But she made a beautiful trophy wife, even at her age.

"Yes, Micah is my husband." Micah felt Gideon's arm wrap around his shoulders. "I think I am very lucky."

Micah could see the horror in his father's eyes slowly start to be replaced with a calculating glint. He knew that look. His father was up to something and Micah would most likely be the brunt of whatever he planned.

"Well, then I guess congratulations are in order."

What?

Micah couldn't keep his jaw from dropping open in shock. His father, the great Senator Adin who lobbied so hard against same sex marriages, offered them his congratulations? It wasn't possible.

"You've lost your fucking mind," Micah croaked out.

"Micah!" Senator Adin admonished. "I know your mother and I taught you better manners than that."

"You didn't teach me shit!" Micah took a step toward his father, suddenly not intimidated by his father as he had been the last time they saw each other. It was the day the good senator beat Micah

within an inch of his life and kicked him out with nothing but the clothes on his back.

"We are in a public place, Micah," the senator grunted. "You are an Adin. Remember who you are and behave yourself."

Micah smirked. "I'm a Wulfe. I haven't been an Adin since you beat the shit out of me because I was gay." He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at his father, daring him to continue his words.

Senator Adin's nostrils flared and his face flushed. Micah knew he was trying to contain his anger. The senator didn't like being contradicted, especially by one of his children, and the gay one at that.

When the senator's pinched face mellowed out and faded into a smile, perfect pearly white teeth and all, Micah moved closer to Gideon. Micah didn't trust his father further than he could throw him, which admittedly, wasn't far.

"Purely a misunderstanding, Micah. Surely you can see that. You have to give me some leeway for being shocked by your...your peculiarities."

"My peculiarities?" Micah asked in astonishment. "I hate to break this to you, but this is not a curiosity or phase. I'm not trying to rebel against my father or make a fashion statement. I'm gay, Father. I'll be gay when I die."

Micah could tell by the sudden gleam he saw in his father's eyes that his father wished for Micah's death right that second. He also knew he would have to have a talk with Ivan about upping the security.

Senator Adin was a dangerous man. Micah knew that from personal experience. He was also very controlling of everything and everyone around him. It's what got him where he was today. Micah had no doubts that his father would do whatever he felt necessary to keep control. He stopped believing in his father's good boy façade several years ago.

Senator Adin clasped his hand together over his wife's hand where it wrapped around his arm. "Well, be that as it may, we're all

adults here. I am sure that we can behave ourselves." Micah noticed that his father looked pointedly at him.

"You can go fuck yourself for all I care," Micah snapped bitterly. "I hope I never see you again."

So filled with anger at his father, Micah almost forgot that Gideon stood beside him until he felt his larger body move. Micah glanced up at him quickly, trying to gauge his reaction.

Gideon just squeezed Micah's shoulder, giving him a little grin. Micah was surprised, especially considering his behavior and the fact that his father was an important man in politics. He also felt relieved, his heart warming at his husband's silent support.

Gideon turned to the senator. "Senator Adin, Mrs. Adin, I want to thank you for joining Micah and I for our wedding reception. It pleases me greatly that we have your support and blessing on our marriage." Gideon said. "Despite how much you have lobbied against same sex marriages in the past, having you here on this special day has meant the world to Micah and me."

Micah frowned, a little confused as to why Gideon spoke so loud until he noticed the sudden hush that fell over the crowd. Then all hell seemed to break out as news reporters rushed them. Micah's eyes widened as reporters threw question after question at his father and Gideon.

"Is it true, Senator? Is your son gay?"

"Senator, Senator, does this mean you will change your stance on same sex marriages?"

"Mr. Wulfe, did you know Senator Adin would be your father-inlaw before you got married?"

"Mrs. Adin? How do you feel about having a gay son?"

"Is it true, Senator? Have you given your blessing for your son's marriage to another man?"

The questions went on and on. Micah rolled his eyes. *Hell, the cat was out of the bag now*. He tried to wedge his way back from the crowd of ravenous reporters. He really needed a drink.

* * * *

Gideon felt Micah brush past him as he tried to step away from the growing crowd. He quickly turned to look down at his handsome lover, worried about how all of the chaos might be affecting him until he saw the smirk on Micah's face.

He grinned. Micah seemed to be handling it pretty well. Gideon was a little worried about what Micah would say to him once he figured out Gideon invited the senator to their wedding reception.

It hadn't been because he wanted to upset Micah, rather the opposite. He wanted Micah to know that he no longer had anything to fear from his father. Gideon was far more powerful than Senator Michael Adin, and he would do everything in his power to keep Micah safe.

"Liebling, are you okay?" Gideon's breath caught in his throat at the smile that Micah bestowed on him.

"I'm fine, honey. I just wish I had something to drink."

Gideon didn't know if Micah realized his simple sentence told Gideon everything he needed to know. If Micah wanted something to drink, he wasn't fine. He was upset enough to want to forget the entire evening.

As much as Gideon wanted Micah to not be upset, he didn't want him drinking. Bad things happened when Micah drank. Gideon knew that from personal experience. It wasn't something he would ever forget.

On the other hand, this was their wedding reception. Nothing said they couldn't leave whenever they wanted to. Besides, Gideon planned a wonderful honeymoon to whisk his new husband off to.

Gideon raised his head and glanced around the room for Ivan, nodding to him to get his attention. The moment he saw Ivan nod back, Gideon grabbed Micah by the arm. It was time to leave.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Micah and I would like to thank everyone for attending our little celebration. Please, stay, eat, dance, and enjoy yourselves. Micah and I have reservations awaiting us at La Ponte in Paris. Goodnight."

Gideon gave a little bow of his head then turned and guided Micah out of the large ballroom. He led him back down the hallway they walked down before and to the elevator, pushing the button for the penthouse.

"I thought we were going to Paris."

Gideon smiled down at Micah. "If Paris is where you want to go, Paris is where we will go. We can go anywhere that you want to." Gideon wrapped his arms around Micah's waist and pulled him close to his side.

"But, don't we have reservations somewhere?" Micah asked.

Gideon smirked. "Technically, yes, and the room has already been paid up for several days. However, I would no more tell the world press which hotel we stayed in then I would cut off my arm. We'd never get a moment of peace."

Micah burst out laughing. "You lied?"

"Micah, I made my first million by the time I was twenty, five million by the time I was twenty-two. I've been at this for a long time. I know how the game is played. You never tell the press anything unless you really want them to know."

"Kind of like when you told them you got married?"

"Exactly." Gideon laughed. "Despite the circus you just saw, there are one or two reporters I respect. If I need news to be leaked out, I call them and leak it. Otherwise, I just ignore most of them."

"So, where are we going then?"

"Presently, we're going back to the penthouse to get naked together. We're going to fool around a little, maybe get something to eat and get some sleep. After that, wherever you want to go. It's our honeymoon."

When the elevator doors opened, Micah followed Gideon inside. He waited patiently as Gideon used his penthouse key so they would go all the way to the top of the building. He couldn't wait to get upstairs.

"You are such a bad, bad man," Micah said.

"You have no idea how bad I can actually be, liebling." Gideon's chuckle sounded low and deep and made Micah hard as a rock. The moment the elevator doors opened, Micah grabbed Gideon's hand and pulled him into the penthouse.

"We could always stay here," Micah said. His fingers went to the bowtie around his neck. He slowly pulled it off, his eyes devouring Gideon. "We have room service and everything. We'd never even have to leave the bedroom."

He grinned at the surprised look on Gideon's face. It quickly followed with a very heated look. Gideon's eyes dropped down a little, the gray in them darkening until they looked nearly black. Micah even detected a small hitch in Gideon's breathing.

"You don't want to go to Paris or someplace else for our honeymoon? We have an entire week to spend together. We can go anywhere. Just say the word."

Micah shrugged. "I imagine it would be nice to see some of these places, Gideon, but I don't need it to be happy. I just need you. Truthfully, I wouldn't care if we spent the entire week in my old apartment as long as we stayed together."

He shrugged out of his jacket and slung it over a nearby chair. He took off his cummerbund and laid it across the jacket then started on the buttons of his shirt. Gideon's jaw clenched.

"Of course," Micah drawled as he turned toward the bedroom, "if you really wanted to spend hours on a cramped plane while we got to our destination instead of staying right here where we can order room service from bed, I suppose we could do that."

Micah laughed with joy when he was suddenly picked up in strong arms and carried quickly into the bedroom. He heard Gideon

growl as the man tossed him onto the bed. Micah rolled onto his back and looked up at his lover, noting the clothes that were quickly being stripped from the powerful body before him.

"Guess we're staying here?"

"Get rid of the clothes, Micah," Gideon snarled. "We'll go on our honeymoon when I can keep my hands off of you long enough to get you to the damn airport. My private jet has a bedroom on it."

Of course it did, Micah thought as he pulled his shirt off and tossed it over the side of the bed. His husband was full of surprises. Gideon certainly liked his creature comforts, but he worked hard for them, too.

Micah got the buttons of his black slacks undone when Gideon suddenly grabbed the bottoms and yanked them down his legs. Micah yelped as he was forced back onto the mattress. Before he could lift his head, Gideon settled his large body over his.

"Gideon!"

"Yes, liebling?" Gideon asked.

His hands framed Micah's face. Micah could feel the tenderness in Gideon's grasp. He was always so gentle, never using his strength to hurt Micah or force him to do something he didn't want to.

Micah grinned when Gideon moved and he felt a hard cock press against his groin. As far as he was concerned, this was an excellent way to start a honeymoon. "Just how big is that bed in your jet?"

Gideon beamed. "Our jet and it's big enough."

Micah traced the square contours of Gideon's jaw. "Then what are you waiting for, Mr. Wulfe? Don't we have a wedding reception to consummate?"

"Do people actually do that?"

Micah shrugged. "I have no idea but I would think they do. You have the wedding then the wedding reception then you go on your honeymoon and consummate the marriage?"

"We haven't left for the honeymoon yet, Micah?" Gideon reminded Micah.

"Says who?" Micah smiled and wrapped his arms around Gideon's neck. "We're married and we just left our wedding reception, didn't we?"

"I like the way you think." Gideon chuckled.

"I thought you might," Micah whispered just before Gideon claimed his lips in a magnificent kiss filled with passion and desire, love and reverence. Micah felt it all of the way down to his toes.

He also felt the hands that moved over his body softly caressing him, arousing him. Gideon seemed to have a small obsession with Micah's nipples. He kissed them, tugged on them, teased them with his fingers. Micah thought he might get them pierced.

"Gideon," Micah moaned when Gideon's lips moved from his nipples to his abdomen. He felt Gideon's tongue encircle his belly button. Micah giggled at the soft lick of Gideon's lips against him. "That tickles."

Micah felt Gideon grin against his skin. Then Gideon's mouth moved further down. Micah's breath caught in his throat as he waited for Gideon's mouth to touch his hard cock. He waited and waited, then begged.

"Gideon, please," Micah pleaded as he humped his hips toward Gideon. He gritted his teeth when Gideon just chuckled at him. A moment later he felt Gideon's wet tongue lap against his pelvic bone.

Gideon wanted to torture him. Micah just knew it. He would to drive Micah out of his ever loving mind until he was a pile of goo. Gideon was well on his way to do just that. Micah could almost feel the very air around him moving over his sensitive skin.

He felt flushed, hot, and needy. Micah groaned. His hands clenched in Gideon's hair. He tried to direct Gideon to his aching cock. Gideon just licked at the tender sac below, missing Micah's cock all together.

"Gideon," Micah groaned in frustration.

"Patience, liebling," Gideon replied.

"No!"

"I'll make it worth your while," Gideon challenged. Micah considered it. He really, really wanted to feel Gideon's lips wrapped around his cock. He knew it would take him right where he needed to go.

On the other hand, Gideon had a wild imagination in the bedroom. Micah knew that whatever Gideon planned for him would blow his mind. He just wasn't sure he could wait that long. He already felt way past needy.

"I...Gideon, I..." Micah stammered.

"Just wait, liebling," Gideon said as he stroked Micah's thighs. "I promise you will enjoy it."

"Don't touch me for a moment," Micah begged. He felt Gideon lift his hands. Micah closed his eyes. He took several deep breaths to hold back the orgasm he could feel trying to break free. His body trembled for a moment then he let the air in his lungs slowly release.

"Okay," he whispered.

Gideon's hands moved back to his thighs. Warm breath blew across his balls until they drew up close to his body. Micah started panting. He didn't know what Gideon would to do next and it drove him crazy.

"Aaahhh," Micah cried out when Gideon gave Micah his wish. He wrapped his lips around Micah's cock. Micah's body shook and undulated against Gideon's larger form. Red hot heat rushed through his body and came together in his cock.

Micah's body stiffened as Gideon sank down on his cock. Gideon swallowed it until Micah felt his nose brush against his short, curly hairs. Micah couldn't believe the hotness he felt, the exquisite pleasure. He'd felt heaven and now he could die.

Or not, Micah thought as Gideon began to move his mouth along the length of his cock. When Gideon's fingers breeched his ass, Micah started to moan. He didn't know whether to push up into Gideon's mouth or down onto Gideon's fingers.

Gideon solved that problem for him by pressing his fingers into Micah's ass at the same time he swallowed his cock. It let Micah concentrate on the incredible pleasure coursing through his body.

"Gideon, gonna..." Micah cried out as a heavy pressure built in his balls. It moved up to the base of his cock then erupted out the top as Micah found his release. Micah cried out over and over again as Gideon sucked down every last drop until Micah melted into the mattress.

"You okay, liebling?"

Micah opened his eyes to see Gideon leaning over the top of him. Micah offered his husband a goofy grin. "I'm great."

"Let's see if we can top great." Only when they moved did Micah realize that Gideon's slick fingers were still inside his ass. His breathing instantly went from calm and sated to rapid and wanting.

The fierce glint in Gideon's eyes only added to Micah's arousal. He could see desire and love shining brightly in Gideon's eyes. The hard, leaking cock pushing against Micah's thigh didn't hurt either.

Micah reached for Gideon. His hands slid against his shoulders and moved down to cover his chest. He stroked his fingers through the small spattering of hair covering Gideon's muscular pecs then moved to pluck at his nipples.

Gideon growled deep in his throat. It thrilled Micah to his toes. He needed to know he could arouse Gideon as much as Gideon aroused him. Micah leaned up and tugged at Gideon's nipples with his lips. He nibbled them with his teeth.

With his mouth engaged, Micah's hands were free to roam. He went back to caressing Gideon's chest, his neck. He stroked the strong, silky flesh of Gideon's arms and up his over his shoulders.

He felt Gideon's body tremble. The muscles under his hands went stiff. Micah gasped as Gideon suddenly moved up to kneel between his thighs and pulled his fingers from Micah's ass. Micah could see the rigid control Gideon tried to maintain.

Micah's eyes fluttered closed as Gideon lined himself up and slowly sank into him. The moment froze in time. Micah opened his eyes to see Gideon above him, his body unmoving. He stared down at Micah looking stunned for what seemed like forever, and then he pulled his hips back.

"Gideon!" Micah exclaimed as Gideon impaled him with his cock, the full force of his body behind him. Micah stretched his hands up over his head and held them against the headboard to keep himself from being pushed up the bed.

He looked up at Gideon in astonishment. Gideon had always been so gentle with him. It wasn't that Gideon hurt him because he wouldn't. He was just shocked that Gideon used such force. He never did before.

Micah could see a small tick in Gideon's clenched jaw. The tight grip Gideon had on Micah's hips along with the intense look on his face told Micah that Gideon had finally lost his rigid control. It thrilled Micah. He knew Gideon wouldn't hurt him, but it was good to see him take what he wanted for once.

Micah brought his legs up and wrapped them around Gideon's back. He could feel Gideon slip in a little further the next time he thrust forward. He brushed Micah's sweet spot. Micah suddenly found his cock becoming interested again as it began to fill.

Micah wrapped one hand in Gideon's hair and pulled his head down for a kiss. The other hand roamed down Gideon's back. He heard Gideon groan as he dug his nails in and dragged them up Gideon's back.

Gideon's thrusts became more urgent. Micah couldn't believe how turned on he became when Gideon's body began to shake. The harder Gideon thrust, the more it aroused him until Micah felt himself moving towards something right along with Gideon.

Micah felt himself start to crest. He wanted Gideon to go with him this time. He fisted his fingers in Gideon's hair and kissed him harder,

dominating the kiss, ravaging Gideon's lips. He could feel Gideon's response in every movement of his body.

Just when he didn't think he could hold back anymore, Gideon arched, tossing his head back as he let out a loud roar. Micah felt the sudden thickening of Gideon's cock as he came, shooting into Micah and triggering his own release.

Micah cried out as he filled the space between their bodies moments before Gideon collapsed down onto him. Micah sighed. He stroked his fingers over the strong ridges of Gideon's back as he waited for his breathing to return to normal.

After several moments, Gideon lifted his head to stare down at Micah, his gaze filled with reverence. He caressed the side of Micah's face. Micah smiled and leaned into the soft touch. His gentle giant was back.

Chapter 9

"Dude, nice threads," Seth whistled as Micah slid into the booth seat across from him.

Micah lifted an eyebrow. He fingered the soft blue silk of his button down shirt. "These old things?" Micah knew he looked good in the clothes Gideon bought him.

"Pretty spiffy, Micah."

"Yeah, Gideon insisted I get a whole new wardrobe while on our honeymoon. You should see that man in action, Seth. He walks into a place and people fall all over themselves to please him. It was like *Pretty Woman* for gay guys." He chuckled. "Hell, he even had pizza delivered."

"That's so cool," Seth said.

"Yeah," Micah said quietly as he glanced down at the table.

"Micah, you don't sound very excited about all of this. What gives?"

Micah shrugged. "It's still all a little overwhelming, Seth. Don't get me wrong, I love being married to Gideon. He's the best thing that has happened to me in years, but he can be a little intense sometimes."

Micah sat back as the waitress walked up and set two beers down on the table. He waited until she left then looked back at Seth. "Last week, I mentioned that I liked having croissants and coffee for breakfast. He flew us to Paris so I could have authentic croissants."

Micah watched Seth's mouth drop open, his eyes widening. "Dude!"

"We stopped for lunch the other day at this little bistro down on 1st Street. I told Gideon that I really liked the turkey sandwich so he

walked inside and bought the damn place and gave it to me as a present."

"He gave you a restaurant?" Seth asked, his voice filled with astonishment.

Micah gestured to himself. "You're looking at the new owner of the 1st Street Bistro."

"Dude, I've eaten there." Seth laughed. "They do have good turkey sandwiches."

Micah rolled his eyes. "He bought me a restaurant!" Micah snapped. "He could have bought me a tie or a shirt, Seth, but no, he bought me a restaurant and flew me to Paris. How am I supposed to compete with that? I don't even have a job anymore."

"Are you sure you need to compete, Micah? Seems to me Gideon likes doing things for you."

"I get that, Seth, I do, but how am I supposed to compete? Gideon can afford to buy himself anything he wants. I don't have that kind of money. I can't fly him to Paris or buy him a restaurant."

"So don't."

Micah clenched his jaw. Seth just wasn't getting it. Anything that Micah could afford to get, Gideon could buy with his pocket change. Micah felt like a pretender in Gideon's world. He didn't have money, social standing, or even the knowledge of how to behave in polite society.

He liked fast food and cuddling on the couch in front of the TV. He didn't know anything about cocktail parties, politics, or even what fork to use with what food, if he could even identify the food.

Gideon kept buying Micah stuff, everything from a new wardrobe to a restaurant. Micah just mentioned he wanted something and Gideon made it happen. Micah started keeping his wants to himself just to keep Gideon from buying him stuff.

How could he buy Gideon something as simple as a single rose when Gideon could afford to have roses flown in from all over the

world? How could a simple ten dollar shirt compare to what Gideon could buy in Paris or New York?

Micah started to realize all of Gideon's money made him feel inadequate. Gideon was handsome, rich, charming. He could have anyone he wanted. For the life of him, Micah couldn't figure out why Gideon chose him.

"Micah?"

"Huh?" Micah lifted his head from where he contemplated the label on his beer to find Seth watching him, concern in his eyes.

"You okay, man?"

"Yeah, I'm okay." Micah let out a small nervous laugh. "I don't think I'm quite used to all of this yet."

"Micah, you've only been back from your honeymoon for a month. Give yourself some time, dude."

Time? Yeah right. "Seth, I'm not sure it's going to be that easy."

"So, make it that easy," Seth said. "I've never seen you back down from a challenge in all of the years that I've known you. Don't start now."

"Seth, you're not getting this. Gideon has more money than anyone I've ever met. He can buy anything he wants. I'd buy him dinner, but he can have it flown in from any country in the world. I'd buy him a tie but he can have one custom made with silk. How can I compete with that?"

Seth chuckled. "Have you ever thought of giving him the tie naked?"

Micah blinked. A sudden picture formed in his mind. Micah started to grin. "I got to go. I'll call you later." Micah jumped from his seat and raced to the door, Seth's laughter following him all of the way.

* * * *

"Oh, Mr. Wulfe."

Gideon looked up as his secretary called out to him as he walked towards his office door. "Yes, Stella?"

"Mr. Wulfe is waiting in your office, sir." Stella grinned. Her hand fluttered in front of her face as if she felt overheated. "He told me to cancel all of your appointments for the rest of the day."

"Oh?" Gideon's eyebrow rose in surprise. "Then I guess you'd better do it." Gideon hurried toward his office door, eager to see his husband. Micah didn't come to his office very often. Gideon knew he felt a little uncomfortable with the way people treated him because he was married to the *boss*.

"Micah," Gideon called out as he opened the door to his office. His steps faltered. His eyes widened until they almost bugged out of his head. His jaw dropped open in shock. Gideon was pretty sure he also drooled.

"Micah." Gideon's voice raspy. He'd never seen anything so erotic in his entire life. Micah lay stretched out over the top of his desk, naked except for a single red tie around his neck.

"I bought you a tie," Micah drawled. Gideon absently noted that everything on his desk had been removed and stacked neatly on the side of the room. Micah fingered the tie. "Do you like it?"

Gideon wasn't sure that's how he would describe his feelings. Fascinated, obsessed, intrigued maybe, but not *like*. "It's perfect, liebling. I'll never wear another tie again." Gideon closed the door behind him and locked it. His eyes never left Micah. "And canceling all of my appointments for the rest of the day?" Gideon asked as he strolled across the room toward Micah. Stopping in front of his desk, he reached out and stroked his hands over the silk tie. "It's a very nice tie, Micah. Thank you."

"And that would be why I canceled all of your appointments, so that you could thank me for the tie." Micah smiled up at Gideon as he sat up and swung his legs over the side. Gideon stepped between them.

"I think that is an excellent idea," Gideon murmured against Micah's lips just before he kissed him. When Micah's hands pushed at his jacket, Gideon dropped it from his shoulders. His shirt quickly followed then the rest of his clothes until Gideon stood naked over the top of Micah.

Gideon slowly leaned over Micah forcing him to lie back against the hardwood of the desk. He could see the mischief in Micah's eyes. It intrigued him. Gideon knew Micah fully enjoyed their sex life. They both did.

Micah just never quite showed this level of playfulness before. It surprised Gideon but in a good way. It told Gideon that Micah might be willing to play a few other games. Gideon thought of several over the last few weeks.

Gideon reached down and loosened the tie from around Micah's neck but kept it in a circle. He saw Micah start to protest and quickly held his finger over Micah's mouth. "No talking, liebling. This is my present, and I get to unwrap it any way that I want."

The amused look that crossed Micah's face made Gideon chuckle. Still, Micah remained silent. Gideon finished loosening Micah's tie and moved it over his head. He grabbed both of Micah's hands together and secured the tie around them.

Gideon grinned as he tucked the other end of the tie into the drawer of his desk and closed it. He effectively bound Micah by his hands to the desk. Gideon felt quite proud of the ingenuity of his idea.

Gideon stood up and looked down at his present. Micah tied up and spread out naked over his desk with his hard cock sticking up from his groin made a delicious picture. Gideon just wished he had something to secure Micah's feet as well. Then the picture would truly be perfect.

"Can I take a picture of you?"

"What?" Micah exclaimed.

"You look so—" Gideon bit his lip. He wanted to say that Micah looked beautiful all spread out and tied down as he was but he wasn't

sure that Micah would be happy with that description. He just couldn't think of another one that would fit.

"I look what?" Micah asked softly.

Gideon trailed his fingers from Micah's collar bone down to wipe up the fluid pooling on the tip of Micah's cock. "You look so beautiful," he murmured before he licked the liquid from his fingers. He waited for Micah to take issue with his wording. Instead, Micah's skin blushed and he turned his face to the side.

"Okay," Micah whispered.

"Okay?" Gideon asked, confused. Was Micah saying that he could take a picture of him or that he call him beautiful. Or both?

Micah turned back to look at Gideon. "If you promise not to show anyone, and I do mean anyone, Gideon, then you can take a picture, but just one."

Gideon stared at Micah in stunned disbelief for a moment then quickly walked around his desk to search for his digital camera in one of the drawers. His hands shook with anticipation as he searched one drawer then the next.

Whooping with glee when he found it, Gideon grabbed the camera and walked back around to stand in front of Micah again. It took him a moment to turn it on and get the focus right. Excitement filled him so much he could barely hold the camera still to take the picture.

He took one, then another, and another, moving from one angle to another. Before he knew it Gideon had taken ten different pictures of Micah in all of his glory. As Gideon set the camera down on the desk and looked back at his husband, he knew he would treasure the pictures until the day he died.

"I thought you were only going to take one, Gideon."

Gideon felt his face flush. He shrugged his shoulders. "Sorry, liebling," Gideon replied. "I tried to take just one picture, but you looked so good all spread out and tied down to my desk. It's like you're just waiting for me to come and claim you."

Micah smirked. "I am."

Gideon leaned over Micah. He placed one hand on each side of Micah's head and rested his weight on them before bending down for a quick kiss. Raising his head, Gideon grinned. "Then I guess I'd better get to it."

Gideon grabbed Micah by his hips and flipped him over onto his stomach. He wondered where he would get lube until he noticed the glistening flesh between Micah's butt cheeks. He ran his finger down the crease shocked to feel lube there.

"Huh, Micah?"

Micah giggled. "I wanted to be ready."

Gideon closed his eyes against the sight before him to keep from coming right then and there. Micah prepared himself before Gideon had even gotten into the office. Gideon opened his eyes and glanced back down at Micah's lubed ass, speculating.

He pushed his fingers into Micah's tight hole, finding it stretched just enough that Gideon knew he would be able to slide in without hurting Micah. He stepped between Micah's legs and grabbed him by the hips before pulling him back to the edge of the desk.

"Fuck, Micah," Gideon ground out between his clenched teeth. He gripped one of Micah's butt cheeks in each hand and spread them apart. He pushed his hips forward until the tip of his aching cock rested against Micah.

Micah hissed and his body shuddered. The tight little round hole quivered with anticipation. Gideon stroked it with his fingers. He pressed against the small rosette until it gave way and swallowed up his fingers.

Micah cried out. His hips humped against the desk. Gideon pumped his fingers in and curved them just enough to stroke Micah's little nub. Gideon continued to pump his fingers in and out of Micah, aiming for his prostate on every thrust until Micah sobbed.

"Do you think I could get you to come from just this, liebling?"
"Yes!" Micah's wailed answer made Gideon feel like a god.

"Tell me before you come, liebling," Gideon demanded. Micah just grunted.

Gideon continued to stroke Micah. His cock ached. He was so hard he could have pounded railroad spikes. Micah seemed so damn responsive to his touch, like he couldn't get enough of it, even the smallest of caresses.

He knew Micah's life had been a hard one, that Micah didn't receive a lot of affection. Gideon wanted to make up for everything Micah ever went without whether it was love and affection or acceptance and understanding. Gideon wanted to give Micah the world.

"Gi—Gideon," Micah cried out. His body shuddered.

Gideon knew Micah would come in a matter of moments. He pulled his fingers from Micah's ass and replaced them with his cock, thrusting in as far as he could go. He paused for a brief moment as he relished the feeling of having Micah wrapped around his cock then pulled back and plunged in again and again.

Wanting the angle to be just right, Gideon grabbed Micah's hips and lifted him up to meet his thrusts. He could feel the corded muscles in his neck go taut as Micah's cries turned into one long continuous groan.

Micah suddenly stiffened. Gideon saw his hands clench and Micah screamed. Gideon's whole world centered on the silky muscles tightening around his cock as Micah climaxed. His hands tightened their grip on Micah's hips as he thrust once, twice more then followed Micah over the edge into orgasmic bliss.

Gideon slumped over Micah, his head buried in Micah's back. He could feel Micah tremble with each spurt of hot seed Gideon emptied into him. It went on and on, each spasm of Micah's body milking Gideon's cock for just a drop more until Gideon wasn't sure his balls could give anymore. Finally, Gideon slipped from Micah's spent body.

Gideon lifted his head and kissed the back of Micah's neck. He reached up and pulled the tie from the drawer. He unwrapped it from around Micah's hands. Gideon looped it around his neck before leaning back down to whisper in Micah's ear.

"I love my tie, liebling, thank you."

Chapter 10

Micah chuckled as Gideon pulled the red tie over his neck and straightened it. He pulled on his jeans and zipped them up. "You look good in red," he said as he pulled his shirt on then looked back over at Gideon.

"You look better."

"So you're not upset that I came to your office and told Stella cancel all of your appointments?" Micah admitted he felt a little nervous about that. It had been pretty high handed of him.

Gideon cupped his hand around Micah's cheek. "Not in the least, liebling. You can cancel my appointments anytime you feel like it as long as you bring me another tie."

Micah could feel his face heat a little. He ducked his head. Maybe Seth was right. Maybe he could get things for Gideon he liked with the funds that he had. Micah would just have to put a spin on them.

"Did I mention that I need several new pairs of boxers?" Gideon asked.

Micah rolled his eyes. He could hear the amusement in Gideon's voice, but he could also hear the joy. He grabbed Gideon by the tie and pulled his face down for a quick kiss. Pulling back, he fluttered his eyelashes at Gideon, flirting with him.

"Silk or cotton?"

"Well," Gideon began, "I prefer—"

The sudden bang of the office door crashing open made both Micah and Gideon jerk and swing around. Micah barely caught the sight of three men rushing into the room before Gideon stepped in front of him.

"What's the meaning of this?" Gideon shouted. "Who are you?"

"Gideon Wulfe?" one man began, "You're under arrest for the kidnapping and assault of Micah Adin. You have the right to remain silent. Everything you say can be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as I have read them to you?"

Micah watched in shocked horror as two of the men handcuffed Gideon and read him his rights. He stepped forward. "No wait, you're making a mistake."

"You need to step back, sir," the officer who read Gideon his rights said. "If you don't, you will be charged with interfering with a police officer."

"But you don't understand," Micah cried out as he reached for Gideon, "Gideon couldn't have—" Micah's words got cut off by a sharp jab to his face. He dropped to his knees. The intense pain that shot through his head knocked the air out of him.

Micah heard Gideon roar. He heard a crash, a few grunts, and the sounds of flesh hitting flesh. Then all was silent. Micah regained his breath and looked up just in time to see Gideon being dragged out of the room. His head hung down against his chest and he didn't look like he walked on his own.

Micah stood to his feet. His hand covered his injured face. He glanced at the last man in the room, the one that seemed to be in charge. "What is your name?"

"Detective Sirus Brown," the man sneered. "How are you related to Mr. Wulfe?" The detective asked as he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a pad of paper and a pen. He flipped it open and began making notes.

"Maybe you should have investigated that before you broke in here and attacked us," Micah growled as he buttoned up his shirt. He glared at the detective. "You're about to find out exactly who I am

and when you do, I expect an apology from you and your entire department. Then I want your badge."

"You want my badge?" The man laughed. "For arresting a man who kidnapped and assaulted a young man? I deserve a metal. Do you have any idea what kind of man Gideon Wulfe is?"

"I know exactly what kind of man Gideon Wulfe is," Micah said proudly. "I'm married to him."

Micah turned away from the detective and walked out of the room before anymore could be said. He needed to get down to the police station and get his husband out of jail. And then he would raise some holy hell.

"Stella, call Gideon's attorney and have him meet me down at the police station. I'm on my way down there right now. And have Ivan waiting for me with the car by the time I get downstairs."

"Yes, Mr. Wulfe," Stella said quickly as she reached for the phone. "Good luck, Mr. Wulfe."

"I don't need luck." Micah winked at Stella. "I have Gideon."

Micah hurried off the elevator. The moment the doors closed and he pushed the ground floor button, Micah pulled out his cell phone and dialed Seth's phone. He tapped his foot impatiently as he waited for Seth to answer.

"Miss me already?" Seth laughed when he answered the phone.

"Cut it out, Seth," Micah snapped. "I'm in trouble and I need your help."

"What's up, man?" Seth asked, his voice serious this time.

"I'm on my way down to the police station. I need you to meet me there. Gideon's been arrested. And get this, he's been arrested for kidnapping and assaulting Micah Adin."

"No way!" Seth exclaimed.

"Yes, way," Micah replied. "The damn detective didn't even know who I was."

"You think your father has anything to do with this?"

"Oh yes, his fingerprints are all over this," Micah growled. The elevator doors slid open. Micah walked out, nodding to Ivan as he fell into step beside him. "Meet me down there, Seth." Micah flipped his phone closed and climbed into the car, Ivan sliding in beside him.

"What did Stella tell you?" Micah asked as he turned to look at Ivan.

"Some detectives came and arrested Gideon."

"That's it?" Micah asked in surprise.

Ivan shrugged. "She got kind of hysterical after that. I take it there's more?"

"They broke into the office and just arrested him, Ivan. They said he kidnapped and assaulted Micah Adin." The words still sounded strange coming out of Micah's mouth. How could they arrest Gideon for this? Hadn't they done any investigating at all?

"But, you're Micah Adin."

"No, I used to be Micah Adin. I'm Micah Wulfe now and the police force is about to find out what happens when they piss me off."

Ivan whistled. "Go, Micah!"

"They hit him, Ivan," Micah said through clenched teeth. His hands clenched against his legs. "He couldn't even walk out of the office under his own steam."

"They hit him? Did Gideon resist arrest?"

"No, not exactly." Micah's hands began to sweat as he realized that Gideon getting hit was probably his fault. He felt lower than shit. "I tried to stop them from taking Gideon away. I was just trying to explain that there had to be a mix up and someone decked me. Up until that point, Gideon was fine but then he kind of lost it."

"Well," Ivan gave off a shaky chuckle, "that explains it then. I'm sure Gideon was livid."

Micah nodded even if he didn't understand it completely. There had been no reason for them to hit Gideon. If they felt he resisted arrest, they could have subdued him but not beat him up so much that he could barely walk.

"This is some horrible nightmare," Micah murmured. He felt Ivan pat him on the leg. He knew Ivan wanted to reassure him. Micah didn't think that was possible, not until Gideon was back in his arms.

Micah glanced over at Ivan. "You know my father is knee deep in this, right?"

"Why do you say that? This could be just a misunderstanding, Micah."

"No, it's not," Micah said, shaking his head. "They arrested Gideon for kidnapping and assaulting me, Micah Adin. They sounded like they thought I was some young boy that Gideon abused. Hell, they didn't even know Gideon was married to me."

Micah pounded his clenched fist into the leather seat beside him. "How can they not know, Ivan? We've been all over the news for weeks."

Ivan shrugged again. "Who knows, Micah, but we'll get this taken care of. Gideon's lawyer is going to meet us at the police station and he will have Gideon out of there within minutes."

"Promise?" Micah whispered desperately.

"I promise, Micah," Ivan said. "Now, wipe your eyes and put your fierce face back on. You can't let them see you upset. You need to be that guy that ordered me to meet you downstairs with the car."

Micah chuckled. He wiped his eyes, not even knowing he had tears in them until he felt them under his fingers. He could do this, he could. He could do anything if it meant getting Gideon home where he belonged.

By the time the car came to a stop, Micah regained control of his emotions once more. He could feel his anger begin to build every time he thought about Gideon being arrested. It never should have happened in the first place.

Some heads were going to roll if Micah had anything to say about it. This would be one of the times Micah was grateful for Gideon's money and power. He'd call in every favor he could think of to free his husband.

Ivan opened the door and climbed out, Micah followed right behind him. An older man dressed in a very expensive looking suit immediately rushed forward. Micah recognized him as the attorney from when Gideon signed their marriage paperwork. He didn't like the guy much, but he seemed to know his stuff.

"Anthony Crogger, Mr. Wulfe," the man said as he held out his hand to Micah. Micah shook it. "Stella called and filled me in. If you want to come this way I will secure the release of Mr. Wulfe as soon as possible," the man said, gesturing with hand toward the building.

"Did she explain what Gideon has been arrested for?" Micah asked as he started walking toward the building. He caught the sight of news vans pulling up outside the building just as they went inside. Perfect! Someone called the press. Gideon would be pissed.

"She wasn't sure, Mr. Wulfe, but she did say Gideon didn't look too good when they dragged him out of his office."

"No, he didn't. I'm pretty sure that they beat him up," Micah said. He turned his face toward the man and pointed to the bruise he knew already formed on his cheek. "He got a little upset when one of the officers did this."

"Oh, my," Mr. Crogger said. "And how did this happen?"

Micah winced as the man's fingers gently probed the painful spot. "I tried to stop them from taking Gideon away."

Mr. Crogger clucked his tongue. "That might not have been the wisest of choices, Mr. Wulfe. You could have been arrested for interfering with an officer."

"So they told me." Micah grimaced. "I just have a small problem letting them take my husband away for something he didn't do."

"What did they he arrest him for?"

Micah rolled his eyes. "They arrested Gideon for the kidnapping and assault of Micah Adin."

"But, you're Micah Adin," Mr. Crogger said in confusion.

"So I've noticed." Micah pushed his trembling hand into his pants trying to hide how upset he really felt. "Now you see why I didn't want him taken away?"

"Yes, yes I do," Mr. Crogger replied. He stared at Micah for a moment as if he was trying to come to a decision then nodded. "We'll have Gideon out in just a few minutes, Mr. Wulfe, and then you can take him home. After that, I'll insure that a few heads roll over this."

"You can start with Detective Sirus Brown. He's the detective that arrested Gideon. He's an ass." Micah stepped out of the way as two uniformed police officers walked by with a man in handcuffs. "He wouldn't listen to me when I tried to explain Gideon couldn't have done this."

Mr. Crogger nodded his head. "Very well, Mr. Wulfe, I'll start with Detective Brown." He pulled a cell phone out of his pocket. "If you will give me just a moment, I have a few phone calls to make that will ensure that Gideon is released immediately."

Micah nodded and stepped back to stand next to Ivan. He felt Ivan's hand briefly pat him on the back. He was thankful for the support. He felt even more grateful when Seth walked in a moment later.

"Oh my God, Micah," Seth began as he hurried over to him. "Have you seen Gideon yet? When is he getting out? Is your father here?" Seth tilted his head to the side. "And what the hell happened to your face?"

Micah gently fingered the side of his face, grimacing. It still felt pretty tender and probably would be for a while. Gideon was going to be so pissed. Micah wouldn't put it past him to sue the entire police department by the time this was all over with. Micah wouldn't stop him either.

"Doesn't matter right now," Micah replied. He pointed to Mr. Crogger. "His lawyer is making some phone calls. I suspect he's calling in a few favors to get Gideon out. This is the one time I am very thankful for Gideon's money and power."

Seth nodded. He rubbed Micah's arm. "It'll be okay, Micah."

"We'll see."

"Mr. Wulfe?"

Micah turned to see Mr. Crogger standing behind him. "Yes?"

"Would you please follow me?" The man started toward the elevator. Micah, Seth, and Ivan followed. They rode to the 11th floor. The doors opened to reveal a small reception area. A young woman sat behind a large desk.

"Mr. Crogger and Mr. Wulfe to see the chief," Mr. Crogger said as he walked up the woman.

"Please, come right in," The woman said as she got to her feet and opened a door just off to one side of her desk. "The chief is expecting you."

"Thank you," Mr. Crogger said, then walked in. Micah nodded. He felt pretty much out of his element right now and a little beyond speech. His stomach ached with worry over what was happening to Gideon, where he was, and if he was okay. Micah wouldn't be satisfied until Gideon was free and back home safe and sound.

"Ah, Mr. Crogger," an older man dressed in a police uniform said. He stood to his feet and walked over, holding out his hand to the lawyer. "The mayor called and said you had some sort of problem I could help you with?"

"I certainly hope so," Mr. Crogger replied. "My client, Gideon Wulfe, has been arrested by your detective, Sirus Brown, and is being detained downstairs. I'm here to secure his release."

The chief looked slightly confused as he sat down behind his desk. He gestured for everyone else to sit down as well. Micah didn't feel like sitting. He felt like pacing. Well, actually, he felt like screaming, but he didn't think that would help the situation at the moment.

"I'll stand, thank you," Micah said. He gave into his need to pace, walking back and forth behind Mr. Crogger. He saw Seth sit down on a small black leather couch by the wall. Ivan just leaned back against

the door, his arms crossed over his chest, his mouth twisted into a small smirk. He looked very intimidating and Micah loved it.

"And you are?" the chief asked, addressing Micah.

Before Micah could answer, Mr. Crogger held up his hand. "We'll get to that in a moment, Chief. First, I wonder if you could ask Detective Brown to join us and bring up the case file. I would like to have this settled by the time we go downstairs to release my client."

The chief looked like he wanted to argue but nodded anyway and reached for the phone. That told Micah that someone higher up the food chain pulled his strings. Micah would have applauded if it had been appropriate.

Micah continued to pace as the chief ordered Detective Brown to bring the arrest file on Gideon upstairs. The wait seemed like forever. Micah crossed his arms over his chest to keep from pounding them on the chief's desk and demanded that he release Gideon immediately.

He held onto the hope that Mr. Crogger was as good as his self important ego said he was. Gideon employed the man and Gideon didn't employ idiots. This was the man's chance to prove it to Micah. If Anthony Crogger could get Gideon out of this mess, he had a job for life.

Micah jumped when the phone on the chief's desk rang. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He really needed to get a grip. He was starting to lose it.

"Yes?" the chief said as he answered the phone. "Very well, send him in." The chief hung up the phone and looked at them. "Detective Brown is here."

Micah suppressed his growl but just barely. He turned and watched as the door opened and the detective walked in. He seemed surprised to see Micah standing there. Micah smirked. He would be a whole lot more than surprised soon.

"Hello, Detective Brown, knock anyone around lately?" Micah watched with satisfaction as the detective's face paled. He would have said more but Mr. Crogger interrupted him.

"Detective Brown, would you please inform your chief why my client, Gideon Wulfe, came to be arrested?" Mr. Crogger asked.

The detective puffed out his chest. Micah could tell he thought he was in the right. Boy, was he in for a surprise. Micah couldn't wait.

"I arrested Gideon Wulfe for the kidnapping and assault of Micah Adin."

"And who filed the report?" Mr. Crogger asked. "Did Micah Adin file the report?"

The detective looked confused for a moment. "No, his father, Senetor Adin, did." Damn! Micah knew his father did this but it still racked his nerves to hear.

"And because he's a senator, you just rushed right on out to arrest Gideon Wulfe without doing any investigation first? Did you even question Micah Adin and asked him if the allegations were true or did you try to make a name for yourself instead by arresting a powerful man such as Gideon Wulfe?"

"Now see here," the detective nearly shouted, "that man kidnapped and assaulted a young boy. I was perfectly within my rights to arrest him." He looked snidely at Mr. Crogger. "No slicked up ambulance chaser," he glared over at Micah, "or his fag boyfriend are going to get the high and mighty Mr. Wulfe out of this one."

"I see," Mr. Crogger replied. Micah's respect for the man was building in leaps and bounds. "Is it homosexuals in general that you have a problem with or just Gideon Wulfe?"

"I'm sure that Detective Brown is aware of our zero tolerance policy pertaining to sexual orientation," the chief stated before the detective could say anything more. "He just did his job."

"His job?" Micah pointed to his face. "What's your policy on police brutality?"

"Well, I'm sure that—"

"You interfered with the duties of a police officer," the detective snarled. "I could have arrested you and then you'd be rotting in cell next to your boyfriend."

"He's my husband!" Micah shouted back. "We're legally married."

"Not if Senator Adin gets the laws overturned. Once people find out what kind of sick things Gideon Wulfe did to that poor boy, I'm pretty sure public opinion will go in the other direction."

"And just what poor boy would that be, detective?" Mr. Crogger asked.

"Micah Adin, the senator's son." The detective looked at Mr. Crogger like he was a moron. Micah smirked. He glanced over at Ivan and Seth and saw the same smirk on their faces. When he looked back at Mr. Crogger, the lawyer nodded. Now the fun could begin.

Micah stepped forward. "We were never properly introduced. My name is Micah Wulfe. Before I married Gideon, I was Micah Adin, son of Senator Michael Adin."

The detective blanched.

"Oh God," the chief whispered from behind him.

"I am twenty six years old, and as far as I remember, that makes me legally able to make my own decisions about who I sleep with or who I marry. At no time has Gideon Wulfe ever done anything to me that I didn't want him to do nor has he kidnapped me or forced me to go anywhere I didn't want to go."

"You can't be," the detective whispered. "The senator said that his son was a young boy, that he had been kidnapped and assaulted by Gideon Wulfe."

"He also beat the crap out of me the day he learned I was gay, including breaking two of my ribs. That was right before he kicked me out on the street with just the clothes on my back. I had just turned sixteen. Until my wedding reception a month ago, I had not seen or heard from my father in ten years."

"Like I said before, detective," Mr. Crogger said. "Did you bother to investigate the senator's allegations or did you just run right out and arrest Gideon Wulfe, hoping to make a name for yourself?"

"If you had bothered to do any sort of investigation, you would have learned that Gideon and I have been married almost six months. I am also the youngest child of Senator Adin so there is no young boy."

"But...but...he said..." the detective stammered.

"Oh, I'm sure he did." Micah chuckled. It wasn't a pretty chuckle. "My father hates the fact that I'm gay. He pretty much thinks I should burn in hell. As long as I didn't make waves, he left me alone. When I married Gideon, I made waves, a lot of waves."

Micah stepped up until he was nearly chest to chest with the detective. He glared into his eyes letting the detective see all of his anger. "Now, where is my husband?"

Chapter 11

Micah's hands felt clammy as he waited in the squad room for Gideon to be processed. The chief explained to Micah that it shouldn't take more than an hour. They went as quickly as they could, but it wasn't fast enough for Micah.

Gideon never should have been put in this position in the first place. Senator Michael Adin had a lot to answer for and he would get what came to him if Micah had anything to say about it.

He didn't have the right to interfere in people's lives the way he did, not even Micah's. The man shouldn't even be allowed in politics. He did way too much harm. Micah just hoped that he would be made to pay for what he had done today.

A sudden commotion to one side of the room caught Micah's interest and took him away from thoughts of his father. People seemed to be scurrying about like rats in a cage. He could see the chief and mayor through a glass window as they yelled at someone.

He glanced over at Ivan to see if he knew what was happening, but the man just shrugged his shoulders. Micah turned when the door opened behind him, surprised when the chief waved him over. Micah's heart pounded in his chest as he got up from his chair and walked over to the chief, Ivan right behind him. The sour look on the chief's face sent waves of panic racing through Micah.

"There's been a problem, Mr. Wulfe."

"A problem?" Micah repeated. "Where's Gideon?"

"If you'll just step inside," the chief said. He stepped back and gestured for Micah to go into the small office. Micah walked in.

When Ivan tried to follow him, the chief put out his hand. "Please, just Mr. Wulfe."

"I am Mr. Wulfe's bodyguard," Ivan stated simply. "I go where he goes."

"You can watch through that window over there." The chief pointed to the same window Micah had been watching through.

"I go where Micah goes," Ivan stated again.

The chief looked like he wanted to argue then nodded his head and gestured for Ivan to go into the office. Micah watched as he shut the door behind him and walked over to stand next to the mayor.

"What's going on? Where's Gideon?" Micah asked. A very bad feeling filled him. The dire looks on the men facing him didn't bode well. Micah could feel it in his bones.

"Please understand, Mr. Wulfe, when they brought your husband in he'd been arrested for the kidnapping and assault of a young man. He—"

"We've already explained that," Micah said. He could feel himself moving closer to the edge of hysteria. "I'm the Micah Adin that Gideon was arrested for assaulting. It's all some elaborate hoax by my father to discredit Gideon."

"Yes, I understand that and all charges have been dropped against Mr. Wulfe," one man said. Micah assumed he was the mayor.. He looked like a mayor dressed as he was in a fancy dark blue suit. Micah could just imagine him kissing babies.

"Then where is my husband?"

"Apparently, when they booked Mr. Wulfe, word leaked out concerning his charges. When Mr. Wulfe was placed in a cell with several other men, well, it seems they took it upon themselves to give him the justice they felt he deserved for assaulting a young boy."

Micah felt the world drop out from beneath his feet. His sight grew hazy as the room spun. Micah distantly felt strong arms catch him as his knees gave out and he started to slide toward the floor.

"Fuck, man, do you think you could have been just a little more delicate when you told him?" shouted a loud voice in Micah's ear. Micah would have responded, but his body didn't seem to want to work.

"The paramedics are looking at him now and they have assured me that his injuries are not life threatening."

Gideon was alive! Micah's heart started beating again the moment those words filtered through the anguish that swirled around him. Gideon was alive. Micah needed to get to him, to see for himself that his husband was alive.

Micah pushed Ivan's hands away and stood up straighter. He looked fiercely at the three men across the room. They seemed to stare everywhere but at Micah. "Where's my husband?" Micah rumbled. "I want to see him right now!"

"Mr. Wulfe—"

"Now!" Micah shouted. "Or so help me God, I will have the job of every man in this room and if you don't think I can do it, try me! I will keep this department so tied up in litigation your grandchildren will need a lawyer."

"Now, Mr. Wulfe," the mayor began, "I'm sure there is no need for that."

Micah's brows drew together in a frown. "No need? No need? First, you don't investigate the allegations against my husband then you arrest him. Next, your officers beat him when he tries to keep them from hitting me, and now you're telling me he's been assaulted while in police custody?"

Micah waved his hand toward the door. "Shall we go see the reporters waiting outside and ask them if there's a need?"

"Micah."

"What?" Micah shouted as he turned around to glare at the person behind him. He thought it was Ivan until he saw the towering form standing in the doorway. He stared, not quite believing what he saw until Gideon stepped into the light.

* * * *

"Have you been creating havoc, liebling?"

"Gideon," Micah whispered as he rushed across the room and threw himself into Gideon's arms. Gideon grunted from the impact. Micah quickly stepped back, his hands moving over Gideon's body looking for damage.

"Are you okay?" Micah asked. "They said you'd been hurt."

"I'm okay, liebling, nothing a long soak in the tub and a night's rest won't cure." Gideon's fingers traced the small abrasion on Micah's face. His jaw clenched. "How are you?"

"I'm okay now." Micah stepped back into Gideon's arms, mindful of his injuries this time. "God, I was so worried, Gideon," Micah whispered. "I didn't know if I would ever see you again after they dragged you out of your office."

"And yet you fought so fiercely for me." Gideon chuckled. Gideon felt so proud of Micah. He heard Micah shouting even before he reached the office. Gideon couldn't have loved him more at that moment.

Besides Ivan, Gideon never had someone fight so diligently for him. It felt good knowing that someone cared enough about him to fight so fiercely.

"Of course I did, you're my husband." Micah grinned up at Gideon. He fingered the red tie around Gideon's neck. "Besides, I still want to see your response when I show up wearing just your boxers and cancel all of your appointments again."

Gideon wrapped his arms around Micah and rested his chin on Micah's head. "Oh, I did miss you, liebling." He worried that something dreadful had happened to Micah after he regained his senses. By then, he was locked up in the back of a police cruiser on his way to the precinct. There had been nothing he could do.

"Can we go home now?"

Gideon planted a small kiss on the top of Micah's head. "In a moment, liebling, we have some business to take care of first." Gideon looked up at the men across the room. He wanted to scream and yell about the injustice of what happened to him and Micah but knew he would get further if he remained calm.

"Mayor, Chief," Gideon said, nodding at them. "I assume all charges against me have been dropped?"

"Yes, of course," the mayor said quickly. "Gideon, about this unfortunate incident, I—"

"Unfortunate incident?" Gideon scoffed. "Is that what we're going to call it?"

"Now, Gideon, you know—"

"What I know is that one of your officers assaulted my husband. What I know is that they arrested me on false charges. What I know is that one of your detectives told everyone in that cell that I assaulted a young boy before he tossed me in."

"What?" Micah screeched, raising his head from Gideon's chest to stare up at him in shock. Gideon patted his back to reassure him. He glanced back at the mayor, noting his shocked expression as well.

"One of the detectives told everyone in the cell that you assaulted a young boy? Are you sure he didn't just let it slip somehow?" The mayor asked.

"Oh yes, I'm sure." Gideon grimaced. "I believe his words were along the lines of hey boys, wake up, I brought you a fag that needs to learn a lesson in keeping his hands off of innocent young boys, or something like that."

"Detective Brown," Micah bit out.

"Detective Brown?" Gideon asked, glancing down at Micah again. "How do you know that?"

"Because he used the same type of language up in the chief's office," Micah said. "He's the one that hit me."

"Hmmm." Gideon looked over at the mayor. "And where is this detective now?"

"He'd better be cleaning out his desk and turning in his badge," Micah piped up. "No one like that should be in a position like his. He didn't even investigate the allegations before he arrested you. He just took my father's word and hurried out to arrest you. Mr. Crogger said he wanted to make a name for himself by arresting the high and mighty Gideon Wulfe."

"Your father?" Gideon asked in confusion. "What's he got to do with this?"

"You don't know?" Micah asked, astonishment written all over his face. "My father is the one that made the allegations against you, Gideon. He's the one that started this all."

"Why? I've never done anything to him."

"Yes, you did." Micah chuckled. "You married me then threw the biggest wedding reception in the history of wedding receptions, invited the press, every influential person around, and my parents. Then you gave away their dirty little secret to the world."

"What dirty little secret?"

"Me."

Gideon could see the pain and sadness in Micah's eyes. After dealing with his own horrible childhood and a junky whore for a mother, Gideon could imagine how he felt. But it still felt painful to discover that your parents could be so cruel and uncaring, that they hated you for merely breathing.

"Maybe we should throw another party then." Gideon chuckled as he wrapped his arms tighter around Micah. "Tell the world what a wonderful dirty little secret you are."

"Can we not invite my parents this time?"

"Promise, liebling, your parents are off the guest list."

"Now can we go home?"

"Just a moment more, liebling." Gideon had just one more thing to do before they left. "What's going to happen to Senator Adin?"

"What do you want to happen to him?" the mayor asked.

Gideon grinned. He knew he basically had the police department by the balls. He had been arrested under false allegations, and without a proper investigation, and both he and Micah were beat up. It was a lawsuit waiting to happen.

"What I want isn't legal. What I will settle for is you charging Senator Adin with filing a false police report, accessory to assault, and whatever other charge you can think of. And I want Detective Brown charged with the assault of Micah and myself."

Gideon pointed to the men. "Then you, Mr. Mayor, and you, Chief, are going to accompany Micah and I outside to those reporters. You will explain that I have been falsely accused by Senator Adin and that he is now under investigation for using his position to have me arrested. You will make it clear to the press Micah had nothing to do with any of this."

"And then?" the mayor asked.

"And then I might decide to play nice and not sue this city for every last dime."

* * * *

Micah sighed as he settled back against Gideon's naked chest. The warm water in the tub lapped gently against him. This was his idea of heaven, curled up in a custom made tub for two with his husband, a bottle of sparkling cider and a box of chocolates on the tiled edge.

"Comfy, liebling?" Gideon whispered in Micah's ear.

"Yeah, this is wonderful," Micah replied as he rubbed the arms wrapped around him. "We should do it more often."

"I agree. Now that I have you, I think less work and more playtime is in order."

"Just what do you have in mind?" Micah asked.

"Well, after what happened today, I realized I have spent the better part of twenty years making money. Now, I want to enjoy it a little. I don't want to die before I'm old because I worked myself into

an early grave. I want to die when I'm old and decrepit with you in my arms."

Micah shuddered. "Can we not talk about dying right now?"

"Sorry, liebling," Gideon said, giving Micah a little hug. "I just meant I want to enjoy life with you. I want to experience things, to see the world through your eyes. I want to give you every damn thing you ever wanted."

"Gideon, you know I can't do that for you," Micah said, offering up his biggest fear. Gideon gave so much. Micah had nothing to give back. What if Gideon got tired of always giving and never receiving?

"Micah, you give me so much more than any amount of money can ever buy." Gideon grabbed Micah's chin and turned his face toward him. "Don't you know that? I could be as poor as a church mouse, but as long as I have you, I'm the richest man in the world."

Gideon waved his hand around the bathroom. "All of this? My money? My power and social standing? My houses and possessions? They mean nothing to me without you. You just say the word, and I'd give it all up in a flat second."

Micah's eyes widened open in shock. "Gideon, you worked your entire life for all of this. How could you give it up?"

"Micah, it's just stuff. It doesn't mean a thing to me beyond what it can do for us. Not me, but for us. Besides," Gideon said as he lifted his tie and rubbed it along Micah's cheek, "No one in my social circle has ever received a tie like the one you gave me."

Micah chuckled. "I still think you look funny wearing that damn tie in the bathtub." Micah nearly fell over from shock when he came into the bathroom to join Gideon only to find him sitting in a tub of bubbles wearing the red tie Micah gave him.

"You gave me this tie and a wonderful memory to go with it. It's now one of my favorite possessions." Gideon chuckled as he fiddled with the tie. "Hell, I made Anthony insure the damn thing."

Micah's mouth dropped open. "You can do that?"

"Micah, there's not a lot I can't do, as long as it's legal." Gideon stroked Micah's face. Micah closed his eyes and leaned into Gideon's hand. "That's what I've been trying to tell you, liebling."

"It's just a tie, Gideon," Micah whispered, feeling a little uncomfortable. He always did when talking about Gideon's money. Micah imagined he always would. "You could buy hundreds, hell, even millions more just like it or better."

"Technically, I could. I could even buy the damn tie factory if I wanted to but it wouldn't mean the same thing to me, Micah. I don't like the tie because it matches my suits, Micah. I like the tie because you gave it to me." Gideon chuckled again. "Besides, I don't think anyone else could give it to me in quite the same fashion you did."

Micah giggled. "Liked that, did you?"

"Hell yes! That was hot, Micah."

"You should see what I come up with when I give you your boxers."

"I'm looking forward to it," Gideon replied.

Micah felt Gideon's hands start stroking his abdomen again. It felt good, comfortable. There wasn't a huge urgency to have sex and that felt okay. Micah didn't expect that. He always thought being involved meant sex when both people were naked.

With Gideon things were different. Micah felt content just to cuddle with him or to be with him. Yes, Gideon was by far the sexiest man Micah ever met and Micah usually got hard just thinking about him. But they didn't always have to have sex. Sometimes they could just...be.

"Gideon?" Micah said after a moment.

"Yes, liebling?"

"You know I love you, right?"

The hands stroking Micah's abdomen paused for a moment then resumed caressing. "Yes, Micah, I know you love me but it's always nice to hear."

"Not too girly?" Micah asked hesitantly.

Gideon kissed the side of Micah's head. "No, liebling, it's not too girly."

Micah chuckled. "Just checking."

"Micah?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you, too."

Chapter 12

Micah pulled his long trench coat closer together. He felt exposed, nearly naked, and he was. It had been interesting coming up with this outfit. Micah knew it would blow Gideon's mind.

Micah wore a long, very stylish, trench coat that came down to the middle of his shins. To the regular observer it looked like he wore a nice dress shirt and a pair of slacks. In fact, the dress shirt was sewn into the trench coat and the slacks started at his knees and hung by suspenders. Other than that, Micah wore nothing.

As the elevator doors opened onto Gideon's floor, Micah took a deep breath and stepped out. He walked over to Stella's desk and sat on the edge. "Hey, Stella, is the boss man in?"

"He's in a meeting right now, but he should be done in a few minutes." Stella said. "You want me to buzz him and let him know you are here?"

"Naw, I'll wait." Micah grinned. "But you need to cancel all of his appointments for the rest of the afternoon."

Stella laughed. "I swear, that man never gets any work done anymore."

"But he's happy."

Stella grinned. "Yeah, he is, happier than I've ever seen him, thanks to you."

"I love him," Micah said simply. To him, there needn't be any other explanation. That pretty much said it all. Gideon Wulfe was his husband, the love of his life. It was Micah's duty and privilege to make the man as happy as he could.

"Any news about your father?"

Micah grimaced, feeling his happy bubble deflate just a little. "They sentenced him to three years in prison and removed him from his Senate seat. My mother divorced him and ran off with his accountant and all of his money, and my siblings won't have anything to do with him."

"Couldn't happen to a nicer guy," Stella smirked.

"Yeah, I kind of think so myself."

"What about that detective?"

Micah could hear the disgust in Stella's voice. He felt pretty much the same way where Detective Sirus Brown was concerned. Micah hated the man.

"They politely asked the nice detective to resign."

"Resign?" Stella gasped. "That's it? After what he did?"

Micah shrugged. "He argued that the physical stuff happened because Gideon resisted arrest and I tried to interfere with his duties as a police officer. The other two cops backed him up on that."

"And his little comment to the people in the cell with Gideon?"

"Nothing we could prove," Micah replied. He felt his anger at the situation three months ago start to resurface and took a deep breath to hold it back. "There were only a few people in the cell and they were drunk, high, or unwilling to testify against a cop. It's Gideon's word against his."

"So that's it? He just lost his job?" Stella asked.

Micah nodded. "Pretty much. Gideon is still considering a civil suit. Anthony Crogger is encouraging it. He says people like Detective Brown need to pay for their misuse of power. They're here to protect us, and he only wanted the glory."

"Well, duh!" Stella snorted.

Micah chuckled. "Well, after the press discovered his involvement with Senator Adin's false allegations against Gideon and started doing research on him, I guess things kind of fell apart for him. He didn't look so good in the light of the press's cameras."

"So, how do you feel about all of this?" Stella asked. "I mean about your father going to prison and all?"

Micah shrugged. "I think Detective Brown will get exactly what's coming to him in the end. He wanted his fifteen minutes of fame. He got it. As for my father, he tried to hurt Gideon. I hope he rots in hell." He snickered over at Stella. "But I'm not bitter or anything."

Micah laughed when Stella rolled her eyes. "Yeah, right."

"No, really I'm not. I think he created a lot of pain and anguish, and it's finally come around to bite him in the ass. He brought this all on himself. If he'd left it all alone, left me and Gideon alone, none of this would have happened."

Micah shrugged again. "Besides, I have Gideon. I came out the winner in all of this."

Just then the office door opened and Gideon walked out with two other men. Micah jumped to his feet and waited for Gideon to acknowledge him. It wasn't long in coming. The smile on Gideon's face when he saw Micah made any discomfort he might feel at being naked under his coat fade away.

"Liebling," Gideon exclaimed. Micah gladly took the hand Gideon held out to him and the kiss that he offered. "Gentlemen, this is my husband, Micah. Micah, this is Steven and Bruce Barrett. They own a small marketing firm that is taking over some of our accounts for us."

"Hello," Micah said.

"Mr. Wulfe," one of the men said as he shook Micah's hand. "I've heard wonderful things about you from your husband. And you're right, Gideon, he is gorgeous."

Micah felt his face burn with embarrassment. Gideon, the big dope, just laughed as he bid goodbye to the two men. He turned and looked down at Micah, curiosity written all over his face.

"What are you up to today, liebling?"

"I bought a new outfit and wanted your opinion on it."

"Oh?" Micah could tell that the curiosity drove Gideon crazy.

"I originally went out to get you those boxers you wanted but I couldn't find any that I liked. Then I found this trench coat." Micah twirled in a circle. "What do you think?" Micah could see Gideon trying to hide his disappointment.

"It's very nice, liebling."

"I'm not sure it goes with these slacks though." Micah pulled the belt free, grabbing the edges of the jacket before it could fall open and reveal his surprise. "I wanted to get your opinion."

Micah pulled the coat open baring his hard cock and naked body to Gideon's gaze. Gideon hissed. Micah smirked as Gideon's eyes ate him up. "So, what do you think?"

"Damn, liebling!"

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Stormy believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings.

Stormy lives in the great Northwest region of the USA, with her gorgeous husband and soul mate, six very active teenagers, two boxer/collie puppies, two old biddy cats, and three fish.

You can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand and a puppy in her lap, or on her laptop, creating the next sexy man for one of her stories. Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website at www.stormyglenn.com.

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