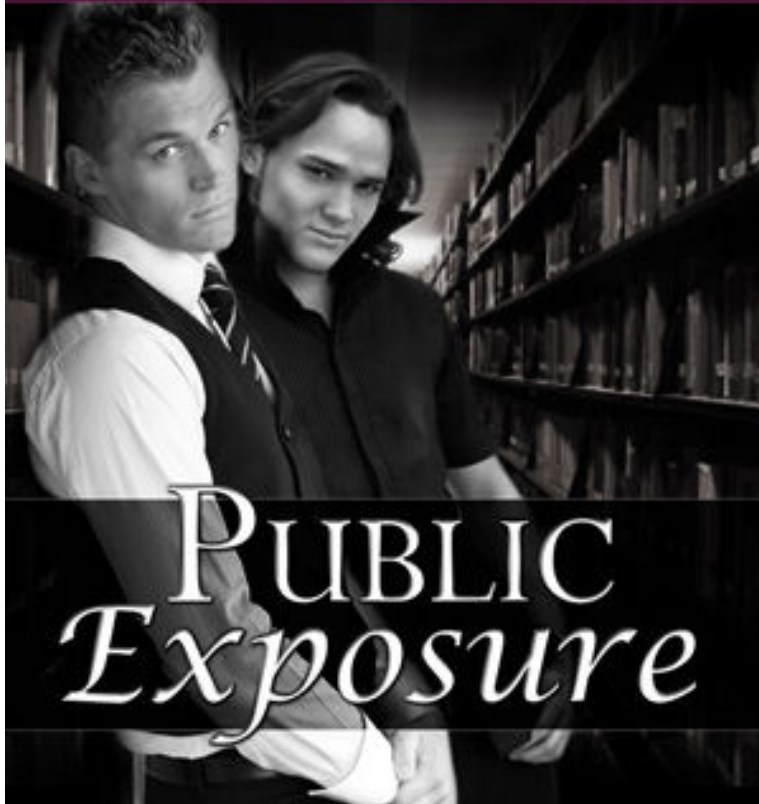


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WICKED

EM Lynley



PUBLIC
Exposure

Public Exposure

By

EM Lynley

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Dedication

For Dana. I can't possibly thank you enough for your diligent editing, invaluable support, and constant encouragement. And for Belle, my other wonderful beta, who still covets Kerry's Ducati. If only I could buy it for you.

Drake woke up in the middle of the night for about the fifth time. Now wide-awake, he wouldn't fall asleep again anytime soon. For the past week, he'd wondered whether his relationship with Kerry Monroe was a good idea.

Sure, Kerry was amazing. Not just handsome and smart and hotter than hell, but also funny and exciting to spend time around. Drake had never met anyone who'd caught his attention quite the way Kerry had, and he wanted to spend as much time with him as possible—in or out of bed. That's how great Kerry was.

The only drawback—and it was a doozy—was that Kerry was a student at the university where Drake taught psychology. He wasn't Drake's student—Kerry was a senior in linguistics—but Drake didn't know whether that even mattered anymore. He should have checked the university's policy regarding these relationships before it had gotten this far. Because right now, Drake was positive he couldn't give Kerry up even if he had to.

He glanced across the bed at Kerry's sleeping form, enjoying how the moonlight streaming through the gap between the curtains played across Kerry's tanned, muscular torso and threw silvery highlights onto his near-black hair. As Kerry shifted position, the sheet fell away from his body. Drake decided he had plenty of reasons to keep this relationship going—in secret if necessary—and reached out to stroke Kerry's chest, just a feather-touch at first, and then with more pressure as he moved farther down Kerry's beautiful body.

Kerry must also have been restless, and Drake's touch brought him

out of a shallow slumber.

"Kerr, I can't sleep. Let's go for a ride," Drake suggested when Kerry opened his eyes and fixed his gaze on him.

"Sure, I can't really sleep either." Kerry tried to stifle a yawn. "But what do you mean, 'go for a ride'?" His voice rumbled low and gravelly with sleep and sounded as if he'd promise anything Drake might want.

"I need some fresh air. Clear my head."

"We could take your car down to the beach or something? With the top down?" Kerry raked his fingers through his long, perpetually disheveled hair. Even after sleeping for a few hours, Kerry's hair didn't look much worse than usual, and any attempt at smoothing it now proved useless. Drake smiled at the thought.

"On the bike, Kerr. Let's go for a ride on your bike." Drake loved riding behind Kerry, letting Kerry take control for both of them. Not to mention how hot Kerry looked in all that dark leather. "You awake enough for that?"

"Yeah, okay, we can do that." Kerry sat up and stretched like a lazy cat, giving Drake an excellent view of all the reasons maybe they should just stay in bed right now instead of leaving the house. But Drake loved the idea of heading down to the beach, and he had something particular in mind once they got there, so they got up and pulled on the clothes that were scattered on the floor around the bed. Downstairs in the front hallway, Kerry shrugged into his leather jacket and pulled two helmets out of the closet.

"I'm glad I brought the extra helmet with me this time." Kerry handed one to Drake. He zipped up his own leather jacket, took the helmet, and they left the house. Kerry's bike, a sleek, sexy, black Ducati Monster, stood in the driveway, and Drake recalled the first time he'd seen Kerry waiting for him to come home, leaning back on that bike, hips jutting out. Drake was already half-hard with the memory. He watched Kerry settle onto the bike then climbed up behind him, and they rode off slowly and quietly down the sleeping street.

With little traffic, the drive to the beach took under twenty minutes. Drake held onto Kerry, enjoying the close contact, first working his hands

under Kerry's jacket then under his shirt, until his hands met Kerry's warm, bare skin. There was something wildly sensual about touching Kerry's skin like this when they were separated by layers of leather and denim everywhere else.

Drake moved in closer behind Kerry and cursed the helmet he wore. He wanted to put his face against Kerry's leather-clad back and smell the rich, warm scent of him. The close embrace and the vibrations from the bike's smooth engine combined to get Drake more than a little turned on. He pressed his hardening cock against Kerry and let his hands play across Kerry's tight stomach, tickling their way into the waistband of his boxers.

Drake leaned against Kerry with growing arousal and felt Kerry's rumbling groan that echoed through his body as Drake felt Kerry harden at his touch. He loved the way their hips swayed together as Kerry maneuvered the bike around corners and curves, and he let his body respond to the motion and to the knowledge that Kerry was nearly as hard as he was. At the moment, neither of them could do much about it without causing an accident. Thankfully, they were almost at the beach.

When they arrived, Kerry slowed, maneuvering through the parking area and out onto a paved path that led onto the beach and about halfway down to the water. Drake's jeans were so tight now he couldn't wait to get out of his clothes. As Kerry halted the bike and set the side stand, Drake pulled off the helmet and let it fall with a soft thud to the sand. His jacket went next. He started to pull open his shirt, scattering buttons he couldn't be bothered to open.

"Leave the engine on," Drake said as soon as Kerry had pulled off his own helmet and tossed it onto the sand beside the pathway.

"Okay...why?" Kerry turned to look at Drake over his shoulder.

"I like how it feels, don't turn it off."

Kerry only nodded, but his smile widened.

Body still pressed against Kerry's back, Drake was now shirtless, and his nipples hardened as they rubbed against the cold, rough leather of Kerry's jacket. His hands worked on Kerry's belt and jeans, reaching for his cock and pulling it free while he kissed Kerry's neck and moaned.

Damn, this feels so incredible. The rich aroma of leather combined with Kerry's scent and mingled with the sharp tang of the sea. The beach was quiet except for the rhythmic rush of the surf onto the shore and the pleasurable sounds Kerry let out as Drake stroked him to full hardness.

Kerry turned slightly so he could pull Drake around in front of him to face him and settled him on his lap with Drake's legs draped over Kerry's thighs. Now face-to-face, Kerry pulled Drake in for a deep, greedy kiss while he undid Drake's jeans and took hold of his rock-hard cock. They kissed long and hard, hands traveling along each other's bodies, eager for more of the delicious contact.

"Mmm, Kerr, want you to fuck me on the bike."

Kerry only groaned louder into Drake's mouth and moved to take off his jacket.

"Keep it on. Leather feels good," Drake said, though it was little more than a moan. They continued their desperate kisses as Drake pulled some lube from his pocket and gave it to Kerry.

"Why do I get the idea you had all of this planned?" Kerry laughed against Drake's mouth, his stubble scraping deliciously against Drake's lips and face. But Kerry was right. Drake had been thinking about something like this for a while. He just hadn't been brave enough to suggest it before tonight because he'd always been too concerned to be seen with Kerry in public. But as he lay in bed watching Kerry sleep, it hit Drake that Kerry was worth the risk, and it brought out a new, not exactly reckless but more experimental side to Drake, and he loved that Kerry had that effect on him.

"Are you complaining?" Drake asked, pulling away slightly.

"Absolutely not!"

"Then shut up and get back to what you were just doing." Drake's own boldness surprised him. Kerry tightened his embrace and crushed his mouth to Drake's again.

Kerry turned Drake around in order to slide his jeans down his hips, and Drake helped him, shoving them down his thighs as he stood and leaned forward, feet on the foot pegs.

"No underwear?" Kerry asked with a surprised chuckle.

Thankfully, Drake had his back to Kerry because he was positive he blushed in embarrassment.

"I like that in a man," Kerry added, and Drake relaxed. Until tonight, Kerry had been the one doing the surprising, and for once Drake was glad to know he'd done something unexpected.

Drake turned his head to watch Kerry. He could see that got Kerry even harder, and he ran his hand down the curve of Drake's ass. He sat Drake down onto the seat in front of him while he slicked lube onto his hand and his own cock. Then he pushed Drake slightly forward again so he could slide one slippery finger inside and work it around. Drake moaned at the wonderful intrusion, pushing back, wanting deeper contact, so Kerry pushed in another finger, taking his time and only gently brushing Drake's prostate and causing him to shudder and groan. *Damn, Kerry! Can't you speed this up?* He wanted Kerry inside him *now*.

"Ready, Drake?" Kerry finally asked.

"Fuck yeah, *now*..." Drake nearly pleaded, and Kerry pulled him down onto his cock, surprisingly slow and gentle. Drake knew Kerry wanted to avoid the pain he'd caused the previous time they made love—in the pool when Drake wasn't quite ready. But this time, Drake took all of Kerry into him with ease and no pain and wriggled back onto his lap.

Drake held the handgrips and kept his feet on the foot pegs, so he could control his movements up and down, but he let Kerry move him at first, until they built up a comfortable rhythm. Kerry's leather jacket rubbed against skin, the zipper scratching along the soft, sensitive flesh of Drake's back, and the rough denim of Kerry's jeans rubbed along his thighs and ass. The thrum of the idling engine added another layer of stimulus.

So many sensations at once, and all of them incredible. Drake couldn't suppress the groans that escaped his mouth, and Kerry responded with his own moans, tightening his grip on Drake's hips hard enough to leave bruises, but Drake was beyond caring because everything felt so fucking amazing.

Kerry was still almost fully clothed, while Drake was completely

undressed, their main point of contact, skin on skin, was Kerry deep inside of Drake, making for an odd juxtaposition. Drake moved on Kerry's cock, and Kerry met him with slight thrusts of his hips, burying himself deeper and deeper while his hand moved to firmly stroke Drake's cock or cup his balls.

No matter how Drake moved, it felt so good having Kerry inside, filling him up. With Kerry's hard, strong arms around him and one large hand around his cock, Drake didn't think anything could feel better. Kerry moved his right hand to where Drake's held the throttle and revved the bike's engine. The vibrations shot like thunder through Kerry, right into Drake.

Oh, God, that felt better if *better* meant a million times more fantastic, Drake thought, and wasn't sure he could control himself any longer. His eyes were shut, and he just let his body take over. He couldn't think anymore.

Kerry bit into his shoulder, hard and possessive. He heard moans and grunts and sighs, but he couldn't tell if they were his or Kerry's, and it didn't matter. He was only aware of Kerry's body in and around his, and Kerry's hand stroking his cock in time with their thrusting.

Kerry moved Drake up and down, controlling him, brushing his cock along that magical spot inside again and again that made Drake see stars. One last hard pull on his cock from Kerry, and a gentle touch around the crown, and finally a slippery swipe over the dripping slit, and Drake came hard and fast.

He didn't know if he was laughing or crying, living or dying, if it was night or day. He experienced wave after wave of pure ecstasy rippling throughout his entire body. Drake's orgasm left him writhing on Kerry's cock and the sensations drove Kerry over the edge, too. A few rough thrusts, and he spurted hot and hard into Drake, his own shouts ripped from his throat. Kerry slowly moved himself and Drake off the bike, down onto the soft sand, where they lay until they could catch their breath.

"I'd say that's the most original cure for insomnia I've come across," Kerry said when his breathing had returned to normal.

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Drake wasn't quite sure he could form words and thoughts just yet, so he stayed silent. They stood and helped each other to dress, and for the first time, Drake realized that they hadn't exactly been in a secluded spot here on the beach path. He glanced around, grateful that there was no one else within sight. Kerry leaned down to kiss him softly for a few moments, a loving kiss that shared more emotion than heat. Then Kerry seated himself back on the bike.

"Well, the only drawback is getting sand in your ass," Drake said under his breath as he climbed onto the bike behind Kerry.

"That will teach you not to leave the house without your underwear again, won't it?" Kerry laughed.

Drake put the helmet on to avoid having to come up with a suitable response, and they rode back home.

* * * * *

That middle-of-the-night excursion to the beach had struck a spark in Kerry. Even more than the amazing fuck was that it had been Drake's idea. Drake had surprised him with the idea of an outdoor fuck, and it meant Drake was becoming much more adventurous.

In the days following, Kerry found himself unable to stop thinking about it—or to stop his body from responding at times and places where it was bound to be more than a little embarrassing. Now, as he attempted to study in the library, he couldn't concentrate on his readings and let his mind wander into more dangerous territory. On its own, the night on the beach had been amazing, but the fact they'd been in public had made it even more of a thrill. For Kerry, it had been even hotter knowing someone might walk or drive by them. He also knew he wanted to do something like that again, and soon. The beach had been Drake's idea, and Kerry had to find a new and potentially dangerously public place to magnify the excitement level.

The more Kerry thought about, he realized that it wasn't just the exhilaration of Drake wanting Kerry to fuck him in public like that. Sure, that had been part of it, but more than that. It was what the whole

experience revealed about how Drake viewed their relationship. Kerry knew Drake potentially risked his career if their relationship was discovered, so the very idea that Drake had wanted to take their lovemaking into the open showed Kerry just how much he meant to Drake.

Kerry had never doubted that Drake was in this for more than the amazing sex, but he considered their night on the beach to be proof positive that Drake might be falling for Kerry the same way he was falling for Drake. Maybe it had started as a physical spark between them when they'd met—neither of them knew who the other was, or that they were student and professor at the same university—but in the weeks since then it had clearly grown far beyond the physical.

Though Drake was older, Kerry was the more confident and experienced lover, and he'd been amazed at the way Drake's trust had increased each time they'd been together. The culmination was Drake initiating the sex on the beach—on Kerry's motorcycle! Turns out the professor had a few kinks in him, Kerry mused. And he wanted to be the one to help Drake loosen up and explore them.

It took him a few days to figure out just the right place, but once he had it, he did some reconnaissance before presenting the idea to Drake. He hoped Drake would find it as exciting as he did. There was only one way to find out.

* * * * *

The following afternoon, Kerry came bursting into Drake's office on campus. He had a quirky, charming way of sharing his infectious and boundless level of enthusiasm for just about everything. It was one of the reasons Drake had fallen in love with him and was willing to risk a relationship the university might not be so enthusiastic about. Once inside the office, Kerry closed the door behind him, letting Drake know the discussion was going to be personal—and private. Kerry held up a plastic laminated card, but from halfway across the office, Drake couldn't make out what it was.

“Do you know what this is?” he asked as he headed toward Drake’s desk.

“Your student ID? Organ donor card? Secret launch code for the nukes?” Drake guessed, eyebrow raised with curiosity and amusement. “Is this a trick question?”

“All wrong. Guess again.” Kerry was thrilled about something, but Drake couldn’t figure out where this was going. That alone should have alerted him to danger.

When Kerry didn’t get a reply, he continued. “It’s a stack pass for the grad library.”

“Congratulations, I have one too. I’m just not sure why you’re so excited about it.” Drake wondered what he was missing. All faculty members had a pass for the stacks, and he couldn’t quite understand why Kerry was so excited about this.

“Undergrads usually don’t get them, right? But as an honors thesis student, I got one. Now I can go into the old stacks on the upper levels of the main library.”

“Well, you’ll need that to do your research...”

“That’s not what I meant. I checked it out last night. Those stacks are all dark and kinda spooky, and they have a bunch of little rooms where you can study, or *not* study....” Kerry’s voice trailed off, but the tone gave Drake an indication of what Kerry had in mind.

“Are you saying you want to *fuck* in the stacks?” Drake hoped he’d misinterpreted Kerry’s intentions. Even Kerry wouldn’t suggest something that daring. Would he?

“Yeah. Tonight.” Another big grin. “There are too many people around to go now, but I’d be up for it if you want to.”

Now why didn’t that surprise Drake? He didn’t know whether to laugh or freak out over this suggestion, and he did a bit of both as he considered it. But he admitted the idea was growing on him. Not about heading over to the library in the middle of the afternoon—that was a definite *no*, but he’d consider something after hours. How on earth did Kerry manage to have that effect on him time and again?

“I have a department dinner tonight, you know that. I won’t be

finished until nine or nine-thirty." God, how he hated these boring—and mandatory—dinners. It would make the time pass more quickly if he knew he had a rendezvous with Kerry planned for afterwards though.

"Okay, that's fine. How about if you come to the main library at nine-thirty? I'll text you exactly where later, after I scope out the perfect spot."

Knowing he might live to regret this, Drake agreed, and Kerry took off out the door in much the same way he had come in. Drake tried his best to concentrate on his work for the rest of the day, though a mixture of excitement and dread filled him about what he'd agreed to. His body loved the idea, but his brain kept shouting danger signals at him. So far, Drake's body was winning the battle, and he fought off a recurring hard-on all afternoon as he worked on a lecture for his graduate seminar.

* * * * *

That evening after another less-than-thrilling Psych Department dinner, Drake arrived at the library a bit past the appointed time. It was a stately, classically designed building with impressive Corinthian columns that exuded respectability and erudition, completely paradoxical to his current purposes. He'd been in this building a hundred times, but never for the reason he'd come tonight—for an illicit rendezvous with a student—and that only added to the mix of excitement and trepidation that already flowed through his body. Drake had no idea what Kerry had planned for them, and it was as risky as it would be thrilling. As he climbed the steps to enter, he got a text message. This was his last chance to back out. He glanced down at his phone:

7th floor. Library Science section. 3rd aisle. Now.

He could practically see the italics which Kerry had implied, though his phone didn't display them as such.

Jesus, not Library Science. That department was known for its straight-laced, hard-working students who tended to stay in the library until it closed at midnight. Someone could walk in on them and have a complete freak-out. Maybe that would be kind of funny, he thought,

almost shocked at how much of Kerry's irreverence had already begun to rub off on him, though it could also be attributed to the wine he'd had with dinner. Knowing the Library Science crowd, they'd probably be too embarrassed to report anything they did see—or so Drake hoped.

Still laughing to himself, Drake showed his faculty ID to the elderly security guard stationed at the stack entrance and took the ancient elevator upward, emerging on the 7th floor. He passed several students studying at desks as he looked for the appointed spot. It was fairly well hidden, but still close enough to them that any unusual noise would probably get the attention of one of those students. Now, the place was dead quiet, and Drake could actually hear one student's pen scribbling in a notebook and another student turning pages as he read.

It was dim in the third aisle, and the musty smell of old, unused books was palpable. Kerry was halfway down the aisle, flipping through a book. He didn't notice Drake's presence immediately, and Drake watched him for a moment, remembering exactly why he'd fallen in love with this man, and why he was willing to do something as insane as this. Kerry turned and put the book back on the shelf. Drake could see the crazy lopsided grin on his face, and thought he could detect some kind of liquor on his breath.

"Kerry, man, have you been drinking?" Drake whispered. The only response was furious nodding. "Jesus."

"There's a bottle in that little study room at the end." Kerry pointed, not bothering to whisper. "Want some?"

"Shh! *No* isn't a strong enough word right now, and I'm still feeling the wine I had at dinner. Besides, what were you thinking bringing booze in here? Do you know how much trouble you'd be in if anyone found it on you?" As if coming to the library to fuck was any less reprehensible.

"Didn't bring it. Foun' it when I was explorin'." Kerry explained, definitely more than tipsy and slightly slurring his words in a way Drake found surprisingly endearing. "Besides, I'm over twenty-one. Nothin' wrong with me having a bottle, is there?"

"An open bottle in the library? There's got to be a rule about that." Drake thought they'd been whispering but an angry "Shh" from the

direction of the study desks let him know he'd been wrong on that count. He put a finger across Kerry's lips to dissuade him from speaking again.

Instead, Kerry grabbed Drake by the tie he'd worn for the departmental dinner—uncharacteristic for him since he hated suits and ties—and pulled him into a rough, sloppy kiss that tasted of tequila and desire. Kerry was already rock hard and urgently rubbed his cock against Drake while they kissed, his evening stubble rubbing pleurably against Drake's skin.

"You look nice tonight, Professor Talbott," Kerry half-whispered into his ear, his voice rising on "Professor," and loud enough that someone most likely had heard him.

"Shh, Kerr, not so loud." Drake pressed his fingers to Kerry's lips again, ineffectual as it had been the first time. He enjoyed the contact, even if he didn't manage to keep Kerry quiet. He let his fingers skim across Kerry's chin and along his throat savoring the heat that radiated through his skin.

"I'm trying to make this sound *educational*," Kerry told him. "So, how about if you teach me somethin'?"

Kerry was obviously having so much fun, Drake decided to just relax and go with it. Obviously, he'd had more wine at that dinner than he should have, but he'd had to do *something* to keep from being bored to death by his colleagues. When Kerry's mouth sought his again, he gave in, returning Kerry's passion equally, feeling his own cock stir.

"Blow me, Professor," Kerry breathed as he finally came up for air, pushing Drake's shoulders down gently at first, then more forcefully. He started to undo his own belt and the button on his jeans when Drake sank to his knees and finished the task for him, releasing Kerry's impressive erection and letting his pants and boxers fall around his ankles. He pushed Kerry up against the bookshelves.

Kerry curled his fingers into Drake's hair and pulled his mouth onto his cock, impatient for him to start. Drake took in as much of Kerry as he could and worked his mouth and tongue around him. As soon as he tasted Kerry and inhaled that warm muskiness that was now so familiar, he forgot everything but the heat and hardness in his mouth and how

good it felt to suck and lick and consume Kerry.

Kerry watched him, pupils now wide and unfocused. "Pretty mouth, mmm, such a fucking beautiful mouth." It was barely more than a whisper, but Drake heard, and it urged him on. He would do anything to hear the sounds Kerry was making.

Drake struggled to get his jacket off, freeing up his arms so he could use his hands on Kerry. He grabbed Kerry's hips so he could control the speed and depth of his thrusts, pulling Kerry in deeper and deeper, then eased off to grab the base of his cock with one hand while he worked his tongue up the length to the head, swirling around the sensitive spot underneath the crown with just the tip of his tongue.

He was still learning his way around Kerry's body, and with every flick of his tongue, every lick, every suck, he discovered new things about Kerry's cock. And there was a lot to explore. *Hmmm, maybe this is educational after all.*

Drake sucked insistently and stroked firmly with one hand while the other gently took hold of Kerry's balls. This caused Kerry to shudder and groan, and his cock twitched in Drake's mouth. Drake's own cock jerked in reply.

Low moans and whimpers escaped Kerry's mouth.

Drake licked his way back down to circle first around one ball then the other, sucking them gently into his mouth while he kept up the strokes with his hand. Kerry moaned with increasing volume, but Drake could tell he was trying to stay quiet, though not having much success. Drake returned to take Kerry in almost completely, tasting the salty sting of pre-cum in the back of his throat.

He pulled back and licked around the head for a moment and then at his own fingers, slicking them with saliva, before he took Kerry in deeply again. Drake caressed Kerry's balls before pressing the tip of a wet finger to his hole, enjoying Kerry's reaction at the unexpected touch.

Gently, Drake inserted a finger, and Kerry bucked into his mouth. Kerry groaned, and Drake remembered where they were and unsuccessfully willed Kerry to be quiet. Against his better judgment, Drake pushed a second finger inside and brushed up against Kerry's

prostate.

A string of Kerry's moans and curses must have gotten someone's attention, because he thought he heard someone moving toward them. Drake's back faced the main aisle, and he didn't dare turn around and check. He couldn't stop what he was doing because Kerry grabbed his head roughly and started thrusting into his mouth, eager for release. Drake was no longer in control and allowed Kerry to fuck his mouth as he continued to slide his fingers in and out of Kerry's ass.

Someone's footsteps sounded behind Drake, and he could hear an angry female voice say, "Shh," followed by an, "Oh my heavens!" and Drake could almost picture her shocked and speechless face.

"Almost done here. Shh!" Kerry's reply surprised and amused Drake, and he might have laughed if his mouth wasn't full.

He heard the woman's sharp intake of breath and her steps running away as Kerry came, spurting heavy and hot down his throat, no longer even trying to stay quiet. Drake swallowed the salty stickiness and let go of Kerry's cock as he attempted to pull Kerry's pants back up around his hips as quickly as possible. He grabbed his own jacket off the floor and dragged Kerry by one elbow in the opposite direction of the study tables, heading deeper into the stacks.

He could not afford to be discovered and recognized; he'd lose his job, if not worse. One thing he did know was that he loved being able to make Kerry come apart and lose control like that, loved the sounds he could draw out of him and the pleasure of giving pleasure to him. It made him take risks like this, which until he'd met Kerry he'd never have considered.

Kerry laughed again, and Drake covered his mouth with a hand to shut him up as they moved farther from the study tables. Kerry ducked into one of the study booths, pulling Drake along with him, and quickly shut the door behind them. They left the light off, and after a minute or two, he could faintly see Kerry in the sliver of light that came in through the tiny window. They remained motionless and listened. Drake hoped no one would come looking for them.

Kerry held up the bottle of tequila that sat in the corner of the room

and offered it to Drake. Without hesitating, he grabbed the bottle and took a long pull, trying to calm his shattered nerves.

They remained silent until it was clear no one had found their hiding place.

“God, Drake. That was amazing!”

“I gathered you thought so.” Drake couldn’t help smiling, though he didn’t want Kerry to see it. Half of him wanted to brain Kerry, and the other half was reminded of the aching hardness in his pants.

“We should probably stay here until just before the library closes so we don’t run into anyone that might have heard you,” Drake said as quietly as possible, in case anyone was still looking for them.

“That’s still a couple of hours from now, how ever will we pass the time?” Kerry teased. “Wanna fuck me?”

Drake glared at him, wanting to appear angry when deep down he really did want to fuck Kerry here—*now*. “We don’t need a repeat of the porn star soundtrack.”

“I promise I’ll be quiet. You could even use your tie as a gag this time.” Kerry gave him a wicked grin and reached up to loosen Drake’s tie further, his touch sending shockwaves all the way to Drake’s aching cock.

Drake eagerly slipped his tie off and stepped closer to Kerry. “Deal.”

The End

Author Bio

EM Lynley works in the wine industry, though she'd rather be writing hot, sexy man-on-man action. She spent ten years as an economist and financial analyst, including a year as a White House staff economist, but only because all the intern positions were filled. Tired of boring herself and others with dry business reports and articles, her creative muse is back and naughtier than ever. She has lived and worked in London, Tokyo, and Washington, D.C., but the San Francisco Bay Area is home for now.

Visit me on the web at <http://www.emlynley.com> and my blog:
<http://emlynley.livejournal.com>.