



Affair in Paradise
by Matthew Haldeman-Time

“Is that your friend, throwing up on that bush?”

Surprised, Adam turned away from the bar, looking in the direction that Brett had pointed. *Oh, shit.*

“Stacy!” Abandoning his drink, he hurried across the club, skirting the dance floor to where Stacy stood huddled over a potted plant. Putting a hand on her back where she’d sweated through her thin little shirt, he waited a moment to make sure that she’d finished. “Are you all right?” Clearly, she wasn’t, but he didn’t have a better opening line.

“Ugh, Adam.” Slowly straightening, she wiped her mouth with a napkin, turning dazed, slow eyes on him. Her expression was baffled yet disgusted. “I am so wasted right now.”

He’d noticed. So had Brett. While he appreciated Brett’s warning, he wished that Stacy had

waited to throw up for a few minutes, so he and Brett could've gotten past the exchanging of first names. They were only two days into their vacation, but Adam had dozens of questions. Like, where was Brett from, and why had he come on this tour, and was he single, and how did he get his light, crystal blue eyes to sparkle like that, and would he rather suck Adam's dick quick and rough or soft and slow?

Stacy, however, always followed her own timetable. Curling an arm around her waist, Adam supported her weight. "I'll take you back to the room. I think that it's time to get out of here."

"Oh, god, yes." Moaning, she wrapped her arm around his shoulders, leaning against him. "I just want to lay down somewhere. Ugh, why is everything spinning?"

"It'll hold still once we get you to bed." As he guided her toward the door of the hotel club, which their tour guide had ever so helpfully recommended that they visit in their spare time that evening, Adam glanced across the room toward Brett.

Watching their progress, Brett noticed his glance and gave him a concerned, inquisitive look, making a slow start up, a silent offer of help. Adept at dealing with Stacy when she was drunk, Adam tried for a reassuring expression. Nodding, Brett sat back down, giving him a little quirked half-smile. That smile was so cute, Adam might have walked right back over to him, even dragging Stacy along, if Stacy hadn't mis-stepped just then and almost fallen, doing her best to take him down with her. Keeping his balance and dragging her upright, Adam was too embarrassed by the clumsy moment to meet Brett's eyes again, so he powered on forward, leaving the club and heading for the elevator to get Stacy to their room.

Once she was tucked in bed, snoozing merrily as usual after two drinks, Adam drank some water and stretched out on the other bed in his boxer-briefs. Closing his eyes, listening to make sure that Stacy's breathing was normal and regular, he wished for air conditioning. A fan. A cool breeze. Anything to circulate the hot, stifling air. Taking a trip in the middle of August to sun-drenched tropical islands hadn't been his idea. But here he was, sweltering, sunburned, hoping that no local wildlife crawled out from under his bed or into his suitcase, praying that the native plants he'd brushed against earlier wouldn't give him quite as horrible a rash as the tour guide had warned.

He wondered if Brett were still in the club. Still sitting at the bar, sipping from that half-filled glass, condensation making his fingertips wet. Those cool, wet fingertips would be welcome on Adam's body, trailing slowly down his abdomen, slipping across the waistband of his drawers, caressing the rising, aching bulge of his stiffening dick. One look from those thick-lashed, crystal blue eyes and Adam would stop breathing, just moan and taste Brett's drink on those soft, succulent lips. He'd nibble, just a little, and Brett would moan, Brett's mouth gratefully accepting his tongue while Brett's hand fondled -- stroked -- squeezed his dick, making him groan, making his legs shake, making him--

Stacy rolled over in the other bed, kicking away the thin sheet he'd drawn over her.

Cupping his throbbing erection and half-limping, Adam hurried into the bathroom, fumbling the

door shut and flipping on the light. A few rough strokes and it was over, done, a sudden, ill-suppressed yelp escaping as his muscles tensed and come spurted thickly onto his stomach, wetting the waistband of his shorts. Shit. Yeah. Okay.

“Come on, Adam, it’ll be great,” Stacy had promised as she’d dragged his suitcase out of his closet. “A little sun, a little sand, a little sex, it’ll be good for you!” His sensitive, reddened skin had already had its share of the sun, and sand had worked its way into his shoes that morning. He wouldn’t mind a little sex. Especially if it involved Brett’s hand, no, Brett’s mouth on his dick.

Locked up in that ugly little bathroom, Adam was already dripping with sweat from the tropical heat, but the idea of Brett kneeling right there in front of him, on that unevenly tiled floor, sucking on the head of his dick and even, yeah, even moaning a little, half-hard just from sucking him and really wanting more, really fisting his dick and sucking hard, made Adam so hot that the tiny bathroom was like a sauna.

A quick, cold shower lowered his temperature, but when he returned to bed and closed his eyes, visions of Brett awaited him.

In the morning, Adam was too busy getting Stacy out of the room before the tour bus left to think about Brett more than once every three seconds. Pulling her hat down to shield her eyes, she slumped against his shoulder and went to sleep, giving him the opportunity to ignore the tour guide’s lecture and look around the bus for Brett.

The only person taking the tour alone, Brett sat by himself and wasn’t hard to find. As usual, he sat in front of the German couple. Apparently, he spoke fluent German. And he was alone. And he was in his twenties, and had thick blond hair and blue eyes, and tanned to a nice, smooth, golden color, and had been friendly, if hesitant, about Adam’s approach last night. That exhausted Adam’s knowledge on the subject of Brett.

When the driver stopped to give them a chance to disembark to take photographs of the scenery, Stacy whimpered and curled into a ball, so Adam gave her a fresh bottle of water and left her on the bus. Taking her camera, he got off of the bus and stood around with everyone else, getting shots of the coastline. It looked like a postcard to him, with the blue-green water and the--

“Shit.” It was softly muttered, but it caught Adam’s ear, and he looked over to see Brett scowling at a digital camera. Pushing a button, Brett glared anew, looking tempted to throw the damned thing into the majestic ocean before them.

Adam knew an opening when he saw one. “New camera?”

Brett barely glanced at him, preoccupied by technological combat. “Yeah.”

He persisted. “Maybe I can help. What do you want to make it do?”

Frustrated, Brett thrust the camera at him, shoving a lean hand through casually tousled, thick

blond hair. “I can’t even get it to zoom. I didn’t even want it; I hate digital cameras. I wanted a couple of disposables, but...” Catching his breath, he shook his head, looking like he regretted saying anything.

Finding the zoom button in about half of a second, Adam wanted to linger in the conversation, so he held onto the camera. “Not into digital?”

Brett shrugged lightly, slipping his hands into his back pockets. “It kind of irritates me, how every fool with a digital camera thinks that he’s a master photographer.”

“Ah.” Adam grinned. “But the beauty of technology is, now every fool with a digital camera is a master photographer. And can edit and e-mail the photos to everyone he knows, to prove it.”

A low, sexy chuckle. “Guess you’ve met my father, then.”

That dark, throaty sound was exactly what Adam wanted to hear when he lowered Brett’s half-naked body across a bed and started removing the rest of Brett’s clothes with his teeth. Damn, that made his flesh hum. “He probably got it from my uncle. The one who floods my inbox with new photos of his weekend drives every Monday.”

“Don’t talk about weekend drives until you’ve seen my father’s work. He’s still spreading around new edits from his trip to Finland from two years ago.”

“Finland? Try my friend’s daily picture of her cat. Here’s Taffy asleep on the floor! Here’s Taffy asleep on the bed! Here’s Taffy asleep on a different floor! Wow, I can’t wait for tomorrow’s update!”

Brett was laughing. “I’m sure that Taffy’s very photogenic.”

Adam had to disagree. “At least she’s stopped including her speculation on what Taffy’s dreaming about.”

The tour guide began to shuffle everyone back onto the bus. Hurriedly handing over the camera, Adam said, “Sorry, didn’t mean to hold you up.”

“It’s okay.” Brett snapped a quick picture of the scenery, then another, then casually turned and caught one of Adam.

Surprised, Adam belatedly smiled, running a hand over his spiky blond hair. “Wasn’t planning on modeling today.”

With a grin, Brett headed for the bus. “Be honest. You could be a model any day.”

Floored, Adam half-stumbled, following him. Brett’s words echoed, looping over each other in Adam’s mind. That had been one hell of a compliment. Damn. “You’re good for my ego,” he finally said, murmuring it as they stepped onto the bus, his brain working again.

“You don’t hear that every day?” Brett asked with a little half-quirked smile, glancing over one shoulder at him, good-natured but sounding genuinely skeptical.

Brett was actually serious? “Not from anyone who’s not my mother.”

“It wasn’t...” Stepping out of the aisle and taking his seat, Brett looked up at him, cheeks turning pink. “It wasn’t a line.”

Realizing that he was now the only one still standing, Adam sat in the empty seat beside Brett, letting the tour guide take over again. “The hell it wasn’t,” he whispered, wanting to run his hand over Brett’s thigh. It was close, and long, and looked lean and firm. “It was a great line.”

“No, I -- my sister’s a model, I know a bunch of them, you could be one. You have the look, the high-fashion runway look. I was just...” now he was bright red but maintaining eye contact, painfully sincere, “...I wasn’t trying to pick you up or anything. I’m with someone, or I--” He shook his head, expression tightening with frustration. “I was with someone; we just broke up, a week ago, a week and a half; that’s why I’m here. We were supposed to come together, but...”

“Your boyfriend broke up with you and let you come on a tropical paradise vacation by yourself?” Adam asked. Damn. “Did he want you to get laid without him?”

Sounding startled, Brett laughed. “I didn’t really tell him that I was coming. I knew that he wasn’t, and the idea of paying for the trip but not going pissed me off, so I decided to go.”

“Good decision.” The ex’s loss was Adam’s gain. “An affair in paradise with a hot model could be good for you.”

Flattered amusement glittered in Brett’s eyes. “I thought that you weren’t a model.”

Adam grinned at him. “On a tropical island, far from home, I can be anyone I want.”

During the first few days of the tour, Brett had thought that it had been a mistake to come. Thoughts of Derek, the fights, the resentment, and the mistakes, hadn’t left him alone. The gorgeous ocean, the sea breeze, the white sand, the warm sun, the muscular and half-naked bodies around him, nothing had lightened his mood.

But a little time with Adam, some flirtation, the sexual intent in Adam’s almond-shaped, intense, dark brown eyes, and the way that Adam’s hand lingered on Brett’s body at even the most casual touch, made Derek nothing more than a faded memory. Adam was assertive, sexual aggression tingeing his smiles when he held Brett’s gaze, and the prickling heat of awareness spread across Brett’s skin whenever they were together. Adam touched him frequently, on the arm, the hand, the thigh, the shoulder, hand sliding over his spine, fingers trailing across his chest.

Brett had been with attractive men before, but none as hot as Adam. High cheekbones, wide, full lips, strong jaw, Adam had the whole package, but the most arresting thing about him was the look in his eyes, that captivating knowledge, that direct gaze. Even if Brett were still with Derek, even if they were on this tour together, if Adam had backed Brett into a corner and turned that gaze on him, Brett would've been on his knees, rubbing his nose in Adam's crotch. It took Derek a lot of talking and a pair of handcuffs to get Brett hot and needy and eager for it, the way Adam did with one long, intense look.

He loved the way that Adam touched him. His firm, masculine hand, lingering, sneaking in a slight caress as if Brett might not notice, as if Brett weren't hot with awareness of every minute brush of fingers. He loved how often Adam touched him. He wanted to move into it, wanted to show how much he needed it, but it was up to Adam to decide when he got touched, and where, not him. He soaked up every touch that he could get, and then relived them all again at night, alone, his own fingers revisiting each inch, as he sweated and shuddered, his desperate, needful groans muffled by his gag.

Brett was driving Adam crazy. They were going too slowly! Adam was throwing out every signal that he could think of, flirting desperately, flattering and teasing and dropping suggestive hints, touching Brett's lean, sexy body as often as he dared, doing everything but pulling out his dick and asking Brett to slobber on it. What did it take? Brett seemed interested, didn't tell him to keep his hands to himself, flirted back a little, seemed to like the attention, blushed sometimes, gave him that low, sexy chuckle that made his blood hot.

Stacy spent her nights getting drunk and her days hung over, which left Adam plenty of time to spend with Brett. While Stacy slept, the two of them sat in the back of the bus together, letting the tour guide drone on while they whispered. They knew everything about each other now, last names, jobs, cities of origin, pets, family members, high school horror stories, college horror stories, sexual conquests, major illnesses, and Internet service providers. Brett liked him, responded well to him; why wasn't he getting anywhere?

Their time in paradise was about to end, and Adam didn't want to go home without at least making his move. He was going crazy, fucking his own hand at night, listening to Stacy snore and fantasizing about Brett's taut, slender body stretched out facedown and moaning beneath him. God, he'd pound Brett so hard, he'd have that round little ass shaking.

Figuring that he'd start with something obvious and easy, he set up a standard scenario: him, Brett, moonlight, the beach, a couple of drinks. But first, he begged Stacy to relax in her room for one night. She and her best friend, Becca, had planned this trip together as one wild, extended party. When Becca hadn't been able to make it and Adam had stepped in as her replacement, Stacy had explained to him that she still planned to drink her way around the island. For Stacy, two drinks was one too many and once her system got overloaded and she threw up, she was willing to call it a night. But Adam needed to be alone with Brett if he wanted anything to happen, which meant that he needed her to take it easy, since he wouldn't be there to help her out.

She agreed, once he promised to tell her all of the dirty details.

That taken care of, Adam invited Brett down to the beach. It was simple enough at first, a few drinks, lounging on a blanket in the sand, hot anticipation making Adam eager and bold. Rolling onto his side, his weight on one elbow, Adam slid his hand over Brett's hip, gazing into those glittering, crystalline eyes. Their sandals kicked aside, they were in their bathing suits, but Brett still had a T-shirt on, and Adam wanted to get rid of it. Holding Brett's gaze, he slipped his fingers just beneath the hem of the shirt, stroking taut, warm skin. "Why don't you take this off?"

Brett swallowed. Then, rolling onto his back, with a slow, enticing undulation that made Adam's flesh burn, he pulled his shirt up and off, tossing it aside. His pecs were firm, his abs taut, his nipples pierced. God, his nipples were pierced, both of them, with tiny gold barbells. Hoping to send the right message, Adam had worn blue bikini briefs, and there was no way to disguise exactly how much the sight of Brett's golden, tanned body turned him on.

Those little gold piercings shone in the moonlight, drawing Adam's attention. Licking his lips, staring and not even trying to hide it, he asked, his voice low and rough, "Can I touch them?"

Brett made a hurt little noise that went straight to Adam's dick. When he whispered, "Yes," his voice shook.

God, Adam had to fuck him. Need thrumming in his veins, Adam ran his hand up the defined ridges of Brett's abs. Brett's skin was taut, silken, and when Adam's finger traced a tight circle around one hard nipple, a tense, uneasy ripple passed through Brett's body. Not sure what that meant, Adam hesitated, raising his gaze to Brett's face.

Biting his succulent lower lip, Brett brought his arms up, crossing his wrists overhead, a pose that immediately told Adam to go for it, do it, take. Still... "Can I..."

Brett's voice was soft, dark. "You can do whatever you want."

Oh, shit, yes, yes... Adam didn't know what that was about, but he liked it. As his body responded eagerly, lust pumping through him, he lowered his head, breathing over Brett's nipple, first hot, then cold, before taking it into his mouth, licking, sucking. Brett's back arched, and Adam sucked harder, tonguing the barbell, heat flashing through him. As he slid his wandering hand down over Brett's abs again, stroking down beyond Brett's navel, he licked roughly at Brett's other nipple, sucking in uneven rhythm over sensitive skin. His fingers encountering the waistband of Brett's baggy swimming trunks, he raised his head. Brett's eyes were on him, and their gazes locked. This wasn't an elaborate fantasy; this was real, this was happening, Brett was right here with him. And from the exotic glitter of those eyes, Brett wanted this at least as much as he did.

Adam licked his lips. Brett's own lips were red from being bitten, which only made Adam want to nibble on them himself. His voice coming out softer and rougher than he'd intended, he

asked, “If I can do whatever I want, then can I take these off?” His fingers twitched at the waistband of Brett’s trunks, slipping just beneath the edge, teasing. Brett’s gorgeously golden skin was smooth and firm, and Adam wanted to see the rest of his lean, sexy body.

Brett’s voice was a whisper. “Whatever you want means whatever you want.” Bending his knees, he raised his hips a little, inviting Adam to tug down his trunks.

Smart enough to accept any invitation from a hot guy who said things like that, Adam pulled down Brett’s trunks, slipping them over his legs and off. Immediately taking a look, expecting to see a naked hard-on and hoping to see a sizeable one, what Adam saw instead was a tiny black thong. Liking the look of that, stark black against Brett’s pale flesh, a golden tan warming the rest of Brett’s body, Adam cupped the thong in one hand, fingers rubbing the soft pouch of Brett’s balls while his palm slid up the solid hardness of Brett’s arousal. Oh, yeah, this was a good one, a big one, firm, responsive, twitching and stiffening at his touch, nice and thick, more than long enough to give him something to play with. Wanting to see it for himself, he tugged at the thong, and it detached from itself, snapping open and falling limply against the sand. Brett’s erection popped right up, eager and happy to be free, and Adam’s breath caught, his own dick throbbing eagerly.

It was pierced. Tiny gold knobs studded the head, from miniature barbells surrounding the crown, creating two rows of studs, one around the top and one around the edge. Adam could only imagine what it looked like when Brett came, cum spurting out from a decorated fountain. Shit, that must’ve fucking *hurt*, but it looked insanely, exotically sexy, and he wanted to feel it against his hand, against his tongue.

Brett had a big, gorgeous, decorated dick like this, and would let Adam do whatever he wanted. Brett’s last boyfriend must have been out of his mind in a very scary way to let this guy go.

His hand wasn’t good enough; Adam wanted to get to know this beautiful dick. Sliding down between Brett’s legs, the blanket soft against his own aching erection, he licked his way up from the root of Brett’s dick, sucking a little, savoring the slow journey and the long, wide path before him, then, reaching the top, mouthed the head. He gripped the base in one hand, thumb rubbing up and down over the thick vein while his tongue gently explored the tiny studs dotting the head. The smooth, slick metal was an erotic contrast to the thriving, thick meat of Brett’s erection, and Adam sucked and swallowed until he felt those round studs brush the back of his throat.

He hadn’t heard a sound out of Brett yet, and Brett’s body was almost frighteningly still beneath him, locked with tension, the only signs of interaction a few repressed shudders and labored breathing. When another tremor ran through Brett, Adam raised his head, releasing Brett’s dick with a few slow, wet, lingering sucks, running his tongue around the head a few times, savoring this exotic dick. Then, wondering what he’d see, he met Brett’s eyes.

As before, Brett was staring right at him, watching his every move. It was intense, how Brett’s attention stayed trained right on him. He got the feeling that it never wavered, never strayed to mere sensation, or to fantasies of other guys. The tension in Brett’s tight, trembling muscles suggested that Brett was holding back, holding reactions in. “You can moan,” Adam told him.

“I’d like to know that I’m not having sex by myself.”

His lips pressed together, wrists crossed over his head, Brett made a minute movement, a nearly imperceptible head shake: *no*.

Puzzled, Adam wondered...oh. Okay. He should’ve put this together a lot sooner. All clues pointed to Brett being a little kinky, and maybe being acted upon, not participating, was one of Brett’s turn-ons. Maybe Adam was supposed to deny him.

But Adam didn’t want to deny him. Adam wanted to make him moan, make him twitch, make him writhe around and groan. If Brett wanted to be submissive, then it might be fun for Adam to take charge and make some new rules.

“I want you to moan.” As a test, Adam slowly scraped his nails down the sensitive flesh of Brett’s inner thigh. Brett’s eyes widened, nostrils flaring at this new challenge. “I want you to make noise for me. I want to hear exactly how hot I make you. I want you to squirm and move your hot, sexy body every time what I do to you feels good. I want you to show me how much you want it.”

A soft, shaky inhalation. Hesitantly, Brett licked his lips, unsure.

All right. They’d try this another way. Plucking at the tiny black thong in the sand, Adam grinned. “You wear this for me?”

A slight nod.

He’d kind of expected that. “I want,” he said, and paused to lick his way up Brett’s delicious dick, stroking with his tongue, “you to answer in words.” He met Brett’s eyes again, expectant. “Did you wear that for me?”

A breathy whisper. “Yes, master.”

Oh, shit. No way was Adam ready for *that*. But he didn’t want to freak out and act like an idiot and lose the amazingly hot sex he knew he could still get. So he said, calmly, “Not master. Call me Adam.” Crawling up Brett’s naked, gorgeous body, seeing uncertainty flicker in Brett’s eyes, praying that Brett wouldn’t decide that trusting him had been a mistake, he smiled, still on his hands and knees astride Brett, who was still posed beneath him like a goddamned fantasy. “I don’t need a title to know that I’m in charge.” Then, without pausing to second-guess himself, he kissed Brett’s mouth.

Apparently, that had really, really, really been the right thing to say, because Brett kissed him like a starving man in love, devoted and adoring and hungry for the taste of him. He could barely keep up and oh, god, it was good. Brett wasn’t just a sub, Brett was a sub with some major *experience*, and Adam had won the fucking jackpot.

Breathing hard, Adam tore his mouth away to ask, “Do you give head as well as you kiss?”

Without even pausing, Brett started kissing his jaw, nuzzling under his chin, licking, sucking, like he was food, like they were lovers, like, hell, he should've found a sub years ago. "Even better," Brett breathed, teeth grazing his skin, soft tongue and softer kisses soothing the nip away. Then, like a miracle, "Do you want me to go down on you?"

Oh, good holy living hell, yes. "I, uh..." It was hard to talk when Brett was nuzzling his cheek and kissing his ear, and his dick was throbbing with pounding ferocity. "I thought you wanted me to fuck you." He had to check, because if that offer was on the table, he was going for it.

A soft, aching moan, and Brett's hands were on his ribcage, stroking, petting, nails dragging lightly across his skin. Adam had never felt this sexy in his life. And, just to enhance his experience and stroke his ego, Brett said, in a rough, gentle whisper, "I want everything you want."

This was a fantasy. This was actually better than any fantasy he'd ever had. His dick pulsing, his body aching, need pounding through him, he wondered if this was all just a dream inspired by some exotic tropical disease. Words lurching from his mouth independently of any sort of brain process, he said, urgently, "Then suck me. God, you have to suck me."

Sexually, Brett seemed to be the most agreeable person in the world, because he just moaned, panting a little and doing the sexiest arch-undulate-squirm combination Adam had ever seen, his hands catching Adam's hips and pushing Adam up the blanket as he slid down, neatly rolling them both over. Without hesitating, without talking or getting comfortable or taking his time, he was panting hot, moist breath against Adam's stomach and mouthing Adam's hard-on.

Shocked and abruptly breathless, Adam made a helpless groaning sound, moaning and squawking and trying not to come. When he could talk again, all he got out was, "Holy goddamned shit," before he was back to groaning and yelping. His dick was so hard, it had popped right out of his little blue bathing suit, and Brett wasted no time in finding the head, licking it and sucking on it and doing this soft, wet, obsessive kissing thing that really just made Adam's whole body shake with want.

Brett's mouth was so adept, the bathing suit didn't even seem to be in his way, but when he decided to remove the blue bikini briefs, he did it with his teeth, pulling them the whole way down Adam's legs, tossing them aside in the sand with a flick of his head and then nuzzling Adam's ankles, kissing slowly, wetly, up Adam's legs, taking a lifetime over each inch, licking like each patch of skin had its own, new, delicious taste.

He was just so devoted, like Adam was sexy, like Adam was really *somebody*, and it was new, thrilling, and a little intimidating. Most guys just got off and hung out. Actually taking time to get to know Adam's body was definitely different. Adam wanted things to go faster, because staying this hard for this long was making him really ache, but he didn't want to rush Brett. No sense in disturbing a professional at work.

Finally, finally finished nibbling on Adam's thighs, Brett started nuzzling Adam's balls.

Groaning, Adam couldn't even get coherent, could only kind of thrash around and moan, while Brett licked his balls, mouthed them, sucked on them, and gave them a celebrity spa treatment with his tongue. Twitching and grunting, Adam flapped his arm around until his hand landed in Brett's hair, got his fingers to close on a few strands, and tugged upward.

The hot, long overdue stroke of Brett's tongue up the length of his erection made Adam buck like a wild bronco. Brett's mouth was wet around him, Brett's throat snug, rhythmic suction up and down, head twisting and turning the whole time, making him so overloaded on pleasure that his joints hurt. Making some sort of helpless, gibbering sound, he came, heaving and shaking while ecstasy exploded and imploded and generally assaulted him. Yes, yes, fuck, yes, he'd never come so hard in his life and it was so, so, so, so, so, so, so good.

Eyes closed, he just breathed, just felt, let pleasure ricochet through him a few more times, let his body settle back into itself. Oh, god. He didn't care if Brett ate crickets for breakfast; as far as Adam was concerned, Brett was perfect.

Softly releasing Adam's dick, Brett shifted from between his thighs.

When a minute passed and Brett didn't make any physical contact, Adam realized that he hadn't even made a move to return the favor and get Brett off, and opened his eyes, hoping that Brett hadn't disappeared on him.

Looking calm but watchful, Brett was sitting by his feet, kind of tucked up, still naked, still gorgeous.

Adam's heart beat fast at the thought of getting him off, but he didn't think that someone Brett wanted to call "master" would act eager about that kind of thing. So he sat up, pretending to be all casual about it, and asked, like he wasn't sure he even really cared, "How did your last master let you come?"

"Sometimes he let me touch myself, Adam." Brett's voice was soft, and he shifted, exposing himself. God, he was still rock-hard, that big shaft fully erect, that gold-studded head stretching up to kiss his abs. Adam wanted it, wanted to do *everything* to it. "Sometimes he touched me."

What kind of freak wouldn't go down on a gorgeous dick like that? "He wouldn't give you head?"

Brett lowered his thick blond lashes. "He didn't think that a real dom would lower himself to allowing anyone the use of his mouth."

Adam snorted. What the hell? "A real dom does whatever he wants. I want to suck your dick. Lay back for me."

Fascination shone in Brett's blue eyes as he immediately lowered himself to his back. One of his nipple rings caught the moonlight and Adam reached for it, running his thumb around the hard little nipple, tugging gently on the piercing. Brett's arms rose over his head again, wrists

crossed, and Adam wondered, with a hot and unexpected pang of dark desire, “Would you be more comfortable if you were in handcuffs?”

A soft, shaky breath. “Yes, Adam.”

Holy shit, that was hot. “You have handcuffs with you? In your luggage?”

“Yes, Adam.”

He fucking *traveled* with them. “You have other stuff with you?”

“Yes, Adam.”

Shit, Adam had been wasting time not fucking this guy on day one. He wanted to rummage around in Brett’s luggage and see what little toys Brett deemed important enough to bring on vacation, alone. “Were you planning on having sex this week?”

“No, Adam.” His dick swollen and fiercely erect, Brett was nonetheless able to hold eerily still. He had amazing self-control. Self-discipline. He shuddered, though, when Adam’s hand drifted down his body.

“Then you brought things just for yourself.”

“Yes, Adam.”

Hot at the thought of what Brett might have, Adam stroked Brett’s erection. It twitched under his hand, but Brett just breathed very carefully, watching him. So focused, right on him. So attentive. Caught by those bright blue eyes, Adam lowered his head. Their gazes still locked, he opened his mouth and licked, slowly, around the base of Brett’s wide shaft, dragging his tongue over the soft skin of Brett’s balls.

Not a sound, just a brief but overwhelmed contraction of his eyebrows. Suffering in silence, Brett continued to hold still, continued to watch.

“I told you,” Adam broke eye contact and turned his head to scrape Brett’s hipbone with his teeth, eliciting a twitch and a stifled gasp, “to make noise for me. When it feels good, start moaning.” Smirking, he raised his eyes again, up the length of Brett’s erection, up Brett’s torso, past chewed-on lips to Brett’s bright eyes. “Don’t act like it doesn’t feel good.”

With an explosively released breath, Brett moaned. The aching, pleading noise sent a shudder of desire across Adam’s flesh. God, that sounded amazing.

“Better,” he said, grinning, and then he got to work. Brett’s dick was big enough that using his hand definitely helped, and his palm quickly got addicted to the feel of that long, rigid shaft, the girth of it, the tight and silky skin. Every time his tongue rolled across those tiny gold studs, he got hot, the reality of what he was doing and who he was doing it to streaking through him.

Brett's body was so erotic, Brett's sexuality was so fascinating, that Adam couldn't believe he'd wasted time and energy on anyone else. This was the real thing. This was what he'd been waiting for.

Apparently, he'd been convincing in his warning, because Brett was definitely making noise for him now. Moaning, groaning, saying his name, "Adam, Adam, oh, *Adam*," like it was another way to say "*please*." With hot, shuddering breaths, Brett undulated like it hurt not to move, writhing in urgent desperation, legs rising and lowering and jerking like he wasn't sure what to do to ease the ache, but he just had to do *something*. He was twisting and begging and arching and clawing the blanket and tugging on his own pierced nipples, and Adam didn't know why he didn't just come. Adam didn't really want him to come, because sucking on his dick was incredibly rewarding; when Brett got into it, Brett really got into it, and it was a huge ego trip to make someone want it like this. Not to mention, Brett's dick was such a sexy, erotic, sensual plaything, Adam could've feasted on it for days. Adam was so turned on, he was drooling all over it, his own spit rolling down the shaft into Brett's curly blond pubic hair.

But he'd never given head for this long; usually guys came before now. Brett was so obviously close; he should've come already. His dick was swollen and dark, full, throbbing. What was--

Oh.

Adam lifted his head, slurping off of his favorite new toy, and licked his lips. Moaning, Brett shuddered, arching away from him, pulsing in his hand, hips rising and falling. Admiring his taut body, his smooth and golden skin, the play of his fingers over Brett's nipples, Adam slowly fistfisted Brett's erection, nice and firm. Gasping and groaning, Brett undulated, bucking arrhythmically, head tossing.

"Brett," Adam said softly, stroking him, thumb rubbing over the tip of his dick. "You can come now."

With a low, anguished cry, Brett came, tense, his whole body straining with it, his dick jerking in Adam's hand. Come gushed from him in heavy streams, splattering his chest, pooling on his stomach. Surprised by how much there was, Adam continued to jerk him off, coaxing him through it, until nothing was left and he was moaning like it hurt.

Reluctantly releasing Brett's dick to let it soften between his thighs, Adam ran his fingers over the back of Brett's hand where it rested on the blanket. Brett's eyes were closed, his chest rising and falling with short, deep breaths. "Did you get your dick pierced on your own, or did you do it for someone else?"

Immediately, Brett's eyes were open, and he was sitting up, attentive again. "I did it for myself, Adam."

He was relieved to hear that. Wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand, he studied Brett's downcast lashes. He'd thought that Brett was just a guy, recently broken up, maybe looking for a good time, maybe interested in a little vacation sex to get over Derek. He'd thought that Brett

was looking for the same things that he was, had the same requirements: male, gay, kind of hot. Those things, he could be. But now he realized that Brett had to have more criteria than that, so how had Brett chosen him, of all people? He didn't know any of the rules of this game, couldn't have given any secret coded signals to indicate knowledge of this culture, didn't even own leather pants. Why was Brett looking to him for this?

Pulling his knees up, Brett tucked into himself, his long body folded up neatly, his genitals shielded.

Adam wondered how many of these traits, these behaviors, came instinctively to Brett, and how many of them had been taught by masters. Brett seemed pretty comfortable with them.

The sound of someone yelling down the beach caught Adam's attention, and he realized that they'd probably risked getting caught naked in public enough for one night. But he didn't want leaving the beach to mean leaving all of this behind. This was their last night; he couldn't miss this chance. Going back to his hotel room was out of the question; Stacy was there.

Running his hand over Brett's long, firm thigh, he leaned in and kissed Brett's mouth. Immediately, like he'd been waiting for it, Brett kissed back, soft and wet and hungry. Grateful, devoted. God, this was insane, and Adam wanted him even more, the crazier things got. Cupping his nape, stroking deep in his mouth, Adam groaned, loving the sound of his soft, wanting moans. Kissing him harder, making him moan louder, getting hot off the sound of it, Adam reveled in the heat of Brett's kiss, feeling an ache of lust burn in his gut.

"Get dressed," he muttered, his voice rough with passion, "and let's go to your room." Something occurred to him, and he added, softly, wondering what the rules were, where the boundaries were, testing, trusting. "Dress me first."

Brett didn't seem to find anything wrong with Adam's command. Definitely experienced, he dressed Adam like he'd been doing it for years, mostly efficient, very attentive, tucking Adam's dick into the bikini briefs with a few extra caresses. He even put Adam's sandals on, dropping a kiss on the top of each foot before moving back and pulling on his own clothes. Adam picked up the little black scrap of thong, intending to keep it for a souvenir, and Brett didn't comment on it, tugging on trunks and a T-shirt.

Even though Adam had brought the drinks and blanket, Brett neatly folded the blanket and collected the bottles. Was he always this obedient and silent in his relationships? When would the fun and regular Brett come back? As they began to walk, Adam asked, "When do you switch from..." He didn't know what Brett called it, didn't want to say something awkward or offensive. "The other you to this part of you?"

Brett kept his eyes down. "Whenever you want me to, Adam."

Okay, well. "Switch back to the regular you for a minute."

He saw it happen and, weirdly, Brett seemed uncomfortable now, blue eyes glancing at him

nervously. “Are you okay with -- we don’t have to -- you don’t have to--”

“Do you want me to?” That was what mattered. He could do his best to keep up with whatever scene Brett was into.

A deep blush, and Brett looked down at their feet as they walked. “Yeah.”

Flattered and turned on, Adam grinned. “Then we’ll figure it out.” He had to know. “When did you decide you wanted me?”

“The first day. Right away. The thought of, of, of you - - god, Adam, you make me so hard it hurts. I had to wear a belt all day today and yesterday.”

He’d had no idea. He’d been flirting like crazy, not sure how much of an effect he was even having. “A belt?” That had to mean something besides a regular around-the-waist belt.

“A, a chastity belt.” Brett licked his lips. “It keeps me from showing as much. I like it better than the cages. Derek liked them more; I used to wear a cage every day. It’s weird to get dressed and not put one on now, but when I packed to come here, I didn’t let myself pack even one of them. Trying to get over him.”

Adam had to be sure he understood this. “You wore a cage around your dick every day? Are you talking about, like, around? To work?”

“Yeah. Some of them don’t show under clothes.”

Okay, so Brett was the kinkiest person Adam had ever met. Important information. “Did he whip you?”

Brett glanced at him, as if to gauge his reaction. “Sometimes. I like being spanked and paddled a lot more, but we did both.”

“Does being spanked get you off?” Adam had to admit, Brett did have a nice round little ass. Adam wouldn’t mind smacking it a little. Or a lot.

“It gets me right to the edge. Some of my masters let me masturbate during it. It’s a rush.” They were approaching the hotel now. “What do you like?”

What did he like? “Right now, I can’t think about anything but you.” He liked Brett. He wanted Brett. “Is there anything else I should know?”

They stopped in front of the hotel doors. Brett met his eyes. “My safeword is ‘tangerine,’ I don’t do scat, and I’m into being dominated, but I’m not into being abused.”

Sensing that it wasn’t necessarily easy to come right out and say that, Adam nodded, wanting Brett to see that he respected whatever Brett was into. “Tangerine. Okay.”

A blush, a hesitant smile, and Brett said, "It helps if it's something that doesn't come up during normal sexual conversation."

"You mean, you don't always call out names of citrus fruit when you're fucking?" Adam asked. "Man, you really are kind of kinky." Shrugging, he grinned. "Guess I'll have to widen your horizons."

Brett's chuckle was a low, deep, sexy, surprised sound. He looked relieved that Adam was willing to joke about it. "Yeah," he said, "I guess so."

Taking his hand, Adam pulled him to the doors. "I didn't pack any toys, so we'll have to play with yours." Passing people in the lobby was weird; Adam was horny and having the eye-opening experience of a lifetime and had just gotten off, and he felt like all of that was visible in the sand dusting his skin. Smiling generally, he avoided meeting anyone's eyes, and soon they were alone in a hallway. "Which one's yours?"

"Down on the end," Brett said, his voice soft, his hand firm in Adam's. "Do you have any toys?"

It had to make him sound painfully boring, but... "Not one."

A heartbeat of silence, and then, quietly, "If you're freaked out—"

"I really want to fuck you," Adam whispered, turning abruptly to keep Brett from saying anything else. "We'll do it however you want to do it. I'll tie you up and pin you down; I'll play whatever games you want to play. I just need to come in your sexy ass."

Brett looked even less convinced than before, so Adam kissed him, arms closing around his shoulders. A second of resistance and then Brett was kissing him back, opening for him, surrendering to him. Loving that, using it, Adam gripped his shirt, gripped his bathing suit, yanked him close, kissing him aggressively, roughly taking over his mouth. With soft, yielding, yearning moans, hot and eager sounds, Brett pushed against him, pushing him back.

A door opened behind him, and they fell into the room, stumbling across it, kicking the door shut together, blanket and bottles falling to the floor. "Get your toys," Adam panted, kissing him, biting him, wanting to consume him, lust rushing hot and urgent. "Get whatever you need; get me naked. I have to be in you."

"Yes, Adam," Brett whispered, sinking down in front of him slowly, kissing his chest and stroking his sides with loving devotion, heat suddenly searing him when Brett gently nuzzled into his crotch. All on its own, his hand cupped the back of Brett's head, keeping Brett right there. Content, Brett mouthed him through his bathing suit, trying to lick him. Breathless, aching, he worked his hips a little, feeling helpless to stop himself or the pleasure rocking through him as he ground himself against Brett's face. Moaning for him, Brett delicately caught the pale blue fabric in teeth and undressed him. As soon as his suit was off, Brett sucked him

down with a satisfied groan, bobbing over the length of his dick in a rhythm so steady he started to move with it, anticipating it, hips arching forward to push his dick down Brett's throat. Gripping Brett's hair in one hand, other hand reaching back to the wall to steady him, he thrust evenly into Brett's wet, sucking mouth, grunting and sweating as pleasure built, knowing how easy it would be to come from this, just this, so easy, so good, so, ah, ah, "Ah, yes, yes, Brett, shit, god, yes, yes, ah!"

Panting, sort of stunned, Adam just breathed for a minute, reorienting himself. Okay. Okay. Lesson learned. It was possible that, if he didn't actively discourage it or change the subject, Brett would get him off whenever presented with the opportunity. That had been unexpected, and sudden and amazingly good, and weirdly fast.

His hand was still cupping Brett to him, and Brett was just kneeling there, breathing lightly against his thigh, waiting.

It had to be said. "You give the best head I've ever had."

Softly. "Thank you, Adam."

He had to get himself under control. He was supposed to be dominating, not losing himself in his own lust. "Go." God, his hand was shaking, and he covered it by smoothing back Brett's hair. "Get what you need."

"Yes, Adam." A small kiss to his hip, and Brett crawled across the floor with natural ease, back arched, ass up. Watching, Adam sank back against the wall, letting it prop him up. He was in way over his head here.

What Brett took from his suitcase was, Adam was relieved to see, fairly simple. A blindfold. Cuffs. Lube. Condoms. Something he figured out was a ball gag. No whips or bizarre outfits or two-foot vibrators. Everything else in his hands, cuffs dangling from his mouth, Brett crawled back to him, sat back, and waited, eyes lowered submissively.

Right. Time to take charge. Adam didn't know where to start, so he just took a stab at moving things forward. "Put those on the bed and get on your hands and knees." He'd been fantasizing about getting a look at Brett's ass all week. It was finally time.

Obediently, Brett set everything on the bed, delicately dropping the handcuffs from between his teeth, then crawled onto the bed, head down, knees apart, ass up. He knew what Adam wanted to see, and he was showing it off.

Barely holding back a growl of lust, Adam climbed behind him on the bed and took a good, long look. Oh, yeah. This was it. Gorgeous, taut ass. Running his palms over those round, firm cheeks, he spread the cleft with both thumbs. The sight of that pink little pucker hit him with a thunderbolt of lust, and he moaned aloud, barely holding back from burying his face there. Considering how hard he'd come in Brett's mouth, he could only imagine how good he'd feel in Brett's ass.

Scooping up the lube without a second thought, he poured some on two fingers and pushed right in. The resulting low moan of pleasure from Brett was soft but rough, sexy, and he slid his fingers in deeper. “That’s right, let me hear you,” he coaxed, rubbing. “Let me see you.”

“Ah, ah, oh, Adam...” Groaning like he hadn’t felt anything this good in years, Brett shifted, hips rolling back, head down, one hand sliding forward across the mattress. “Oh, oh, ah...”

Adam grinned, loving the heat of Brett’s body, the slick grip tightening around his fingers. Loving the way Brett responded to him, loving the play of sleek muscles as Brett moved, the rough, surprised, hungry edge to Brett’s moans of pleasure. Oh, yeah. “It’s only going to get better,” Adam promised, slowly working in a third finger, making Brett groan, undulate, and rock urgently against him. “You like that, don’t you? You love the way I feel inside.”

“Yes, Adam,” Brett panted. A long, desperate groan and then, again. “Yes, Adam.”

He’d never wanted someone like this, never felt such a fierce urge to fuck anyone in his life. He didn’t know what Brett was doing to him, still wasn’t sure what Brett wanted from him, but need raged so ferociously inside him, he couldn’t stop to figure it out. “I’m going to make you love it. Going to take you so hard, you’ll wonder why you ever let anyone else in this hot, sweet, ass.” Such a sweet ass. Fingers stretching and opening, he couldn’t resist, had to lower his head and nuzzle, kiss, nibble one taut, round cheek. “You want to give this ass to me?”

“Yes, Adam, yes.” Brett’s voice was low, rough, his body still twisting with need. “Oh, ah, ah, Adam, it’s yours, it’s yours.”

A flare of heat stole through him at those words, at the sound of Brett’s passion, and Adam groaned in response. Popping his fingers out, one, two, three, he squeezed Brett’s round ass in both hands, massaging the tempting curves. If he had all of this available to him, he’d fuck Brett five times a day. “Roll over for me,” he urged, wanting to see Brett’s dick, wanting to see Brett’s face. “Let’s get you chained up and tied down.”

He’d known that it could be like this. He’d known that Adam could hold every inch of his body captive with one brown-eyed look, could enslave him with a touch. Squeezing his eyes shut tightly behind the snug darkness of his blindfold, Brett arched into Adam’s caress, releasing a shuddering breath as a possessive, admiring hand stroked up his ribcage.

“You want me to fuck you.” Adam’s voice was soft, sexy, appreciative. Adam wanted him, wanted to take him, wanted to get off in him; he could feel it. “Your body can’t stop begging me for it.”

“Yes, Adam, yes.” Adam hadn’t gagged him, insisted on hearing him, and he felt so naked, so powerless, pleading, asking, begging, crying out in body and voice. Usually he kept still and silent, and it was easier that way, scarier this way, to be so open, to be so desperate. But he’d do

it for Adam, do anything for Adam, and it had him hard, oh, it had him so hot, to be exposed like this, his need raw and open. He wouldn't say please, he never said please, but he said, "Adam, Adam, Adam," over and over and over again, chanting it, begging with it, using it to say everything, needing no other words.

"Look at you." As Adam's hand rubbed over his erection where it arched to his stomach, Brett tugged ineffectually against his restraints. Adam had cuffed him to the headboard, his arms over his head, his wrists chained together, and it kept him powerless to resist, powerless to escape, powerless in Adam's thrall. His hips bucked out of his control, his body aching for more of Adam's caress, shaming him with its fierce need. "I can't believe you kept this all to yourself. A big, hot dick like this, I should've had this all week."

"I'm so sorry, Adam. I know, I knew, it's yours." He was so hard, need pounding insistently through his body, that Adam's touch had him crawling out of his skin, twisting on the bed, his hips pistoning upward for more. "Ah, ah, Adam." He trusted Adam to do what was right, to give to him, to deny him, but not knowing what would be given and what would be denied, not knowing what Adam might decide to do next, had his heart pumping fast. "A-a-adam, oh..." The anticipation, the insecurity, the lack of control, made him hot and tense and on edge. Right on the edge. "Adam!"

"Yeah, oh, yeah." Unexpected, even shocking, making him cry out in honest, scandalized passion, he felt Adam's mouth on his cock. Wet, licking him, mouthing him, not trying to get him off so much as, god, enjoying him, and now need was riding him, hurting him, drawing his knees up, his spine curving, his hands curling into tight fists as he jerked against the headboard.

"Yeah, that's right," Adam murmured, sly fingers slipping along the cleft of his ass, "that's it, yeah." Smoothly penetrating, pushing right in, taking him, using him, because none of this was under his control anymore, he couldn't dictate, couldn't stop it, could only let it happen, accept it, receive it, surrender.

"Adam, Adam." He was squirming. "Adam." Writhing. "Adam." His hips rolling and his knees rising and his body opening, asking, begging. "Adam."

And, god, there it was, "Yeah, you need it." So big. "You want it." So hard. "Take it, take it, come on, all of it, this is all for you." So real, pushing into him, probing, stretching. Moaning Adam's name, he willed Adam to give him more, and then it was in, all the way in, their bodies fitted together, locked together, connected. "Hell, yeah." Adam groaned, hips shifting, cockhead nudging deeper. "Shit, Brett." Adam's voice was thick with tension right next to his ear. "Ah, ah, yeah..."

Adam felt good; he was making Adam feel good. Adam was enjoying this, enjoying him. "Ah, Adam, Adam." Struggling to breathe around the heat pulsing through his body, flames of need and passion licking higher, he undulated, helpless to save himself, crying out, "Oh, Adam, Adam, yes," as the insistent, angry throbbing of his dick demanded attention. He couldn't do anything about it, couldn't do anything at all, could only bear it, and suffer.

“You want it harder?”

“Yes, Adam, yes.” Even while Adam shook Brett’s body with every stroke, Brett bucked his hips, hungry to meet each thrust.

“Ask me for it.”

“Yes, Adam.” He would never have asked on his own, but the thrill of being ordered, Adam’s natural dominance, being cuffed and physically restricted, and this unexpected pleasure of being free to express his desire, compelled him to release everything inside. “Fuck me harder, Adam. God, yes, fuck me so hard.”

He felt Adam’s weight shift, felt his knees being lifted up higher, felt Adam pull on the mattress near his bound hands, and Brett was rewarded with forceful, pounding strokes that ravished his whole body. “Ah, ah, yes, Adam,” he said as he twisted his head to the side, his cries filled with passion, and he heard his own voice grow to a wild shout. “Adam, Adam, Adam!”

Eyes shielded, Brett was flooded with other sensations: Adam’s sweat-slicked body sliding against him, Adam’s back muscles working tirelessly beneath Brett’s legs where his feet were hooked together behind Adam’s back, the unforgiving pull of the cuffs, the rhythmic creak of the bed, Adam’s warm breath bathing his neck in heat, his own body sparking with electricity, and most of all, the thing that was fast becoming the center of Brett’s very existence, Adam’s thick, rock-hard fucking machine of a dick that shattered his control and made it almost impossible to restrain his rapidly building orgasm. He could hold it; he had always been able to, but god, Adam wasn’t making it easy.

“Ask me if you can come,” Adam panted, pounding into him, rocking him with each deep thrust, forcing ecstasy through him with each stroke. “Ask me, Brett, beg me for it.”

Anything Adam wanted, anything, even this, as long as it was for Adam, as long as it would save him from this torturous ache of need. “May I come, Adam?” His voice was low, breathless, tormented. “Will you let me come? Can I come, Adam?” Oh, god, he meant it. “I need to come, I’m so hard.” So hard it hurt, it was burning him, paining him. “I need it so much, you feel so good.” It had never been like this before; he’d never opened himself like this before. “Adam, Adam, oh...”

“Yes, yes, ah, come on, beg me for it.” Adam sounded enthralled, more than aroused, like orgasm was as close for Adam as it was for him, like ecstasy was chasing them both. “Say please, say it, I want to hear it. Give me this, and I’ll give you everything.”

“Please.” It fell from him like a breath, naturally, easily, like something he had to say, like something that had to get out. “Please, Adam, please, let me come, please, fuck me harder, please, make me come, please, oh, god, *please...*”

It was over with the first “please,” and everything after that was just another level of coming. Rocking his hips and riding that sweet, sweet ass, Adam rubbed Brett’s big, sexy dick with one hand, squeezing, pulling, jacking. Ecstasy was tearing and popping through him, blinding him to everything but the gorgeous, mind-blowing sight of the copious spurts of jism streaming over Brett’s chest. He was coming and Brett was coming and he was groaning and Brett was moaning and their bodies were jerking together, release shaking them both. God, he’d come so fucking hard, and Brett had come so fucking good, and his body was still trembling from it, his brain misfiring, his movements clumsy and uncoordinated as he pulled his dribbling dick from Brett’s tight, hot ass.

Breathing hard, Brett shivered under him.

“You.” Adam licked his lips. “You okay?” He patted Brett’s long, lean thigh, tearing his gaze from Brett’s gorgeous body and slowly softening dick to glance around for the handcuff key.

“Thank you,” Brett whispered. “Thank you, Adam, thank you.” Another shiver, and he fell still, panting softly.

Never having been thanked that much before, Adam didn’t know whether or not it was sincere. It sounded genuine, but maybe it was part of the submission. Locating the key, he managed to unlock Brett’s handcuffs, easing Brett’s wrists from the padded restraints. Then he gently pulled the blindfold off. The beauty and the shiny devotion in those startlingly blue eyes unnerved him, and he averted his gaze, reaching over to snatch up a hand towel from the nearby table, using it to scrub all of that thick come from Brett’s torso.

A gentle hand covered his, stilling it, and Brett kissed him, softly, slowly, coaxing his tongue into play. A sweet, submissive moan and Brett whispered, “What have you done to me?”

Taken aback, Adam almost laughed at the sheer madness of it. “What did I do to you? You did -- you got -- you have me tying you up and coming like a freight train.”

“I’ve done this so many times.” Brett was gazing at him as if he really had done something new, something magical, something that had changed Brett’s perspective on the world. The caress of Brett’s fingers through his hair brought him to Brett’s mouth for a slow, clinging kiss. “This is all I do, this is how I do it, this is the way that I do this. But it was always safe. They wanted me quiet, and I wanted to be quiet. They wanted me still, and I wanted to be still. I didn’t have to do anything, I didn’t have to share anything; it was like shorthand. I could get what I needed without having to expose myself. But with you...” Blushing softly, Brett kissed him again, a tender brush of lips to lips, Brett’s fingers sliding through his hair again. He stayed close, sensing Brett’s vulnerability, not wanting to create distance between them. Meeting his eyes, Brett confessed, “You made me share myself, you made me reveal myself, you made me show what you were doing to me and ask for what I wanted. I had to... I had to participate, not just be passive, not just submit, not just let you be in charge. I had to let you really hear and see and feel me, what I was going through, what I was really aching for.”

“That’s what sex is about,” Adam said, surprised that he wouldn’t know that. “Admitting what

you want and cooperating with someone else to get it.” Brett was into all kinds of kinky shit and thought that moaning out loud was some brave new thing? “You’ll shove metal through the head of your dick, but you won’t say please?”

“Being tied up and at someone’s mercy is already vulnerable enough.” Brett looked embarrassed. “Begging and pleading and rolling around moaning is just... It’s a level of trust and exposure that... It’s hard, to go that far. It’s easier for me to hold something back.”

Adam saw what he was saying, even if he was kind of doing everything backward. “I never looked at it that way. But, yeah.” He stretched out beside Brett, staying close, their legs tangled. “Thanks for trusting me. With...” He gestured vaguely. “...all of this.”

Another blush, this one even deeper. “Thanks for not running away screaming. A lot of guys can’t handle it.”

Anyone who turned Brett down was insane. He was perfect, he was a fantasy, he was the new sum of everything that Adam thought that sex should be. Stroking his chest, admiring how blue his eyes were and thinking about spanking his delicious ass, Adam smiled. “When’s your next vacation?”

Affair in Paradise

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