



Higher Learning



D. J. Manly

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By

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Story 1 - Ethical Promise

There was something raw and even feral about him. I wasn't sure if he was aware of the effect he had or not, but I was sure it wasn't just me who felt it. All the clatter, which initially bombarded me when I stepped into that amphitheatre, suddenly ceased to exist, be it actual or imagined, the moment he entered the room. I was riveted to the spot, aware of only this—I needed to be his, and I wouldn't be able to wait too long.

It was my second year of college. The first year had consisted of an endless string of one-night stands, orgies, and hangovers, especially after I'd discovered the gay circuit on campus. My parents were really bummed about my marks. I'd barely managed to scrape through by the skin of my teeth. Of course, they threatened to stop supporting me if I didn't clean up my act, so I decided in my second year to move off campus, away from the particularly appealing dorms, and buckle down.

It wasn't easy. I had discovered the pleasures of

man sex early, thanks to a business associate of my father's. Guess he'd be considered a pedophile, but for me, he had opened up an entire new world, teaching me very well the *ins and outs* so to speak of gay sex at the tender age of sixteen.

Growing up in a midsized town, gay hot spots were few and far between. When my few encounters with Dad's associate came to an abrupt end due to his wife threatening divorce—I wasn't his only partner—I was left hanging. I didn't dare cruise in my town, especially since my father was the manager of a very prominent bank. Needless to say, when I arrived at Browns College, I headed directly to the Gay and Lesbian Centre, where I figured I'd find some poor guy looking to get laid. I found far more than that. I found an entire community, some of who really knew how to party on down. I hardly cracked a book all year.

So, here I was on my first day of my second year, armed with conviction to be a good boy, bring up my marks, and limit my partying strictly to the weekends. And then I see him, Professor Troy Cole, in the sociology course that everyone wanted into, Sociology of Sex and Gender—and I was literally salivating.

"Good morning," he said, placing his briefcase on the table. "This is Sociology 206, so if you're supposed to be in Religious Theory, you're in for a wakeup call."

Everyone laughed.

He stood there behind that podium, looking around the room, which was packed, probably holding around one hundred and fifty students. I was sitting up front. I always sat up front out of habit, not because I was a keener or anything, but after a long night of partying, it was usually the only way to keep myself from falling asleep. For a second, I thought Troy Cole was looking right at me. My heart literally skipped a beat. But then I realized he was simply surveying the room, much like a king surveys their kingdom. And I noticed that his eyes were blue, dark and rather hazy, like the sky when it's overcast.

He turned around, wrote something on the board and I wanted to put my fist in my mouth and bite it, much like guys did in those corny movies when they saw a big breasted woman walk by.

He was wearing jeans, tight enough to remind me that his ass was firm and round, some guys would call it a bubble butt, I just called it delicious. He was talking, but I'll be damned if I knew what he was saying. His voice was deep and male, and very smooth and I was already seduced. He wore a long sleeved emerald green shirt with those washed out jeans. It hung loose around his torso, hugged his broad shoulders. He had the sleeves rolled up over his forearms, and I could

see the muscle definition. His hair was the color of sand, after a rainstorm, kind of ashy. It fell over his forehead, cumulating at his collar, which was unbuttoned. He wasn't twenty, but he wasn't forty either. I gauged that he was somewhere in between. The experience of living was in his face, was in the way he moved, confident, sensual, extremely appealing.

And God, suddenly, he was looking at me, actually speaking to me. I blinked, gawked back at him. "Did you say something to me, sir?"

He gave me the faintest of smiles.

I swallowed.

"Yes," he said, "Mr...ah?"

"Carter, Mark."

"Well, Mr. Carter, Mark," he tilted his head, "what do you think?"

"Ah, can you repeat the question, sir?"

"You have a hearing problem, Mr. Carter?"

I flushed with embarrassment. "No, I...I'm sorry, I didn't realize..."

He put up a hand. "I asked you, when you thought gender identity began?"

"I...ah...don't know, sir. I...well..." I cleared my throat, "some people say it's in the womb, but that's a little farfetched. We're talking genes versus socialization, I suppose." I could hear some of the students I knew laughing. I felt like an idiot.

"That's right out of Intro to Sociology, Mr.

Carter. At least we know you stayed awake in that class." He turned back to the board.

I sunk down in my seat. Bonnie Hartgrove was sitting beside me, and she nudged me. I glanced at her.

"That was quick," she giggled.

"Yeah, never mind," I told her.

Bonnie Hartgrove was my stalker. She came from my hometown and she was always sitting beside me in class. I certainly didn't encourage her.

"He's a hunk, isn't he?" she whispered, indicating the professor.

Bonnie knew I was queer. I made it a point to remind her...often.

"Yeah," I said. At least she had that right.

"You hot for him?"

"Bonnie," I groaned. "Will you shut up and pay attention." Cole was writing the name of the book we needed on the board. I started to jot it down, hoping my dad had remembered to send that check for my textbooks. They were hellish expensive.

"I'm not going to keep you the entire period today," he was saying now, one hand resting on the podium. "Get your book, read chapter one for next week, and come prepared to discuss gender identification. We begin with that." He was closing up his briefcase.

As the students got up and rushed out, I watched him. He walked to the door left of the podium, and I grabbed my packsack and hurried out the same door. I paused, seeing him walk down the corridor in the direction of the sociology department. I wanted desperately to follow him, but to say what? He'd think I was a nut job. I didn't want him to think that. I just wanted him to want me.

"You don't even know if he's into men," Peter Macabie scoffed, when I mentioned the effect Troy Cole had on me in class.

"I'll convert him," I grinned.

"Yeah, right. What did you tell me he was, thirty years old? What would he want with some nineteen-year-old novice?"

"I'm not a novice. Besides, I'd be his willing student. He's the teacher."

Peter shook his head at my clichéd joke. Peter had been the first guy I'd fucked when I first came to Brown's. There was nothing romantic about it, and we remained good friends. But right now, he was kind of pissing me off.

"Why him?" Peter asked, sipping on his coke as we sat in the cafeteria.

"Have you seen him?" I gave him an incredulous look.

"No, heard his name enough. Popular Prof.

Everyone wants into that course. It's considered controversial. You taking it as an elective?"

I nodded. "I was lucky to get into it."

"Sex course, right?"

"No, theory of sexuality and gender. You wouldn't understand."

"Us engineer geeks wouldn't get it," he screwed up his face, and went, "duh."

I hit him and stood up. "Got to go. I'm going to find out where he lives."

"Ah, Mark, I think that might be stalking?"

"I'm not going to stalk him. I'm going to woo him."

"Oh." He shook his head. "My shoulder is here," he patted it.

"Very funny," I said and walked away. My apartment was three blocks from campus. I went back and turned on my laptop. I put his name into Google and waited. When his address came up, along with the phone number, I wrote it down. For a long time, I just stared at it. "Well, Professor." I smiled, rubbing my cock through my jeans. "We really need to meet."

Brown's was located in a small sized city, that to be honest, I hadn't explored much after dark. First of all, I had no car, only a bicycle, and I'd be taking my life in my hands riding in traffic after dark. Secondly, when I first arrived, everything I

needed was on the campus, including sexual diversion. I had no need to wander too far.

I couldn't resist staking out Troy Cole's house, even if it did feel a bit sleazy. Three hours a week with him in a class full of rambunctious students wasn't cutting it. And he was driving me crazy. I meant only to find out if he were into guys and then go from there. If he had a chick stashed away somewhere, I'd let it go, even if there was still a chance. So I watched his house. The most I got to see was the light go on and off in the living room. His car was in the drive. But him, I didn't see. He seemed to stick to himself actually. And after four nights, I was prepared to abandon this particular method.

Then on a particularly cold Friday evening about ten, his front door opened and there he was. He walked to his car in the driveway, a vintage Ford from the fifties, and got in. I took after the car on my bike, staying to the side of the road, grateful for the traffic lights, which gave me a chance to catch up. Thankfully, he was heading downtown and it was well lit, and he was forced to drive the speed limit. When he turned off, I followed cautiously, cursing the dimly lit street, and almost getting clipped by the car behind me.

He pulled the car into a parking lot just on the corner and I hung back, waiting. I could hear the music blaring out of this rather small bar, with the

flashing sign that was all but burnt out. "The Stud," I muttered. I'd heard about that place. I snapped my fingers and grinned. "Got 'cha."

The Stud was a well-known gay bar, but Peter always told me it was for old queens. Well, Professor Troy Cole was no old queen.

I peddled up to the place and dumped my bike beside the wall in the parking lot. If someone stole it, so be it. I was so hyped by that time, I didn't give a damn. All I cared about was that Troy Cole was gay, and he was inside that bar right now, not in the classroom lecturing on sexuality.

I smoothed my dark hair back and swung open the door. I wished suddenly I'd dressed better, wore tighter jeans, but it was too late now.

I was immediately bombarded by some tune from the nineties as I entered the large room whose bar took up three quarters of the place. There was a jukebox and about twenty tables scattered around. In the back was a pool table where a few guys were racking them up. And off to the side, I saw a sign marked *Private Area*, and beside that the bathroom.

Immediately, some really ugly guy with no teeth came up to me and grabbed my ass. "Get lost," I told him and explored the room, looking for any sight of him. I smiled with relief when I saw him walk out of the bathroom. He didn't see me. He walked over to the bar and sat down,

talking to the bartender, who was built like a wrestler. They were both laughing when I approached.

The bartender glanced at me. "Hey there, little boy," he said.

Troy Cole turned to glance at me. His eyes widened a bit. "Mark?"

I was pleased he remembered my name. "Hello, Troy."

"You know this kid?" the bartender asked.

"Troy?" he repeated. He didn't bother answering the bartender, who was suddenly called over by some skinny guy on the other side of the bar.

"Hope you don't mind."

"I do actually. And what are you doing here?" He looked annoyed.

I fidgeted a little, entwining my fingers. "Would you believe me if I said it was a coincidence?"

"Try again." His gaze penetrated mine.

I licked my lips. Maybe this hadn't been a good idea. "I...okay, I followed you."

"You did what?" The annoyance had changed to anger.

"I thought that we could..." I stopped.

He was waiting, not intending to help me out at all.

Suddenly, that old ugly creep came over and

clapped a hand on my thigh. "Hey, sweet meat," he blubbered. "I'd like to take you outside and fuck your sweet..."

I tried to push him off. He was persistent. "Go away. I'm not interested. Stop it."

Troy was standing now. He looked at the man, then reached over and removed his hand from my thigh. "He's with me," he said.

"Oh, okay, Troy, no problem." He put up his hand and walked away.

"Thanks."

Troy Cole took my arm and pulled me to my feet. "Come on, I'm taking you home."

He half-dragged me out of the bar. "Hey," I said, struggling to get loose, "unless you have dishonorable intentions, if you know what I mean, I'm not leaving."

He released me, stared at me as if I'd lost my mind. "Dishonorable intentions? What in hell is wrong with you? I can't sleep with you. You're my student. You want me to lose my job?"

"I'm an adult. It's not the same."

"It's totally unethical. It's not going to happen. And how dare you follow me here. How did you..." His eyes spotted the bike now. "Oh my God," he muttered. "Are you insane? You could have been killed."

"You don't need to be going on like my dad," I snapped. "This is not how I pictured it."

He placed his hands on his hips. "We'll strap the bike in the trunk and..."

"Troy," I said, shaking off the anger. He was gorgeous. The night was clear and chilly, and yet, standing there looking at him made me feel warm.

"Professor Cole."

"Okay, fine. I'll call you whatever you want." My voice softened. "I dream about you. I knew I wanted to be yours the moment I saw you. Give this poor boy's heart a break, will you?"

He sighed, shook his head.

"Just tell me, is there anyone?"

"No."

"And if I wasn't your student right now?"

He was looking at me, that faint smile playing around his lips. "If you weren't my student right now, I'd..." He stopped.

"You'd what?" I was breathless.

"I'd fuck you all night long."

We stood there, staring at each other for the longest time. I wanted him to say it again. I could hardly believe he'd said it at all, but he did. He did say it. And I had the feeling as I watched him tie my bike into his trunk, that he'd never say it again.

He drove without speaking. When he pulled up outside my apartment, he glanced at me. "Don't you ever do that again," he said.

"At Christmas time, I won't be your student

anymore." I gave him a hopeful look.

"It's not Christmas time yet," he said, leaning over and opening the passenger door for me. It was my sign to get out.

"See you in class," I said as I got out.

He didn't reply. He just drove away.

Of course the first thing that came to my mind when I saw him in class the next week was him telling me that if I wasn't his student, he would have fucked me all night. What an image that conjured up in my already over stimulated imagination. He didn't look at me in class, and I was grateful for that, feeling just a little embarrassed about what I'd done, especially since he hadn't been at all happy about it. I said nothing to no one about what had happened that night, and I considered dropping his class just so I wouldn't be his student any more. But I didn't because I liked his class, and I was doing well for a change. And there was always the chance that if I dropped the course, I'd never see him at all anymore, and that I couldn't abide. Even though I couldn't have him, at least I could look at him once a week, and imagine what *him fucking me all night long* would be like.

"Mr. Carter?"

Stunned, I now found myself looking into those blue eyes of his. He'd been talking to me and I was

off daydreaming somewhere. "Yes?" I managed, clearing my throat, fiddling with my pen.

"Nature, versus Nurture?"

"What was the question again?"

"Which side did the theorist come down on?"

He looked impatient.

"Ah," I thumbed through my new textbook, "which one are we..."

"Never mind. Mr. Connors."

Someone else called out the answer and I sunk down in my seat. Whoa. Talk about giving a good impression. With all the courage I could drum up, I waited until the end of class, then bounded up to the podium, hoping no one else needed to speak to him. He was putting his lecture notes in his briefcase. "Professor Cole?" I was trembling.

He looked up now, waited.

"I...I'm sorry. I just can't concentrate in class." I lowered my voice as the last few students wandered by us.

"Oh? And why's that?"

"You know why," I muttered, looking down at my shoes. "Personally I think this rule sucks." When I looked back up, he was smiling at me. "What?"

"You're nothing if persistent," he replied.

"I want you." I met his gaze head on. "I could play games, keep being miserable. I could just sit back and wait for a few more weeks, but..."

"I'm not worth waiting for?" He lifted an eyebrow.

I smiled. "Does that mean you..."

He snapped his briefcase shut and slid it off the podium. "Maybe," he said.

I watched him turn away from me and my heart hammered against my ribcage. I reached out and grabbed his arm. He stopped, looked at me. "Don't tease me, Troy."

"Wouldn't dream of it. You're the one who has that technique mastered."

I released his arm. "Me?"

"Come off it, Marc, those jeans of yours get tighter every week."

"I didn't think you noticed." I smirked.

"Yes, you did."

He walked out of the room then and I couldn't help but feel as if I'd just won the lottery. He wanted me. He wasn't kidding about what he'd said that night at the bar. I just had to be patient.

I couldn't wait until the last class. I figured that marked the end of the teacher-student thing, but when I went to see him in his office, he dashed my hopes.

He was sitting at his desk, papers strewn in front of him, and when I knocked, he told me to come in without looking up. "Yes, Mark?"

"You knew it was me." I went to close the door.

"Keep it open," he said, looking at me. "I've been expecting you."

"The class is over."

"I haven't received your final essay yet."

"Oh come on," I moaned. "The deadline is two weeks away. And then I suppose I'll have to wait for you to mark the damn thing."

He leaned back in his office chair and smiled. "Stop whining."

I put my palms on the desk and leaned closer to him. "Don't you...are you just leading me on because..."

"Mark," he said, coming forward in his chair, "I really like you." He lowered his voice. "I'd really love to fuck you, but I won't break ethics. You'll get no special favors until you receive your grade. That's the way it has to be. Get your essay in and I'll put in your final grade."

I sighed, stood up. "Fine," I said, pointing at him, "but then they'll be nothing standing in our way."

"Unless you decide to take another soc elective." He grinned.

"Never," I replied. "I'm going home to finish my essay."

He bent down over his papers again. "Good luck," he said.

I muttered something under my breath and I swear I heard him laughing as I left his office.

My essay was on homosexual love in ancient Greece between the teacher and the pupil. I figured that he would appreciate the irony. Three days later, I slipped it under his door. The next day, I wandered past his office and stopped to check the marking sheet outside his door. I found my name. He had given me a B-, which gave me an overall B+ in the course. I was happy with that, but that wasn't the ultimate reason for my happiness. Only problem was, he wasn't in his office and I spent the entire day hunting the campus for him. Later that evening, I went by his house and his car wasn't there either.

I went back to my place, discouraged. Was he avoiding me? When I got to my apartment, there was a note taped to the door. *Came by earlier, you weren't here. Catch you another time. Troy.*

"Damn it," I swore, ripping the note off the door. I barreled into my apartment, found his phone number on the web and dialed it. It rang several times then I heard the phone pick up. It was him. "Troy?"

"Hello, Mark," he replied.

"Okay, stay there, I'm coming over."

Silence.

"Is that all right?"

"You'd be here sooner if you put the phone down."

I hung up and raced out of the apartment. I

took the stairs two at a time and scrambled onto my bike. Twenty minutes later, I had thrown it into his driveway and was pounding on the door like a madman.

When he opened it, I was out of breath. He stood there in jeans, with his shirt unbuttoned. I knew he wanted to laugh. "Okay, can I have you now?"

He did laugh then, moving back and letting me enter. "Come in, Mark, before you have a heart attack."

I closed the door and let my gaze rove down his chest where his shirt lay open. His chest was toned and smooth, his stomach a wave of muscles that led down to the prize, the prize I'd been wanting for what seemed like forever. When I looked back up at him, he was smiling. "You're not my student anymore."

"Um," I nodded, moving closer, feeling brave enough suddenly to grab both sides of his shirt and move it off his shoulders. "But I have a feeling, you're still my teacher," I said, finding it hard to breath as the shirt fluttered to the floor and my view was filled with his muscular biceps and broad, tan shoulders.

"What would you like me to teach you, Mark?"

My pulse sped up. "Everything," I replied.

He looked perfectly calm, except that his chest raised and lowered a few times. It was

provocative. I compulsively reached for the belt on his pants and he placed a hand over mine. "Not yet." He crooked his finger at me and I followed him down a dimly lit corridor, like a drunk headed to the bar. I not only wanted him right now, my body craved him.

Troy turned into a room and flicked on a light. Directly in front of me was a king sized bed covered with a white duvet. In the corner stood a cherry wood bureau, the top containing a variety of masculine objects. Dark blue curtains billowed out of an open window beside a closet door, and a nightstand, which matched the bureau, balancing the room on the other side of the bed.

I watched as he went to the nightstand and took out several things. He threw them on the bed and looked at me. "Get undressed," he said.

I met his eyes, shaking. This was really happening and suddenly my stomach was in knots.

"Unless you want to back out?" He lifted an eyebrow.

"No," I pulled my t-shirt over my head, "I haven't waited all this time to..."

"Good," he said, "because I've been waiting, too."

I met his gaze and smiled. That pleased me a lot. I undid my jeans, took them down over my hips, hesitated a second, then stripped off my

underwear. I stood there naked, shivering a little, my cock hard, my balls scrunched up high. I licked my lips as he approached. "You're beautiful," he said, really looking at me. "Turn around."

I turned, laughing a little from the embarrassment, holding out my arms. I might have said something ridiculous like...dud ah! Then I gasped as he wrapped his arms around me from behind and pulled me against his chest. He kissed my hair, smoothed one of his hands up my chest, and grasped my dick with the other. I let my head go back against him. "Oh yes, touch me," I urged. I could feel his hard body against me, his erection poking my butt. "Troy," I moaned.

He took his hand and moved my head to the side and up. He looked at me for the longest, heart wrenching second, then lowered his mouth for the kiss. He squeezed my cock gently as he kissed me most thoroughly, his mouth opening, his tongue sliding along the length of mine. Then most abruptly, he spun me around and pushed me onto my knees on the bed. My ass opened and his tongue began to awaken every nerve I had, darting in and out of my hole, which was quite ready to issue an invitation to whatever he had in mind.

His pants were still on and I was screaming, pleading for his cock. He had no intention of being

merciful. He reached under me and played with my balls, while he continued to open me like I'd never been opened before.

Suddenly he grabbed my hips and turned me over onto my back. "Spread your legs, keep your knees up," he said. "God, you are so hot."

I smiled at him. "I'm leaking come like crazy."

He gave me a sly smile in return and reached for the belt on his jeans. Slowly he undid it. I licked my lips, moaned, and pleaded with him to take them off. "I've imagined what it would look like, thick and juicy. Ah..." I said as his pants came down and the underwear as well. "You're beautiful. I want to touch you."

"Not yet."

His cock was big and thick, uncut, absolutely magnificent. I could already imagine it inside of me. "You're so hard."

"Yeah," he nodded. "I think I should punish you for that."

He was teasing me but God it was turning me on.

"You have great nipples. I want to make them ache."

He crawled over me, his cock brushing my thigh. It was driving me crazy. He nibbled at my nipples, pulled on them, licked and bit them, while giving my cock a brief caress occasionally. I moved my head from side to side, gritted my

teeth. I'd been with a few men, no, I'd been with a few boys, boys who came within seconds. This was a man, and he brought a whole new meaning to foreplay.

He sprang off the bed suddenly and went rummaging through his top drawer.

I drank in his fine ass and my cock leaped at the thought of invading it. He came back with a silk tie and what looked like clamps.

"Do you mind?" he asked.

"Ah, not yet," I laughed.

"Put your hands over your head."

He quickly tied my wrists together, then his face swooped down to lick and coax my nipples to become even more erect. Without fanfare, he attached one clamp and then the other. They weren't tight. They gave my nipples the slightest bit of tension, making me feel even hornier, if that was possible. He grabbed one of the clamps with his teeth and pulled, looking at me with those blue eyes. I moaned, my cock pumping. "Please," I begged. "Fuck me."

"First," he said, "I'm going to fuck your face." He lifted a piece of silky material I didn't know he had and placed it over my eyes. "Lift your head." Quickly he tied it around my eyes so that I could no longer see. It was kinky and oh so erotic. He proceeded to let his hair move down over my chest, his tongue to lick the head of my cock and

down to the shaft. One finger went up inside of my ass, almost knocking the breath out of me. I cried out as the finger was removed and his cock slid up over my belly and moved around the clamps pinching my nipples. I was hyperventilating. Then one hand grasped a handful of my hair and he yanked my head back. I felt the head of his cock moisten my lips and I tasted him, tears of gratitude on my face.

"Eat it," he urged. "I want to come in your mouth."

I took as much of his cock as I could, enjoying every inch of it, playing with the flap of skin at the head.

As he pumped into my mouth, he pulled on those clamps gently, giving my nubs just enough stimulation to bring me to the brink of ejaculation. He started coming in my mouth and I did my best to swallow it. When he sensed I'd had enough, he pulled out and I felt the come hit my chin and my chest.

I couldn't see him and suddenly I wanted to. As if reading my mind, he removed the blindfold, smiled down at me and kissed my mouth. I moaned, swirling my tongue around his. His hands moved over my skin, down to my belly and then he was licking my balls, licking the come, which was dripping off the tip of my cock. He reached up and took off the clamps, laving each

nipple with his tongue as he did. Then I saw the condom.

I lifted my hips in anticipation. He took the head of my cock in his mouth and twisted his tongue around it, then drew back and placed the condom on his cock. "I want you," I said.

I saw him squirt a generous amount of lube on his fingers and grin at me. "And as you can see," he laughed, rolling the condom down his hard, solid shaft, "I want you as well. Let's make sure it's as good for you, shall we," he indicated his hand, then reached up between my crack and I felt the cold lube hit my anus. I squirmed. He laughed a little, moving his finger in and out.

"God, that feels good. You have magic hands."

"I have a magic cock, too," he teased, removing his finger. He lifted my legs and placed my feet on his shoulders. Without any more delay, he pulled my body closer and drove his cock into my ass. I cried out from the invasion then embraced it, moving my body in sync with his. As he fucked me, I watched his face, heaven, paradise he'd found, and I was it. He gripped my cock as he came, crying out something that didn't sound at all academic. He collapsed on my chest and let my come trail between his fingers.

I was still gasping for breath, wishing my hands were untied so I could touch him, wrap my arms around him. Eventually he glanced up at me with

a grin.

"I suppose I should untie you."

"Please," I said with a smile.

He smiled back. Oh, God yes, I was in love. I guess I had been the moment I saw him. I hoped that wouldn't be a problem.

When my hands were free, I wrapped him in my arms. He seemed perfectly content to snuggle there, and I really liked that. There was nothing cold about him. He reached for my hand and took it in his. "I'd like to touch you all over," I told him.

He looked into my eyes. "Okay, but can you give me a minute?"

I laughed faintly, kissing his forehead, his cheek, and his lips. "Okay. That was incredible."

"Do I get a passing grade?"

"I don't know," I teased, "you're the teacher. Guess you'll have to grade yourself."

"I'm not the teacher anymore," he shook his head, moving on top of me. "I'm your lover."

We kissed again deeply, rolled around on the bed. I was the one now to move over his body with my lips, my fingertips, my gaze. I wanted to absorb every inch of him. I licked his inner thigh, making him hard again and then I sucked him to orgasm. He tore at my hair and shouted my name. I fell asleep with his cock nestled against my cheek.

When we awoke, there was no awkwardness.

We both knew where we wanted to be. He fed me scrambled eggs from his fingers and I licked jam off his chest. We ended up in bed again that day, still there by suppertime, laying on our sides, talking about everything. "I guess I have to tell you something," I said finally, my hand shaking as I went to possess his cock with my fingers.

He watched me wrap my fist around his cock and smiled. "What's that?"

"I'm in love with you." I met his gaze.

For a moment, he didn't say anything. He looked kind of dazed. Then he tilted his head and said, "You're not just sucking up to the teacher, are you? You could have brought me an apple, it's less...ah, potent."

His cock was hard again and I licked my lips in anticipation. I wanted him to fuck me, hard and long, just as he'd done last night and this morning. "I suppose."

"But then again, I'm not the teacher anymore, remember?"

"You'll always be the teacher," I joked, licking the head of his cock.

"I love you, too, Mark," he said suddenly, his head going back into the pillow. His words came out like a grunt.

I swallowed my tears. "Good," I managed, licking his cock. "And by the way," I added before taking his cock into my mouth, "how come I only

got a B- on that essay?"

He started to laugh, groaning in between intervals as I massaged his balls.

"Because..." he gulped... "I...ah...wasn't in it...you wrote about Plato."

I started to laugh so hard that for a moment, I had to sit up and hold onto my stomach. He looked up in despair and grabbed my head, pushing it back down to his cock. "Come on, go to work, and if you do a good job, I'll consider bumping it up to a B."

Story 2 - Big Bang

Physics was tough. And by the end of the semester, Professor Chan always made me hold a study group for undergrads who were having a lot of problems with the material. I had been Professor's teaching assistant for two years, ever since I became a doctoral candidate. I didn't mind doing all the exam markings and even the office hours were okay, but I really didn't care for teaching study groups. I'd always been a little shy around people, and once I graduated, I was hoping to find a job doing research, anywhere that I wasn't expected to interact too much with people.

I had been an army brat growing up. My father was a chief medical officer and my mother was an army chaplain. We moved from place to place and I had no time to make any friends. Instead, I spent my time reading and studying. I was considered a genius by some, way ahead of everyone else, which didn't endear me to many.

I never considered myself to be particularly good looking, although I did work out. My father had instilled in me the good habit of exercise, and I was a bit of a fanatic. Lifting weights and jogging was a solitary activity, and I was a solitary guy.

The study group was to consist of three students, all of them male, which didn't surprise me—females were so much more serious in their studies than males, especially in science where they always felt they had to prove themselves. The group was to be held in a lone classroom in the basement of the Science Department at nine o'clock on Friday nights, probably Chan's idea of punishment. The campus was usually deserted by three o'clock in the afternoon on Fridays. The time didn't bother me. I had nothing better to do on a Friday night, but I knew that teaching them would be a chore, because none of them would truly want to be there.

When the three of them shuffled in that evening, I checked my list. It was obvious that they knew each other, all buddies. "Quinton Von?" I looked for acknowledgement. The tall, blond guy nodded. "Christopher Medina?" The one with the thick, dark hair put up his hand nonchalantly. "And you're Nathan Cook?" I looked into the face of the one sitting closest to me. He actually smiled, his eyes were the greenest eyes I'd ever seen, and his hair had the slightest

touch of russet gold on top. They were all athletic, obviously taking care of their bodies, all handsome. Although I was too shy to go to a gay bar, I'd thought about it. I knew I liked men in that way. "Okay," I said, "I've gone over your tests and I see where the problems are. You don't seem to understand the theories."

They all began talking at once.

I put up a hand. "First of all, I should introduce myself, I'm—"

"You're Wayne Frontenac, Professor Chan's TA," the one called Nathan said.

"Yeah, we know you, man," Christopher said, smiling at me. In fact, they all smiled at each other.

I wasn't sure how they knew me. I'd never seen one of them come to the office for help at any time. "Oh, Professor Chan told you I was going to—"

"No," Quinton said, "we've seen you at the gym. You like to lift early in the morning."

"I get up early just to come and watch," Christopher offered.

I glanced at the door. It was still open. I grew uneasy with the tone. It seemed to be almost seductive. I cleared my throat. "Well, fine. I guess we should get started on the Big Bang Theory. Tell me, ah...Nathan, what are some of the misconceptions about this theory?"

The three others were sitting around in a small circle. I was sitting slightly outside of it. I leaned

back against the wall with the back of my chair. There was something very unnerving about the way they were all looking at me.

"Well," Nathan began, "we tend to imagine a giant explosion. Experts, however, say that there was no explosion—there was and continues to be, an expansion. Rather than imagining a balloon popping and releasing its contents, imagine a balloon expanding—an infinitesimally small balloon expanding to the size of our current universe."

"Another misconception," Christopher began, "is that we tend to image the singularity as a little fireball appearing somewhere in space. According to the many experts, however, space didn't exist prior to the Big Bang. Back in the late 60s and early 70s, when men first walked upon the moon, three British astrophysicists—Steven Hawking, George Ellis, and Roger Penrose—turned their attention to the Theory of Relativity and its implications regarding our notions—"

"Wait," I said. "What is this? You guys don't need me." They knew this theory as well as I did.

"Oh, but you see," Nathan said, standing up suddenly, "we do. We do need you, Wayne, but not for what you originally thought."

I stared at him blankly, glanced at the others. "I don't understand."

"Of course you don't, baby," Quinton

murmured, "but you will.

"You see," Christopher piped in, "we've got everything ready for you. All you got to do is...ah...come." They all laughed at this.

"I guess I'll have to tell Professor Chan that—" I got out of my chair, backed up against the wall.

"You don't need to tell Professor Chan anything," Quinton said. "We'll pass the course with flying colors. You'll get a pat on the back and we'll get what we really came here for."

"If you're curious," Nathan said, motioning to me with his finger, "follow us."

They filed out of the room and I stood there, in shock, wondering what in hell was going on. I hesitated a moment, then tentatively made my way down the hallway. I found them in a room at the end of the hall, some kind of a huge storage room with shelves of old books. I followed the voices around the maze of shelving and came to a clearing. The first thing I noticed were the ropes hanging from the ceiling with what looked like cuffs attached. There was something on the floor as well, spaced wide apart. "What is this?"

They stood there, the three of them, smiling. Nathan had taken off his shirt. He was buff, smooth, absolutely beautiful. "You like what you see?" he asked.

I liked. I liked a lot. I nodded a little hesitantly. The other two took off their shirts now. Equally

impressive.

"What about you, Wayne?" Nathan coaxed. "Show us what we've all been dying for.

"This isn't very —"

"Take it off," Christopher said sharply, "or we'll take it off for you."

"Okay, but just the shirt," I said. I quickly pulled my sweatshirt over my head and clutched it in my hand.

"Um," Quinton murmured, licking his lips deliberately, "you have the greatest chest, but your nipples need a little...well help. They should be peaks, hard, bitable."

I looked around, embarrassed, prepared to put my sweatshirt back on.

"Let's see the cock, the ass. I've dreamt about it while I watched you lift, your cock jutting out of those shorts. Did you realize that lifting got you erect?" Nathan moved closer, rubbing his own cock.

I was hard now. There was no question. "No, I..."

He came closer, took off my rimless glasses, and laid them carefully on one of the shelves. He moved his fingertips over my chest, encircled my nipples, then flicked them with his fingers a few times.

"Ouch," I said.

He laughed, taking them between his fingers

and pulling. I bit my lip and suddenly the other two surrounded me. Christopher was in back, reaching around to undo my jeans. Quinton leaned down to tongue one of my nipples while Nathan played mercifully with the other.

I was breathing hard. My pants and underwear were now at my feet and Chris was squeezing my ass. "My God, you have a great ass. So fuckable." His hands moved up my flanks now and lifted my arms.

"Look at that cock," Nathan moaned, still pulling at my nipple. "God, you're so big, thick, leaking come right now.

"And those balls." Chris reached between my legs and fingered them. "So perfect, I want to suck them."

I was moaning, helpless in their hands, not even aware of being moved over to the middle of the room until I felt my wrists being clamped over my head. Nathan kicked my legs wide apart and buckled my ankles, securing them in place.

The three of them stood back now, looking at me, as they took off their own clothes and got naked. I let my gaze be consumed by their bodies, their cocks, all hard and ready for anything.

"You're beautiful," Nathan tongued my ear, running his hands over my flesh with wild abandon. "We're going to clamp your nipples, bind your cock, fuck you until you plead for

mercy. How does that sound, baby?"

I swallowed. "Yes," I hissed. "I'm yours."

"You're our whore tonight, Wayne," Christopher knelt in front of me and began sucking my balls. Nathan was at my ass, spreading it, inserting something thick and greasy, which he moved in and out slowly. "Just getting you ready," he said, his voice heavy with lust. Quinton clamped something tight on my nipples and then proceeded to wrap my cock with a thick leather strap. "No gag," he said, "we want to hear you moan."

My legs ached, they were spread so wide. Quinton got between them and licked me from my ass hole to my balls while Nathan began to move in and out of me with that large dildo, deeper and faster. Christopher kissed my chest, pulled on the clamps with his teeth, and slapped at my bound cock.

I cried out, moaned, pleaded for release until Quinton unwrapped my cock, sucked it into his mouth and took all my come down his throat. Nathan fucked me harder with the object as I came and then pulled it out and put his own cock inside of me, pulling my head back at the same time. "Slut," he hissed, fucking me hard while Quinton squeezed my cock and Chris removed the clamps and bit my nipples.

When Nathan came inside me, Quinton took

his place, using my body for his pleasure, grunting his release as the other two watched. Quinton was replaced by Christopher who pinched my nipples as he came and called me his whore over and over. And I wanted to be. I was so hot. I wanted them to use me all night.

After Christopher came, he rested with the others. They left me like that, covered in come and sweat. I think I dozed a little, only to be awakened by Nathan, who was unhooking my restrains. He grinned at me. "You okay?"

"Fine," I said. I finally felt alive. I winced a little when I moved. I was a little stiff, sore, but extremely happy. "Where are Christopher and Quinton?"

"They left. I won the draw."

"The draw?" I picked up my pants and began to dress.

He watched me, his arms crossed. "Yeah. We all wanted to stay, but I won."

"I don't get it," I said, doing up my pants.

"We know, and that's why we're all so in love with you."

"In love with me?" I laughed and put on my sweatshirt.

"Wayne, you're gorgeous, and so unassuming. We first saw you in the gym and we knew we had to have you, bring you to life. You seemed so...alone."

I nodded, hunting for my other shoe.

Nathan handed me my glasses. "It's always been that way."

"We took a big risk. We just felt like you..."

I put a hand on his shoulder. "It's okay. You were right."

He moved closer, touched my cheek. "Kiss me," he urged. "I'm dying to kiss you."

I pulled him close and kissed him tenderly on the mouth.

He stood back, licked his lips. "Yep, that's how I imagined you'd kiss. Listen, Wayne, since we all feel the same, we decided not to individually pursue you. We knew it would be the end of our friendship. We are hoping you'll choose one of us, but until you do, we've agreed to only have you together. I'd love you to fuck me, right here, but I promised...so..." He took a few steps back. "We'll see you next study group?"

I nodded. I put on my glasses. I couldn't wait.

It took me awhile to digest all of it. I had three gorgeous studs in love with me, and they wanted me to choose. Right now, there was no choosing. I wanted them all. I wanted to fill their every sexual need.

The next study session couldn't come fast enough. We didn't even bother going into the class this time. We all headed down to that storage room, and I was in the lead. Nathan grabbed and

kissed me the minute we got into the room, but Christopher pulled him away in the middle of it. "Hey, we said none of that, remember?"

Nathan sighed and stepped back. "Right."

Quinton started unbuttoning my shirt. "I would have tried myself, but Christopher would have a fit."

"I'm a person in this room," Christopher grumbled, reaching for the top of my pants. I glanced over Quinton's shoulder and smiled at Nathan. He stood back, looking impatient, and just a little miffed.

He returned the smile, watching as Christopher knelt down in front of me and began to suck my cock. I locked my gaze with Nathan, my cock pumping into Christopher's mouth as Quinton moved around back and kissed my neck. Ever since last week when we'd been alone in the room, I couldn't stop thinking about Nathan. It wasn't every day some guy told you he loved you. There was something about him. He was taller than the other two, but he didn't stand out like Quinton or Christopher. His reddish blond hair was free of artificial additives or highlights. His eyes were blue, very, very blue. He had a gentility about him the others lacked. It wasn't that he was less manly, it was just that he didn't seem to have to go out of his way to prove anything.

I did like Christopher and Quinton. In fact,

right now, they were just about my two favorite people in the world because Quinton had knelt in front of me and Christopher was behind, urging me to my knees. I knew they were about to drive me crazy.

Nathan came over suddenly with condoms. He rolled one onto my cock with trembling hands and then put one on Christopher. I was a little nervous. "What am I ..." I looked at Christopher. "Are you going to..."

"Yeah. It will hurt a bit."

"It will hurt a lot," Nathan said. "Go easy," he told Christopher.

"At the same time, baby," Quinton said, "give me all you got. I can take it."

I wondered why Nathan was standing around watching. Last week he was an active participant. When Christopher grabbed my hips, I seized hold of Quinton's. Nathan squirted lube on my hands and on Christopher's. I thoroughly enjoyed rubbing it in between Quinton's ass cheeks, commenting on how cold it was when Christopher began to do the same to me.

Quinton and I were moaning from the stimulation a few minutes later, then gasping as Christopher's cock entered me and I entered Quinton. I gulped the pain and vowed to take it like a man, but it hurt like hell. It felt like I was being torn open at one time, which frustrated me

because Quinton was obviously enjoying being fucked by me, even if my pace was totally erratic. The week before, I'd been really opened up with that dildo. Tonight my ass felt tight, almost raw. At one point, Nathan came over and placed his hand on my shoulder. This seemed to soothe me and then all of a sudden, my agony turned to pleasure. Whatever erogenous zones existed in my ass, Christopher had found them all, and we began pumping like crazy, Quinton losing control.

When it was over, Nathan was far away again, and I looked at him longingly. He didn't look back this time, and suddenly he turned on his heel and left the room. "How come it's just you two tonight?" I asked. "Is Nathan all right?"

"We had a bit of a misunderstanding," Quinton said, reaching over and rubbing his thumb over my cheek. "Don't worry about it, pretty baby."

"What kind of misunderstanding?" I stood, gathering my clothes as I did.

"He fancies himself in love with you." Christopher sniggered.

"He told me you all were."

Quinton raised an eyebrow. "In lust, maybe. No offence, but when this all started, all we wanted was your body."

I smiled.

"What?" Christopher asked.

"Nothing. I got to go." I left them both there on

the floor, staring at each other. I ran down the hallway and up the stairs, spotting Nathan who was halfway across the quad.

He was surprised when I suddenly appeared beside him. "Wayne?"

I grinned at him. "You lied to me."

He made a face. "About?"

"Christopher and Quinton are not in love with me."

"Oh, that." He laughed. "It made you happy, right?"

I grabbed him and pulled him close to my chest. I looked down into those blue eyes. "What would make me happier is, if it wasn't a total lie."

"I don't get it." He was breathing hard.

"Yes, you do. I'm grateful for what you and your friends did, but lust is lust. I'm ready for more. Want to try it?"

"Try what?" His hand reached up and caught a piece of my hair.

"You, me, alone, tonight."

"What about Christopher and Quinton?"

Suddenly, I felt arms fold around my shoulders and I looked to see both Christopher and Quinton standing beside us. "Now, guys," I began, "listen. I..."

Quinton squeezed me and let me go. Christopher kissed me gently on the mouth. "You're gorgeous." They both looked at Nathan.

"You're made for each other," Christopher said, "go for it." He took Quinton's hand. "I won't be alone."

Quinton winked at us and walked off with Christopher's arm around his waist.

Nathan didn't wait. He hugged my neck and kissed me long and hard. "You really like me?"

"Um," I nodded. "Tonight when I was with them, all I could think about is you, and yet we hardly know each other."

"I can change that," he said, taking my hand. We walked together under the moonlight, and I thought I could get used to this. And when he pulled me into his dorm room and starting kissing me all over, I thought, oh yeah, I could really get used to that. I was inside of him soon enough and he groaned out his pleasure as I rode his sweet ass. I wrapped him in my arms and said his name. "So," I ground my faded cock against him, "can you tell me the theory of relativity?"

"Later," he grunted, "Teach. Later."

Story 3 - Upside of Fear

Patrick walked around the room stark naked. He didn't seem to have any modesty whatsoever and at one point, I thought he knew, and that he was doing it just to torment me. But I'd given him no indication that I was gay. In fact, it was something I didn't spread around. I had a boyfriend back home, or I figured I did. He told me that while I was gone, we could sleep around, but Harry was the love of my life, wasn't he, so why in hell would I want to do that?

Patrick was a pain in the ass from the moment I first walked into the dorm room I was to share with him. He was always leaving the window open in spite of the fact that it played havoc with my allergies. He used all the damn towels in the morning, leaving me nothing but washcloths, and he walked around butt naked.

He was second year, I was first, and from the first day, he teased me, calling me a *Freshie*. I just rolled my eyes. The problem was that he was drop

dead gorgeous, so his walking around naked really bothered me. He was hung quite nicely and had an ass to die for. If only Harry was built like that.

After three weeks of agony, I decided to speak to him. The only time I really saw him was in the room, but that was enough. We were in different programs and he hung with the jocks. I had practiced exactly what I was going to say to him that evening, thinking he couldn't possibly take it wrong.

When I walked in, he was lying on the bed naked, his face buried in his English book. I looked, then looked away again. His legs were casually spread, his cock curved beautifully up over his washboard stomach. I lost it. "You think you could put some pants on, at least!"

He lowered his book and looked at me, a slight smile on his arrogant face. Yeah. He had a pretty face as well, silky, long, blond hair, clear blue eyes, which now looked quite innocent. "What's your problem, Freshie?"

"I have a name, and it's not Freshie. Do you think you could use it once, or do you know it?"

"Simon. You see."

"Yeah, I see," I muttered, slamming down my packsack on the desk. "I see too much."

"Don't look."

"How can I not look?"

"Easily. Just don't."

"And another thing," I said, pointing at him. "Why don't we change beds? You sleep beside the window since you want it open all night."

"Anything else?" He lifted an eyebrow.

"Leave me some God damned towels."

"If you got up first, you could pay me back."

I knew he was looking at me. I kept my back turned. "I don't want to pay you back. I want a towel."

"Anything else?" he asked.

There was a change in his tone. It made a shiver go up my spine. "What...what do you mean?"

"Simon, you know what I mean."

I turned to look at him and he was stroking that fine cock of his. I couldn't look away. He ran the other hand over his chest as he kept stroking his cock.

"Want to give me a hand, or maybe a mouth?"

I groaned inwardly. I wanted to touch him. I wanted to touch him a lot. I took a step toward the bed, then someone knocked on the door. Patrick shrugged, and pulled the blanket up over him. "Get it, will you, Freshie."

I was a little in shock, but I moved to the door and opened it. It was two of his friends—loud, football types. They wanted him to go to the pub. I'd hoped he'd go, but he said no. "I got to finish my book." He looked at me. And I chickened out.

I took that opportunity and grabbed my bag. I muttered, "See you," and headed out the door. I stayed in the library until the security guard came and kicked me out at one o'clock. I'd fallen asleep on one of the tables in the archive room.

Patrick was ribbing me in the morning, calling me *chicken shit*. I threw my pillow at him, rolled over and tried to go back to sleep.

He was laughing. "Someone is missing his first class."

"Fuck it. I'm skipping," I moaned. "I slept on a table half the night."

"Simon," Patrick sighed. "You didn't have to do that. Forget last night, okay?"

I sat up, bleary eyed. I didn't want to forget it. Yet, I had to. "I have a boyfriend."

"It's cool," he said, shaking his head. "I'm hitting the shower. If you're going to try to make your class, I'll let you go first."

"No," I said. "I'll get the notes off Anne."

"Oh, your girlfriend." He grinned.

"Not my girlfriend," I growled. My God, but this guy could irritate me like none other. "We're friends, and that's all. We grew up together back home."

"I hate to break it to you, but she wants to be more than friends."

"Will you shower already?"

He laughed and disappeared into the

bathroom.

I got out of bed, went over to my desk, and opened my laptop. I fired up the modem and checked my email. Nothing from Harry. He had gotten a new job bartending in some bar that he never did tell me the name of. I knew he worked nights. My parents were against our relationship from the start. Harry was six years older and had barely completed high school. He worked as a bartender for a catering service when we first met, and my parents weren't keen on some of his friends. But in spite of our different backgrounds, we clicked and the sex was good from day one. He was my first love, but as my parents, who were cool with my being gay, were always quick to point out, he wouldn't be my last.

I was beginning to worry. I wrote him a mushy email and sent it, complete with huge kisses on the bottom. I hoped he was all right. His younger brother had had some problem with drugs and I hoped Harry had talked him into rehab.

"Love the kisses," Patrick said suddenly, peering over my shoulder.

I shut my laptop and glared up at him. "Ever heard of privacy?"

"Ever heard of dignity?" he echoed. "Harry, why don't you write me?" he mocked. "I love you, I can't breathe without you? Give me a break."

I stood and went to hit him. He ducked out of

the way, pulling on his t-shirt.

"Do you know the meaning of privacy?"

"I'm an English major."

"Yeah, an English major and an asshole."

He grinned at me. "Sticks and stones. Got to go." He picked up his bag, and cast a look at me while picking up his battered, old brown leather jacket. "Why don't you phone him if you're so worried?"

"I'm not worried." I looked at the picture of him I'd taped to my wall.

"Okay, see you," he said and left the room.

I sighed. I didn't have another class until three. I threw myself onto my bed and went back to sleep. I woke up ravenous. I checked the alarm clock and gasped. It was two o'clock. I jumped in the shower, threw on some clothes and raced across campus, grabbing a ready-made chicken sandwich on the way. I ate the sandwich discretely in biology class and then went to the library to work on a paper. It was well past seven when I decided that I was really starving beyond belief and headed over to the pizza place two blocks from campus.

It was pretty quiet for a Tuesday and I ordered a medium deluxe and dug into it like a mad man as I pulled out a Gordon Merrick novel. I'd read them all of course, but I couldn't resist rereading them from time to time, so romantic, so tragic.

I happened to look up at one point and I saw Patrick. He was standing on the corner with a guy I'd never seen. The guy was really cute, streaked, wispy hair, nice body. He was looking up into Patrick's face as if Patrick were a god. I narrowed my eyes, couldn't look away. Then Patrick kissed him, right there in plain view. I slammed my book down on the table, hurting my wrist. For some reason, this really pissed me off, and it didn't make any sense. What did I care who Patrick kissed? When I looked out the window again, they were gone, they had walked off around the corner.

As I headed back to the dorm, I got angrier. I finally decided that what really angered me was the fact that Patrick had been coming on to me last night, and yet, here he was, kissing some guy on the street.

The minute he walked into the room at a quarter to ten, I blasted him. "Where have you been?"

"Whoa," he said. "What's with you, Dad?"

"What's with me?" I got up from my desk, pointed at him. "Who was that guy you were kissing earlier?"

"Huh?"

"You were smooching with some guy in front of Luigi's Pizza Palace."

"What you want to know for?"

"Last night, you invite me into your bed, and

tonight, you're kissing another guy!"

"You didn't want into my bed, remember?" He put down his bag, shrugged out of his jacket. "You ran away and slept at the library."

"Never mind that!" I snapped. "What's with you? Is he your boyfriend? Does he know you sleep around?"

"First of all, Seth is not my boyfriend."

"Oh, just one of your fuck toys then."

He folded his arms across his chest, smirked at me. He was too damn good looking. That was his problem. "If I didn't know any better, Simon, I'd say you were jealous."

"Jealous? Why in hell would I be jealous? I have a boyfriend. And you're the last guy I'd..." I stopped. I did sound jealous. It was stupid. "You know what, you can fuck who you want."

"Thanks for permission, but you know what, I can't," he said, shaking his head.

"I don't get it. What do you mean?"

"I can't fuck who I really want to fuck." He met my gaze.

I was finding it really hot in the room suddenly. I walked over and opened the window.

"I thought you didn't like the window open?"

I didn't answer.

"You can sleep in my bed if you like," he said.

"I mean, without me in it of course. Unless you'd like—"

"No." I put up my hand. "It's fine. We'd have to switch sheets and everything."

"I don't have cooties," he laughed.

"I know that. It's just that it's a lot of trouble."

He shrugged. "So, did you hear from Harry boy?"

I shook my head.

"Tell me about him," Patrick invited, flopping on his bed. At least he'd kept his clothes on this time.

"He's a little older. Drives a Harley. My parents don't approve of him."

"Classic bad boy, rebel syndrome."

"What?"

"You go out with him to defy your parents, show them you're an adult. Psychology 101."

"You switched your majors now?"

He shook his head. "No, but everyone knows that. Do you love him?"

"Of course I...well, I...miss him."

"Him, or the sex?"

I slumped down into my chair in front of the desk. "Both."

"He your first?"

"Um," I nodded.

"Natural you'd feel that attached. It's not love."

"How in the hell would you know?"

He looked at me. "Trust me. I felt the same about my first."

"How many have you...ah...had?"

"A few."

I laughed. "Come on, fess up. What's a few?"

"Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three?" I was shocked. "You're only nineteen years old."

"I started early."

"You fucked twenty-three guys, or twenty-three times?"

He laughed. "Twenty-three guys."

"More than once, each one?"

"Sometimes. I lost track."

"Shit."

He was looking at me again. It was sending shivers up my spine. I changed the subject. "I was lucky to have awakened in time today. I almost missed biology."

"Should have set your alarm." He sat up and pulled off his t-shirt, kicking off his running shoes at the same time. He yawned and reached for the zipper on his pants. He slid it down and I could see the outline of his boner through the white briefs. I looked away. When I dared look back, his jeans were on the floor and he was standing at the window in those white briefs. His ass was perfect and I suddenly had an image of me nibbling on it.

They say guys think about sex all the time. I think with gay men, it may be worse, especially when you have a hot stud like Patrick walking

around your room half-naked.

He turned around now, that hard-on he was sporting practically spilling out of its hiding place. "You know it's probably only a matter of time until something happens between us. It's kind of inevitable." His voice was soft.

My gaze was fixed on his cock, a damp stain darkening his groin. I came out of my trance. "Don't you believe in fidelity?"

He shrugged. "For the right guy."

"How do you know Harry isn't the right guy?"

"Cause if he was, you wouldn't be staring at my cock right now."

I muttered something and turned back to the books on my desk. "You're arrogant."

"And you're kidding yourself. Harry has probably been fucking up a storm since you've been gone."

I didn't reply. I just stared at my empty email folder, listening as Patrick ran the water in the bathroom, brushing his teeth. The light went out, leaving me in the dark except for my desk lamp. I stared at the page and then flipped the book closed. "Goodnight," I said.

"Night," he replied.

A few minutes later, I crawled into my own bed. I lay there, my face turned in the direction of his bed. He slept quietly, his breathing deep and even. I reached down and handled my throbbing

cock. The moonlight streamed in and illuminated his face. I almost wept at how beautiful he was. I couldn't go over there and touch him, even though I'd already broken out into a sweat from the images that were flashing through my brain. Patrick had had over twenty lovers. He definitely treated love callously. He'd break my heart. I thought about Harry. I guess I could deal with it if he slept around. I discovered that I didn't miss him as much as I should have. Patrick was right. It was the sex I missed, and right now with a gorgeous young guy lying half-naked a few feet away, I was missing that a whole lot.

The moment I spoke to Harry on the phone, I knew it was over. He sounded distracted, distant. "I told you it was okay to fuck around," he said.

"Did you meet someone?"

"No one special," he said. "Look, baby," he sighed into the phone, as if talking about this was really a chore he'd rather not have to deal with, "do your thing. I'll do mine, and when you come home, if we still want to get together then—"

I was sad, but not as devastated as I'd thought. "Fine," I said briskly. "Have fun. I have a lot of catching up to do." I hung up.

There were no tears, which was great, because Patrick would have noticed when he came in. But I was sad, and that was hard to hide. Maybe

sadness was not the right word. Maybe it was disillusionment. I'd heard often enough how there was no such thing as fidelity among gay men. I didn't want the one-night stands. I wanted a relationship, someone I could come home to, and be friends with. I was a girl!

"So, who died?" Patrick asked, taking a break from his books.

"No one died."

"You look like someone did."

"You were right about Harry."

He stood up. "Yeah? It's over?"

I nodded. "Don't look so smug."

"I'm not smug. I'm sorry. I'm sure it hurts."

"I'm a girl."

"What?"

"I'm like a girl."

"You don't look like one, unless you're one hell of a fantastic drag queen."

"Funny. No, I mean, I want a relationship, like women do. It's not natural for guys. I should just be like you."

"Whoa, whoa, hold up there. What's all this?" He came over and sat on the edge of my bed.

I was turned around in my chair at the desk. Our knees almost touched. I pulled back a little. "You heard me. Harry wants to fuck around like all gay men. I was warned that I could never have a real relationship, like my parents do."

"Who told you that crap?"

I met his gaze. "This is coming from you?"

"I want that, too," he said.

"Mr. I fucked twenty-three men?"

"I haven't found the right man yet, that's all. I'm only nineteen. That doesn't mean that when he comes along, I won't want to be exclusive, you know."

"You couldn't do it," I scoffed.

"Yes," he said, looking at me matter of fact, "I could." He paused, then reached out and grabbed my hand. "Simon, listen, let's say you were that guy. I think I'd be content to wake up beside you every morning, hold you in my arms every night, only you. There's something precious about that, sharing everything with one special person. Once you find it, that complete trust, you don't risk it for a fuck."

I was speechless. I felt his hand in mine and I wondered what in hell we were doing. I let it go. "Patrick, are you drunk?"

He stood up. "No," he said. "Forget it." He left the room, just like that.

I was stunned, just a little freaked out. It had been the strangest day.

Patrick didn't return to the room that night, and when I woke up in the morning after spending a restless night, his bed hadn't been slept in. I didn't

know what to make of it, and after my first class, I mentioned it to Annie, while having coffee in the cafeteria.

"You're not telling me everything," she said, stealing a piece of my muffin and shoving it into her mouth. "Harry and you broke up, you told him and then he left?"

"He was talking about fidelity. Or we were," I said, sipping my coffee. "I was saying how it was tough for gay men, and he, believe or not, Patrick, my roommate, who's slept with thousands, contradicted me."

"He's really hot."

"Oh yeah," I said. "I know. I have the feeling he's mad at me about something."

"Why? 'Cause he didn't come back to the room? He's probably with that cutie you mentioned seeing him with."

"Um," I nodded. "But his books are there. It's not like him to skip classes. He's a pretty serious student."

"I heard he got a short story published in one of the English Department's anthologies."

"Oh yeah? I'll have to pick it up. When is it out?"

"Next month. Just ask him to read it."

"He never lets me read his stuff. He keeps all his work on his laptop. He mentioned the writing to me once."

"It will be in the library."

"No, I want to buy it. I'll save up. It will be the first writer I've ever known, and besides it's Patrick."

When I got back to the room, fully expecting to see Patrick, or at least see some sign that he had been back there, I was shocked to see that all his things had disappeared. I sunk down on the side of my bed and wondered what I could have done to prompt him to move. He hadn't even told me.

Two days later, I spotted him on campus outside the sports center. He had just finished his workout because his hair was still a little damp from the shower. He had his sports bag swung over his shoulder. He didn't look thrilled to see me. "Patrick," I said, "hi."

"Hello," he said. He looked down at his feet for a minute.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I, ah...had a chance to move in with another guy in the English Program."

"I see, us scientific types not good enough?"

"No, it's because the other guy left to move into an apartment with his girlfriend."

"You didn't even tell me."

He still wasn't looking at me. "It's just better this way," he said. "You got the whole room to yourself. I got to go now, Simon. Sorry."

Patrick walked away and I stood there, still stunned, realizing that I missed him.

I slept in his bed, and it didn't make much of a difference when it came to the window. I felt close to him there, waking up most nights with him on my mind. That night when he issued me that invitation, I shouldn't have run away. I should have taken him up on it and did what I'd wanted to do all along, make love to him.

Annie knew his new roommate. He was in her Great American Novels class. "His name is Barney Kingsley, and he's a big geek football player," she said. "I'm sure Patrick isn't doing it with him. Besides, he's straight. He stares at all the girls' breasts."

Didn't sound like a gay man to me, but one could never tell. Some of us were so deep in the closet, that we were very good at convincing ourselves that girls turned us on. I hoped Barney wasn't one of those. "Then it's probably not romantic. He didn't move out because of Barney."

"Simon, you sound as if you got a thing for him."

I frowned. "I think I messed up. Too concentrated on Harry back home, wanting the fidelity to work, and all the while, Patrick was there in front me, and I was too scared to give it a chance. I was afraid that...Patrick could really

hurt me, you know?"

Anne nodded sympathetically.

A week later, I wandered over to the bookstore and spotted the anthology the English Department had put out. It was over fifty bucks, but Patrick's story was in there, and I wanted it.

The Anthology was called *Night Sweats: Stories of Passion and Fear*.

I bought the book, hurried outside with it and installed myself on a bench in the Quad. I turned to Patrick's story right away, which was the fifth one. It was called *Unspoken*.

Each student was asked to write about what they thought of the theme, Passion and Fear, then proceed with the story. I read Patrick's analysis and then reread it again, thinking maybe I was missing something, or perhaps reading too much into his words.

When I found out what the theme was for this year's anthology, I initially decided not to write anything. Passion and fear, what was that all about? Two very different sensations, right? How could I possibly combine them, or was I supposed to combine them at all?

Then something happened to me, something quite unexpected and I realized how intertwined they were. The passion I felt was laced with the fear that eventually it would burst inside of me, unsatisfied, and

I would want to curl up in a corner somewhere and just die. What if that passion went unrequited forever? Would I survive it? Did I even want to?"

He was in love with someone who looked an awful lot like me, that's why I recognized him. Oh, I don't mean physically. I'd seen his picture and we didn't look anything alike, but emotionally, we could have been twins. He was definitely a player, and I'd been one myself since the beginning of my sexual career.

I did all I could to attract him, let's call him Sam. I ended up, I think, only pissing him off. I'm not as good at seduction as I thought, in spite of all the experience I've had at it. I came as close as I could to confessing what I felt, but I suck with words, when they originate from my heart, pretty pathetic for an English Major. So, all I can do now is keep my distance and hope that this all goes away soon before I die a slow agonizing death.

I reread those words at least ten times. I didn't even realize it had started to rain until I heard the thunder. I shoved the book into my bag and headed back to my room. There was no reason I should think that Patrick had been writing about me. In fact, as soon as I got to the room, and read the rest of the story, there was nothing that would even remotely resemble the relationship Patrick and I shared in the characters he'd created. Yes, the two guys were roommates, and that's where it ended. One of them was a real jerk, blind as a bat,

in love with some teacher who couldn't keep it in his pants. The other suffered silently, wanting the guy, but not knowing how to tell him, so he got his attention by...

Oh My God...Patrick walked around in the nude all the time, driving me crazy. So did Frank, the character in Patrick's story.

I was confused and quite desperate to find out if Patrick had written the story about us. I mustered all my courage, looked up his room number in the directory, and thankfully found the name of his roommate, and headed over there.

It was raining cats and dogs, the thunder and lightning fierce, but I hardly noticed. When I got to his door, I was a mess, soaked to the skin.

He looked surprised when he saw me standing there. He stood back, told me to come in. "You're all wet," he said. He wanted to laugh. I could tell.

"You think?" I was pissed again. I don't know why, but he had a way of doing that to me. Tonight, I was either going to end up fucking the guy, or killing him.

"I'll get you a towel," he said.

After he gave it to me, I rubbed my hair with it casually, wiping the water off my face. "Nice room. Nicer than ours. Where's your Roomie?"

"Went home for the weekend. A bit of a Mommy's boy."

I nodded. "That's good."

"It is?" He lifted an eyebrow. "Why?"

I cleared my throat. "I read your story."

"What story?"

"The story in the anthology."

"Oh. Did you like it?"

"Um. I..." I took off my jacket.

"I'll hang it in the bathroom."

I watched as he walked off with my jacket in his hand. He was wearing navy sweats and a baggie old t-shirt. He looked scrumptious. When he came back, he invited me to sit down.

"Naw, I'll get the bed all wet."

"I haven't wet the bed in years," he laughed.

"Funny guy."

He nodded, sobering.

"I liked the story although I had a hard time reading it."

"Why?" He met my gaze.

"Is it about..." Suddenly there was a big clack of thunder, and poof, we were in the dark.

"Damn," Patrick swore.

"Got any candles?" It was pitch black in the room.

"Ah, no, but I might have a lighter somewhere. Barney smokes. Wait, I'll see if I can —"

"No," I said, reaching out and grabbing his arm. "Don't bother."

He was close to me now. It would be easier in the dark. I'd brought him closer by pulling on his

forearm. I reached out and touched his hair, stroked it for a second.

"Simon?" His voice asked me what I was doing.

I couldn't answer. I wasn't sure myself.

I moved my hand to his shoulder, turned him to face me. My other hand moved down his chest, feeling the hard ripples through the t-shirt. He took a breath, but he didn't move. I reached for the top of his sweatpants and moved my hand down inside, finding his erection, wrapping my fingers around it.

He made a sound in his throat.

"If I'm wrong," I whispered, moving closer, letting my lips touch his cheek, the corner of his mouth, "if this is not what you want, and it's going to hurt like hell after, have some mercy and stop me before it's too late."

He turned his head, wrapped his arms around me and kissed me passionately. That kiss claimed my balance. If he hadn't been holding me, I might have hit the floor. No one had ever kissed me like that, and although I'd only fucked one guy before Patrick, I'd kissed quite a few, and never did a kiss have that effect on me.

Patrick was wrestling with my clothes, which was quite a chore given that everything was wet. My skin was chilly and clammy when he finally had me naked, but he said nothing. In fact, he hadn't said a word. He took off my clothes, pulled

me over to the bed and laid me down there. He crawled on top of me and began kissing me again. He covered my chest with kisses while he stroked my cock, finally taking it into his mouth and deep into his throat. I couldn't hold back my pleasure. I cried out, moving my hips frantically, not making it easy for him. Finally, he clamped his hand onto my hip and held me in place. I came, my entire body caught in spasms, which felt as if they were ripping through the top of my mouth and the soles of my feet. I couldn't help but wonder at how much come I had inside of me. It didn't seem to want to stop, and by the time my heart beat had started to return to normal, he'd rolled me onto my stomach and his tongue was rimming the hell out of my ass. I'd done that to Harry, but he never seemed to want to reciprocate. Patrick, however, was a pro.

My cock was stiffening again. I was wiggling all over the place as Patrick had gripped one of my calves in his hand. Suddenly, he leaped off the bed and came back with lube and condoms. Kneeling between my thighs, he looked down at me and said, "I want to fuck you so bad."

I smiled at him and nodded.

He squirted some lube on his fingers and threw a condom at me. I undid it with my teeth, breathing hard now, shivering as the cold lube hit my anus. He moved up closer, presented his

erection to me. I ran my fingers over it. "You're so beautiful."

"No," he said. "You're beautiful." He closed his eyes as I rolled on the condom, making little sounds of pleasure in his throat. When it was on, he lifted both my legs and went into me. At first, it was slow. He gave a gentle push, then a bit harder to push past the first ring of muscles. I let out a long groan as he went all the way in. It felt wonderful. He felt as if he belonged there, and as I watched his face as he thrust in and out of my body, I fell in love. Maybe I was already in love and didn't know it, but if I'd had any doubts, they were gone.

He came inside me with a long, contented sigh that ended with a deep groan of contentment. I kept him there between my legs for a while, touching his sweaty hair as he laid his head on my chest. His hand played over my nipples as he bestowed tiny kisses on my flesh. "I love you," he said, his voice calm, at peace.

"And how long have you loved me, Patrick?" I smiled, feeling almost giddy.

He lifted his head and looked at me. "Since the first time you nagged me about the window."

I laughed.

He moved off me, rolled to his side. I took his hand. He put his chin on my shoulder. "The fear is gone now. I knew if you'd let me touch you, you'd

realize I was the one."

"You did, did you? You're pretty cocky about your lovemaking, eh?"

"No, I just knew we were meant for each other. I'd had so many guys and never did I feel what I felt looking at you, and I hadn't even touched you."

"So, my inexperience—"

"Made you blind," he said, kissing my mouth tenderly. "But that's okay. I'm a happy man."

"You're not going to break my heart?"

"Not unless I break my own."

It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever heard. And I realized that Patrick's story rang true. Passion and fear were two sides of the same coin. One always brings the other, but without them, there is no living.

Story 4 - Lingerin Song

“I’ve got to teach music to a bunch of preppies in a fine arts college?”

“Could be worse, could be teaching prisoners. You’d never be able to sit down again, pretty boy.”

That was Kyle, my drummer. He thought this was hysterical. The band manager told me I’d gotten off lightly. “I think it was because the judge’s daughter was such a big fan. You did give him that autograph, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, yeah...with little hearts,” I grumbled.

Stan Walker slapped me on the back. “It’s only for two semesters. You’ll survive.”

I’d been in trouble before, too many times to count, and usually got off with a fine. This time I had to meet up with a judge who decided to make an example of me. “Destroying public property is one thing,” he leered down at me, “public nudity, drugs...”

“Judge, I did tell you I wasn’t abusing. The

drug test was clean." I'd actually sworn off drugs since I'd almost ended up in rehab.

"Yes, but you were told to stay away from the influence."

"I can't control what other people do. I'm a rock star. What am I supposed to do, lock myself away in a room?"

"That's your problem. Now, let me ask you one question, whatever possessed you to draw obscene pictures all over the walls in your hotel suite?"

I heard Danny chuckling behind me, then stop when the judge glared at him.

"I didn't like the...color?" I gave him a hopeful look. He wasn't buying. "I told you I'd pay for it. I'll—"

"Too easy this time. This time you're going down."

"To jail?" I was horrified. We were supposed to be working on a new CD for the tour next year. I couldn't go to jail.

"Community service," he said, slamming down his hammer. Then he said with a huge grin. "Oh, and by the way, Jaxen Rayner, can I have your autograph for my sixteen-year-old daughter? If I don't come home with it, I'll be in the doghouse."

I rolled my eyes. What else could I do? So, for the next ten months of my life, I was going to have to teach a bunch of wannabe musicians and work

on the CD in the studio after hours. That judge had effectively put a stop to partying for me.

Dobson Fine Arts College turned out to be about ten miles out of the city limits. I wasn't required to sleep there, as long as I showed up every morning, five days a week, but a room in the staff quarters was available to me if I decided to use it.

"You might be grateful for it in the winter, Mr. ah...Rayner," the college dean, Mr. Maxmillian Smith, told me in his very refined way of speaking. "We can get snowed in."

Oh great, I thought.

Throughout the interview, Maxmillian Smith looked at me in my torn jeans and leather jacket with the silver chains hanging off it, as if I was an alien from outer space. I'm sure I looked at him in the same way, in his little bowtie and shiny black shoes.

I knew this was an exclusive school. They had turned out some very impressive musicians, some of which were now members of major symphony orchestras, but I was sure most of them got in just because of daddy's millions, so I wasn't expecting much.

"Now, I realize Mr. ah...Rayner, that you are obligated to be here. I was told you played guitar. You may teach that. And ah...do you have any

formal training, voice, music?"

I sighed. He was told I played guitar? Obviously he never turned on the television or opened a newspaper. I was a legend on the guitar. I didn't want to teach theory, or voice. God! "I'll stick to guitar."

He nodded. "Nothing too overpowering, I hope."

"I'll try to control myself."

"What other instruments do you play?"

I had been a musical prodigy. Along with any kind of guitar you could throw at me, I played the keyboards, drums, and saxophone. "A few," I said.

"Um. I'll leave that up to you. And you will have to participate in the show."

"The show?"

"Yes, the students have to put on shows of course. And dance?"

"Dance?" I swallowed.

"Can you teach some kind of modern...stuff... you know?" He looked uncomfortable.

"No."

"You strut around on stage and such...I guess you'd call that..." he cleared his throat, "presence."

"I'm not a dancer."

"I'm supposed to keep you busy," he snapped.

My eyes widened. "Okay then. But I'm not a

dancer. I'm a rocker."

"You do read music?"

"Yes."

"What a relief." He waved a hand in front of his face. He looked as if he was having a heart attack. "Okay, be here on Monday, at seven AM. Report to the staff room. One of our music professors, Leslie Monahan, will show you the ropes."

"Seven?" I looked at him dumbfounded. "You mean seven in the morning?"

He nodded, and that was the first time I actually saw the bugger smile.

When I walked into the staff room the first morning, I was desperate for coffee. I wasn't used to getting out of bed at this time of day, and I had a hard time of it that morning. My hair, which hung past my shoulders and was shagged all over the place, was without hair gel. It hung flat, still damp from the shower.

Two people were in the staff room when I arrived, a young woman in tights, and an older man wearing flannels and a black vest.

I looked really out of place in my strategically torn jeans and loose fitting white tunic style shirt. I smiled at them. The man dismissed me entirely. The young woman came over and held out her hand. "Jaxen Rayner. Hi. I'm Christine Fugina. I'm a big fan."

"Just Jax. Thanks. I assume you're the dance teacher?" I smiled.

She nodded. "Modern jazz. Have you met Les yet?"

"No. I'm looking for her. She is supposed to show me what I have to do."

"He, not she," a voice said suddenly from behind me, "is here."

I turned around to see a young man standing in front me, his arms filled with books. I leaned over and took some from him.

"Thanks," he said, putting the rest on the table.

"I'm sorry, I thought you were a..."

"Common mistake," he said. "I'm Les Monahan. And you're Jaxen Rayner. The students are really excited about you being here."

I nodded, wishing I were anywhere else. "Jax is fine."

"Give me a minute," he said.

I eyed the coffee.

Christine grinned at me. "I'll get you a cup. Looks like you could use it."

"Thanks," I said gratefully, looking over at Les Monahan who was busy hanging up his jacket.

He couldn't have been more than twenty-five, short brown hair with stunning green eyes, handsome, yet conservative. He was closely shaven, no stubble for him, making me smile when I thought about how hard I worked at

keeping that shadow on my jaw perfect. Les probably worked equally as hard eliminating every trace of one. He had on a pair of tan cotton slacks, the kind my dad still wore when he went golfing, and a pale green shirt that had the faintest pattern in the background. The only thing that surprised me, were those tennis shoes on his feet. They didn't go with the outfit.

"If you'll follow me to my office, Mr. Rayner, we'll get started."

"Ah, you can call me Jax," I said, grabbing the coffee from Christine, who winked at me, and then chased Les out the door.

"Better if I don't," he said. "Students are required to address us by our last names here so we don't call each other by our first names either. We could slip."

"Then the world explodes, or what?" I laughed.

He paused, looked at me, then inserted the key in the lock. "We have to have rules. But from what I've heard, Mr. Rayner, guys like you aren't really too good with those."

"Ouch. You got quite a stick up your ass there, Les...ah, Mr. Monahan." I grinned at him when he looked at me again, his expression quite hostile.

"Look, if we're going to work together," he pointed to a lone desk in the corner, "you'll have to check your bad boy image at the door."

"Is this my desk?" I asked, walking over to it.

"Temporarily. You'll be sharing the office with me. I think you should know that I lost."

"You lost what?"

"To make a long story short, I got stuck with you."

"Oh. Pity you." I met his gaze.

"Yes," he said, sitting down. "Now. You got guitar of course. I'll show you the variety. If you can't play them all then—"

"I can play anything with strings."

"Congratulations."

"You've never heard me play?"

He didn't answer.

"What do you play?"

"Piano. I train classical pianists."

"Do you perform yourself?"

"No," he said.

"Why not?"

He stiffened. "I just don't."

"But you did once?"

He hesitated. "A long time ago."

"Couldn't have been that long, you're no more than—"

"We have no time for this," he snapped.

I was surprised at the anger in his voice. I held up my hands in surrender. "I'm sorry." I wondered what I'd done to piss him off.

"Guitar is first. This is your schedule. We've got you down for voice, and dance."

"I don't dance."

"You move around...kind of...on stage." He didn't look at me.

"You've seen me on stage then?"

"I was forced to watch a video of one of your concerts once."

"Forced? What, they had to tie you down or something?" I laughed aloud.

"It was during a dance here at the school...grad party, last year. You're a big rock star, Mr. Rayner. Too bad you're such a screw up. Someone with your talent should take it more seriously."

"I'll make you a deal," I said, "I'll take myself more seriously when you take that stick out of your ass. Maybe we'll just balance each other out."

There was no comment.

"Now, you need lesson plans. I've taken the liberty of making you out some. There are appropriate textbooks you can choose from. Today you'll have to improvise. There are seven students in guitar one."

"Guitar one? You mean these are all beginners?"

He nodded.

"You couldn't have given me the advanced class so I could have actually taught them something?"

"Advanced guitar is taught by Paul Fulton. And he's not happy to have you aboard. He enjoys

teaching the beginners, and you've stolen his class."

"I'll trade with him."

"There will be no trading. After lunch, you have voice. The students need to learn the scales and breathing techniques. Please keep this class theoretical. The classroom number is written on the door and the books are on the piano. Can you bang out scales on the piano."

"I think I can manage," I said. "How can I teach scales from theory?"

"You'll figure it out. And finally Dance."

"I told you —"

"We've turned the course into stage presentation. Please keep it PG."

"I'll try to keep my clothes on," I said.

"Funny."

"Do you ever laugh, Leslie? You'd actually be quite cute if you smiled once in awhile."

He studied the papers in front of him. "Now, if you don't mind, Mr. Rayner, I need to look over some student papers before class. I suggest you study the notes I made for you."

I saluted him, clicked my heels like a soldier in the Nazis. "Hail Commandant."

He looked up at me and shook his head. "Look, this is going to be a crazy year with you here. Please try to cooperate. And I do want you to know, I don't appreciate your kind of humor, or

out of control rock stars with big...ah...egos." He gave me the once over.

"Whoa," I laughed. "I doubt you can say how big my, ah...ego is."

"Just don't try and impress me. Everyone else might fall all over you, but I won't."

"I'll keep that in mind," I said, walking over to the desk and sitting down with the papers. The coffee I held in my hand was stone cold. I drank it anyway. I figured after all that even cold coffee would be better than nothing.

The students in the first class were great. We didn't get to picking up a guitar. The minute I walked in, they were all over me about my music, my new CD, the guys in my band. There were six guys and one girl. The girl, called Nancy, confided in me that her dream was to play bass in a rock band. She told me she didn't have many role models, and so I told her about Carole Kaye, who had been one of the busiest female bass players in Los Angeles studios. That excited her. We discussed the reasons why less women took up the guitar, and I told her about the forearm strength that was needed, explaining that there were ways to overcome that, and encouraging her to start lifting weights, which would strengthen the arms.

Before I could even hand out the guitar booklets, class was over. At lunch, the students

crowded me in the hallway. I signed autographs.

Les came by and told them all in a loud voice, "Leave Mr. Rayner alone." Then he looked at me and gave me a dirty look. "I knew it would be like this. Just make sure they don't tear your clothes off."

"You seem mighty obsessed with the idea of me naked," I told him, grinning at my joke. "You want to see me with my clothes torn off, Les?"

He didn't bother answering.

I grabbed a sandwich in the cafeteria, and headed to the dance studio. I stood watching Christine as she moved across the floor. She was impressive, and so were her students. I knew I had dance coming up and I had no idea what to do in that class. "Got your tights?" Christine teased when she spotted me. She wiped her face on a towel and came over to talk to me.

"No tights for me," I replied with a grin. "I do have an image to protect."

"I'd pay to see you in tights," she said, giving me an appreciative look.

"Why, teacher," I pretended to be shocked.

She laughed. "How you getting on with Les?"

"Ha!" I said.

She laughed again. "He takes a little getting used to."

We were alone in the dance studio now. I lowered my voice even more. "What's his story?"

He's young, but he's so...uptight."

"It's rather personal, but some of it was made public. He was on his way to being a great solo pianist, a child prodigy, much like you were...I read the fan magazines," she said with a smirk when I looked surprised. "Anyway, there was a huge car accident when he was Europe a few years back. He was driving, and his close friend, a guitar player in an up and coming German rock band, was killed."

"He was dating a rock musician?"

"I didn't say he was dating him."

"Okay, close friend...whatever. He doesn't seem the type to be friends with someone who's into rock."

"Leslie was different then."

"You knew him?"

"We were here at school together, both graduated at the same time. He left of course to pursue his career. He was working in Berlin when it happened."

"Wow."

"Yeah. Then after the accident happened, he gave up everything. Eventually after a lot of coaxing from the director, he came to teach here."

"No offense, but if he's as talented as you say, it's kind of a waste."

"No offense taken. And you're right in his case. As for me, I love teaching. I've done Broadway,

but I love it here."

I touched her shoulder. "Thanks for telling me. I do have to work with the guy. It will keep me from killing him."

She laughed. "So, tell me about you. What crime did you commit again?"

"You don't want to know, nasty rock star stuff. I think I've learned my lesson this time. Judge never threw the book at me before."

The bell rang.

"Hey," she said as I turned to go, "you might as well stay. You're up next."

I rolled my eyes. "This should be interesting. How in the hell do you teach stage presence?"

"Show them a film," a voice said suddenly.

We both looked up to see Leslie walk across the studio floor, holding up a DVD. "The projector room is there," he pointed, handing me the DVD. "Come, I'll show you."

Christine grinned at me and left the room.

I followed him into the little cubby. "Took pity on me?"

"Didn't want you to embarrass yourself," he said. "See this button," he said, "press it. The screen will appear in the front."

"Like magic."

He shook his head. "Get serious, I'm trying to teach you something."

"Okay," I said, folding my arms across my

chest. I moved my gaze down to his ass in those pants, and I suddenly had the urge to teach him something as well.

"When you're ready, just press play. What I'd do is..." He turned around and came directly up against my chest. It couldn't be helped. There wasn't a lot of room in there.

He seemed a little flustered, and to be honest, I was loving it. I knew he was gay just by the way he squirmed, being so close to me—and that the guy in the car with him had probably been more than just his close friend. It must have been tough. He had probably been in love with him.

"Can you move, please?" He gave me a shove and I landed hard up against the wall.

"Ouch," I said, laughing. "Like it rough, eh?" I pulled him back into the little room, cornered him against the equipment and kissed him hard.

He looked stunned, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Oh come on," I said. "It couldn't have been that bad. You're not going to spit now, are you?"

"You just can't..." he began, then he stopped. The students were coming in. "Good luck," he muttered and left me there in the little room by myself.

I heard the students say, "Hi, Mr. Monahan." I'm not sure he heard. He hightailed it out of that studio as if his feet were on fire.

I walked out into the studio and raised a hand at the students. There were about twenty of them, all excited at seeing me. I told them I'd answer all their questions later, and some girl asked me when I was going to dance.

"This class is about stage presentation," I said. "We're going to watch a video." I wasn't even sure which one it was. "I want you to watch for certain moves...let's call them rock star moves, let's see if we can put a label on them."

A cheer went up.

I walked into the little room and pressed Play. It was a concert we'd done in Berlin over four years ago. It looked as if it had been taken by an amateur. I turned up the volume and picked up the DVD cover. On it was written *Jaxen, Berlin, 2006...incredible...wundervoll!* I turned it over in my hand, then set it down and went to join the students.

I hated watching myself in concert because then you notice all the things you did that you wouldn't do twice. I was thinking of the back stage things that had happened at that show and then suddenly it dawned on me, Les and I had met before.

For two days, I was racking my brain to remember exactly what had happened during that meeting. I remember our manager telling us that

there were two people he wanted us to meet. They came to the back stage party, Les, who seemed a lot more relaxed back then, along with his rock musician boyfriend.

Les was rather shy, and I remember shaking his hand, and being told what a talented pianist he was. Then I spent a lot of time speaking with his boyfriend. His name was Hans. Hans told him he was a big fan, and I remembered showing him a few things on the guitar. That was all I could recall. It was weird, meeting up with Les again here, after all that time.

The week passed rather quickly. Les was even more withdrawn since that kiss and I was quite anxious to mention that we had met before, thinking maybe it would make Les a little friendlier. I was even prepared to apologize for the kiss, although I'd never had to do that before.

On Monday, in between classes, I found Les in the office. He stiffened noticeably when I walked in. "Don't worry, Les," I told him, "I won't jump you. And I'm sorry about you know, that..."

He looked up at me. "I'm not worried. And forget it."

"Good." I sat down at my desk.

He prepared to leave.

"Wait."

He looked at me. "You need something?"

"That DVD you gave me. Who filmed it? It's a

bootleg, right?"

"Yeah, sorry about that. It was someone we knew."

"It's okay. I just wondered. And you were there?"

"Yes," he said. "I was there. A friend of mine was a big fan."

"Hans?" I hoped I got it right.

He stared at me.

"Les. I remember you. You guys came back stage that night."

His face hardened. "It was a mistake."

"Coming back stage?"

"I wish I'd never set eyes on you."

I was shocked. He got up and stormed out of the office. Shit. That went well. "Fuck."

Christine came by later, to ask me what was wrong with Les.

"What isn't wrong with him?" I muttered.

"He asked me to take his classes today, said he didn't feel well."

I nodded and didn't say anything about what had happened, but there was no way I was leaving it like that. "Christine," I said, before she left the office, "where does Leslie live?"

"His address is on the teacher list. Why?"

"Think I'll go by with a peace offering."

"Chicken soup?"

"Something like that."

After school, I got into my car and drove to his house. I had started the scales today with both piano and guitar and it had given me one hell of a headache. I hoped Les wouldn't slam the door in my face.

He lived in a modest sized house in a shady corner of the street. His car was outside so I knew he was home. He answered after a few minutes. He wasn't happy to see me. "What are you doing here?"

I held out the store bought can of chicken soup and he stared at it. "Good for what ails you."

"Go away," he said.

"Les, we need to talk about this, or it's going to be a long year."

"There's nothing to talk about."

"I'll kiss you again," I threatened. God, I'd never used that as a threat before.

That actually got a faint smile out of him. "Five minutes."

I stepped into the hallway, and it looked like it was as far as I was going to get. "Look, I know about the accident." I didn't tell him Christine had told me. "I remember hearing it on the news. I'm sorry about Hans."

"Did you know it happened that night?"

"What night?"

"The night of your concert."

I swallowed. That gave me a chill. "No, I didn't. We left Berlin right after that, had a show to do in Stockholm."

He nodded. "We were arguing about you."

"Me?" My mouth fell open.

"There was some jealousy, and accusations. I wasn't paying attention to the road and I hit the guardrail."

"Oh God," I said. "Leslie, I'm sorry but I can't feel guilty about that, if that's what you want. Is that why you don't like me, because you thought Hans had a thing for me? Listen, it was just my music he admired, my guitar playing. He wanted to be a big star and —"

"It wasn't Hans," he snapped. "It was me."

"You," I was confused now.

"Hans accused me of having a thing for you, wanting you. I'd been one of your biggest fans since I first saw you in the US. When I saw you in person, I..." He sighed. "Hans told me that if you had crooked your little finger that night, I would have fallen into bed with you. He was right. I would have, but I was too shy to even talk to you too much. And you basically ignored me anyway. That's what we were arguing about when I had the accident. He told me to turn the car around and go back to the party where you were because he knew that's what I really wanted to do." Tears ran down his face.

I put the soup on the table in the hall and opened my arms. I held him, caressing his hair, trying to comfort him. I'd had no idea. Of course, how could I have? "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm sorry."

"I can never forgive myself," he said, backing away now. "And that's why when I knew you were coming here, I wanted to run away."

"But, Leslie," I said, "it wasn't your fault. Lots of people get crushes on rock stars. It's just the way it is."

"It was more than a crush," he said. He backed away. "Leave now, Jax, please."

I nodded slowly. "If there's anything I can do to—"

"Nothing. Go."

I left, sitting outside the house for the longest time in my car. There was nothing to say or do.

Leslie took the rest of the week off and I continued feeling guilty, although I wasn't sure I could have done anything to prevent what had happened. I knew it was really bothering me and I needed to talk to someone about it soon.

I was worried that Leslie might not come back to school at all. His students missed him and it created a lot more work for me as I had to teach piano as well.

Finally, one night in the studio with the guys, I told them what had happened. They didn't

remember Hans so well, but for some reason, they remembered Leslie.

"He had it bad for you," Kyle mentioned.

"Odd," I said, twirling one of Kyle's drum sticks. "I don't even remember him."

"You wouldn't of. He wasn't your type. Very straight laced, you know, but the way he was looking at you was something like I've never seen before. Not the normal groupie stuff."

I dropped the subject then went back to working on a song that was giving us a bit of problems. At the end of the night, Kyle placed a hand on my shoulder and said, "Babe, stop beating yourself up about this, and he should too. It was nobody's fault. It's time this Leslie guy lets go of it and starts to live again."

I agreed of course, thinking about what I was going to say to Les if he came to work that Monday.

Thankfully he did. He was sitting at his desk when I came in. "Thanks," he said, "for taking up the slack. I owe you one."

"No problem."

"Look, let's not talk about all that stuff anymore, okay?"

I nodded and decided to leave him on his own. I went to the staff room for coffee. The minute I stepped in there, I was accosted by the director.

Maxmillian Smith eyed me. "Mr. Rayner," he said. "What exactly did you teach in voice on Friday?"

"I don't remember," I said.

"You are supposed to be teaching the scales."

"I was teaching the scales."

"D for Dig you, and R for Ramming my love into you is..."

"I don't think I said Ramming."

He scowled at me. "Stick to the book."

Christine was laughing as she handed me some coffee. I shrugged. "I never said ramming. Rutting, maybe."

She laughed out loud.

Later that day when I had some time, I walked down the hallway and was lulled to a room at the end of the corridor by the most beautiful piano concerto I'd ever heard. I stood at the door and watched as Les played. Maybe it was then I fell in love with him. I don't know. But he sat there, his eyes closed, letting the music take him to that wonderful place, and I wanted to be there with him. He played like an angel, so easily, so incredibly beautifully.

He suddenly noticed me and stopped playing. He might have blushed.

"No, don't," I said, walking in. "Continue. May I?" I indicated the bench.

He nodded and slid over, giving me a place beside him.

"Play it again," I said. I listened for a moment as he played and then added a few notes here and there.

"It sounds good," he said, lifting his fingers off the keys. He looked at me for the longest time.

I finally smiled at him uncertainly. "What?"

"The first time I heard you play a guitar, you played *Sensual Moving*. I loved that song, and the guitar solo in there is one of the most powerful I'd ever heard. He struck a few notes from the song, and I began to sing it for him.

Sensual moving. Driving me insane.

Conjuring passion. Playing your game

No one knows what you do to me, sensual moving, moving in me.

Leslie stopped playing. He lowered his head. When he raised it, there were tears in his eyes. "I fell in love with you that day. Singing that melody..." He stopped.

I went to touch him and he got up off the bench. "You know when you're up there on that stage, everyone imagines that you're singing directly to them. But of course you're not. At fifteen, it can make you a little nuts."

"You're not fifteen anymore," I said, standing, too.

"I hate rock stars."

I nodded. "So it appears."

"Nothing personal. Just what they do to people, you know."

"I didn't cause the accident."

"I know that."

"You do what you want, Les," I said, walking to the door, "hate me all you want, but I'm more than that image that you hate in your mind. Don't forget that."

I didn't see him the rest of the day. The days went by and Leslie was polite, but distant. When I found myself stopping to dreamily gaze at him through the classroom door, I knew I'd fallen for him. The question was why in hell had I fallen for a guy who couldn't stand me, especially since I had so many men who adored me? And when Christmas rolled around, and Leslie and I were elected to work on the holiday show, I had no idea that things were about to heat up, and how.

It was tough working long hours with him, staying after school, especially after the students who were participating in the show, left. It seemed that Leslie and I couldn't agree on anything. I'd say white, he'd say black. I'd say up, he'd say down. One Friday evening as I watched him pick some music sheets off the stage, I lost it. I had been near the breaking point for some time, working extra hours in the studio on the new CD, and losing sleep over my confused feelings. And to top

it all off, I hadn't had sex since I'd been to court. Going more than two days without sex for me, made me shaky, so you can imagine.

We'd just had another disagreement over a song one of the students was singing and I was brooding. I did that on occasion, although not *all the time*, as Les claimed. My gaze moved over him and settled on his ass. He was wearing jeans and they hugged his ass just fine. I wanted it. And sometimes the way he looked at me convinced me he'd like me to have it.

I marched down the aisle and turned him around to face me. His butt hit the edge of the stage. I didn't wait for him to react. I grabbed his hips and lifted him onto the stage, clamping my mouth on his at the same time. I didn't think about the possibility that the janitor might be around, or if Leslie really didn't want me. In fact, I wasn't thinking at all. I was on autopilot.

Since he hadn't bitten my tongue off and had dug his fingers into my hair, I figured that was a green light. I fumbled with his zipper, pulled his jeans and underwear off and spread his legs. I clutched the material of his shirt in my hand and lowered my mouth to his cock. His fingers yanked my hair now as he let his head go back and bucked his groin into my face. Now that message was clear enough. He was hard. I was hard. I reached into my hip pocket, blindly searching for

a rubber, and continued to let me him fuck my mouth. I was no longer in control, believe me.

He moaned, gasped. I came off his cock and clumsily began to tear open the condom. He grabbed it from me, tore it open with his teeth, and rolled it onto my cock. We were both breathing hard as Les grabbed my ass and wrapped his legs around my hips. He lay back on the stage and I positioned my cock and drove into him hard. He cried out and began to rock his hips back and forth, slamming into me, rather than the other way around. It didn't matter. I was in heaven and he wasn't on the damn earth either.

I came inside of him, almost at the same time as his come spilled all over my stomach and chest. We both slowed the fucking, our breathing loud and labored. Then he literally shoved me away. I stumbled back, my pants still round my ankles, t-shirt halfway up to my neck. I regained my balance and rearranged my t-shirt, then swooped down to pull up my pants and underwear. It hurt what he'd done. He made me feel like a stud for hire. I looked at him without words. He had slid down from the stage. He wiped at himself unsuccessfully, then began to dress. He didn't say anything either.

I picked up my jacket off the chair and left the auditorium. That's how it began. I initiated it the first time and then after that, it was him. He never

asked. We didn't speak. He used my cock the way he wanted, then treated me like shit after.

We got through the show rehearsals. Seven nights of practice, three of them spent fucking like two crazed tigers as soon as the students left. On the night of the show, we stood on separate sides of the stage and didn't even speak.

The show went off without a hitch and even the director came up to congratulate us. I'd grown fond of the students since I'd come here and they actually seemed to be learning something.

I didn't attend the staff Christmas party because the band was expected to play a benefit concert that night. I didn't speak about what was going on between Leslie and I to anymore, not even to my drummer, who was like my brother.

I thought about it over the holidays and decided I needed to put a stop to it. It was destructive and it was causing me a lot of pain. But I missed him over those ten days. And when the first day of school came in January, I was there in the office a half hour early. He looked surprised to see me when he walked in, snowflakes in his hair. I smiled at him from my desk, which now was as cluttered as his. "Hey."

"Hi. How was your holiday?"

"Lonely," I said. "I got something for you." I handed him a box.

"You didn't have to," he said.

"Yes, I did. Open it."

He undid the bow and opened the box. It was a simple gold chain with a piano charm. I'd had it engraved with his name. "Thanks," he said. "It's beautiful. Must have been expensive."

I shrugged. Money wasn't a problem. I stood up. "Les?"

"Um?" He was still looking at it.

"We need to talk."

"About what?" He looked at me.

"About us."

"There is no us."

I sighed. "There is an us, Les...fucking."

He looked annoyed. He closed the door. "We don't need to talk about it."

"So if we don't talk about it, it doesn't exist?"

"I don't like you."

"Well, maybe not," I replied angrily, "but you sure as hell like my cock." I pointed at him. "Don't touch me anymore, Les. I'm not your play thing." I opened the door of the office now and walked out. I was shaking. And a part of me felt regret. I didn't want it to end even if the sex was rough and callous. I wanted him. But I needed to feel respected, loved. I wasn't sure what his game was, but I sure as hell knew who was losing it.

I began to do some more sophisticated things with the students of guitar. And in voice, I got them singing in harmony. For the dance class, we

play acted rock shows and copied some of the moves I did on stage, much of which was acrobatic in nature.

One day in early February, I was sitting in one of the music rooms after school, strumming out a new tune that was in my head on my guitar when Les walked in. I stopped playing.

"Jax," he said, wringing his hands. "I need you."

I blinked at him. "You need me? Need me for what?"

"I've tried to do what you asked me," he said, walking to the window. "I want us to...I want to make love to you." He turned and looked at me. There was no embarrassment on his face. In fact, he seemed quite determined.

"You don't like me, remember?"

"I like your body. In fact, I love your body. I crave it. I think you like mine, too."

"Yeah," I nodded. "I like yours a little too much. I just don't want to be thrown out of bed like some old dirty sheets after you're finished draining my cock."

"You make me sound like some kind of sexual vampire."

"Well, if the shoe fits."

"Look," he said. "I think I need to get over this...rock star thing."

I stood up. "You need to get over this rock star

thing? Fine," I snapped, putting down my guitar. I walked over and kicked the door closed with my foot and pulled him up against me. "Get over it then." I kissed him hard, realizing that I had missed him so much.

He clung to me, kissing me hard, pressing me against the wall and devouring my mouth. He yanked down my zipper as he did, his fingers impatiently trying to take out my cock. When he had it in his hand, he sighed with pleasure. It was driving me crazy.

Suddenly he released my cock and urged me to the floor with a hand on my shoulder. I slid down the wall to the floor, looking up at him curiously. "Get your pants all the way down, off," he breathed. He was taking his own pants off now.

I lifted my butt and took them down to my shoes, kicking those off.

Les yanked the pants and underwear away from me, and squatted over me, yanking me down so that my cock was pointing in the right direction, directly to his ass. His knees hit the floor as he wrapped his fist around my cock and began to swallow it with his body.

I closed my eyes, my teeth biting into my lower lip as he snaked my cock this way and that, his muscles clamping down tight on my shaft. "Oh God," I cried out.

Les lifted up with his thigh muscles, his palms

on my chest, fingers pinching my nipples as he began to ride me hard. I was his, completely, helpless in his control, lost in his eyes as he looked down at me, his hands touching my flesh.

I held on as long as I could. He came and I pumped frantically upward, spilling my come up inside of him a few seconds later.

"Yes, yes," he moaned, leaning into me and pressing his lips to my hair. It was the first sign of affection I'd ever gotten from him. He sprawled back on the floor, still in the aftermath, one hand running over his own body.

I reached over and fondled his balls, then leaned in and licked them, tasting his fresh wetness, taking one into my mouth and then the other, briefly massaging them. His cock was beginning to come to life again. I ran my thumb over the head, then dipped my tongue in the opening.

He moaned, liking that, so I did it some more until his cock was slapping my cheek. I was hard too, and suddenly I wanted his sweet mouth on my dick. I moved up, my cock now touching his lips. "I want to fuck your face," I told him, stroking his hair.

His tongue darted out to taste me. He smacked his lips. "Um. You taste so good, so hot, so sexy, Jax."

I put a hand under his head and lifted it,

forcing his jaw to open. I watched him take in my cock, as much as he could. I wasn't lacking in dimensions. His mouth was stretched wide as he moved my cock around his mouth. He was good at that. He'd done it before, many times. He knew how to repress the gag reflex. I was coming and ready to pull out, but he held on, swallowing what he could, then chocking a little as he came off me. He kissed my cock, bringing the shaft to his lips as I continued to pump out come and tried to pull away. I was gasping for breath, the orgasm strong and steady. I finally managed to put some space between us and held my cock in my hand as it gradually lay still.

"You're beautiful," he told me, wiping his mouth. He stood up and walked over to the wall, mounting his hands above him. He moved his smooth ass in front of my eyes. "Fuck me."

"Give me a minute."

"You don't need a minute, you're Jax."

I narrowed my eyes. "I'm only a man."

He looked at me. "No. You're more than that. You're bigger than life." He came over to me now and went to his knees. He pushed my hand away from my cock and pressed my chest down. He began to stroke my cock again, licking it, tasting my balls, cuffing it, bringing the blood rushing to the surface. He leaned in and bit my nipples playfully while he stroked me, and my cock began

to respond. He leaned back and looked at it, smiling. "Okay, it's ready." He jumped up, and resumed the same position. "Fuck me."

I got to my feet. He'd called my cock *it*, as if I wasn't even attached to it. It pissed me off some. I immediately took hold of his hips, slapped his ass once and then slipped my cock between his ass cheeks. "You have the greatest ass," I breathed, kissing his neck, biting his shoulder.

"Fuck me hard," he urged.

I didn't hold back, my grip on his hips like steel. He cried out as I went into him without fanfare or thought. I took his cock in my hand and pumped him like a man gone wild. He clawed the wall, slammed his fist into it, eventually begging for mercy and I came inside of him, feeling no victory. I left him at the wall, panting, his cheek rubbing against it. I think he said my name. I put on my clothes. I'd done it again, in spite of telling myself I wouldn't. I gathered my stuff, and put my guitar in my case.

He had turned from the wall, his hand on his cock, caressing it gently.

I swallowed and looked away. I wanted to hold him. I wasn't going to. "So," I said as I walked to the door, "are you over it now?"

He smiled faintly. "For the time being."

I nodded. "I know a lot of rockers, I'll fix you up." My tone was cold.

He met my eyes. "There's only one rocker that I want, only one I've ever wanted."

"And it's my fault right?"

He looked away.

"You are seriously fucked up, Les," I said and left the room. I walked down the long corridor, my heart aching. I had almost four months left to go. I doubted that I was going to make it without my heart being in shambles. That judge had given me more of a punishment than he'd ever know.

With something as intense going on as what was happening with Les and I, it was pretty tough to keep it private. Everyone sensed the tension between us, but of course, they didn't know the details. The other teachers in the school did speak to me now, although no one, except for Christine, was overly friendly. "They figure you've stolen their authority, being so popular. They can't please the students anymore," Christine told me.

"I'll be gone soon," I said. "I can't help who in the fuck I am," I snapped. It came out badly and I immediately apologized. I'd been in a foul mood lately, trying to avoid being alone with Les.

We passed each other in the hallway, ran into each other in the office, but at the end of the day, I literally ran out of the school, arriving at the studio an hour early. The guys in the band thought me ambitious. I was running scared. I

could tell Les all I wanted that I had no intention of getting down and dirty with him, but the minute he'd walk into the room and take off his clothes, I was his.

March came and almost went before Les got to me again. We were planning another show for the spring break, and since our Christmas show was such a success, the director told Les and I we were to do it again. That meant long hours together and being alone after school. I was done for.

However, on that first night, after the last student left, I was determined to stand my ground. Les was watching me closely as I talked to him about some of the song choices. This time he didn't fight me.

"Perfect," he said, "and do you think you could get your band to do a number?"

"You mean perform here?"

"The students would love to see you perform, Jax. And you are leaving in a few months. It would be a great way to either end the show or begin it."

"Maybe," I said. "I'll ask the guys."

He moved closer.

I picked up my guitar. "I got to go. We'll discuss the rest—"

"I want you." He looked at me, and started to undo his shirt.

"No," I said, pushing his hands away. "We need to stop this."

"It's not hurting anyone."

"Yes," I said sharply, "it is." It was hurting me.

"Who?" He looked at me. "You're my fantasy."

"I'm more than that," I protested. "I'm the man you blame for..." I stopped. "What? Do you think if you keep fucking me, you'll get it out of your system and you'll discover the accident wasn't your fault after all? What? What, God damn it?" I'd lost it now. "Either you feel something for me, or you don't, but this is really messed up."

"It's a phase I never got to live out, a phase with some destructive properties," he said, meeting my gaze. "I didn't think you'd mind. You're used to being exploited, treated like a commercial product."

"Not by someone I'm fucking." I sighed. It was Friday night. I needed to be at the studio, but later... I took a breath. "Come to my place tonight. We'll talk."

"You're not pissed off?"

"Um," I nodded, "but I'll get over it. I need to be at the studio until about ten. Do you want to meet me there or..."

"At the studio?"

"Yeah."

"Sure," he said. "Which one?"

I jotted down the address and handed him the

paper. "I'll be there around eight. We're finishing up a new CD. It shouldn't take long."

I had a hard time concentrating on the music, but we managed to get a rap on the last tune, a hard rock number with some wicked guitar riffs. At the end, I was on fire, and when it ended with the last slam of the drums, applause splattered down at us from the sound booth. I looked up, surprised to see Les there, sitting beside the two sound techs.

When I met him outside later, he praised the song on the final track. "It really rocks. It's great. Did you write it?"

"Yeah. Thanks. So, you're going to follow me?"

He nodded. "Sure."

I drove way too fast, but I was truly impatient to get him home. I'd invited him there to talk, but I knew we'd do far more. I guess I was tired of fucking him at that school. We could have used that room I had in reserve, but we never seemed to get there. I wanted to undress him slowly, fuck him in a real bed, long and deep. I was waiting for him when he drove up into my driveway.

"I almost lost you," he complained as he got out of his car.

"I'm sorry. I drive like a maniac."

"You drive like a rock star," he accused.

"I suppose." I unlocked the door and we

walked in.

He whistled. "This is nice."

It was my principle residence, not quite a mansion, but big enough. "Want a drink?" I walked down the carpeted hall to the sunk-in living room and told him to make himself at home.

He sat down on of the white leather sofas and shook his head. "No thanks." He suddenly spied my wall of fame and jumped up. "Can I look?"

"Go ahead." Gold records lined the wall along with the band posing with a variety of celebrities. I was surprised that he'd be interested.

He studied it closely. "Wow," he said.

I poured myself some whiskey and took a sip. I needed something. We didn't need to hurry this time. There was no chance we'd be interrupted.

I walked over to the grand piano that sat in the corner and put my drink on the top. I played a few bars of a song I'd heard him playing one day in the music room.

He turned around and looked at me. "That's really good. You have a good ear. I didn't know you were paying that much attention."

"It's beautiful. What is it?"

"It doesn't have a title."

"Is it finished?"

"No."

"Why not?" I looked at him.

"I don't know how to end it. It seems frozen in one spot."

"You need to go past where you ended it, even if it's only by a few notes."

"I don't know how." He was looking at me quite helplessly.

I held out my hand. "I'll help you. Come and sit by me."

He sat down on the bench as I made room. I played those notes again and then played another few bars, something a little higher key, daring. He placed a hand over mine. "Don't," he begged.

I took his hand in mine, entwined our fingers. "Don't be afraid, Les. Let me play it."

He let go of my hand and I played a few more keys. I could hear it now in my mind. As I played, he closed his eyes, finally laying his own hand on the keys and adding some depth to it. I got into the melody, not even noticing that he'd stopped playing until suddenly his mouth was on mine. My hands slipped from the keyboard and I let him devour my mouth.

"I love you," he said as he took his mouth off mine.

My eyes were closed and I was still tasting those lips, but when he said that he loved me, my eyes flew open and I came out of my trance. "What did you say?"

He looked into my eyes. "I love you. I've

always loved you, Jax, and I can't fight it anymore, just like I have to finish that song. I thought it was about Hans, but now I know, it's about you." A single tear rolled down his cheek.

I brushed it away, placed my hand on his shoulder. "About me?"

"I started writing it before the accident. I told myself it was for Hans, but...it was always your song. I saw your face in my mind when I wrote it, imagined you naked in my arms. Then after Hans died, it had to be about him, don't you see?" he choked. "But it's yours."

I held him for the longest time, letting him cry. I even cried with him. And finally, he stood up, wiped his eyes and smiled at me. "Where's the bedroom?"

I smiled faintly "We don't have to."

"Yes, we do," he said. "I want you so badly right now."

"Okay. Let's go."

We walked together, arms around each other, kissing tenderly from time to time. I felt like a virgin as I walked into that room, and I think he did, too.

I laid him down gently on the bed and undressed him. He sobbed as I bent down to kiss him, took him into my arms and for the longest time, I just held him. He stroked my hair, kissed my lips over and over. Our cocks grew hard as he

undressed me and moved his mouth to my chest. He touched me all over, rolled me onto my stomach, rimmed me most lovingly and then asked me for lube and rubbers. I pointed to the bureau. He lubed me in the most erotic way, causing my ass to rise up in the air from the tension.

He put on the rubber, smiled down at me as I looked back at him. "Can I?"

I nodded at him.

He entered me slowly, inch after inch of his luscious cock sinking inside of me, all the time telling me how much he loved me. I moaned as he began to take my ass in earnest, never remembering enjoying being fucked like this before. I was definitely not a bottom, never expected to be, given my image, but this was heaven.

When he grabbed my hair and yanked back my head, driving into me, I shot into the mattress, crying out, and he copied me seconds later.

I rolled over and he sunk down on top of me, kissing my lips, my nipples, his fingers seeking out my cock. "I'm sorry," he said. "None of it was your fault. I just couldn't face it. When I saw you again, all that bitterness came back. Not only had I been in love with another man, a fantasy, and Hans knew it, I didn't even have you in my life. It seemed unbearable to me. I treated you so..."

"Shush," I said. "Come on," I sat up and urged him off the bed with me.

He protested. "No, I want to lie here with you."

"You will. We have all night," I said. "But first, we're going to finish your song."

He looked at me for a moment. There was a light in his eyes I'd never seen before. "Not my song, Jax, your song," he said.

"Our song," I answered, and for that I received a kiss.

About the Author

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

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