

STEVIE WOODS

Something
Romantic



Also by Stevie Woods

Beyond the Veil

Conflict

Drawing the Veil



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Something Romantic

STEVIE WOODS

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Patrick was feeling tired and was glad to be finally going home, it was even later than he'd realized. It'd been a long day and all he wanted now was a hot shower and a warm bed.

The elevator reached his floor and he gratefully made his way to his door, wishing he wasn't going home to an empty apartment. Opening the door he slipped in, dropping his bag on the floor as soon as he was inside. He wasn't usually so untidy but just then putting his gear away was the last thing on his mind.

Adam would almost certainly be annoyed if he knew that Patrick had brought work home with him. During their long distance conversation only that morning Adam had told Patrick that he was working too hard.

Patrick couldn't argue with that, but neither could he argue with the fact that he had too much to do in the hours available. He'd known, of course, that along with the promotion would come increased responsibility, but he had never expected to have to carry everyone. Something needed to be done but he'd have to think about that another time.

He debated going to the kitchen to make coffee but for once he had other priorities.

He went straight to the bathroom and stripped off the clothes he had been wearing all day. He hadn't bothered to shower and change before leaving the lab as he often did, deciding it would be easier just to shower at home and then collapse into bed afterwards.

Even though he was tired he couldn't help but wish Adam was here, but his lover was still at his conference in Washington. The last time Patrick spoke to Adam, about nine that morning, Adam had told him that he didn't expect to be home until the next afternoon, but he planned to be home in time to have dinner with Patrick that next evening.

Patrick let the water run over his body as he contemplated what he would cook for dinner the next night. Adam was probably expecting to eat out, or maybe order something in, but

Patrick had a more personal agenda in mind. Something special – something romantic. Would candles be too much?

He wondered if Adam would remember what tomorrow was. Probably not. Adam was pragmatic and it probably wouldn't even occur to him to celebrate the anniversary of their first month together. But that didn't imply it wouldn't mean something to him. It would, just as much as it did to Patrick, but whereas Patrick would quite happily admit it, Adam would more than likely brush it off with some throw away line. He liked to pretend he wasn't romantic, but Adam Petersen could be as romantic as the next man, and more so than some Patrick had known.

One whole month as a couple; it still seemed something of a miracle. Patrick had wanted Adam for longer than he could remember. Well that wasn't exactly true, he could remember exactly when he decided he wanted – he *loved* – Adam, but it had been so long ago that the cliché seemed to fit anyway.

It had been even more frustrating that Patrick had been – almost – certain that Adam had feelings for him too, but Adam had never said anything. Patrick was comfortable being a gay man, but Adam wasn't out. In fact, Patrick hadn't even been sure if Adam even thought of himself in those terms, so all he could do was wait and hope. If nothing else Adam considered him a good friend. It wasn't enough, but Patrick would rather have that than nothing.

Until that very special evening, just over a month ago, when Adam had visited Patrick and confessed that he had feelings for him. Adam had said he could no longer keep his emotions under tight rein. He wasn't being true to either of them.

Patrick could remember the words clearly, but perhaps even more importantly he could remember every expression that passed over Adam's face, every glance of his eyes, every blush that stole over his face. And most vivid of all, he could recall with perfect clarity the feel of his lips as they touched for the first time, the soft tender pressure as Adam silently asked him to open his lips and let his new lover explore.

Patrick sighed as he relived that moment once again, and he intended to make sure that tomorrow Adam understood just how much his love meant, how it made Patrick feel whole, more alive

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that he ever had before.

Patrick realised that the water was now cool and he turned it off and grabbed a towel. He gave his hair a quick rub dry and then just put on his bathrobe; he was too tired to dry off properly with the towel.

He opened his bedroom door and walked inside, his thoughts on the next evening, so it came as something of a shock to see Adam lying in his bed watching him. Patrick's tiredness seemed to disappear. His heart was pounding in his chest, partly from shock and partly from excitement.

"Evening Patrick," Adam said with a grin. "Surprise!"

"Bastard," Patrick replied, his smile taking any sting from the words. "Are you trying to give me a heart attack? What are you doing here, why aren't you in Washington?"

"That's a nice welcome. Would you rather I was still in Washington? I could always go back. Or would you prefer me to stay here, to be in your bed?" The husky tone of Adam's voice sent shivers down Patrick's spine.

"Oh, I think you're fine just where you are," Patrick said dropping the robe and sliding under the covers with Adam. "I've missed you."

Adam smiled, "I've only been gone for a couple of days."

"It was too long. I need you with me all the time." Patrick kissed him, quick and hard. "You knew you'd be back today, didn't you? Why the subterfuge?" Patrick asked as he gently slid his hands over his lover's firm chest, running his fingers round a nipple watching as it instantly pebbled under his touch.

Adam sucked in a breath, "If you want an answer you'd better stop doing that for a minute."

"What, this?" Patrick asked, darting his gaze up at Adam as he replaced his fingers with his lips.

"God, Pat," Adam gasped. "I... I wanted to surprise you. Aghh!" Patrick's lips were supplemented by a tongue and then a nip from teeth. "I knew that no matter what I said you'd... bring some work home and... I wanted you to take a break." Adam's hands were shaking as he grabbed Patrick's head and lifted it from his chest and took Patrick's mouth with his own.

The kiss was long and slow as they devoured each other. They may only have been apart for a couple of days but it had

been much too long.

Hands travelled over bodies touching gently, caressing and squeezing and occasionally a nail would drag along tender skin eliciting moans or groans and indrawn breath.

* * * *

Adam rolled so that he was half lying across Patrick and he sucked the tender skin on Patrick's neck, wanting to leave a mark, *his* mark.

"Oh, God, Pat, I love you so much I could eat you alive," Adam growled as he moved on down to kiss and nibble Patrick's chest and Patrick arched his back, pressing himself as close as possible against Adam's mouth.

Adam licked Patrick's nipples swiping from one to the other and then he bit the right one making Patrick cry out in a mixture of pleasure and pain. Adam smiled as he continued on down Patrick's breastbone.

Patrick's hands were busy caressing Adam's arms and shoulders, his nails occasionally dragging along the skin, pressing that little bit harder down Adam's spine, and Adam shuddered at the contact. He'd discovered that Adam was like putty once he'd learned how to arouse him. Adam certainly had no cause to discourage him.

Adam felt Patrick's hands as they slipped lower so he could cup Adam's ass. Patrick squirmed underneath him until their cocks slid against each other creating a delicious heat. Patrick kneaded and massaged Adam's buttocks and they began to move against each other.

They liked to make love like this sometime, enjoying pleasuring each other at the same time, touching each other at every point possible and sharing kisses constantly. Abruptly Adam rolled them over so Patrick was above and he smiled at his lover as Patrick undulated against him, lifting his upper body and supporting himself as he pressed his groin harder and harder against Adam's. Adam moaned at the sensations roiling through him and he gripped Patrick's biceps making Patrick lower himself again so their chests rubbed together.

Adam sensed that Patrick was close and he felt his own

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orgasm gather low in his belly. He seized Patrick's mouth again, pouring all his feeling into the passionate kiss, never letting go even as he climaxed. An instant later he felt the heat of Patrick's seed mixing with his between their still moving bodies.

They collapsed in a tangle of limbs and Adam rolled them so they were on their sides facing each other and he pulled Patrick against him. Patrick snuggled close, his face against Adam's neck.

* * * *

"Well that was certainly nice to come home to," Patrick said as soon as his mouth was not otherwise occupied. "Though I still don't know why you didn't let me know you were coming home early."

"I wanted to give you a surprise for our anniversary."

Patrick's mouth dropped open in surprise, his gaze holding Adam's. "Our anniversary, you remembered?"

"Of course, it might only be a month, but what a month," Adam said with a wide smile.

"Adam," Patrick said hesitantly. "You do know it's not a month until tomorrow, and I was planning to cook a celebratory welcome home dinner for you."

"We can still have a lovely dinner together. But, Patrick, my love, it's after midnight. Today is our anniversary and I wanted it to start and end with making love to you."

Patrick gasped. "Oh, Adam, how did you know what I wanted for our first anniversary?"

Adam looked puzzled. Patrick grinned. "Something romantic."

STEVIE WOODS

About the Author

Stevie Woods lives in the Northwest of England and enjoys reading and writing stories of romantic adventure. Stevie is happy to hear from readers via <http://www.steviewoods.com>.