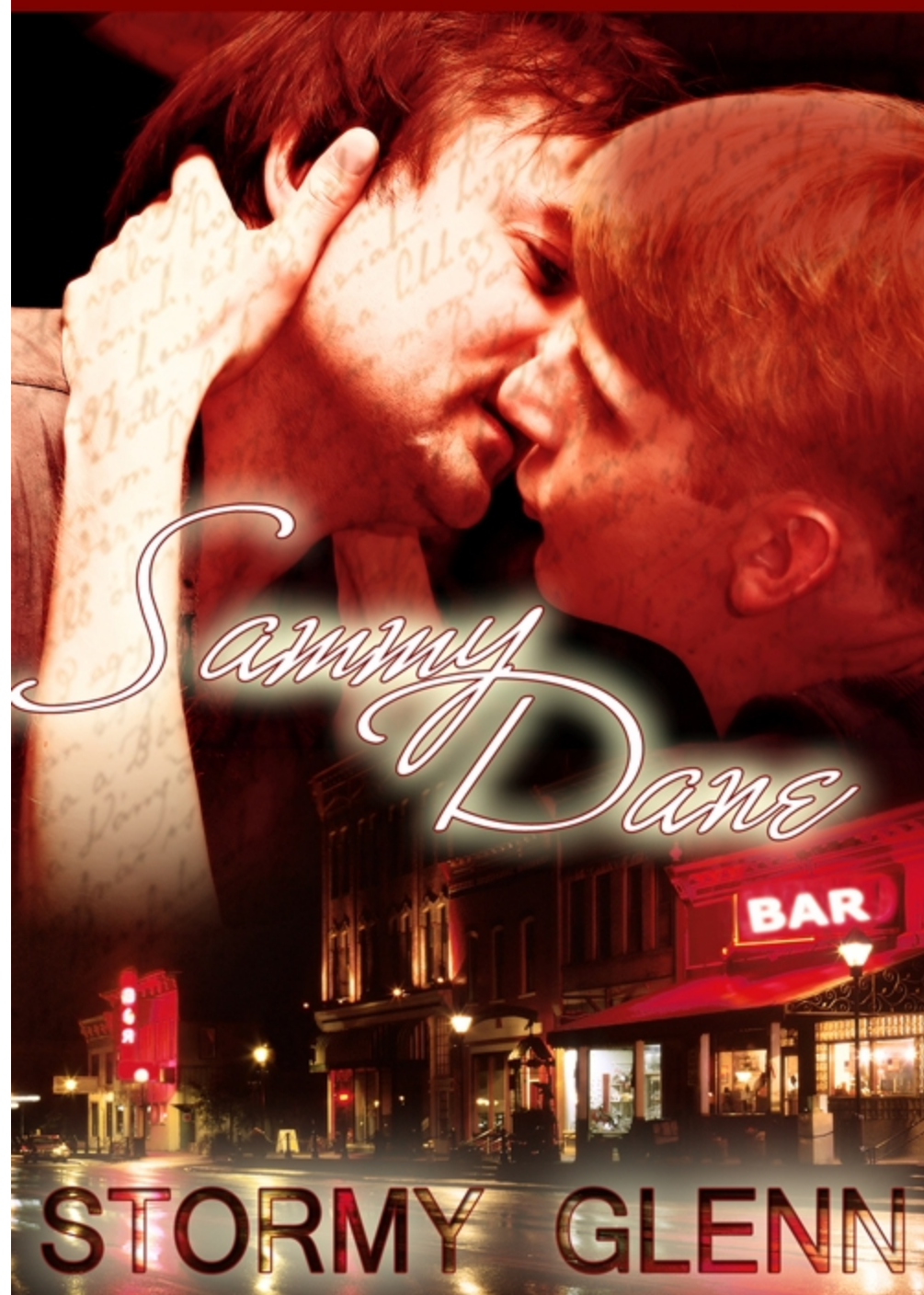


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Sammy Dane

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Book Blurb

Police Officer James Everson seems to go from one guy to another, never finding exactly what he wants. Frustrated and out of sorts he goes to a local gay bar in the hopes of finding a guy and burning off some steam. What he finds is Sammy.

Samuel Dane Summers is a confirmed geek. He has all the classic symptoms, glasses, baggy slacks, white button down shirts. He's a vegetarian. He forgets everything from paying his bills to locking his doors. Sammy needs a keeper. The one good thing he does is write erotic gay romance novels.

When these two meet, the fireworks explode. Sammy rocks James's world, giving him the best sexual experience of his life. When it's over, Sammy disappears.

James is devastated. He becomes obsessed with finding Sammy again. But an obsessed fan also wants to get his hands on Sammy, believing the books Sammy writes is their love story and he's not above taking James out of the picture to do it. Can James save his sexy little writer before it's too late or will he lose him forever?

Chapter One

"Jamie, it's just a simple get together between friends," Nicky said. "No funny business. Say you can come. Please?"

James Everson rolled his eyes and rubbed the bridge of his nose. He so didn't want to go to one of his brother's backyard parties. The last three he'd gone to, Nicky had tried to hook him up with a blind date. He didn't want to go through that again.

"No funny business?" James asked. "No setting me up with anyone?"

"I swear."

"Fine." James heaved a sigh. He could picture his little brother holding two fingers up like a boy scout. He was never a boy scout. "What time should I be there and what do I need to bring?"

"Cool," Nicky said. "Saturday the fifteenth. Come by around three. And you can bring a salad."

"Salad?" *Seriously? A salad?* James was a meat and potatoes man. He didn't eat rabbit food. "What kind of salad?" As if he had a clue.

Nicky chuckled. "Go to the produce section at the market. They have mixed salad all ready to go, everything in them right down to the tomatoes. You don't have to add anything to it. You don't even need a bowl. They come in resealable plastic containers."

"No shit?"

"No shit, bro." Nicky chuckled again. "The food industry has become quite progressive."

"Shut up." James didn't cook and Nicky knew it. He was on a first name basis with the local fast food joint and had the pizza delivery place on speed dial.

"It'll be really great to see you, Jamie."

"Yeah, it's been awhile," James agreed. "Work has kept me pretty busy."

"Anything else keeping you busy?"

"Nicky," James said, the warning clear in his voice.

"Just asking, bro; just asking."

Nicky paused and James braced for his brother's next words. Nicky always did the same old song and dance, every time they talked.

"I just worry about you, Jamie. You spend too much time flitting from one relationship to another."

"I don't flit, Nicky," James argued. He didn't, not really. He just hadn't found the right guy yet. And he didn't have a lot of time to work on a relationship, either. He was a police officer. He worked a lot of hours. *That's my excuse and I'm sticking to it.*

"You might not flit, but you don't take any of the guys you date seriously."

"Nicky."

"Okay, okay, I'll get off your case," Nicky replied. "I just want you to be happy, Jamie, and I don't think you are."

"Just because I haven't found my *Mr. Right* like you have doesn't mean that I'm not happy, Nicky. I have my work, which I love, and friends that I do things with. Besides, I'm not sure there are too many guys out there like Troy."

"There's not." Nick laughed. "He's definitely special."

James could hear the love Nicky had for Troy in his brother's voice. He was happy Nicky had found the man for him. He was also saddened that he himself was still alone. Not for lack of trying; he just hadn't found anyone he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. Maybe he never would.

"So, hey," James said, seeking a change of subject, "I need to go. I need to get my uniform set out for work tomorrow. I'll see you on the fifteenth, okay?"

"Yeah, Jamie, see you then."

James hung up the phone and glanced over at the clock. Nearly seven. Despite what he told his brother, he really had nothing to do. His freshly cleaned and pressed uniform hung in the bedroom closet. He wasn't due back to work until tomorrow evening.

He grabbed the remote and turned on the television. After surfing the dial, he heaved a sigh and pressed the button. The screen went dark. Three hundred and sixty-

five channels of crap to choose from. Nothing interested him.

Restless and bored, he glanced at the clock again. Maybe he'd go out, see if he could find a little action. Wouldn't Nick be shocked if he showed up to the party with a date? James laughed. Maybe then he'd lay off on the matchmaking.

With that thought in mind, James tossed the remote on the coffee table and got to his feet. He started to whistle a happy little tune as he made his way to the bedroom to get dressed. Maybe he'd get lucky tonight

* * * * *

"Troy, I really don't have time."

"Come on, Sammy," Troy wheedled, "it's just for a few hours. Surely you can squeeze in a few hours for one little party."

Sammy glanced at the half finished paragraph on his computer screen. "Not really."

"Sammy," Troy pleaded, "it's just a backyard barbecue, a few of our friends, Nicky's brother, you. It'll be great. Besides, when was the last time you had something good to eat?"

Sammy looked down at the freshly washed yet untouched apple sitting on his desk next to his computer. His brother knew him too well. If someone didn't remind him to eat on a regular basis, he pretty much forgot. "I eat."

Sammy started to turn his gaze back to the computer screen then paused. What the hell? On the edge of his desk sat an unopened bottle of mineral water. Funny . . . he didn't remember bringing one in with him today. He shrugged. Sometimes when he got caught up in a story, he forgot things. This definitely wasn't the first time he found something on his desk he didn't remember putting there.

"What have you eaten today? An apple? Some grapes? Have you even had any protein?"

Sammy rolled his eyes. "You know I don't eat meat, Troy."

"I get that, Sammy, but there are a lot of ways to get protein without eating meat. You could have some peanut butter or an egg, something besides fruit. Fruit will not fill you up. It's just not enough for you, man."

"Troy, please" He'd heard this argument before, about a million times. He knew Troy was just trying to look out for him but he was a grown man. Hell, of the two of them, he was the older brother. He should be looking out for Troy, not the other way around.

"Please, Sammy?"

Oh God, Sammy hated it when Troy used his little brother pleading voice. He couldn't say no and Troy knew it. Sammy pulled his glasses off and pinched the bridge of his nose. He could feel a headache coming on.

"Fine, what time should I be there?"

"Come over around three on the fifteenth.. That should give you plenty of time to get some work done. And don't worry about bringing anything," Troy said. "Nicky made sure someone was bringing salad so there will plenty for you to eat."

"Okay." What else could he say? Troy knew what buttons to push with Sammy. He always had. And he used them when he wanted something, even if it was just his presence at a backyard party.

"Are you going to bring a date?" Troy asked.

"What?" Sammy exclaimed, caught totally off guard by the question. "Of course not. Why on earth would I bring a date?"

"Just thought I'd ask," Troy replied, his voice all innocent. "Nicky needs a head count for cooking."

"No, I am not bringing a date," Sammy replied then thought about it. "And don't take that as permission to set me up. The last guy you set me up with was a total jerk."

Troy snorted. "Yeah, sorry about that. I really thought Frank would turn out to be the guy for you. He owns a bookstore and everything. I thought he'd be right up your alley."

"The bookstore part was great." Sammy chuckled. "It was the Frank part that

was a little crazy. It was one date, Troy, one single date. I knew ten minutes into it that we wouldn't work. He's too obsessive. It gave me the creeps."

"He isn't still bothering you, is he?"

Sammy shrugged even though Troy couldn't see it. Technically, yeah, Frank was still bothering him. He still phoned, sent letters and flowers and all sorts of little gifts. Sammy returned everything unopened and never answered his calls, but Frank wasn't getting the picture.

Sammy glanced at the dozen red roses sticking out of his trash can. He'd found them sitting on his front porch this morning. He crossed his fingers and replied, "No."

Sammy wasn't about to tell Troy that Frank was still bothering him. Troy would probably track the man down and beat the crap out of him. He'd done it before to guys who'd been mean to Sammy. He was everything a protective older brother should be, except he was the younger brother.

Sammy still hadn't figured out how that had happened. True, Troy was much larger than him. Hell, Troy was larger than most people. He was practically a giant. Sammy was no shrimp but next to Troy he looked tiny.

"You'll tell me if he does, right?"

Sammy laughed. "Probably not."

"Sammy," Troy said, his voice laced with warning.

"Troy, I'm fine. I can handle Frank. I've been handling things on my own for a long time. I'm a big boy. I even dress myself and go to the bathroom without any assistance."

"Sammy!"

"Seriously, Troy, it's fine. Frank is an annoyance but that's all. He'll go away eventually. I do not want you interfering. It wouldn't look good for Officer Troy to get caught beating someone up. Besides, Nicky would be mad at me and then where would I eat?"

Troy laughed as Sammy knew he would. Nicky was forever feeding Sammy, preparing meals for him and dropping them off in his fridge. The man even had a key

to Sammy's apartment just for that reason. Nicky tried to take good care of Sammy and Troy. It was one of the things Sammy loved about the man, besides how happy Nicky had made his brother.

Sammy slid his glasses back on his face and stared at the computer screen. "Hey look, if I'm going to be at that party, I need to get some more work done. I still have to finish packing for the new place. I'll see you at the party, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, okay, and if you need any help moving you just let me know." Troy grumbled. "And you be careful. I don't want to get a call that Frank has done something to you."

"Not going to happen. I can take care of Frank. You just take care of you and Nicky."

"I will," Troy replied. "Love you, bro. See you Saturday."

"Okay."

Sammy hung up the phone and let out a small sigh. He loved Troy, he really did. Troy had been taking care of the both of them for years, ever since their parents — victims of a drunk driver — died. He loved Nicky, too, but he really wished they would stop setting him up on dates. He was thrilled that they were happy but they didn't need to make everyone else around them happy.

Their matchmaking tendencies aggravated him. Every time Troy or Nicky called lately, Sammy didn't know if they were calling just to say hi or to set him up. Half the time he was afraid to answer the phone and would just let it go to voice mail.

He hadn't always felt this way though. The first couple times Troy and Nicky had set him up, Sammy had gladly gone out on the blind dates. But he'd quickly learned that while Troy and Nicky had his best interests at heart, they had no clue what type of guy Sammy was actually attracted to. Sammy wasn't sure he really knew either but it certainly wasn't the men they chose for him.

Sammy wanted to find what Troy and Nicky had. They were so deeply in love that sometimes it was hard for Sammy to even look at them. He just hadn't found the one for him. He despaired he ever would.

Sammy looked at the words on his computer screen. While he had written them, he might as well have been reading Greek. His mind had gone totally blank and right in the middle of a great sex scene too. He wasn't going to get any work done at this rate.

After saving his manuscript, Sammy powered down his computer. Anything else he wrote tonight would be crap. His mind was elsewhere, his thoughts centered on what he didn't have in his life, like a boyfriend or a sex life.

Groaning at his lack of concentration, Sammy made his way to his bedroom to dress. Maybe he should go hang out at Dooley's, the bar down the street. They knew him there. He was pretty much a regular, even if he didn't drink alcohol, and he often went there to unwind when he was tied up in one of his books.

If he was really lucky, he'd see some action that would stimulate his brain and get him back into the hot sex scene he was writing for his latest erotic romance. Sammy grabbed a simple white cotton shirt out of his dresser and pulled it over his head, then donned a pair of tan slacks. He grabbed his tan suit jacket on the way out the door.

He needed inspiration. He chuckled. Researching gay erotic novels was a lot more fun than researching mainstream mysterious – the genre he'd started out in years ago. Thank God he'd discovered erotic romance . . . and he'd been hooked ever since.

His last three books, all published under a pen name, fell within this genre and they'd sold very well, Hee'd developed quite the fan base, earned a nice living, and he loved his work. He included every little erotic thing he could think of or research in his books. If only his life was that exciting

Chapter Two

James sat at the bar and signaled for a beer. While he waited, he twirled around on his barstool and scoped out the room. Though still early in the evening, the place was fairly packed.

He had heard of Dooley's Pub. He'd just never been there. It was supposed to be a laid back gay bar where a man could just get a beer and play a game of pool without

worrying that someone would hit on him every time he turned around. Despite that, James hoped he might be hit on once or twice.

His prospects seemed pretty good if the looks he was getting were anything to go by. More than one man checked him out. James smiled and turned back to the bar. The evening was definitely looking up.

"That'll be three fifty," the bartender said as he set a beer bottle down in front of James. James pulled some bills out of his pocket and handed them over. He took a long sip of the beer, surprised at how good the cold liquid felt going down his throat.

"First time?"

James turned to look at the man next to him. He smiled, not in invitation, but just to be politeness. The guy wasn't his type at all. "Yes. I heard about this place from my brother and thought I'd check it out."

"I could show you around," the guy said, clearly not getting the picture, "and introduce you to the regulars."

"No," James replied, "thanks anyway. I think I'll just sit here with my beer."

"My name's Kurt," the man said. "If you change your mind, I'll be around."

James gave a little nod and turned back to his beer. He rolled his eyes. There were quite a few men in there he wouldn't mind spending the night with. Why couldn't they hit on him? Why did it have to be some man dressed like a librarian?

Suits, dress shirts, slacks . . . none of that turned him on. Especially when the guy wearing them looked like he'd never seen a hard day's work in his life. He wasn't a prude by any means but he preferred men who wore jeans and t-shirts, and who understood the concept of working hard and playing harder.

He barely finished the thought when he caught sight of a man coming through the front door. A man who made him re-think his taste. James swung around to get a better look. No, whoever he was, he certainly wasn't James's normal type at all but something about the guy intrigued him and made his cock stand up and beg for an introduction.

The man wore a loose pair of tan slacks, a white button down shirt, and a tan suit

jacket—everything James hated. He looked like a bookworm or librarian, right down to his horn-rimmed glasses. The only thing lacking was a damned bowtie. Horrible. *Oh, yeah? Then why am I so fuckin' attracted to him?*

"Andy?" the man said loudly as he got closer to the bar, "I need my usual."

"Another hard night, Dane?" the bartender asked as he made up some sort of pink drink and set it on the bar top.

The man, Dane, apparently, nodded. He grabbed the drink and swallowed it all down in one gulp. He coughed, slamming the glass down on the bar. "Hit me again."

"Are you sure, Dane?" the bartender asked. "You hardly ever have more than one."

Dane nodded. "I'm sure."

"Okay, you're the boss."

James watched, fascinated, as the bartender made the man another pink drink. He handed it over. Again, the man downed the drink in one swallow. He didn't cough this time but handed the glass back.

"Okay, I'll take a straight ginger ale now."

The bartender poured Dane a ginger ale and set it on the bar. "Anything I can help you with?"

"No, I was working on this really hot shower scene between Robert and Greg when my brother called. He started in on me and I lost my train of thought."

James frowned. Hot shower scene? Robert and Greg? What was this man into? When Dane sat down two barstools away and started talking to the bartender, James leaned closer, his curiosity eating away at him.

"So, tell me about the shower scene," the bartender directed.

"Robert just got home from work. Greg's been gone on that conference in Tokyo for the last week. When Robert gets home, he discovers Greg in the shower. Greg is tired, he has jetlag but Robert is naked and crawling into the shower with him."

James raised a brow and shifted to find a more comfortable position on the stool. With every word Dane uttered, James's dick grew harder. He could just picture the

scene in his mind. He had been tired before, so tired his eyes ached, but if his naked lover had crawled into the shower with him, he'd be so awake he would look like he just had three shots of espresso.

"So, what seems to be the problem?" the bartender asked. "Robert has Greg in the shower. They're both naked. Let the scene just go from there. Just let it happen."

Yeah, Dane, just let it happen, James encouraged silently.

Dane shook his head. "It's not flowing right now. I'm just not feeling it."

"I'd be more than happy to help," James found himself saying before he had even thought about the words.

Oh hell!

Dane's head swung up and James lost himself in the deepest brown eyes he had ever seen. It was like swimming in a sea of dark chocolate. Then those eyes blinked, breaking the spell James seemed to be under.

"Do I know you?"

James chuckled, shaking his head. "James."

"Dane."

James reached over and shook the hand the man held out, wondering why he hadn't given his full name, or even his nick name. Then he thought about it some more. The chances of him seeing this man again were pretty slim. What did it matter if they only knew each other by their first names? After all, Dane hadn't given his last name either.

James scooted over to the barstool next to Dane. He grinned. "So, what can I do to help you get your muse back?"

Dane raised one sexy brown eyebrow. "I . . . uh . . . who are you again?"

"James."

"James, right," Dane said, glancing down at his glass of ginger ale for a moment before looking back up at James. "And we don't know each other?"

James shook his head. "No, but I'd like to get to know you better."

"Why?"

What?

"Uh," James shrugged. "You're cute?"

"You make me sound like a puppy."

James leaned closer and lowered his voice. "Yeah, but I don't want to do the same things to a puppy that I want to do to you."

James could see the astonishment on Dane's face a split second before he started to grin. He hoped he wasn't coming on too strong but the man was cute in his own bookish type of way. James certainly wouldn't mind ruffling his feathers for a night.

"Okay."

What?

"Okay what?" James asked, not quite sure he understood the man correctly. Dane had been a constant surprise since James had laid eyes on him ten minutes ago. What other surprises did his new friend hold in store?

"Well," Dane said in a very reasonable voice, "you said you wanted to do things to me. Unless you're talking serious pain or something, I'm in. Is my place okay? I'm only a couple of blocks away."

"I . . . er . . . your place is fine."

"Let's go then." Dane turned to the bartender, who now wore a stupid grin. "Put my drinks on my tab. Tell Steve I'll come in next week and pay up."

With that, Dane turned away and walked to the door. He paused on the threshold and turned back to James, who just sat there in stunned amazement at the sight of the man's perfect ass. He hadn't seen it when the man walked in but now he was mesmerized.

"Coming?" Dane asked.

James wasn't stupid. He jumped off the barstool and strode across the room, his gaze firmly planted on the man's ass. Trancelike, he followed Dane down the street.

They didn't talk, which was just fine by James. The silence gave him more time to analyze this crazy attraction. Although cute, Dane could hardly be described as drop dead gorgeous. He was almost as tall as James but much slimmer. James worked hard

to bulk up a little. Being a police officer required him to stay in shape.

Dane, on the other hand, looked like he hadn't ever seen the inside of a gym. His body was slender, almost too slender. If he wasn't so tall, James would think he was one of those slim twink type of guys. And judging by his handshake, Dane probably didn't hold a physically demanding job. He probably worked in a bookstore or a library or something. James doubted he had ever done a hard day's work in his life.

Still, there was something arresting about the man, starting with his eyes. Dane's chocolate brown eyes were captivating. James could look into them forever. Add the slightly mussed, collar-length, wavy brown hair and one fantastic ass and James was salivating.

"This is my place here," Dane said after a couple of blocks.

James nodded. He didn't really care much what the place looked like. He just wanted to see the bedroom.

"Come on," Dane said as he unlocked the door. He bent down and picked up a small package off the porch and walked in. James raised a curious brow when Dane took the package directly to the garbage can and tossed it inside. *What the . . . ?*

"This way." Dane headed down the hallway.

James shrugged. None of his business, anyway. In fact, he hoped they could keep the small talk to a minimum. He didn't want to know the man's life story or how many boyfriends he'd had or anything really personal. He just wanted to get down to the good stuff.

Dane paused at a doorway at the end of the hall to look back at him, much as he had at the bar. "Coming?" he asked right before he stepped into the room.

"Uh, yeah," James replied, hurrying down the hallway. He skidded to a halt, his eyes nearly bugged out of his head. Dane stood in the middle of the bedroom, half-dressed. The sight of Dane's bare upper torso brought James's cock back to attention.

Dane took off his glasses and set them on the nightstand. He opened one of the drawers and took out a piece of paper. He held it out to James. "My most recent test results. I'm clean. There's also lube and plenty of condoms in here. Better safe than

sorry."

"Yeah," James said, starting to feel a little funny about the situation. He was getting exactly what he wanted, sex with no strings. So, why was he uncomfortable? "I have mine right here." He pulled out his wallet and grabbed the folded piece of paper he always kept on him. He handed it over to Dane before stripping his clothes off as he watched the man skim the paper carefully then hand it back.

"Cool," Dane said and pushed his librarian-style khaki pants to his ankles.

James's mouth dropped open as he stared down at Dane's body. No way. No *way* a man as lanky as Dane could sport that size of a hard on. He had heard his brother brag about how big Troy was but he didn't think Troy would hold a candle to this man. Dane was huge, much bigger than anything James had ever seen in person.

Dane stepped closer. He reached up and caressed the side of James's face. "Don't worry, James. By the time I'm done stretching you out, it'll fit just fine."

What?

"Oh, uh, I don't—I've never—" James stammered. Dane expected to top him? James had never been topped in his life. He did the topping. He did the fucking. He did the—well, he was the one on top.

Dane stepped closer. His breath brushed against James's cheek. "Don't worry, sweetheart, I'll go easy on you."

James gasped as Dane pushed him back onto the bed. Before he could protest, Dane covered him, his lips and tongue and hands everywhere at once, licking, caressing, stroking, nipping. James's mind went numb and he forgot his protests and concentrated on the pleasure Dane created in his body.

"You're so fucking responsive," Dane whispered as he licked his way up James's neck. "Do you know what a turn on that is?"

James shook his head.

Dane grabbed James's hand and placed it on his hard cock. "See what it does to me? How hot you make me?" Dane growled. "I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll feel me for a week."

James groaned. Dane's words were arousing him to new levels. No one had ever talked to him like that. His cock throbbed where it lay against Dane's thigh. The idea of being fucked incited both fear and excitement. But when Dane bent down and took James's cock into his mouth, James forgot all about his trepidations.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned loudly.

James's heart raced and all the blood in his body shot down to his cock leaving him aching and engorged. Dane didn't seem to notice James's discomfort. He just continued what he was doing, driving James out of his ever loving mind.

Dane slid his hot mouth all the way down James's dick until his nose hit James's groin. James could feel the head of his cock hit the back of Dane's throat. Tight lips massaged his shaft. The longest tongue James had ever felt wrapped around him.

James's moved his hips, humping against Dane uncontrollably. He fisted his hands in Dane's hair, seeking some semblance of control. The situation had moved forward so fast, James could barely catch his breath.

"Uh uh," Dane said as he let go of James's cock and grabbed his wrists. "None of that."

James scrunched his forehead in confusion. *None of what?*

He had his answer when Dane pushed his hands back over the top of his head. James started to look up to see what Dane was fiddling with when he felt cold metal close over his wrists and heard the unmistakable sounds of handcuffs clicking closed.

"What the fu —"

"Shh, sweetheart," Dane crooned. He placed the key in James's hand. "You can release yourself whenever you want to and leave but I promise you, if you stay, I will give you an experience you will never forget."

Dane scooted back down James's body. "I promise not to do anything you won't enjoy."

With that, Dane dove back down on James's cock. James's fist closed over the key. He didn't unlock the cuffs. He was too busy losing his mind again. Dane had started swallowing around his cock again. He couldn't imagine ever asking Dane to

stop. He'd have to be dead first.

Despite the amazing blowjob, James jerked when two lubed fingers slid into his virgin ass. He hissed, bucking hard, which only served to send his cock farther into Dane's mouth.

Dane didn't complain. He didn't choke. He just swallowed, taking even more. At the same time, he began thrusting his fingers into James. When Dane curved them and touched a hidden spot in James's ass, he felt like he'd been struck by lightning.

"Oh my fucking God!" he shouted. His body began to quake. Nothing had felt so good in his entire life. Dane added a third finger and stroked that sweet spot over and over again.

James cried out, his words nearly unrecognizable as he babbled. He didn't know what he wanted to say. Did he want Dane to stop? Never stop? Did he want Dane to do any damn thing he wanted as long as the pleasure never stopped?

Probably.

He was going to die, he just knew it. When he came, which would be any moment now, every brain cell in his body would melt out his ears and pool on the clean crisp sheets beneath him. And he would die.

"Dane," James wailed as a fourth finger was pushed into his ass. He was so full. He'd never been full before. There was a slight burn but it wasn't enough to distract him from the intense pleasure coursing through his body with each thrust of Dane's fingers or swallow of his mouth.

James's orgasm took him by surprise. He should have been expecting it considering the stimulation his body was receiving, but he hadn't. One moment he was enjoying what Dane was doing to him. The next moment, he was erupting.

He couldn't control his body. His legs quivered. His heart raced. His cock shot ropes of semen into Dane's mouth. James melted. He cried out, begging Dane for more, so much more. He never wanted it to end.

Dane just kept right on swallowing. James didn't even know it was possible but before he could finish his orgasm he started hardening up again. He whimpered when

Dane finally sat up, releasing his cock.

James couldn't focus his eyes clearly. Spots floated in his vision. Even though he had just had the most intense orgasm he could ever remember, he ached for more. He needed something but he wasn't sure exactly what it was he needed.

"Dane," James whispered, pleading for the unknown.

"Not to worry, sweetheart," Dane said as he knelt between James's legs, "I have you."

James's eyesight began to clear just in time to see Dane rolling a condom down his massive cock. He gulped past the lump that had suddenly taken hold in his throat. Was Dane really planning on putting that huge thing in his ass? Would it fit?

"Dane, I don't—"

Dane chuckled. "It'll fit, sweetheart, not to worry. I won't leave you hanging."

James wasn't so confident.

"Turn over, baby," Dane directed. "This will go easier on you if you're on your hands and knees."

James turned and with Dane's help, got to his knees. His hands were still cuffed to the headboard. Luckily, the damned things were clamped onto a single metal circle and James was able to turn it as he rolled over.

Once he was on his knees, James felt Dane grab his hips. Something cold and wet pressed against his ass. James tensed. He suddenly didn't know if he wanted to go through with this. He had never had anyone in his ass before.

James glanced up at the key he still held in his hand. Should he use it? Should he stop Dane before he pushed inside?

"Here I come, sweetheart," Dane whispered to him. "Are you ready for me?"

Hell no!

James squeezed his eyes tight and nodded. He felt something cold and wet press against him again. James tried to remember what he told the men he'd topped. He pushed out as Dane pushed in. He tried to breath, but hell, who could concentrate when they were being impaled on a telephone pole?

Dane moved slowly, pushing in inch by inch. The feeling was exquisite and uncomfortable, all at the same time. James was pretty certain he wasn't going to enjoy this. The sensations weren't horrible but he wasn't sure he saw the attraction at being on the bottom.

"Fuck, sweetheart, you're so tight," Dane groaned. His hands massaged James's ass cheeks. "This ass was made for my cock."

Yeah, right! James thought as Dane pushed in a little more. *Like I haven't said that myself a couple times before.*

Suddenly Dane bottomed out against him, his hips pressing against James's ass. Holy fuck. He'd taken in every last inch of the man. He never would have believed it. As Dane started to pull out, James buried his face in the pillow beneath him and prayed that it would be over soon.

But that thought swiftly faded as Dane pulled all the way back, his long cock caressing James's sweet spot almost the entire way. "Oh, fuck!"

Dane thrust back in, and James couldn't figure out what felt better, in or out. Luckily, he didn't have to choose. Dane started fucking him so fast, James could barely tell if the man was coming or going.

All he knew was that the blow job he had received moments earlier was nothing compared to the intense flames of ecstasy that were burning up his body as Dane fucked him.

"Harder, oh fuck, please, harder," James begged. He pushed his ass back toward Dane, spreading his legs farther apart. He started to reach for his cock, but found he couldn't move. Fuck. The damned cuffs. He clenched his hands into fists.

"Dane!" James wailed.

"Fucking perfect," was Dane's only response as he pounded into James's ass, hitting his prostate with every movement.

James's vision blurred. He knew tears streamed down his face. *Too much*, he thought. *This is just too fucking much.* When Dane reached under James and grabbed his cock that was all it took. James screamed. He fucking screamed. His body bucked

against Dane as he came all over the bed.

As James's vision went dark, he heard a loud bellow behind him. The only thing he knew as he faded into unconsciousness was a sense of deep satisfaction that he had made a man like Dane roar.

* * * * *

James opened his eyes slowly. He ached in places he had never ached before. For a brief moment, he was confused about why he hurt then the activities of the previous night came flooding into his mind. His entire body grew hot at the memory.

He sat up quickly, gasping as he did. James grabbed his head, wondering if he had gotten drunk and dreamed it all. As he glanced around the room, he realized he hadn't dreamed a damn thing. He was in someone's bedroom . . . and he was alone.

Maybe he had dreamed Dane up. No man could possibly be that good in bed. The ache in his ass said differently, though. James was pretty sure Dane was right; he would be feeling this for a week.

James swung his legs over the side of the bed and glanced around again. Where in the hell was Dane? Was that even the man's name? Was this even his place? Confused and not sure he could deal with what had happened the night before, James decided to get the hell out . . . preferably before he ran into Dane.

He grabbed his clothes off the floor and quickly pulled them on. With one more look around to insure he hadn't forgotten anything, James left the bedroom. He tiptoed down the hallway. Had Dane left, or was he just in another room?

James felt like shit for sneaking out but not enough to want to change his mind and stick around. He needed some time to process what had happened. Not only had he had the best sex of his life but it had come at the hands of a man James never would have dated under normal circumstances. Dane just wasn't his type.

A note taped to the front door brought James to a stop. He reached up and pulled it down. James frowned at the words written on the small white piece of paper.

He felt the ground beneath his feet give way.

Thanks for a great night. Please lock the door on your way out.

Dane.

James crumpled up the note. He'd been dismissed. Just like that. No *call me later* or *let's get together again*, nothing. Just thanks for last night. Now get the hell out and don't forget to lock the damn door when you leave.

James tossed the wadded paper on the floor and stormed out, purposely leaving the front door unlocked. He was pissed. He had never felt so angry in all of his life. Dane had dismissed him as if what they had shared the night before meant nothing. How dare he?!

James felt . . . he felt He skidded to a halt as stunned realization struck him. He felt abandoned. That shocking insight had him blinking in surprise. He had never felt this way in his life, not even when he had broken up with his last boyfriend.

Was this how others felt when he left? He never made any promises he couldn't keep but neither had Dane. There had been no promises of forever after. No promises of tomorrow. There hadn't even been any promises of another *great night*.

Dane hadn't done anything James hadn't done on numerous occasions. So, why did he feel so shitty? Why did he feel like his chest was going to cave in and he was going to hyperventilate? Why did he feel like the best thing that had ever happened to him just kicked him out of his life? Why did he feel *abandoned*?

Chapter Three

"Hey, Troy, thanks for meeting me," James said as Troy sat down in the booth seat across from him. "You want a beer or something?"

Troy nodded. "Yeah, that would be great, thanks."

James could feel Troy's inquisitive eyes on him as he signaled the waitress for two beers. He knew the man had questions. James just didn't know quite where to start. He'd been thinking about Dane nonstop for the past week. He couldn't get the man out

of his mind, couldn't get what Dane had *done* to him out of his mind.

"So, what's up, man?" Troy asked.

James looked up. He frowned, noticing Troy's brown eyes for the first time since he'd known the man. They were almost as dark as Dane's but not quite. They certainly reminded James of Dane, though. Lately, nearly everything had.

"I met someone," James said simply.

Troy looked shocked for a moment, then grinned. "That's great, James. Congratulations."

"Yeah, maybe."

"Are you going to bring him to the party?" Troy asked. "You can, you know? We'd love to meet him." Troy paused, a worried look crossing his face. "It is a *him*, isn't it?"

James nodded. "Oh yeah, there's no mistaking that he's a man," he said as he envisioned the rather impressive dick that had dominated James's dreams for days.

"So, what's the problem then?" Troy asked.

"I don't know if I'm ever going to see him again." There. He'd said it, the thought that had haunted him since he had left Dane's apartment the week before. His stomach churned.

"What do you mean?" Troy asked.

James could hear the caution in Troy's voice, mixed with curiosity. He didn't blame Troy. He had just dropped a bombshell in his lap.

"We met at a bar and went back to his place," James said. He wasn't sure exactly how to tell Troy what had occurred after that. How did he explain to someone else that a man, a complete stranger, had rocked his entire world?

"And?"

James shook his head. He couldn't talk about what happened that night. The details were too fresh in his mind. If he described them he was afraid they wouldn't be so . . . so precious? They were his memories and he didn't want to share them, not with anyone.

"We spent the night together," he finally said.

"And?" Troy asked again.

"And nothing," James said. His hand clenched around the beer bottle. "When I woke up the next morning he was gone. I haven't seen him since."

"What?"

James didn't say anything.

"He was just gone?"

James nodded.

"Did he at least leave a note or something?"

James nodded again, letting the brittle laugh in his throat free. "Oh yeah, he left a note all right, taped to the fucking door."

"So? What did it say?"

"Thanks for a great night. Please lock the door when you leave."

James could see Troy waiting for him to finish except there wasn't anything more to say. The note Dane left kind of said it all. That was one of the things that had been giving James an upset stomach for the last several days.

"That's it?"

James nodded.

Troy whistled low under his breath. "Wow. Talk about a brush off."

James nodded again. That's certainly what it felt like to him. Dane had given James the best sexual experience of his life then brushed him off as if it hadn't meant a damn thing. That thought made James hard as a rock. At the same time, it made him want to toss his lunch.

"So, what are you going to do?" Troy asked.

James shrugged. He didn't have a clue.

"It sounds to me like you're better off without him."

"I can't stop thinking about him, Troy." James clenched his fist and slammed it down on the table. "Christ, I even dream about the guy. Every time I close my eyes, he's all I see, all I think about." He lowered his voice. "I've jacked off so many times this

week my dick is sore."

Troy frowned. "Have you tried to talk to him? See if there's something there? Maybe he thought it was just a one night thing and didn't want the hassle of watching you leave? If you talked to him, maybe you could work something out."

"I won't beg," James snapped.

Troy held up his hand. "No one said anything about begging, James. I just think if this guy is so great that you might talk to him and see if there's a chance for more. Knowing you, I'd bet he doesn't even know you're interested."

"What's that supposed to mean?" James snarled.

"James, face it, you go from one guy to another. I can't remember the last time you even dated a guy twice." Troy chuckled. "Hell, you don't even date them. You just fuck them and leave."

"I date," James protested, even though he knew Troy was right. He hadn't been out on an actual date in so long he wasn't sure he remembered what one was like. He just didn't do that. What was the point?

Unless he was serious about getting to know someone, he just screwed them and moved on. James frowned. He sounded like a slut. He probably was. Could that be why Dane had cut his losses and run? Did he see James as a lost cause?

"Christ!" James exclaimed. He rubbed his hand down his face.

"Talk to the man, James," Troy encouraged. "If he's got you this tied up in knots then you need to talk to him and see if there's something there worth going after. His reaction couldn't be any worse than what's happening now."

James nodded. Maybe that's what he needed to do. He knew where Dane lived. He could just stop by and talk to him, see if they had something worth pursuing. It was either that or rub his dick raw jacking off to the memories of the one night they'd shared.

"Yeah, okay," James finally agreed.

Troy reached across the table and patted James on the arm. "It'll be worth it, I promise."

"How do you know?"

"Cause I've never seen you so worked up over a man before," Troy replied. "If he has you this obsessed after one night, he's got to be something."

James chuckled, his mind replaying the events of that night. "You have no idea."

* * * * *

James's pace slowed as he neared Dane's apartment. He wasn't sure what to expect. What if Dane laughed in his face? Would Dane even remember who he was? Would he care? James almost turned around and left but the thought of never seeing Dane again had him walking up the steps to knock on the door.

No one answered.

He waited several moments then knocked again. Still no answer. Frustrated, James leaned over and looked through the window. The air in his lungs swooshed out. His heart dropped to his feet.

The apartment was empty, totally empty. No furniture, no paintings on the wall, nothing. The place had been totally cleared out. There wasn't even a piece of paper on the floor. Dane was gone.

James stumbled back down the steps. His mind reeled. Dane was gone. He'd moved, left, disappeared. Whatever. Dane was gone. Now, James would never be able to find him and see if they had something together.

James never felt so low in his life, not even when he had broken up with his last boyfriend after three years together. Devastated, he stumbled aimlessly down the street.

He had been prepared to present his argument to Dane if the man refused to see him again. Despite what he'd told Troy, he'd even been prepared to plead. He hadn't been prepared for Dane to be gone and not getting the chance to state his case.

The neon sign and noise from the building ahead caught James's attention as he made his way back to his car. *The bar! That's it.* James's heart sped up. Dane had seemed like a regular there. Maybe they would know where Dane moved to?

James rushed inside and headed straight for the bartender. "Hey, Andy? Do you remember me? I was in here last week with Dane?"

The bartender stared at him for a moment then nodded. "Sure, you two left together. Helping him with his muse or something like that?"

James nodded, relieved. "Have you seen him?"

The bartender looked confused for a moment. "You haven't?"

James shook his head, feeling like a complete fool. "I forgot to get his phone number before I left. I just went to his place and he's moved. I was wondering if you knew where?"

Please?

"Sorry, man," Andy replied, shaking his head. "He came in here a couple of days ago, paid up his tab, and left. I haven't seen him since."

"Shit!"

This so totally sucks. How was he going to convince Dane to see him again if he couldn't find the man?

"Could I leave my name and number with you? If Dane comes in, could you give it to him?"

Andy nodded. "Yeah, sure."

James quickly grabbed a napkin and wrote down his home number before handing it over to the bartender. "Thanks, man," James said and started to turn away.

"Have you thought about trying to contact him through his website?"

"Website?" James queried as he turned back. "What website?"

"The one for his books."

"Books?"

Andy chuckled. "Dane's an author. He writes erotic gay novels." Andy waved his hand in front of his face in a fan-like manner. "You should read some of his stuff. Very hot."

Of course. He should have figured that out right away. That's what Dane and Andy had been talking about the night James met them, characters in one of Dane's

books. James chuckled to himself. That might also explain the things Dane had done to him. The man had quite the imagination.

"Where can I find his website?"

"Just do a search for Dane Summers. You'll find him."

"Thanks," James said as he made a beeline for the front door. He practically ran for his car. Within moments, he was winding his way through the streets leading to his place. He couldn't get home fast enough.

The moment he pulled into his driveway, he leaped from the car and sprinted inside. He didn't even bother turning on any lights as he made his way to his office. He sat in his chair and powered up his laptop.

Drumming his fingers as he waited for the computer to connect to the Internet, James wondered about the books Dane had written. Andy said erotic gay romances. Did Dane use his sexual experiences in his books?

Would Dane use the night they had spent together in a story? Shocked, James realized the idea turned him on. Just the thought had his cock going rock hard. It wasn't exhibitionism exactly but close to it.

As the laptop connected to the Internet, James leaned forward. He typed Dane's name into the search bar and hit enter. Several links appeared, and James clicked on the first one, which looked like the URL for an author's site. His heart pounded while he waited for the page to load.

Dane Summers, author – Gay erotic novels. James started reading through the website. There didn't seem to be a lot, other than the mention of three published books and one he called *a work-in-progress*.

He did find a small biography but it didn't say much. Not even what town he lived in, and it didn't include a picture. The only thing he found that gave him hope was an email address. James released a disappointed sigh.

James stared at the screen. Should he write? What would he say? Surely the man received hundreds of emails. Why would he be interested in reading James's? What could James write to get Dane's attention, to make him open his email above all others?

Twenty minutes later, James finally settled on a short message that went straight to the point.

Dane,

We met at Dooley's Pub on the 5th. Spent some time together. Hoping to see you again but didn't get your number. Please give me a call.

James

He left his home phone and cell phone numbers at the bottom of the message. He hit the send button before he could change his mind then immediately felt like a fool. Would Dane even respond?

Before James logged off, he purchased copies of each of Dane's books in eBook format. He wasn't about to wait until a paperback copy could arrive. He needed to see what Dane wrote now, this very instant.

James logged offline and opened the first eBook. He skimmed through the introduction section to the first paragraph of the story and began reading.

* * * * *

"Oh fucking hell," James yelled as ropes of pearly white cum shot out of his cock and covered his hand and naked abdomen. He stroked himself a few more times and sucked in great gulps of air.

He couldn't believe this. Dane's stories had turned him on so much he had jacked himself off while reading. He'd imagined the two men in the story were him and Dane. The damn sex scenes were totally hot. No question about it; Dane was a master at writing erotic gay novels.

Slightly embarrassed at what he'd done, James grabbed some Kleenex and cleaned himself off. He tossed the tissue into the garbage can and returned his attention to the book on his laptop.

He'd read two, so far, and had jacked off twice. He still had one more book to go. At this rate, his dick might fall off. His hand had gotten more action in the days since he

had met Dane than James had seen in the last several years.

Noting what page he was on, James closed the book. He needed to go to bed, not continue to read the hottest novel around. Two days had passed since he had sent his email off to Dane and James had barely left his laptop since. He kept hoping Dane would reply.

He was being stupid and he knew it. Dane was a famous writer. He probably had a lot of other prospects. If James considered the way the man fucked, he'd bet his life on it. He was a sexual master.

Glutton for punishment, James clicked on his email inbox one last time. He scanned through a few penis enlargement ads, one email that told him he won the lottery, a few notes from friends and a reminder from Nicky about the party tomorrow.

The last email had James's heart pounding. It was from Dane. James just sat there and stared at it for several moments, afraid to open it, to see what Dane had to say, to see if Dane even remembered him.

Screwing up his courage, James hit the open button. His eyes widened as he read. He felt like shoving his fist in the air and shouting in triumph.

James,

Sorry I didn't get back to you sooner. I was in the middle of moving and didn't have my Internet hooked up until today. I'd love to see you again. My cock misses your ass."

Dane.

Okay, not a love letter by any means but at least Dane wanted to see him again. James glanced at the time. The email had been sent just over twenty minutes ago. Maybe Dane was still online.

James quickly hit reply.

Dane,

I understand completely. Moving is the pits. I'd still like to see you if you have some time. I'm free until tomorrow afternoon. How about you?

James

James's heart pounded as he added his home address and hit send. He tried to

not get too excited as he waited but he couldn't help it. Dane wanted to see him again. James felt like he really *had* won the lottery.

His computer dinged as a new email came in. There on the screen was a reply from Dane. James's hand trembled so much he could barely hit the open button.

James,

I'll be there in twenty minutes. Leave the front door unlocked. I want you naked and waiting for me. I have a present for you.

Dane

Oh fuck! James's cock went from semi-soft to hard as steel in the blink of an eye. Dane was coming over. James leaned back in his chair and pressed his hand to his chest. His heart beat so fast he was afraid he might have a heart attack. He could barely breathe. He just stared at the words on the screen.

Oh fuck! *Dane's coming over.* James couldn't seem to get past those words. He couldn't believe his good fortune. Not only had Dane replied to him but he'd be here any minute. And his intentions on what he wanted to do once he got there were clear.

Dane was going to fuck him again. James's ass twitched at the thought. He jumped up from his chair and raced to his bedroom. He needed to get ready. James quickly changed the sheets on the bed, leaving the covers stacked neatly on a chair by the bed. They wouldn't need them.

He hoped.

He grabbed the new bottle of lube he had purchased the other day and set it on the nightstand next to several condoms. So what if he was being overly optimistic? James made a trip to the bathroom and did a quick wipe down. He didn't want to stink. He splashed on a small amount of cologne then went back into the bedroom.

A glance at the clock told him he had ten minutes left. He looked at the bed. How would Dane want him? On his bed spread out? On his knees ready to be fucked? Maybe bent over the side of the bed? How?

James pushed his hand through his hair. He had never been so uncertain in his life. He was a police officer. He took down bad guys all the time. Why was he standing

naked in the middle of his bedroom afraid of pissing off a man he could bench press without breaking a sweat?

He had to be out of his mind. That didn't mean he wasn't going to get ready for Dane. He wasn't that crazy. James walked over to the bottle of lube on the nightstand and poured some on his fingers. Not quite sure what he was doing, he knelt on the side of the bed and pressed two fingers into his ass.

At first, he had a hard time of it. He wasn't ready. He was too tight. It hurt. Then slowly, the muscles started to stretch and the burn he felt turned to pleasure. James began to enjoy what he was doing. He pressed in another finger, bringing the total up to three.

He still wasn't loosened up enough to take Dane but he could work up to that. As the pleasure increased, James grabbed his cock with the other hand and started stroking himself slowly. He didn't want to come, not without Dane, but it just felt so good.

"I see you started without me."

James yelped and spun around, landing on his rump. His fingers fell from his ass and he released his cock. His heart pounded. Dane stood in his bedroom doorway. James hadn't even heard the man come in. He'd been too wrapped up in pleasuring himself. James's face grew hot.

"I was . . . I was just trying to get ready for you," James replied, his voice quaking almost as much as his body did at the sight of the man before him. Dane looked so self assured. Something James definitely wasn't feeling at that moment.

"And doing such a good job of it too," Dane crooned as he stepped into the room.

James watched every move Dane made, unable to tear his eyes away from the man. Dane walked over to the nightstand and laid a black silk bag down. He removed his glasses and laid them down next to the small bag. James's attention was riveted as Dane began to undress.

"Did you enjoy what you were doing, James?"

James nodded. Dane's button down shirt floated to the floor.

"Did you think of me when you had your fingers up your ass, James?"

James nodded again. Dane kicked his slacks off and tossed them across the room. He stepped closer, his mammoth cock bouncing in front of James's face. James gulped. He wanted to taste Dane so bad, to lick away the little drops of pre-cum he could see oozing from the tip. Would Dane let him?

"Did you wish it was my cock in your ass instead of your fingers, James?"

James nodded. Oh God, he had wished it more than almost anything on earth. He still did. He looked at the beautiful cock in front of him for a moment then up to the deep chocolate brown eyes staring down at him. James licked his lips and leaned toward Dane's cock.

"Please?" he whispered, hating himself for asking for what he would have just taken in the past. He was an idiot.

"You want to suck my cock, James?"

James nodded, his gaze straying back down to Dane's cock. He could feel drool pooling in his mouth and had to swallow. Oh God, he wanted to taste Dane so badly.

"You may."

James opened his mouth and flicked his tongue out to swipe across the tip. Sensation blasted across his tongue as he licked at the flavors that were Dane. James moaned. He wrapped his hand around the base, absently noting that his fingers didn't touch, and pulled Dane into his mouth.

Oh, God! James might as well have died and gone to heaven because he could think of no place on earth that was this good. Dane tasted like ambrosia. James needed more.

His jaw ached a little as he widened his mouth and took as much of Dane's cock as he could handle. He barely drew in half. James tried for more but the bulbous head pressed against the back of his throat and he gagged. Disappointment and frustration literally brought tears to his eyes.

"Shh, sweetheart," Dane crooned, cupping James's cheek in his hand. "It's going

to take practice for you to take all of me.”

Practice.

Right.

He could do that. Especially since it meant that they would see each other again. James grinned inwardly. Dane wanted to see him again. He had practically said so. Determined to satisfy Dane so much he begged to come back, James went to town on Dane’s cock.

He gripped the base with both hands and stroked as he sucked. He paid special attention to the slit at the head of Dane’s cock, running his tongue across it, pushing in until he heard Dane groan. Oh yes! He was doing it. He was sucking Dane off.

More and more drops of pre-cum leaked into James’s mouth, rolling across his tongue. James moaned with each drop.

“Oh yeah, sweetheart, just like that,” Dane said. James felt Dane’s hands wrap around his head. He suddenly wished his hair was longer to give Dane something to hang onto. Maybe he would grow it out?

Suddenly, Dane pulled out of James’s mouth. James whined in protest, reaching for the man as he stepped back. He looked up at Dane, worried he’d done something wrong. He was met with a smile and twinkling brown eyes.

“You do that too well, sweetheart,” Dane said as he pointed to the bed. “I want to be inside your ass when I come. I haven’t had you wrapped around my cock in days. You can suck me off another time. Now turn around and bend over the bed.”

James was all too eager to comply. He spun around and knelt over the side of the bed. Instantly he was rewarded by the feel of Dane’s hands on his ass cheeks. James’s entire body shook. The anticipation was killing him.

“Please, Dane,” he whispered, his face burning.

“Please what, sweetheart?”

“Please fuck me.” He was so embarrassed. He hadn’t begged for a man to fuck him since the very first time he had sunk his dick into someone. He couldn’t understand why he was begging now except he felt like he needed this more than he

needed his next breath. "Please."

"I like the way you ask me to fuck you, sweetheart," Dane said. "It makes my dick hard."

Oh thank God! Hard was good. Hard was very good. And if James got any harder, his dick was going to break off.

"How many fingers did you get in your ass, sweetheart?"

"Thr-three."

"Not as many as I would usually use but I can't wait. It's been days, James. I don't like that. You should have contacted me sooner."

"I'm sorry." It was the only thing James could think to say.

"And you have no handcuffs here."

"No, I have handcuffs," James said quickly. He did. He was a police officer. He had several sets of handcuffs. "In the bottom drawer of the nightstand."

James turned his head to watch as Dane leaned down and opened the bottom drawer. He saw a grin cross Dane's face as the man turned to look at him. He had a set of handcuffs dangling from one hand.

"My, my, James, you are full of surprises."

"I-I need them for work." James had no idea why he gave up that much information. The words had just come out.

Dane straightened, and James could no longer see his face.

"And what do you do, sweetheart?"

James buried his face in the pillow beneath him. "I'm a police officer."

"I can't hear you, James."

James lifted his head. He knew his face was beat red. He could feel it. "I'm a police officer."

"Oh," Dane replied. "Very commendable. I love a man in uniform. Maybe one of these days we'll have to play cops and robbers. Or you could just put on your uniform and give me a little strip show?"

James blinked.

What?

"Would you like that, sweetheart?" Dane asked. "Would you like to watch me play with myself while you strip for me?"

Oh, hell yeah!

James groaned. The vivid picture Dane painted for him was going to make him explode. He wasn't sure how much longer he could hold on. He needed relief and he needed it now.

"Dane," he whispered desperately.

"Okay, sweetheart, enough teasing," Dane said as if he'd read James's thoughts. "Climb to the top of the bed and put your hands over your head."

James quickly climbed onto the bed and crawled to the headboard. He kept his eyes closed while Dane handcuffed him to the posts. When Dane began to climb back down the bed, James got to his knees and pushed his ass out.

He jumped when he felt a slight smack land on his ass.

"Turn over, sweetheart; I want you to see who's taking you."

James was confused but he rolled over onto his back all the same. He lifted his hips when Dane placed a pillow under him, wondering what was going to happen next. What other surprises did Dane have for him?

"Spread your legs for me, sweetheart," Dane directed as he rolled a condom down his cock.

James complied. He held his breath as he watched Dane move in between his thighs. Even lying back on the bed with his hips canted up toward Dane as he was James could still see the man's enormous cock.

"You ready for me? There might be a slight burn."

James nodded. He braced himself, trying not to hold his breath as Dane pushed in. There was a burn, a huge one. A burn nearly as big as the cock invading his ass. He let the breath out of his lungs then sucked it back in just as quickly when Dane pegged his sweet spot.

"That's it, sweetheart, right there, huh?"

James looked up into brown eyes and nodded.

"You like that spot, don't you?"

James nodded again, beyond speech. Did a bear shit in the woods? Did the sun rise in the east and set in the west? Of course he liked it. It felt like lightning striking his body every single time Dane's cock raked across his prostate. Glorious.

Suddenly, Dane seated his cock in James's ass. James watched, entranced, as Dane's head fell back. The muscles on his neck corded, standing out. The man's slick chest rose and fell in rapid secession. His cock pulsed inside of James.

When Dane looked back down at him, James wasn't sure he had ever seen anything so beautiful. How he could ever think Dane was average, he didn't know. The man was breathtaking.

His face was flushed with desire. His brown eyes twinkled. His mussed, wavy hair gave him a wild, untamed look. His lips, his gorgeous luscious lips, begged to be kissed.

James started to reach for Dane, only realizing his hands were still cuffed when he heard metal clank against metal. He glanced up at his hands, frowning. He wanted to touch Dane, to caress him, tease him. He wanted to torture the man the way he was being tortured.

"Dane, please," James said as he looked back at him, shaking his arms so that the metal clanked together. "My hands, Dane, I need my hands."

Dane raised one dark eyebrow at him then reached forward, leaning over James's body, to release him. James saw it as the perfect opportunity. He latched onto the brown hued nipple right in front of him.

Dane's long moan, the quivering of his body and the sudden pulsing of the cock in James's ass was James's reward. He clamped down harder, brushing his tongue across the small nub. He got another moan.

"Oh, that's good, sweetheart," Dane said. "You have a very talented mouth."

James whimpered when Dane pulled away and sat back on his heels.

"We're going to have to explore your many talents at another time, James. Right

now, I need to fuck you.”

“Yes.”

Dane started moving. James’s eyes rolled back in his head. He wasn’t positive but this time might actually be better than the last time Dane had fucked him. In fact, when Dane grabbed James’s legs and draped them over his slim shoulders, James knew this time was better. The new position changed the angle of Dane’s thrusts. He not only rubbed against James’s sweet spot at every push or pull, he pegged the little nub dead on.

James reached out and his hands landed on Dane’s sweat slickened chest. His fingers roamed over muscles and naked skin, zeroing in on Dane’s nipples. The man seemed to like his nipples played with, so James played. He pulled and tugged, twisted and pinched.

The increase in Dane’s moans spurred him on. He could feel his level of desire increase to the point that he thought he might pass out. He didn’t want to. He wanted to enjoy every second of Dane being here.

James grabbed Dane by the shoulders and pulled his body down to lay on top of him. He grabbed Dane’s nipple with his lips and tugged.

“Bite me, sweetheart.”

James’s eyes widened but he used his teeth to bite down, first lightly then with more force as Dane seemed to come unglued in his arms. His hands gripped James’s legs and he pounded into James’s ass.

James bit down again, this time on the other nipple. He tugged on the first one with his fingers, giving both nipples his attention. Judging by the way Dane rammed into him, James had no doubt he’d be feeling this one for days. He couldn’t have been happier.

“Come for me, sweetheart,” Dane commanded.

And just like someone had thrown a switch, James came. His head dropped back against the bed and he cried out as spunk shot between their bodies, covering them both. He heard Dane shout and opened his eyes in time see the look of ecstasy on

Dane's face as he fell over the edge.

James clamped his muscles down on Dane's cock. He didn't want the man to leave. He didn't want him to leave the house and he didn't want him to leave his ass.

"Oh fuck, that's so good, sweetheart," Dane groaned. His head fell down to rest against James's chest. After a moment, Dane chuckled and looked up. "I knew your ass was made for my cock."

James would like to think so. He'd certainly never let anyone else in there before. He couldn't imagine having anyone except Dane there now. He didn't want anyone else.

"Dane, I—"

"Remember I said I had something for you?" Dane asked, interrupting.

"Yes," James replied, a little nervous at the sparkle in Dane's eyes.

"I brought you a present."

James watched Dane reach for the black silk bag he had laid on the nightstand. His curiosity ate away at him. He wanted to know what Dane had brought him but he was afraid to find out too.

Dane sat back on his heels, letting James's legs fall to the side. He didn't pull out, but left his cock still firmly inside of James's ass. Opening the bag, Dane pulled out a black rubber butt. James's eyes widened. Dane had brought him a *butt plug*?

"Uh, Dane?"

"I'm going to put this in your ass, sweetheart. It'll keep you nice and loose and ready for me. I have something I have to do tomorrow afternoon but if you still have this in when I come by tomorrow night, I promise to give you a big reward."

James paused. Could he handle having a butt plug in his ass until tomorrow night? Even if it meant Dane would reward him? That would mean wearing the plug to the party at his brother's house. Could he do it? Was it worth it?

"Okay," James said, giving Dane the only answer he could. He'd do anything if it meant seeing Dane again. This way he knew Dane would be coming back the next night. On top of that, he would be getting a reward. James grinned. "Deal."

Dane nodded. "Good boy." He grabbed the lube and smeared it all over the plug then positioned it down by James's groin as he pulled his cock out. The minute Dane's dick slipped free, he inserted the lubed-up plug in its place. James grunted as the cold rubber nudged his prostate.

This was going to kill him.

"You're only allowed to remove it if you absolutely have to, understand?"

James nodded. He turned on his side when Dane crawled up to lay beside him. Dane's arm curled around his waist. James snuggled in, amazed at how safe he felt in the arms of a much smaller man.

"Go to sleep, sweetheart," Dane said after planting a small kiss on James's forehead. "I want you plenty rested when I come over tomorrow night."

James closed his eyes and rested his head on Dane's chest. This was the most confusing relationship he had ever had and he wasn't even sure it qualified as a relationship. He was pretty sure he was Dane's fuck toy. He wasn't sure he had a problem with that.

Chapter Four

Sammy climbed from James's bed and quietly picked up his clothes. He pulled them on then grabbed his glasses from the nightstand and put them on his face.

Before leaving, he sat on the side of the bed to look down at the man sleeping there. James was breathtaking. Sammy had noticed that about him from the moment he had walked into the bar where they'd met.

He hadn't thought James would give him the time of day. Most men who looked like James never did. Sammy was too simple, too geeky, and too average. Those were the facts; he'd learned to accept them.

No one would be writing romantic sonnets to him. There would be no love letters or phone calls just to say *I love you*. Sammy might inspire romance with others through his writing. He didn't inspire others to be romantic with him.

Which is why he had every intention of enjoying James for as long as the man let him stick around. Sammy nearly fell out of his chair when he had received the email from James. He never expected to see the man again after their one night together.

That's what usually happened after he spent the night with a man, not that there were that many men. Sammy could count his sexual encounters in single digits. And Frank didn't count. Sammy had never slept with Frank. He'd never even kissed the man.

Of course, he had yet to really kiss James either. Oh, he wanted to, but he had a few rules he lived by. Rule number one? Never kiss a man you're just fucking. It was too intimate. Kissing was reserved for the man who finally took Sammy's heart.

James had a good chance to do just that. Sammy was pretty sure he was halfway there already. The thought scared the shit out of him. No doubt, James would break his heart when he finally left.

"James," Sammy whispered softly, "sweetheart, it's time for me to leave."

James grunted and rolled over to his side. Sammy chuckled. The man really was gorgeous, all that lean muscle, that tight abdomen.

Add the wide shoulders and long legs and James was about the sexiest man Sammy had ever seen. Just looking at him made Sammy want to bend the man over the bed and fuck him all over again.

As inexperienced as Sammy might be, he was no dummy. He knew he was the first man to ever top James. The man had been too tight, too scared, and too hesitant for it to be any other way. That thought thrilled Sammy to his very toes.

Being James's first made Dane feel special, as if he might actually mean something to James. Especially considering the way James had tracked him down.

Of course, there was always the possibility that James had tracked him down through his website because he wanted to bag the writer of erotic gay romances. That's what had happened with Frank. The moment he had read one of Sammy's books, he had wanted to fuck Sammy, to act out the scenes Sammy wrote about.

God, what a creep.

"Sweetheart," Sammy said a little louder. "I have to leave."

James grunted again but opened his eyes. He blinked then rubbed his hand over his face. "What?"

Sammy smirked. "I need to go. I have some work to do before this afternoon. If I plan to come back this evening, I need to get some things done."

"Oh."

Sammy gloried in the disappointed look on James's face. It made him feel wanted, needed. It made him feel ten feet tall. Sammy leaned over and kissed James's forehead, avoiding the lips the man pursed at him. Then he got to his feet.

"Remember, sweetheart, don't take the plug out of your ass unless you absolutely have to." Sammy shook his finger at James. "I'll know if you do."

James shook his head. "I won't."

"Then I'll see you tonight," Sammy said as he walked toward the bedroom door. He paused, looking back at James. "Say, ten o'clock?"

James eagerly nodded.

"Until then, sweetheart."

Sammy had a happy grin on his face as he walked out the front door. He had learned a lot of stuff during his time as a writer of erotic romances. He did a lot of research and talked with a lot of people. He just hoped he had learned enough to keep James interested for awhile longer.

But for now, he needed to get home and work on his latest novel then go to his brother's stupid barbecue. He seriously hoped Troy hadn't hooked him up with someone. He wanted to hold onto James for as long as he could and that meant no other men.

Sammy hopped into his car and drove home. He could see the flowers on his porch before he even pulled into the driveway. Perfect, Frank had found him. Sammy had really hoped he'd lost Frank when he moved. The guy must be psychic or something. How the hell had he found his new house?

Sammy climbed from his car and walked up to the porch. He picked up the roses

and carried them directly out to the trash can, not even reading the attached note. He knew who they were from. He didn't need to look.

With thoughts of last night swirling back into his head, it took Sammy no time at all to get into the house, turn on his laptop, and start plugging away. He had just the scene in mind for the next chapter of his book.

It involved an email

* * * * *

Sammy jumped when his phone rang. He glanced at the clock as he reached to pick up the receiver, noting he'd been writing for several hours. It was nearly two. He could guess who was on the phone.

"Hello, Troy," Sammy said as he put the receiver to his ear.

"Sammy." Troy chuckled. "I'm just calling to remind you we're having a party in an hour. You *are* still coming, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm still coming." He wished he wasn't. He'd much rather be over at James's house fucking the man against the wall. That sounded like a whole lot more fun.

"Great, then we'll see you soon," Troy said. "Right?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm shutting my laptop down now. I'll hop in the shower and be over after that," Sammy grumbled. "This thing is casual, right? I don't have to dress up, do I?"

"No, bro, you don't have to dress up." Troy laughed. "Of course, if you wanted to"

"Oh hell! How many single gay men are going to be there, Troy?"

"Just a couple but don't worry about it. They're friends of ours, well, besides Nicky's brother. We didn't set you up with any of them."

"Swear?"

"Yes, Samuel Dane Summers, I swear."

Sammy just knew Troy had his fingers crossed. He could feel the deception. His brother had set him up with someone. Unfortunately, there was no way for Sammy to make Troy confess until he actually caught him in the act. He was stuck.

Unless

"Hey, Troy, when we talked last week you mentioned I could bring a date. Does that still stand?"

"Uh, yeah, sure."

Sammy smirked. He knew he had thrown a huge wrench in Troy's plans. He was thrilled. Now he just had to see if James would agree to go with him. "Okay, I need to go. I have to get ready. See you in a few."

Sammy hung up without even waiting for Troy to say goodbye. He opened his email and looked for the one from James. His hand trembled just a little while he dialed and waited for James to pick up.

"Hello?"

"James?"

"Yes?"

"This is Dane."

"Dane," James said, his voice going all breathless. Sammy liked that.

"Are you still wearing my present?"

"Yes."

"Good boy," Sammy replied. He took a deep breath. "What are you doing right now?"

"Holding my dick."

Sammy grinned, totally losing his train of thought. "How long have you been holding your dick, James?"

"Since I heard your voice."

Yes! Sammy did a little happy dance in his chair.

"That's good to know." Sammy could hear James's breathing getting faster. "Are you stroking yourself, James?"

"Yes," James groaned.

"Hold the phone on your shoulder, James. I want you to play with the plug in your ass while you stroke yourself. Just remember not to pull the plug all the way out. I just want you to play with it."

"Yes, sir," James answered, surprising Sammy. No one had ever called him *sir* before, not like James had. Sammy grinned, surprised by how much he liked it. He'd have to remember to tell James to call him that more often.

"Fuck yourself with that plug, James," Sammy ordered. "I want to hear it. I want to hear you fucking yourself."

James's groans instantly grew louder as if the man had been holding back. Sammy leaned back in his chair and unbuttoned his slacks, his hard cock springing free. Just knowing James was pleasuring himself on the other end of the phone aroused Sammy to feverish levels.

He wrapped his hand around his cock and stroked it as he listened to James. "Harder, sweetheart, shove that big plug into that tight little ass."

"Dane," James cried out, "so close, Dane."

Fuck, so was he. Sammy stroked faster. He could feel his balls drawing up tight against his body. He reached down and gently caressed them. He was going to explode at any moment. The pleasure was just too intense.

"Come for me, sweetheart," Sammy demanded.

He heard the phone clank and assumed James dropped it. Then deep cries of completion could be heard coming across the line. Those sounds were just what Sammy needed to send him over the edge.

He cried out, shuddering as he covered his hand and chest with pearly white cream. Sammy dropped the phone and stroked himself a few more times. Finally, he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off, using it to clean himself up.

Sammy picked the phone back up. "James?"

"Yes?"

Sammy smiled at the breathlessness still evident in James's voice.

"That was very nice," Sammy said. "I've never had someone make me come over the phone before. Another one of your many talents?"

"I—I guess." James sounded nervous. "Did you call . . . ? Are you still coming over tonight?"

"Yes, James, I'm still coming tonight but that's not why I called."

"Why did you call?" James asked. "I still have the plug in, I promise."

"I believe you, James. I called to see if you were available right now. I have something I have to go do and I wanted the pleasure of your company."

"Oh, Dane, I-I have to go to my brother's house for a couple of hours."

Sammy was disappointed but he understood. If he could get out of going over to Nicky's he would. "I understand, James. I'll see you later tonight then."

"I could call and cancel."

"I appreciate the offer, James, but family obligations are important. It's alright, though. We'll be together in a few hours."

"Ten o'clock, right?"

Sammy raised a brow. James sounded lost. He wouldn't have thought the big man could feel uncertain about anything, especially not a *play date* with someone he barely knew.

"Yes, sweetheart, ten o'clock."

Sammy hung up the phone, wondering about the conversation he'd just had with James. Wondering about James, in general. When Sammy was with him, he felt special. It didn't seem to matter if they were in the same room or talking on the phone. He just felt different.

His confidence increased. In the past, he would no more have thought about talking to a man the way he talked to James than he would cut off his arm. He wouldn't have thought of fucking a man the way he fucked James either.

That wasn't to say he didn't think about fucking other men. He did. He was human. He just didn't imagine doing it quite so forcefully. He imagined he was a consummate bottom. Every man he had ever been with certainly thought so.

With James, it was different. Like the moment he saw him or heard his voice, he stepped outside himself and became someone else. Everything he had ever wanted to try with a man, he tried on James, and James just ate it up. The feeling went straight to his head.

He wondered if it would continue or if James would discover he was a mouse living in lion's clothes? He couldn't be masterful all the time. He forgot just about everything. He forgot appointments, to pay his bills, to eat. You name it, Sammy forgot it.

He needed a keeper, he really did, someone to take care of things while he lost his head in his novels. Maybe then he wouldn't end up with \$500 electric bills because he forgot to pay them. It was a hope anyway.

Disappointed James couldn't join him but looking forward to seeing him again later that night, Sammy hurried to his bedroom to change his clothes. He stuffed an extra set of clothes into his overnight bag along with a few toys and some toiletries. If his plans went through, he would be spending the night with James.

He made a quick stop off at his office to leave James one more message about seeing him tonight then powered his computer down. He didn't want James to think he didn't want to talk if the man couldn't reach him.

Shutting off the light, Sammy walked to the front door. He double checked that the door was locked then set off for the house his brother shared with Nicky. Ten o'clock couldn't get here fast enough for Sammy.

* * * * *

"So, I'm here," Sammy said as Troy let him in. "Point out the single gay men so that I can avoid them."

"Sammy!"

"Seriously, dude, point them out. I met someone I really like and I'll be damned if I'll fuck it up by having one of your buddies hit on me."

"Really?" Troy asked as he shut the door. "You were honest on the phone? You really met someone?"

Sammy nodded then he grinned. "Not only have I met someone, I'm seeing him later tonight."

Troy clapped Sammy on the back, giving him a big hug. "Oh Sammy, I'm so happy for you. Come into the kitchen and tell me all about it."

Sammy had a happy little smile on his face as he followed Troy into the kitchen. He waved to Nicky, who was cutting vegetables. "Hey Nicky."

"Sammy," Nicky said. "Have some carrots."

"No, that's okay."

"Honey, listen to this," Troy said. "Sammy met someone and he's seeing him later tonight."

"Really?"

"Why do you two keep saying that?" Sammy whined. "I meet people all the time."

"No one that you've ever told us about," Nicky countered.

Sammy rolled his eyes.

"So, spill, tell us all about him," Nicky said. "What's his name? What's he look like? What's he do? Have you had hot monkey sex yet?"

Sammy chuckled. "His name is James. He's a cop just like Troy, although I don't know which district. And he's totally hot. A little taller than me but a lot wider. I swear you could park a truck on his shoulders. He has short brown hair and blue eyes."

Sammy grinned. "And yes, we've had hot monkey sex, a couple of times in fact."

"His name is James?" Nicky asked, not looking quite as happy as he had a minute before. "And he's a cop?"

Sammy nodded. "Yeah, why?"

"Where'd you meet him?" Troy asked.

"Down at Dooley's Pub," Sammy replied. He was starting to feel very nervous. Nicky looked a little sick to his stomach. Troy looked pissed. "Is there something going

on I need to know about?"

"Stay right there for a minute," Nicky said before he dashed out of the kitchen. Sammy barely had time to look over at Troy before Nicky was back, a framed photo in his hand.

"Is this what he looks like?" Nicky asked, holding out the picture.

Sammy's fingers shook as he grasped the frame. He looked down at the photograph and felt all of the blood drain from his face. He looked up at Nicky and Troy in confusion. "Why do you have a picture of my James?"

"My James," Nicky said. "That's my older brother, Officer James Everson."

Sammy's world crashed down around his ears. "You set me up?"

"No, no," Troy said quickly. "We were planning to set you up with James but you beat us to it. You two were supposed to meet tonight."

Sammy's eyes widened. "Here? James is coming here?" he croaked. "Tonight?"

"Sammy, we didn't mean to—" Troy started.

"You didn't what? Mean to totally fuck up my life? Totally screw me over? Did you and your brother have a good time laughing over the geeky little writer? Did you get him to agree to go out with me the same way you did Frank?"

Sammy saw the shocked looks on Nicky and Troy's faces. He gave a bitter laugh. "You didn't think I knew about that, did you? It was all Frank talked about. He wants to act out every damn sex scene in my books."

Sammy slammed the picture down on the countertop so hard that the glass cracked. He pointed at Nicky and Troy. "You two need to stay out of my sex life. It's *my* life, not yours. And you can tell that brother of yours to go fuck himself. I certainly won't be doing it."

Sammy swung around and walked out. He couldn't remember being this angry in all of his life, not even with Frank. He felt betrayed by everyone that he thought cared about him. He felt betrayed by James.

Tears prickled the corners of Sammy's eyes as he made his way to his car. He stopped to lean against the fender and pulled the edge of his shirt up to wipe his face.

He couldn't believe this was happening.

He had kind of understood when Nicky and Troy had convinced Frank to go out with him by telling Frank he wrote gay erotic romance. They really did think they were helping. They weren't. But Sammy thought things would be different with James. He thought he had found James by himself.

Now he knew the truth. James was just going out with him because of Troy and Nicky. Sammy should have known. It had all been too good to be true. No one that looked like James went out with someone that looked like Sammy unless it was a favor or a pity date.

"Sammy, wait," Troy yelled as he rushed out of the house and down the steps.

Sammy sniffled and went around to the driver's side door. Troy had nothing to say that Sammy wanted to hear. He fumbled with the lock, trying to get the key in. A larger hand closed over his.

"Sammy, please," Troy said quietly. "You have to listen to me."

Sammy slumped back against his brother. "You don't have anything to say that I want to hear."

"James didn't know, Sammy," Troy said. "I swear. Nicky and I hatched up this plan to introduce you two tonight at the party. We had no idea that you two would meet before we could introduce you."

"James didn't know?" Sammy asked, latching onto those three words.

"No, Samuel, he didn't know."

"How — how did he know about my books then?" The only place Sammy used the particular email address James used to contact him was on his author website.

Troy shrugged. "You'll have to ask him that, honey. I don't know."

Sammy could see Nicky hovering at the front door. A few people milled about in the living room. Soft music played in the background, the smell of cooking food wafted from the backyard. It all seemed perfectly normal, only it wasn't.

Sammy paused. Should he believe Troy or not? He wanted James so much, maybe too much. He knew it couldn't last but he had hoped it would last just a little

longer.

How was he supposed to face James after this? Once everything was over, their brothers would still be partners. Sammy wouldn't be able to face James. He'd have to stop coming to family functions, backyard barbecues, everything. He wasn't just losing James, he was losing his entire family.

"I need to go," Sammy whispered, desperate to leave before James arrived. He needed to go somewhere and lick his wounds in private. This thing between he and James was over before it even had a chance to truly begin. Even if James wasn't in on Troy and Nicky's little plan, once he knew the truth about Sammy — that Sammy really was a big geeky loser, not the dominant man he'd shown James in the bedroom — he would leave.

"Sammy, wait," Troy pleaded, "just until James gets here. Talk to him. Don't lose out on what you can have with him just because Nicky and I fucked up. James is too good of a guy to lose."

Sammy considered it for half a second then shook his head. No. Better to just make a clean break of things now before James had the rest of his heart.

"I just need to go." Sammy unlocked his car and climbed in. He paused for a moment to look up at Troy. "Tell James — tell him it was fun. He can keep the present."

Sammy slammed the door and turned the car on. He could see Troy's angry face through the window. He backed out of the driveway and then started down the street in front of Troy's house, slowing when another car approached.

Sammy's heart slammed into his throat when the car passing him slowed enough to reveal James in the driver's seat. Sammy memorized his features, knowing this would be the last time he saw James in person.

Just as Sammy hit the gas to speed away, James glanced over. His eyes grew wide and Sammy could see him mouth the word *Dane*. Sammy turned away and kept driving. *It's better this way.*

That's what he told himself the entire drive home. He turned up the radio to drown out his cell phone's insistent ringing and let the tears he'd been holding back

since leaving his brother's fall.

Chapter Five

James frowned in confusion as he climbed out of his car. He glanced at the receding taillights then at Troy. "Was that Dane?"

Troy nodded, confusing James even more.

"How do you know Dane?" James asked.

"You probably won't believe me when I tell you but why not come inside and I'll try anyway."

"Okay." James grabbed the salad out of the passenger seat, nudged the car door closed with his hip, and followed Troy inside. He walked straight to the kitchen and set the salad down on the counter.

Troy stood on the other side of the small kitchen island, his arms wrapped around Nicky. Nicky looked like he'd been crying. James's protective instincts instantly came flooding out.

"Does someone want to explain to me what in the hell is going on and why my baby brother is crying?" James shouted.

Troy turned, frowning. "You want to stop yelling in my house? Nicky is already upset enough as it is. I won't have you adding to it."

"Now, see here, Troy, you can't—"

"The hell I can't," Troy said, his voice getting louder by the word. "Nicky is mine now, mine to protect and take care of. He doesn't belong to you anymore."

James saw red. No one told him what he could and couldn't do where his brother was concerned, not even Troy. "I don't know who in the hell you think you are but—"

Troy glared at him. "I'm his partner, that's who I am. And that gives me every right, so don't even go there. If your head wasn't so far up your ass that you can't see what's right in front of you, you'd understand what I'm talking about."

James's head snapped back. He had absolutely no fucking idea what Troy was talking about. "Troy, what —"

"Sammy, you moron."

"Sammy? Your little brother?" James asked, getting more confused by the moment. "What about him?"

Troy rolled his eyes. "How many times have you been over to our house?"

James shrugged. "I don't know. Dozens. Why?"

"Have you ever stopped to look at the pictures on the wall? Have you ever once considered that I am more than just your baby brother's boyfriend? That I might have a family, too?"

Only then did James notice the broken picture on the countertop. It was of him and Nicky taken last year. He reached over and picked it up, gingerly fingered the broken glass. He glanced up at Troy and Nicky.

"Did the two of you have a fight?" he asked. "You love each other more than any two people I've ever met. Whatever it is, you can work it out."

Troy gave him the first smile James had seen since arriving. "I'm glad you think so but that's not what's wrong."

"Then what is?" James asked.

Troy sighed. He frowned and put his hand on Nicky's back. "Nicky and I thought that you and Sammy would make a good pair. We decided to throw this party to introduce the two of you."

"Fuck, Troy, I told you I'd met someone," James said. "I'm seeing him later tonight. I'm not interested in hooking up with your brother."

"Yes, you are," Troy assured him.

James shook his head. "No, I'm not. I'm perfectly happy getting to know Dane. He's unlike any man I've ever met in my life and I'm not about to fuck that up so you can play matchmaker."

"James, you idiot," Nicky said, swinging around to glare at him. "Sammy and Dane are the same person."

"What?" James shouted.

Nicky rolled his eyes. "We planned to introduce you two tonight. We had no idea that the two of you had already met until Sammy arrived today and told us he had met someone new. We didn't have a clue."

"Then why did he leave?" James gestured toward the front door. "He did leave, right? He's not off running to the store or something?"

"No, he left alright," Troy said, "and he's pissed."

"Why?" James could feel his protective instincts rising to the surface again. Had someone said something to Dane, er, Sammy, that upset him? James would rip their throat out. "And why in the hell did he introduce himself as Dane if his name is Sammy?"

"Samuel Dane Summers," Troy said. "When he started writing erotic novels he used the pen name Dane Summers. He didn't want anyone to know. If I hadn't found one of his books and brought it home to Nicky, we never would have known ourselves."

"Okay, so why didn't he tell me who he was when we met?"

"He didn't know that Nicky's brother, James, was the same James he had met in a bar."

"I only got your pictures back from the frame shop last week," Nicky explained. "Sammy hadn't seen any of them. He didn't know James was my brother. We always call you Jamie."

James was starting to get a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. "And he left because?"

"He's mad at us," Troy said. "He thinks that the three of us set him up."

"And he would think that because?"

Troy heaved a sigh. "We've set him up on blind dates before. One of them, a man named Frank, owns a bookstore. The moment I mentioned that Sammy was actually Dane Summers, the guy went nuts. Apparently he thinks that Sammy acts out all of his sex scenes and he wants to be the one he acts them out with."

"You're not talking in the past tense, Troy," James said, feeling a growl build up in his throat. "Is this guy still bothering Dane?"

"Sammy," Nicky corrected.

James shook his head. "Dane, Sammy, call him whatever you want. I just want to know if this man is still bothering him."

"I think he is," Troy said. "Sammy won't say anything because he knows I'd track the man down and beat the shit out of him, but —"

James grinned. "Sammy is mine to protect and take care of," he said, throwing Troy's words from earlier back at him. "He doesn't belong to you anymore. He belongs to me now. I'll take care of it."

Troy's mouth dropped open. "You can't just —"

"I just did," James replied, crossing his arms over his chest. "Deal with it."

"James, he's my bro —"

"Alright, that's enough!" Nicky shouted.

Both Troy and James took a step back. Nicky never yelled. It just wasn't in his nature.

"I've just about had it with you two. You're like two dogs fighting over a bone."

"Honey," Troy started.

"Don't you honey me, Troy Summers," Nicky said. "You're as bad as James. Sammy and I are people. We deserve to be treated as people. We're not toys for you two years olds to fight over."

"I never thought Sammy was anything other than —" James snapped his mouth shut when Nicky shot him a glare.

"And *you* need to get it through your thick skull that I'm with Troy," Nicky continued. "I'm still your little brother and I always will be but Troy gets to help me solve my problems now. I will always love you. My loving Troy doesn't take away from that but I'm his now. You need to let me be his."

"Nicky . . ." James murmured.

Nick turned to Troy. "And you, you have to understand that James has been

looking after me my entire life. It's going to take some time for him to let go of that. You have to give him that time without growling at him every time he shows concern for me. He's my brother."

Nicky caressed the side of Troy's face. James had to turn away from the heartfelt display of affection. He missed Sammy. Wished he were there so he could touch him, hold him, caress the side of *his* face. For the first time in his life, James felt truly alone.

"Think about how you're going to feel having to give up Sammy to James," Nicky said. "Are you going to just hand him over or will James have to prove himself to you? I'm no different than Sammy."

Troy's lips curled. James could tell his brother's partner didn't like that idea but James could see where the man was coming from. Suddenly the shoe was on the other foot and James felt like a heel for all the crap he had given Troy since he had hooked up with Nicky.

"Dude, I—" James started to apologize to Troy.

"And you," Nicky said, turning back to glare at James.

Wait, hadn't he been in the frying pan already? Why was Nicky glaring at him again?

"Go fix whatever is wrong between you and Sammy."

"I can't."

"Why the hell not?" Troy growled, stepping forward. "I thought you wanted my brother."

"I do." James shrugged and his face grew hot. "I don't know where he lives."

* * * * *

Sammy locked his front door and walked to his bedroom. He tossed his keys and glasses down on the nightstand and fell back against the mattress. He didn't feel like writing or watching TV. He didn't feel like doing a damned thing.

He just wanted James. He wanted to rewind time and forget that this afternoon

ever happened. This morning and last night had been so much better. Maybe he shouldn't have left James's house in the first place?

Not that it would have mattered much. If not today, James would have eventually found out Sammy wasn't the confident masterful man who ruled him in the bedroom and dropped him like a hot rock. And the moment James found out his Dane was actually Sammy, Troy's forgetful, geeky little brother, he would remember all the stories he'd *had* to have heard from Nicky and Troy over the years about what a mess he was. No one wanted a mouse for a mate. Besides, Sammy was a total fuck up in his real life and he knew it. Things with James had to end sometimes. Better now than later. At least now, Sammy had some hope of recovering.

He rolled over and buried his face in his pillow, releasing a frustrated scream into the soft cushion before flopping back over to stare up at the ceiling. Now what was he going to do?

The soft ring of his doorbell pulled Sammy from his deep thoughts. His heart suddenly thundered as he jumped to his feet and race to the front foyer. Was it James? Sammy unlocked the door and swung it open, the excited smile of greeting on his face slowly slipping away.

"What do you want, Frank?"

"Oh baby, don't be like that," Frank crooned. He reached out as if to caress Sammy's face.

Sammy flinched and pulled back. For a moment, Frank's hand hung suspended in mid-air, and then he slowly let it fall to his side. A strange look came into his eyes . . . a look Sammy had only ever seen on a movie screen during a creepy serial killer flick.

"I brought you a present to show you how much I love you," Frank said as he held out a small gift wrapped box.

Instead of taking the box, Sammy took another step back. "Frank, we've been over this before. I don't want anything from you. I don't want you to bring me gifts or call me or come to my house. I just want you to go away. I am not going to go out with you."

Frank's eyes darkened. Sammy gripped the door. "Go away, Frank, and don't come back."

"You don't mean that, baby," Frank said, shooting Sammy a smile. "We could be so good together, baby, just give us a chance."

"No, Frank," Sammy said. "Just go away."

Sammy started to slam the door but Frank stuck his foot in the way. Sammy licked his lips. "Frank, I swear, if you don't—"

"Is there a problem, honey?"

Sammy felt his face flush. "James."

James, big hunky James, walked right up to the door. He smiled at Frank. "Excuse me."

Frank moved back a pace. James stepped inside and grabbed Sammy around the waist. "I'm sorry I'm late, honey, I got caught up in work. I had to bring a perp in that was harassing someone."

With that, James leaned down and claimed Sammy's lips. Overwhelmed, Sammy fell into his arms. *I'm kissing him. I'm finally kissing him . . . and it's wonderful.*

Sammy wrapped his arms around James's neck and pulled him closer. He totally forgot Frank stood there until he heard a strangled cry. Sammy pulled away to see Frank staring daggers into James's back.

"I seem to have forgotten my manners," Sammy said. "Frank, this is James, Officer James Everson, my boyfriend. James, this is Frank, uh" Sammy gave Frank a small frown. "I'm sorry. I forgot your last name."

"Bristol, Frank Bristol," Frank growled. "And what do you mean he's your boyfriend? You said you'd go out with me."

"I did go out with you, remember? We went to dinner at that Mexican restaurant. I never said I would go out with you again."

"But-but, we have something special together, a connection," Frank insisted. "I know you felt it. You wrote about it in your books."

Sammy's jaw dropped. "Frank, those books aren't real. They're fiction, just

stories. I wrote about make-believe characters I created in my imagination. Besides, I wrote them before I even met you."

"What about Robert and Greg?" Frank asked. "You know that's us."

"Robert and Greg?" James said, finally speaking. "How do you know about Robert and Greg? Sammy hasn't even finished writing that book yet."

Sammy frowned again. "How *do* you know about Robert and Greg? Have you been inside my house, Frank?"

Sammy thought about the water he'd seen on his desk the day Troy had called to invite him to the barbecue, about all the times he felt like something was a little off when he came home. It wasn't anything he could put his finger on, a vase moved from one bookshelf to another, a cup rinsed that he'd thought he'd left sitting dirty on the counter.

Simple things that had Sammy thinking he was losing his mind. Now, they all made sense. Especially since his story with Robert and Greg was only on his laptop. He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at Frank.

"You *have* been inside my house," he snapped.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Frank insisted, but the flush on his face said something different. "I've never been inside your house. I wouldn't—"

"Good," James said, stepping closer to Frank and straightening to his full intimidating height. "If I find out differently I'll arrest your ass and throw you in a jail cell."

"You can't threaten me," Frank said, trying to sound outraged but totally ruining the effect by backing down the walkway. "I know my rights. You can't arrest me without proof and you have none. It's just Sammy's word against mine."

Sammy's eyebrows shot to his hairline when James cocked his head to one side and looked at Frank, a slight grin on his lips. Did he think this was funny? Was James getting some sort of amusement out of this?

"You've done this before, haven't you, Frank?" James asked.

What?

“Do you have a record, Frank?” James continued. “Has someone else accused you of stalking them? I just might have to look into that.”

Sammy glanced at Frank. The man was white as a sheet. He *had* done it before. The man was a serial stalker. The implications of that fact soared through Sammy, making him lightheaded and dizzy.

Frank could have killed him or worse. Maybe writing erotic gay novels for a living wasn't such a good idea. Maybe he should go back to writing mysteries or something safer, like serial killer biographies.

“Frank, just go,” Sammy said, “and don't come back. I never want to see you again, hear from you, or get a present from you. Is that understood?” Sammy tried to cover all of his bases.

Frank nodded, glaring at James. He ran down the walkway and climbed into his car. His tires squealed as he tore off down the street. Sammy stared after him, hoping he'd seen the last of Frank What's-his-name.

Once Frank's car was out of sight, Sammy turned his attention to James. The man didn't look happy. In fact, he looked downright pissed off. Sammy sighed and turned to go back into his house. If he was going to be yelled at he'd rather listen to it inside away from the prying eyes of his new neighbors.

He walked into the kitchen, hearing James shut the front door. A moment later, James appeared in the entryway. He sauntered over to the small breakfast table and sat down, staring at Sammy. Sammy glanced at him briefly then turned on the burner under the teapot. He grabbed two cups and set them on the counter.

Sammy knew he was pretty much ignoring James, and delaying the inevitable, and that suited him just fine. The longer he could go without hearing James say he wasn't sticking around, the happier he would be.

Sammy grabbed the creamer and a bowl of sugar. He carried them around and set them on the table in front of James, along with the cups. He put a teabag in each of their cups then went back for the hot water.

He could feel James's eyes on him as he walked around the small kitchen island

and poured the hot water into their cups. They bored into his back when he carried the teapot back to the stove. James still didn't say anything as Sammy sat at the table and began mixing sugar and creamer into his tea.

Sammy's hands shook and sweat peppered his brow. He stirred his tea for several tense moments before looking up at James. "So, how did you find me?"

"Nicky."

Figures.

"Don't drink coffee?" James asked, grimacing down at his own cup.

Sammy shook his head. "No, coffee's bad for the body."

"A lot of things are bad for the body," James said, "like lying."

"I didn't lie to you, James."

"You didn't tell me the whole truth either," James countered.

"What was I supposed to tell you? Hmm?"

"You might have told me who you were."

"When was I supposed to do that, James?" Sammy asked, not liking the way James seemed to be putting him on the defensive. "When I had your dick in my mouth? Or how about when I was pounding my dick into your ass? How about then?"

James groaned, his eyes fluttering close. Suddenly, Sammy was so hot and turned on his skin tingled. He watched James lick his lips and his control shattered. Sammy jumped up, sending his chair shooting across the tile floor.

He ripped his shirt off as he stalked around the table to James. Buttons flew everywhere. He kicked off his shoes then reached for the buttons on his slacks just as James opened his eyes. Sammy felt like he had been hit by two beams of intense light.

He pushed his pants down and with a kick of his leg sent them flying into a corner of the room. Holding James's gaze, he slid up to sit on the edge of the table. He placed one leg on each side of James's, resting his feet on the seat James sat on. James's eyes were riveted on Sammy's cock.

"Suck my cock, sweetheart."

James didn't say a word. He simply lowered his head and took Sammy's cock

into his mouth.

"Oh yeah, sweetheart, just like that," Sammy moaned. He grabbed the side of James's head, directing his actions. "So good, James. God, I love your mouth."

James groaned around Sammy's cock head, sending streams of vibration racing down the shaft. Sammy's legs quivered. He was going to come soon. He could feel it building up in his body, centering at the base of his cock.

Sammy pulled on James's head to stop him. James looked up, confusion written all over his face. Sammy smiled, caressing the side of James's face.

"One of us is getting fucked in the next ten seconds," Sammy said. "You choose who."

James stood and grabbed a tub of butter off the counter fast enough to send the cups on the table crashing to the floor. Sammy didn't care. He'd buy new cups. When James pulled a condom out of his pocket then dropped his jeans and pushed Sammy back to lie on the table, Sammy grinned.

"Good choice, sweetheart," Sammy said as he quickly removed the butt plug he'd had in all day in anticipation of their appointment later tonight. While James fumbled with the condom wrapper then sheathed his dick, Sammy dipped his fingers into the tub of butter. After lubing up his aching hole, he smeared some up and down the length of James's cock.

James grabbed Sammy's legs and pulled his ass to the edge of the table. Sammy placed one hand on James's cock and used the other to tug and tweak his own nipples.

"Now fuck me, James. Make me feel you."

James took directions like a seasoned actor. He pushed right in all the way to the root. Although not as large as Sammy, James's cock filled Sammy just the way he needed to be filled, hitting all the important spots.

As James moved in and out of his ass, Sammy stroked his cock. James's gaze followed his every move, and he timed his thrusts in tandem with Sammy's stroking fist. "Oh God, James, harder, fuck me harder," Sammy shouted. "Fuck my ass, you sexy beast."

James grunted and increased the pace, driving his cock forcefully into Sammy's ass.

"I'm gonna come, sweetheart," Sammy said. He glanced up at James and their gazes locked. "I'm going to come all over your cock. Do you want that, James? Do you want me to come on your cock?"

James nodded and his gaze flitted back and forth between Sammy's cock and his own as it slid in and out of Sammy's ass. Sammy spread his legs farther apart. James groaned, and lost his rhythm.

Sammy reached down and wrapped his fingers around the base of James's cock, allowing the thick shaft to move through them as James thrust into him.

Sammy stroked himself a few more times before the pressure became unbearable.

"James!" Sammy shouted as he let himself go. Pearly white seed sprayed out of his cock and splattered them both.

Swimming in a sea of pleasure, Sammy distantly heard James cry out but he more than felt the hot semen shooting into his ass as James found his own release. James dug his fingers into Sammy's hips, leaving what he knew would be bruises tomorrow.

James collapsed on top of Sammy, his head nestled in Sammy's neck. Sammy wrapped his arms around him and held him close. He could feel the rapid beating of James's heart. It matched his own.

Sammy stroked his hands down James's back. He knew when James's breathing and heart rate returned to normal. He could feel it. Still, James didn't move. He stayed where he was, curled up on Sammy.

"When I met you, I didn't know who you were," Sammy whispered. "I wasn't trying to lie to you, James, I just didn't know."

"Why did you introduce yourself as Dane and not Sammy?" James whispered back, not lifting his head.

"They only know me as Dane at that bar, James. They don't know Sammy. I just

went with what they knew me as. I had no idea that my name would become such a big issue. Besides, you didn't tell me who you were either."

James shrugged. "I considered it but I didn't think it mattered. I never thought I'd see you again after that night. I thought it was a one-time thing."

And there was their problem.

Sammy smoothed his trembling hands across James's head. His heart ached. Tears of sorrow pooled in his eyes. "I know you did," Sammy whispered softly. He had always known.

Sammy gave himself one last moment to feel James in his arms then patted his back. "Come on, get up. We need to take care of this mess."

Sammy avoided James's eyes as he stood and picked his pants up off the floor. He turned away from him, pulling on his slacks then reaching for his shirt. He quickly tugged it on. He suddenly felt very self conscious about James seeing him naked.

He could feel James's stare as he moved about the kitchen; even as James got rid of the used condom and dressed, Sammy felt the heated looks James sent his way. The cups on the floor were a lost cause. Sammy got the broom and swept them up, depositing the remains in the trashcan. He set the butter tub back on the counter.

With nothing else to clean up, Sammy had no choice but to meet James's eye. He wasn't surprised to find a bewildered expression on James's face. A man who looked the way James did probably never had to deal with being ignored after sex. He was probably waiting for Sammy to beg him to stay. Sammy cleared his throat.

"I wanted to thank you for what you did tonight with Frank," he said, breaking the heavy silence. "He's usually not that confrontational."

"Sammy."

"It's been a lot of fun, James, but I think it's time for you to go."

"What?" James asked as he jumped to his feet. "No!"

Sammy twisted his hands together. "James, please, I don't want —"

"Me?" James shouted. "You don't want me?"

Sammy stared at James in stunned amazement. Seriously? The man thought he

didn't want him. He couldn't be farther from the truth. "James, that's not —"

"If you didn't want me then why did you fuck me? Why did you do the things you did? I've never let anyone do the things you did to me, never!"

"James!" Sammy exclaimed. "I never said —"

"Yes, you did," James yelled. "You didn't have to answer my emails. You could have just brushed me off. You didn't have to come to my house."

Sammy frowned. He just couldn't get a word in edgewise. Every time he tried to explain things to James, the man interrupted him. "James, I want you to —"

"You want me to go, I know," James said.

Sammy could see the hurt and devastation in his blue eyes. He wanted to soothe it away but when he stepped toward him, James backed away.

"One of these days, Samuel Dane Summers, you're going to fall in love with someone and they're going to rip your heart out like you're doing to me right now. I hope you remember this moment when that happens."

Sammy's mouth dropped open as shock filled his body, paralyzing him to the spot. James was in love with him? Could it be possible? Could he be that lucky?

Sammy's heart said yes and he experienced a rush of joy so powerful his head spun.

Before Sammy could question him further, James spun on his heel and left the room. By the time Sammy realized the best thing that had ever happened to him was walking out the door and got moving, he was too late. He reached the front door in time to see James driving away.

"Fuck!" Sammy shouted as he slammed his fist into the door. "Could my life be any more of a mess?"

Chapter Six

James sat in his car and stared at Nicky and Troy's house. They had promised Sammy wouldn't be there. James couldn't see the man's car anywhere. He had looked. He wasn't ready to face him yet. He doubted he ever would be.

A little over two weeks had passed since he had stormed out of Sammy's house. He'd done a lot of soul searching in that time and had come to the realization that not having Sammy in his life was probably his fault. He'd made so many mistakes, he couldn't count them all.

The first and biggest mistake was assuming that all he and Sammy would have was a one night fling. He'd gone home with the man with that thought in mind, not giving a thought to the possibility they might have a chance for more. That had been a huge factor in how things had developed.

His second mistake was getting angry with Sammy for lying to him. After thinking over their conversation – and he'd done a *lot* of thinking – he'd come to the conclusion Sammy really hadn't lied to him. He hadn't even withheld information.

Sammy had no idea who he really was. If he had, he probably wouldn't have gone out with him in the first place. It was kind of weird to date your brother's partner's brother . . . or something like that.

His third mistake was not giving Sammy a chance to explain things to him.

As much as James still wanted Sammy in his life, he knew he'd screwed things up beyond repair. He just hoped they could be civil when they did run into each other. With Nicky and Troy together, James knew he would eventually have to face the man. He just hoped he could put it off long enough for his heart to mend.

James didn't want to see Sammy while his heart was still broken. He didn't think he would be able to hold it together if he did. All he had to do was *think* of Sammy, and tears burned his eyes. Seeing him in person would destroy him.

With a resigned sigh, James climbed out of his car and made his way up the front steps. Nicky and Troy had convinced him to come over for dinner. They wanted to make up for their part in the mess with Sammy. They promised they wouldn't invite any of their friends over or try to set him up with anyone. James was holding them to that promise.

"Hey, James," Troy said as he answered the door, "come on in."

James stepped into the house, his hands in his pockets as he glanced around.

"You've done a little redecorating since I was here last."

"Yeah, Nicky said something about blue being a soothing color. It seems I need it to wind down after a long day at work." Troy shrugged. "I told him my uniform was blue enough but he wouldn't buy it."

James chuckled, the noise sounding foreign to his ears. When was the last time he'd laughed? He couldn't remember. Maybe he needed to paint his place blue? "Blue is nice."

"Yeah I guess. I drew the line at Nicky painting the bedroom red, though."

"Red?" James asked.

Troy nodded. "Seems red is the color to help inspire passion, like I need any help getting passionate about your brother." Troy laughed. "I made him paint it green so I could relax in the bedroom too. I even bought a nice flat screen TV to go in there. Wanna see?"

James shrugged. "Yeah, sure." Why not? He was trying to be friendly here. James followed Troy upstairs and down the hallway to the bedroom. He was a little confused when Troy stepped back before going into the room.

"Go on in," Troy said. "I forgot to tell your brother you were here. He'll kill me if I don't say something. Remote is on the nightstand. Check it out. It's cool."

Okay, whatever. James stepped into the room and his gaze went to the large flat screen TV hanging on one wall. He couldn't miss it. It was huge. He chuckled and walked over to the nightstand to grab the remote. The bedroom door slammed behind him. *What the hell?*

James walked back across the room and tried to open the door but it was locked. He rattled the knob a couple of times then pounded on the door.

"Hey, Troy, the bedroom door is locked," he yelled, hoping Troy could hear him if he'd gone downstairs. "Troy, I can't get out."

"You're not supposed to get out."

James swung around. The remote dropped from his suddenly numb fingers. "Sammy."

"Hello, sweetheart," Sammy drawled slowly. "Did you miss me?"

"Sammy, what—" James took a deep breath to calm his racing heart. "They said you wouldn't be here."

Sammy smirked. He pushed himself away from the bathroom doorframe and walked toward James. "They said Sammy wouldn't be here. You can call me Dane."

Sammy came to a halt in front of James. "While you're at it, you should take off all your clothes and lie down on the bed. My cock missed your ass."

James's ass twitched. His cock filled. Just like that, Sammy had him hot enough to peel the paint off the walls. His fingers trembled as he started to reach for the buttons on his shirt. Then he suddenly realized what he was doing. James dropped his hands.

Sammy drew one finger down the side of James's face. "Not going to play with me today, James?"

"Sammy, what are you doing here?" James asked through clenched teeth. He wanted so badly to reach for the man and wrap his arms around him. He struggled for control.

Sammy's deep chuckle went straight to James's cock. "You didn't think I was going to let you get away from me once you said you loved me, did you?"

James gulped. "I never said I loved you."

"Yes, you did," Sammy said. "And it was wonderful. I've never had anyone tell me they loved me the way you did. I want to hear it again while I fuck your tight ass."

James shook his head. There would be no more fucking. "Sammy, we can't—"

Sammy placed a finger over James's lips, stopping him from speaking.

"And then I want to hear you say you love me while I have you cuddled in my arms."

"Sammy, I don't—"

Again with the finger.

"And then I want to hear you say you love me after I tell you how much I love you."

James blinked.

"You love me?" he whispered. He was positive his heart stopped beating while he waited for Sammy to answer him. It would either start beating again or shatter into a million pieces, depending on Sammy's response.

"Yes, James Alexander Everson," Sammy said, a twinkle coming to his dark chocolate brown eyes. "I, Samuel Dane Summers, love you."

James's knees grew weak. His heart started beating again. He opened his mouth to say something, anything, but no sound would come out. He was too shocked.

"Do you still love me, sweetheart, or did I break your heart too much to mend it?"

Only then did James see the vulnerability in Sammy's eyes. He was as unsure about things as James was.

"Sammy, I—" James rolled his eyes when Sammy pressed his finger against his lips again. He really needed to stop doing that. It was very annoying.

"Before you answer me there are a few things you need to know."

James paused then nodded. He wasn't sure he wanted to know what Sammy had to say. It might burst the bubble he currently floated in.

"I'm a mouse."

Huh?

"A geeky little mouse," Sammy continued. "I'm sure you've heard all the stories from Nicky and Troy. The only time I've ever been aggressive or self confident is with you. I've never been that way before and I don't know if I'll continue being that way if we're together."

James frowned. He had no idea what Sammy was talking about. He seemed plenty aggressive, especially when he was pounding his massive cock into James's ass. The man oozed self-confidence.

"I also have the attention span of a box of rocks. I forget everything. I forget to eat, to pay my bills, to lock the door, everything. I don't eat meat of any kind and I hate take-out food. It destroys your body."

Well, hell!

"I can count all of my sexual experiences in single digits and the longest relationship I've ever had is with you." Sammy's gaze dropped for a moment then came back to meet James's. "Knowing all that, if you still want me, I'm all yours."

James grabbed Sammy's hands in his. He could feel them trembling, giving an indication of Sammy's anxiousness. James smiled.

"I'm very aggressive. I always have been. I don't take shit from anyone, ever. The only time I have ever let anyone dominate me is when I was with you. Knowing you're going to fuck my ass, hearing the way you talk to me? It drives me fucking nuts. It makes me harder than a rock."

It was Sammy's turn to blink.

"I'm neurotic about paying my bills and obsessed with the front door being locked even when I'm at home. I'm a meat and potatoes type of guy and I've never met a take-out menu I didn't order from. My idea of fine cuisine is cooking something in the microwave. I hate tea."

Sammy chuckled.

"I couldn't count my sexual encounters if I used both my hands and my feet but no one has ever topped me except you. And the only relationship I'm interested in is with you."

James leaned down and kissed both of Sammy's hands before looking him in the eyes again. "Now, knowing all that, if you still want me, I'm all yours."

Tears slid from Sammy's eyes. "I still want you, sweetheart."

"And I still want you."

Sammy grinned. It was a beautiful grin. It opened James's heart right up and all that was Sammy climbed in. James mentally closed the door, locked it then threw the key away. He wasn't letting Sammy go.

"Then don't you think you should get yourself ready, sweetheart?" Sammy asked as he stepped back toward the bed, his self confidence seeming to return. "My cock missed your ass and I want to hear you say you love me while I fuck you."

James's fingers couldn't move fast enough. He was pretty sure he broke a land

speed record getting undressed and spread out on the bed. He could be wrong. Seconds after he lay down, a naked Sammy climbed up to cover him.

Sammy might have won.

Sammy straddled James's body. He grinned down at him. "I love you, James."

"I love you, Sammy Dane."

"Sammy Dane?"

James chuckled. "Not taking any chance of there being any misunderstandings about who I love."

Sammy cocked his head. "Sammy Dane it is." He laughed. "Does this mean that I get to call you *Jamie James*?"

James shook his head. "You get to call me sweetheart, just like you always have."

"I can deal with that," Sammy replied. "Now, kiss me, sweetheart."

Sammy's lips settled over James's, his tongue delved inside to lavish and explore. It was a kiss for James's tired soul to melt into. It made his entire body tingle. When Sammy's hands wrapped around his head, James pulled back.

"I'm going to grow my hair long so you have something to grab onto."

"I'd like that," Sammy said. "Just not too long, though. You look very sexy with short hair."

James grinned and tried to pull Sammy back down to kiss him. Sammy resisted, his hand pushing against James's chest.

"What's wrong?" James asked.

"I've never kissed anyone, do you know that?"

"Never?"

Sammy shook his head then shrugged. "Well, I never kissed anyone outside of my family anyway. Kissing is very intimate. I think it's the most intimate thing you can do with another person. I was saving it for the man who took my heart."

"You were saving it for me."

Sammy grinned back. "You think so, do you?"

"I know so."

"You're pretty confident for a man who's about to be fucked."

James grinned. "How do you feel about skipping the preliminaries and getting right to the good stuff? My ass has missed your cock."

Sammy's eyebrow arched. "Feeling needy, are you, sweetheart?"

"Very. I missed that telephone pole you have masquerading as a dick."

"Then roll over and assume the position," Sammy said as he scooted back to kneel between James's legs.

James quickly rolled over and got to his knees, pushing his ass out toward Sammy even as he pushed his arms over his head. It felt wonderful to be stretched out before Sammy again, knowing that in a few minutes, the man would be pounding into him.

"Sammy Dane," James moaned.

Sammy chuckled. "You really are going to call me Sammy Dane, aren't you?"

James nodded. "Always."

"I like it." He patted James's ass. "I like this, too."

James groaned. He knew what was coming. He'd been dreaming about it for days, weeks, forever. He still couldn't keep his body from trembling when Sammy pressed a heavily lubed finger into his ass. It had been awhile.

James wiggled his hips, silently begging for more, knowing there was a *lot* more to come. Sammy needed to use at least four fingers to adequately stretch James's ass enough to fit his cock in without pain.

A second finger joined the first. They began to move in and out of James's ass, pressing against his sweet spot when they were in and driving James out of his mind. A third finger elicited deep moans from James.

"Sammy Dane," James begged. He fisted the comforter beneath him. "Please."

"You needing, sweetheart?" Sammy crooned.

"Yes, please, yes," James groaned.

"One more finger, sweetheart, just one more." Sammy pushed the last finger in. James could feel his ass swallow it right up. He was feeling fuller than he had in

forever. The only thing that would make him feel more was Sammy's cock.

James wiggled his ass. "You, now," he demanded.

"Patience, sweetheart." Sammy chuckled.

James didn't know if he had any patience left. He didn't think he had any brains left either. They had all melted out his ears. The rest of his body was slowly following, melting into the mattress below.

Finally, Sammy seemed satisfied he'd prepared James enough to accept him. He shifted and James groaned as Sammy pushed into him. Slowly, agonizingly slowly, Sammy filled him. James bit his lip hard enough to draw blood as Sammy bottomed out.

"Oh, sweetheart, I missed this so much," Sammy said. "I never want to be without you or your ass again."

James smiled. "Keep that up and I might start to think you like me."

Sammy chuckled, slapping James's ass. "Don't make me laugh. I can't concentrate when you do that."

"How about this then?" James asked. He pushed his arm underneath his body and reached back until he could brush his fingers across Sammy's nut sac.

"Oh fuck, sweetheart," Sammy cried out. "Where in the hell did you learn to do that?"

"I read a book."

"You really should let me borrow that book. It might give me a few ideas."

James shook his head. "If you want ideas you can try them out with me. You don't need to read a book. I'll be your muse."

"Sweetheart?" Sammy asked after a moment.

"Yeah?"

"How far back can you reach those fingers?"

James grinned. "I don't know. How about we find out?" James reached back between Sammy's legs as far as he could. He could just feel Sammy's hole pucker under the caress of his fingers. It wasn't quite as much as he wanted.

James arched his back. "Spread your legs and push up into me as far as you can." Sammy did. James reached back some more, tucking his shoulder down under his body as he stretched his hand back. As long as Sammy didn't move, James could push two fingertips into Sammy's ass.

"Damn, that's amazing, sweetheart," Sammy groaned. "We're going to have to invest in some dildos. Then you can fuck me while I fuck you."

The very idea had James panting. He'd give his car to have a dildo right there and then. The image filled his mind. Him fucking Sammy with a dildo, Sammy fucking him with his huge, hot cock . . . James thrust back, unable to hold still.

Sammy got the idea and started moving in short, rough thrusts. Just enough to rub against James's prostate but not enough to dislodge James's fingers from his ass. James curled his fingers back toward his own body, trying to keep them in Sammy's hole. After a few moments, they established a rhythm that worked for both of them. James felt like a pretzel but the cries coming from Sammy kept him folded in half.

James arched his back just a little more, pushing his ass up higher into the air as he tried to push another finger into Sammy's ass. He pushed it in alongside the other two, moving them around until he felt a small bump. James stroked his fingers over it.

Sammy went wild. He cried out, digging his fingers into James's hips. James could barely keep his fingers where they were while Sammy slammed into him. He reached under his body with his other hand and stroked his cock as fast as the space would allow.

"James," Sammy growled, "come for me, sweetheart. I can't hold back any longer."

James gripped his cock and pulled his hand to the top. He ran his thumb over the leaking head and pressed it into the slit. He shouted out Sammy's name as the pressure exploded in his body, erupting out the top of his cock in large spurts of creamy fluid.

Sammy thrust once more, a thrust so forceful he pushed James several inches up the bed. Despite the orgasm that was still flowing through his body, James used the last of his energy to push himself back even farther, shoving all three of his fingers as deep

into Sammy's ass as they would go.

"James!" Sammy roared as he came, filling James's ass with his release. James could feel Sammy's body shaking, his hands trembling. The cock in his ass throbbed to the beat of Sammy's heart. The muscles surrounding James's fingers clenched.

James pulled his fingers free. He heard Sammy groan in protest as he unfolded himself. His body ached in places he didn't even know he had. He was going to need a long soak in the tub after this, and maybe a massage. Did Sammy give massages?"

"Sammy Dane?"

"Hmm?" Sammy mumbled against James's back.

"Do you give massages?"

Sammy chuckled. "Use your fingers on me like that again and I'll give you anything you want."

Chapter Seven

Sammy had a bounce in his step the next morning as he came down the stairs with James following closely on his heels. Strong arms wrapped around him when he reached the bottom landing. Sammy laughed and leaned back into the body of the man holding him.

He'd never had this before, someone who wanted to hold him after sex, to love on him when they weren't in bed. It was a totally new experience and one Sammy hoped never ended. Sammy shuddered when James leaned down and nuzzled his neck.

"I think you're way too far away from me, Sammy Dane," James whispered into his ear.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"What are you going to do about it?"

Sammy shouted with laughter when James swung him up into his arms. He quickly wrapped his arms around James's neck. "Don't let me fall."

"I'll never let you fall," James assured him.

Sammy held on as James carried him into the kitchen. Expecting to be put on his feet, Sammy was surprised when James set him on the counter. He was even more astounded when James stepped between his legs and turned around, leaning back into Sammy's chest as if he had no intention of leaving anytime soon.

He did, however, see the plus side of the position. Sammy wrapped his arms around James and rested his chin on his shoulder. James instantly snuggled back. Sammy's hands were free to roam over James's chest.

"I like this," Sammy murmured.

"Me too."

If Sammy hadn't been sitting on the countertop, he would have jumped for joy. The knowledge he could freely touch James was going to take some getting used to. He and James had a lot to learn about each other. A few weeks of acquaintance and some great sex did not make a relationship.

James reached over and grabbed an apple out of the bowl next to Sammy. He took a big bite then held the apple up for Sammy. Trying to hide his grin, Sammy took a bite. He watched James take another one then chew. A sudden thought came to him.

"James? I'm a vegetarian."

"You mentioned that," James said around a mouthful of apple.

"You're not."

"Nope." James took another bite.

"How are we going to deal with that?" Sammy asked.

Sammy felt panic start to well up in him. He knew what they ate was small potatoes in the grand scheme of things but it was just one thing on their list of issues they needed to overcome. If they couldn't resolve such a simple dilemma, how could they expect to solve the rest of their problems?

"Mouthwash?"

"James!"

James tossed the apple core in the trashcan and turned in Sammy's arms. He set

his hands down on the countertop, one on each side of Sammy's body.

"Sammy Dane, what we eat is no big deal. We'll work it out."

"How?"

"Compromise."

"Compromise?" What in the hell did that mean?

"How do you feel about beef or chicken?" James asked.

Sammy grimaced. "Yuck."

"Fish?"

Sammy grimaced again, but wavered a little. "What kind of fish?"

"Any kind."

"Are we talking store bought processed stuff or cook at home fish?"

"Which would you prefer?"

Sammy chuckled. He felt like an idiot. He could see James was trying. He could at least put forth the same amount of effort. "Processed stuff is as bad as fast food. I'd consider cook at home fish."

"You're going to have to cook it," James said. "The only time I eat anything that's not delivered or cooked in a microwave is when I come here for one of Troy and Nicky's barbecues or home-cooked meals. I can't cook."

"Agreed." Sammy smiled. "How do you feel about rabbit food?"

James laughed, shaking his head. "Yuck!"

"What if we work you into it slowly?" Sammy asked, starting to like this compromise stuff.

"How slowly?" James asked.

"Do you like chef salad?"

"Never had it," James replied. "What's in it?"

"Well, salad for one."

James stuck out his tongue.

"Put that thing away unless you're going to use it," Sammy warned.

James arched an eyebrow. Sammy ignored it.

"Basically, there's salad, cheese, and meat."

"I like meat." James brow furrowed. "But you don't eat it."

"No, I don't but if we make the salad first, dish me up some then mix the rest together, we can both have some. Or we can put the meat in a bowl for you."

James nodded. "And that, Sammy Dane, is called compromise."

* * * * *

"James?"

"Sammy Dane?"

"Could I spend the night at your house?"

James blinked. He sat up in bed and rubbed a hand down his face before glancing at the clock. Two forty-one in the morning. "Sammy Dane? Do you know what time it is?"

"Yes."

Something in Sammy's voice nagged at James. He sounded way too anxious to be making a booty phone call. "What's wrong, Sammy Dane?"

Sammy sighed. "My lights went out."

James looked out the window. The night sky was clear, the moon shining. The weather hadn't caused a power outage. James suddenly felt as apprehensive as Sammy sounded. He had visions of Frank lurking in Sammy's bushes.

"Is your front door locked? Are you someplace safe? Can you hear any noises? Do you have something to defend yourself with?"

His questions were met with dead silence then Sammy snickered.

"I'm fine, James, they just shut off my electricity because I forgot to pay the bill again."

"Sweet Jesus, Sammy Dane, don't scare me like that." James pressed his hand against his chest. His heart was beating so fast he ached. He took several deep, calming breaths. It didn't help much.

They had only been an *item* for a few weeks but in that short amount of time, Sammy had become the most important thing in James's life. He didn't even want to think about a future without the man in it.

"Damn it, Sammy Dane, next time tell me you didn't pay the fucking bill," James snapped. "I'm a police officer. I imagine worst case scenarios."

"I'm sorry," Sammy whispered, his voice going from frightened to apologetic in a blink of an eye.

James tried to massage away the tension gathering between his eyes. He felt like a heel. He tried to quiet down his voice when he spoke again. "Look, you can't just call me up and say things like that. I worry about you."

"I'm sorry," Sammy said again. "I won't do it again."

"If you have a problem I want you to call me," James clarified. "Just don't freak me out like that. All sorts of horrible things go through my mind. Tell me you didn't pay your bill *then* tell me your lights are out. Okay?"

"Okay," Sammy replied. He didn't sound okay, though. He sounded miserable. James suddenly had visions of Sammy sitting in the dark in his house all alone. He couldn't have that.

"Are you still coming over, Sammy Dane?"

"It's the middle of the night," Sammy hedged. "I should probably just go online and pay the bill, have them turn my lights back on."

"You can still come over."

"No, that's okay," Sammy said. "I shouldn't have woken you. I know you have to work in the morning. I'll just let you go back to sleep. Goodnight, James."

James stared at the phone in disbelief after Sammy hung up. Sammy had actually hung up on him. He couldn't believe it. James didn't know whether to be angry, worried, or just simply stunned.

He quickly dialed Sammy's number then waited for him to pick up. After several rings, the phone went to voice mail. James hung up and tried again. It still went to voice mail. Okay, now he was getting annoyed.

James got up and pulled his clothes on. He snatched up his cell phone and dialed Sammy's house again even as he grabbed his keys and made his way outside to his car. If Sammy thought he was going to avoid talking to him by not picking up the phone, he was in for a big surprise.

James dialed Sammy's phone over and over again in the ten minutes it took him to drive over there. He didn't leave a message but he had no doubt Sammy knew it was him. He just had to look at the caller ID. That meant Sammy was purposely not picking up. James would have to talk to Sammy about that. Worrying him like this wasn't okay.

James pulled up in front of Sammy's pitch dark house. He shook his head as he got out of his car and walked up to the front door. He knocked, waited a few moments, and then knocked again.

"Sammy Dane, I know you're in there," James called out. "Your car is still in the driveway. Open the damn door."

A second later, Sammy answered. James took one look at his puffy eyes and knew he'd been crying. Sammy ducked his head, obviously trying to hide his face.

James rested his hands on each side of the doorframe and leaned closer to Sammy. "Go get your stuff, Sammy Dane. You're coming home with me tonight."

"James—"

"And tomorrow, we're going to set your bank account up with automatic bill pay. No more having your lights turned off." James pointed into the house. "Now go."

Sammy looked like he was going to protest for a moment then turned and walked into the house. James smiled to himself as he stepped into the entry and waited for Sammy to gather his stuff and come back.

Sammy might be dominant inside the bedroom, but everywhere else, James was in charge. High time he took control. Sammy was obviously a mess on his own. He'd apparently not been kidding when he said he forgot everything. James decided to make it his mission to take Sammy in hand. The man needed a keeper and he was just the person for the job.

James arched a brow when Sammy came back carrying a bag. He still looked

anxious. James couldn't have that. The moment Sammy stepped close to him James grabbed him by the arms and gave him a big hug.

"No more scaring me, Sammy Dane," James whispered into his soft brown hair. He placed a small kiss on his head then leaned back, giving Sammy a little shake. "And no more hanging up on me."

Even the darkness around them didn't hide the flush that filled Sammy's face. Sammy ducked his head and shrugged. "I told you I was forgetful."

"Yes you did." James chuckled as he shut and locked the front door then led Sammy to his car. "I didn't realize you really meant it."

"I did," Sammy insisted. "I told you the truth, James. This happens to me all the time."

James opened Sammy's car door and waited for him to climb in before leaning close. "Well, that's about to stop." He caressed the side of Sammy's face. "I'm going to take care of you now, Sammy Dane, don't worry."

James could see the shock on Sammy's face as he shut the door and walked back to his car. He climbed in, waving to Sammy as he pulled out of the drive. He backed up and waited for Sammy to pull out in front of him, then followed him through the empty streets back toward his place.

James chuckled, the sound echoing through his car. Sammy really had no idea what James had planned for him. The man needed someone to take care of him, to keep things in order and make sure they were done. James was just the man for the job.

Besides, he wouldn't let anyone else do it. Sammy belonged to him and damned if he'd let anyone, including Troy, take care of Sammy. He didn't even like the idea that Troy had a right to help Sammy out with his problems. And if that didn't make him a hypocrite, James didn't know what did.

James pulled into the driveway behind Sammy, shut his car off, and climbed out. He would have preferred Sammy ride with him but he understood Sammy needed his own transportation.

James grinned. Sammy stood waiting for him on the front porch. He had his bag

in his hand and was bouncing from foot to foot. He seemed apprehensive, his lower lip caught between his teeth, a lock of wavy brown hair falling over one eye. He looked adorable.

"Let's get you tucked into bed," James said as he ushered Sammy into his house. He took Sammy's bag and set it by the front door then dragged Sammy down the hallway to his bedroom. Leaving Sammy standing in the doorway, James walked over to the phone and dialed work. He was on duty tomorrow but he would be taking a personal leave day. Sammy needed him.

James quickly made his phone call then turned back to Sammy. He started pulling his clothes off, grinning over at Sammy. "This is your domain, Sammy Dane. Don't you want something?"

Sammy's eyes widened until they looked huge against his face. "Ja-James, you can't just take a day off from work to get me out of a fix."

"Sammy Dane, I can do anything I want."

"But James, people just don't do that."

James chuckled. "They do when they're in love."

"James."

James walked across the room and began unbuttoning Sammy's dress shirt. "I'd like to take you out and introduce you to my friends this weekend," he said, deciding Sammy needed to think about something else.

"Your friends?" Sammy gulped. "Why do I need to meet your friends?"

James stopped to stare at Sammy. "Sammy Dane, you're the man in my life. Why wouldn't I want you to meet my friends? I want to meet your friends."

"I don't really have any friends."

"Sure you do. Everyone has friends, Sammy Dane."

"I don't."

Sammy made the statement in such a matter-of-fact tone, James could only stare at him. James lifted Sammy's chin and looked deep into his chocolate brown eyes.

"Why don't you have any friends, honey?"

Sammy shrugged. "I'm a nerd. No one wants to be seen with a nerd except other nerds."

"You're not a nerd, Sammy Dane."

"Yes, I am," Sammy insisted. "I'm more comfortable surrounded by books than I am people. My idea of a good time is a long soak in the tub with a good book and a cup of tea. I don't drink and I certainly can't dance."

"I saw you drink the night we met."

Sammy shook his head. "No, that was ginger ale and grenadine. It didn't have any alcohol in it. My parents were killed by a drunk driver. I don't drink."

"Good to know." James chuckled. "I still say you're not a nerd. No man who can fuck the way you do could possibly be a nerd. It's just not possible, Sammy Dane."

Sammy's face flushed. His gaze flittered around the room. His hands twisted together. "I just . . . it's just . . . there are things that I want to do to you and when we're together like that I forget all about being nervous or . . . or nerdy."

James grinned. He took Sammy's glasses and laid them on the nightstand before wrapping his arms around the man. "Are you feeling nerdy right now?"

He watched in stunned disbelief as Sammy changed from nerdy writer to confident sex god right before his eyes. His jerky movements became fluid. His eyes darkened, turning deep chocolate brown. His face softened, his lips becoming pouty.

"I'm feeling a lot of things right now," Sammy purred. "I'd rather feel my dick in your ass."

James could have shouted with delight. He loved being able to take care of Sammy and have the man depend on him. He knew he had a dominant personality and Sammy gave him the perfect opportunity to use it.

Except in the bedroom. In the bedroom, Sammy was the master. He ruled James and James knew it. He didn't know why that excited him but it did, right down to his toes. Just the thought of Sammy telling him what to do made him ache.

James leaned down and nuzzled Sammy's neck. He took a deep breath, inhaling the sweet manly scent that was uniquely Sammy's. "Tell me what you want, Sammy

Dane," he whispered. "Tell me what to do."

Sammy's head reared back. He seemed stunned for just a moment then he smiled. It was a glorious smile but it made James feel nervous. It was animalistic almost, as if Sammy was sizing him up for his next meal. It was exciting.

"Get the lube and bend over the bed," Sammy directed as he slipped out of his slacks. "We need to get you ready."

James felt his face burn. "I . . . uh . . . I'm already . . . uh . . . ready."

"Oh? Do tell, sweetheart."

"I don't like sleeping without you and I missed you tonight so I sort of . . ."

James shrugged, staring at the floor. He took a deep breath and blurted out the rest of his confession. "Usedthebuttplugthatyougaveme."

"What was that, sweetheart?" Sammy asked. "I couldn't understand you."

James sighed. He felt ridiculous. "I used the butt plug you gave me."

Sammy cupped his face. "I think that's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me, James."

"Yeah?"

Sammy smiled. "Yeah."

Yeah, okay.

Sammy smirked, one eyebrow raised. "You still need to bend over the bed. I want to see."

James's breath caught in his throat. He quickly did as Sammy instructed. He planted his feet firmly on the floor and spread his legs, pushing his ass into the air. He knew Sammy would do something to blow his mind. The anticipation was killing him.

"Oh, very nice, sweetheart," Sammy crooned.

James was anticipating Sammy's touch so much that he jumped when he finally felt a soft, caressing hand move across his ass cheek then tug at the butt plug buried in his ass. He couldn't contain his moan.

"Very nice indeed," Sammy said. "I think you should wear a butt plug more often. Not only does it look very sexy but I can play with you all I want."

Oh!

James's entire body clenched. Sammy was twisting the plug, pushing it in then pulling it out. It didn't feel quite the same as Sammy being in his ass but it was close. And it still felt damn good.

"You're getting so good at having things in your pretty little ass, sweetheart," Sammy said. "Pretty soon we'll be able to move on to other things."

"Other things?" James croaked.

What other things?

"Oh yes, sweetheart. There are so many things I want to do to you, so many wonderful things." James felt Sammy's body shudder. "I can hardly wait, James."

"Wha—" James swallowed audibly. "What sort of things?"

He started imagining all sorts of things. Some of them intrigued him; others scared the crap out of him. James had seen a lot of things in his years as a cop. He began to wonder just what he had gotten into with Sammy.

"Nothing that you won't enjoy, sweetheart," Sammy said, bringing a monumental amount of relief to James. "I would never do anything that would hurt you or me. This is all about pleasure, James, yours and mine."

James couldn't even express to Sammy how much that statement meant to him. He was willing to try a lot of things with Sammy. He was even willing to let Sammy push his boundaries but only to a point.

"I'm willing to try almost anything you want, Sammy Dane, I just don't like pain."

"That's good to know, sweetheart, thank you for telling me."

James turned to glance up when Sammy stretched out beside him.

"This is one area where we need to be completely honest with each other, James." Sammy looked very serious. "Like I said before, there's a lot of things I want to do to this gorgeous body but if I ever do something that you don't like, you have to tell me."

Sammy got a twinkle in his eyes. "And I mean something you don't like, not

something that makes you uncomfortable or you've never tried before."

"Isn't that the same thing?" James asked, confused.

"No, it isn't." Sammy sat up and tapped the plug in James's ass. "You were uncomfortable the first time I fucked you but you like it now. Be warned, James, I am going to push you. I will do things to you that have never been done. But I can promise you, the pleasure will be out of this world."

Okay, there just was no response to that. If James said no, he could be denying himself an experience that could rock his world. If he said yes, he could be opening himself up to things that he had only ever heard about. James didn't know what to say so he said nothing.

"Does that idea scare you, James?" Sammy asked. "Or does it turn you on?"

"Both," James answered honestly.

"Have you ever used a butt plug before I gave you this one?" Sammy asked as he pulled it out then slammed it back in.

"No." James couldn't believe how high his voice was but Sammy was driving him nuts.

"Then I am going to give you a taste of what you have to look forward to, sweetheart." Sammy tapped James on the ass. "Stand up straight and lock your fingers together behind your head."

James stood. He folded his fingers together behind his head. His heart pounded. He was surprised when Sammy slid to the floor between him and the bed. A moment later James's legs trembled as Sammy stroked his tongue across the head of his cock.

"Spread your legs, sweetheart."

James spread his legs, trying to plant them firmly on the floor and keep his knees from buckling.

"Watch me, sweetheart."

James whimpered. He looked down just in time to see Sammy swallow his cock. The sight was . . . was . . . oh god, it was fucking fantastic. James struggled to remain standing when Sammy reached between his legs and started playing with the plug.

The sensations were intense. They created flames that licked up James's legs and wrapped around his cock right where Sammy's lips were. James burned. Any minute now he'd explode. There was just no way to stop it.

James dropped his hands and reached for Sammy. He had to slow things down or he was going to combust. But Sammy pulled away, shaking his head back and forth.

"Uh uh, sweetheart, no touching. I told you to put your hands behind your head and I meant it. I don't remember saying you could move them."

James put his hands back behind his head as fast as he could but Sammy was already climbing to his feet. James whimpered with disappointment when Sammy stepped around behind him. He had really been enjoying Sammy's mouth on his cock.

"There's always a price to pay for disobedience, sweetheart." Sammy stroked his hands down James's back then squeezed his ass cheeks. "Especially for big bad boys like you."

Oh hell, James wasn't going to make it. He was going to die right there on the spot. He just knew it. There was no way he could live through this experience. His heart would give out or he'd melt into the floor or something.

"Sammy Dane," James pleaded. He didn't care that he was pleading. He'd do anything to get Sammy to keep doing what he was doing. He didn't care if he *did* die from an overdose of pleasure.

"I think you need a good fucking, sweetheart," Sammy crooned in James's ear. "I think you need to remember who is master here and who is not."

James willingly bent over the bed when Sammy pushed on his back. He felt the plug being pulled from his ass but he was immediately filled with Sammy's cock. This was his punishment for being disobedient? He'd have to be naughty more often.

Sammy didn't waste any time in ravaging James's ass. There were no preliminaries, no foreplay. Sammy plunged right in, claiming James and making him forget any other man existed on the planet. He belonged to Sammy and he couldn't be happier.

James gripped the blankets. The force of Sammy's thrusts pushed him forward

on the bed but he wasn't complaining. It felt great. Sammy always seemed know when to go fast and hard and when to slow down and be gentle.

"You're just so tight, sweetheart," Sammy groaned, his fingers digging into the skin of James's hips. "You'd better jack that beautiful cock of yours, James. I don't know how much longer I can hold off. I can't remember when I've ever felt anything so good."

James grunted. He reached beneath his body and grabbed his cock, stroking himself rapidly. He could feel Sammy's hands gripping his hips harder. He knew the man was close. It didn't matter if he came, though, because James was right there too.

"Sa-Sammy Dane," James cried out as his cock erupted, shooting ropes of pearly white seed all over his hand, the mattress, the floor. He collapsed on the bed, his ass still pointed up in the air for Sammy's pleasure.

"Oh, James," Sammy bellowed.

James grinned into the blankets and tightened his inner muscles down as tight as he could get them. Sammy roared and rammed in so far James wondered if the man would ever come out. Shots of hot cream poured into him then Sammy fell on top of him.

James could feel Sammy's chest rising and falling rapidly. He chuckled and reached back to awkwardly pat his lover. "Are you still alive, Sammy Dane?"

"No." Sammy grunted and pulled free of James's body to roll off him, landing on the mattress beside James. James sat up and grabbed the wipes from his nightstand drawer and cleaned them both off.

Looking back at Sammy, he laughed. The poor man looked worn out. His sweat dampened hair stuck to his head. His face was flushed, his eyes closed. James lifted Sammy up to the top of the bed then climbed in beside him.

He wrapped one arm around Sammy and pulled him close. Sammy snuggled right in, his head tucking under James's chin. James leaned over and gave Sammy's forehead a kiss.

"Love you, Sammy Dane."

James could feel Sammy smile against his skin. "Hmm, love you, sweetheart."

"And tomorrow we'll take care of your electric bill and all the others, okay?"

Sammy tilted his head back to look up at James. "Are you going to be my keeper, James?"

"You have to admit that you need one, honey."

"I warned you."

"You did and I still want you." James tightened his arms around Sammy. "I don't mind taking care of you out there, Sammy Dane, if you don't mind taking care of me in here."

Sammy smirked and tucked his head back under James's chin. "I think you're out of your mind but whatever flips your trigger."

James chuckled "I'm pretty sure you know what flips my trigger, Sammy Dane."

Sammy laughed. "I have a pretty good idea, yeah. I'm just not sure you do."

Sammy patted James's chest. "Luckily for you, I have a very good imagination."

Chapter Eight

"Hey Nicky, I need your help," Sammy said the moment Nicky opened the front door.

"Yeah, sure," Nicky replied. "What's up?"

Sammy bounced from one foot to the other, his hands twisting together nervously. "James wants to take me out this weekend and introduce me to his friends."

"Sounds like things are getting pretty serious between the two of you," Nicky said as he shut the door behind Sammy. "That's a good thing, right?"

Sammy shrugged. "I guess."

"You don't sound so sure."

"He wants me to meet his friends, Nicky."

"And?"

Sammy gaped. He gestured to himself. "Look at me. The only reason my pants

and shirt match is because you picked them out. I don't own any other color shirt except white. Remember when you bought them for me? We decided if I had only white shirts to wear I couldn't mess up?"

"I'm still not seeing the problem here, Sammy. If you match then what's the big deal?"

Sammy rolled his eyes. "I look like a geeky bookworm."

Nicky chuckled. "You *are* a geeky bookworm."

"Yeah, but I don't want to look like one."

"Ah, now I see." Nicky grinned. "You want to look like a sexy bookworm."

"Yes!"

"I think I can help you with that."

* * * * *

Sammy stared at the full length mirror in front of him wondering if the sexy man he saw in the reflection could really be him. Never in his wildest dreams did he think he could look like he did. He was hot!

Nicky had taken him firmly in hand. Gone were his glasses, replaced with contacts. His wavy brown hair had been trimmed, given highlights, and styled, giving him a *just got out of bed* look. Nicky had even arranged for Sammy to get a facial, manicure, and pedicure.

Then Nicky had taken Sammy shopping. His closet was now filled with more clothes than Sammy had ever owned and none of them he would have picked out on his own, ever. But Nicky had insisted on a full makeover.

All his new pants were similar—low slung tight faded jeans that showcased not only his groin but his ass as well. Sammy could breathe but just barely. If his dick got hard, he was pretty sure he'd be castrated.

Sammy knew he was skinny but the simple white cotton shirt Nicky had chosen for him seemed to mold to him in such a way that it made his lanky body seem just

right.

Nicky had suggested a nipple piercing to go with the new shirt. He said it would drive men crazy but Sammy wanted to wait until James was with him to get one. It seemed too intimate to do without his lover.

The last new accessory in his arsenal was a new pair of brown cowboy boots. They were a far cry from Sammy's usual tan loafers. Sammy had never worn boots before but even he could admit they added to the whole *sexy Sammy* look.

He couldn't wait to see James's reaction. He was a little nervous about it. James had fallen in love with a nerdy bookworm. How would he feel about this new Sammy? Would he be disgusted or would he be aroused? Would he still love him?

"Sammy Dane? Are you ready to go?"

Sammy took a deep breath. James was here. It was now or never. "I'm upstairs, James. I'll be right down."

Sammy took one more look in the mirror then turned and walked out of his room. He tried to feel as confident as he looked but truthfully, he was quaking in his faded tan cowboy boots.

"Oh fuck me!" James groaned. "Sammy Dane! What in the hell have you done to yourself?"

Sammy stopped halfway down the stairs. His heart pounded and he smoothed the cotton shirt over his abdomen. He looked down at himself for just a moment then up at James. "You don't like it?"

"I'm not sure like is quite the word I would use."

Sammy's heart fell. He knew this was a stupid idea. Nicky was nuts. Sammy didn't have a chance in hell of being anything other than a nerdy bookworm. He just knew he looked ridiculous.

Sammy turned and started back up the stairs, tears prickling his eyes. "I'll go upstairs and change," he whispered, damning himself for wanting something that he could never have. He wasn't *sexy* material. He should be thankful James wanted him despite that fact.

"Don't you fucking dare!"

What?

Sammy glanced over his shoulder to see James standing on the step below him. He hadn't even heard him come up the stairs.

"James, I—"

"You are, without a doubt, the hottest fucking thing I have ever seen in my life," James murmured right before he leaned in and kissed him.

Sammy's mind reeled. James thought he looked hot? Sammy felt his knees tremble, his heart beat faster. The eager way James kissed him said he thought Sammy looked very hot.

"How am I supposed to get you out of the house without fucking you into a wall let alone introduce you to my friends?" James murmured as he lifted his head. His eyes devoured Sammy's features.

Sammy started to smile.

Suddenly James's eyes widened. "Hell! My friends. How in the hell am I going to introduce you to my friends looking the way you do?"

Sammy's forehead wrinkled as he tried to figure out what James was saying. Talk about giving mixed signals! One moment James acted liked he loved the way Sammy looked, and the next moment he acted like he hated it

"Y-you want me to change?"

"God, no!"

Sammy pushed himself away from James. "You're really confusing me, James. You keep saying you think I look hot but you don't want me to meet your friends. You don't want me to change either."

James's fierce features instantly softened. "Oh honey, I'm sorry." He reached out and stroked the side of Sammy's face. "I think you look incredibly hot, maybe too hot."

"Too hot?" Sammy asked. "How can someone look too hot? You're either hot or you're not."

James shook his head. "Not true. You were hot before but now, now you're

breathhtaking. Even though they're good friends not a single one of them would hesitate to make a pass at you, not with you looking the way you do." James grinned. "And then I'd have to kill them."

"James, I didn't do this so your friends would make a pass at me," Sammy said. "I did this for you. I didn't want you to . . . to have to explain why you were going out with a geeky little mouse."

James frowned. "Sammy Dane, I didn't fall in love with you because of the way you look."

"I know but —"

James cupped Sammy's face in his hands. "But nothing. I fell in love with you because you're the most wonderful man I have ever met. Everything else is just a bonus."

Sammy melted. Right there in the middle of the stairway, Sammy melted into one big pile of goo. He leaned into James. "So, you like the way I look?"

"I liked the way you looked before, Sammy Dane, but I like this too." James squeezed Sammy's ass. "Especially the way you look in these jeans. Very sexy, honey."

Sammy felt his face flush. "I told Nicky they were too tight."

James shook his head. "No, I think they're perfect."

Yeah, okay.

"Come on, gorgeous, let's go."

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather me change?" Sammy asked.

"No, I think you look great. Just promise to stick close to my side. I don't want any vultures getting their hands on you."

Sammy followed James downstairs and out to the car, feeling a little dazed. He had changed his looks so James would be proud to be seen with him. He never considered how other people might see him. Sammy suddenly wasn't so sure the whole thing had been a good idea.

The moment they were both in the car, Sammy turned to James. "Are you sure this is okay? I don't want to cause any problems with your friends, James."

James reached over and patted Sammy's leg. "It's fine, honey. Just relax and be yourself. My friends will love you."

"Just as long as they don't love me too much."

* * * * *

James could feel the tension coming off Sammy's body in waves. His man was petrified. James knew it could be a little daunting to meet new people but he just couldn't have Sammy feeling anything except loved.

James pulled into a parking spot at the bar. He turned the car off then got out and went around to Sammy's side of the car. Opening the door, James was once again stunned by the beauty before him.

Sammy hadn't been a bad looking man before, even if he was a little bookish. Now, though, he was drop dead masturbation fantasy gorgeous. When Sammy had come down the stairs, James had felt like the floor had dropped out beneath his feet. He just couldn't believe the vision in front of him was the same man he had fallen for.

James squatted next to the car. "Look at me, Sammy Dane."

Sammy turned to look at him but James could still see the worry on his face. James leaned closer. He stroked his hand up the man's jean clad leg, ending with his hand between Sammy's legs. He could feel the response to his touch in the sudden hardening of Sammy's cock.

Guess not everything had changed.

"Have I told you how much I want to fuck you right now?"

Sammy's eyes widened and his breathing turned ragged.

"You're so hot, every time I look at you all I can think about is stripping you down naked and bending you over the bed. Even though I've seen you naked several times, I want to know if you still look the same as you did the last time we made love."

James stood. He was in full view of anyone walking by but he didn't care. "See what you do to me?" he asked as he grabbed Sammy's hand and placed it over the thick

bulge behind his zipper. "You look fucking hot, Sammy Dane."

Sammy's worry drained away just as James had wanted. It was replaced with the feral look Sammy got when he was thinking about putting James into sexual submission. That look made James's knees shake.

Sammy got to him. He had since the moment James had met the man. There was no denying that. If Sammy breathed in his direction James's cock turned hard as steel and ready to go. That Sammy felt the same way thrilled James to no end.

"I think you'd look a lot better bent over the bed than I would."

Yeeshaw! James was in full support of that idea. And he had every intention of it happening when they got home. Now, however, he needed to get Sammy out of the car and into the bar.

"Come on, honey," James said, holding his hand out to Sammy. "Let's go inside and let them see what they're missing. You can bend me over the bed when we get home."

Sammy eyed him for a moment. "Promise?"

James grinned. "Oh, yeah."

"Fine." Sammy took James's hand and climbed from the car, shutting the door behind him. James refused to let his hand go when Sammy tried to pull it back. He smiled when Sammy seemed to give up, letting James lead him into the bar.

James spotted his friends the moment they stepped inside. It wasn't hard. The place was pretty empty. Besides that, they were a rowdy bunch, whooping and hollering while they played pool and drank beer.

James stopped a passing waitress and put in an order for a beer and a ginger ale then made his way across the room to the pool tables. He stopped at the edge of one of the tables and pulled Sammy up next to him, wrapping one arm loosely around Sammy's shoulders.

"Jamie, you made it."

"Hey, Jay, how's it going?" James said with a nod.

"I can't complain," Jay replied, grinning.

"I can," James's friend, Paul, called out. He stepped over and placed his arm around Jay, pulling him close. "He's working too hard. I haven't been laid in days."

"Hey, Paul." James laughed.

"Hey, Jamie," Paul replied. He gestured to Sammy. "And who's this gorgeous creature?"

James smiled down at Sammy. "This is Sammy Dane."

"Nice to meet you, Sammy Dane," Jay said, holding his hand out.

"Please, call me Sammy." Sammy shook the man's hand. "James is the only one who calls me Sammy Dane."

Jay laughed. "I can tell from the grin on Jamie's face that there's a story behind that."

"James?" Paul asked. "You call him James? You are a brave man. The last guy who called him James went away with a bloody nose."

James rolled his eyes. "Don't believe a word he says, honey. Paul likes to exaggerate."

"Do not," Pal protested.

"Do too," James insisted.

"Do not," Paul argued again.

"Oh, just shut the hell up," said Graham, another friend and co-worker, as he walked up, a wry grin on his face. "You two are worse than a bunch of toddlers."

James could feel Sammy's body shaking with repressed laughter next to him. He mentally crossed his fingers and hoped that Sammy enjoyed himself tonight. He wanted his friends to like Sammy. More importantly, he wanted Sammy to like them. Sammy came first.

"Hi, I'm Graham. I work with Jamie."

"Hello," Sammy said, nodding at him.

"The red headed fellow getting ready to shoot pool is Darren." Graham chuckled. "He's okay . . . for a nurse."

Darren glanced up, shooting Graham an evil glare. "You do know that I can kill

you in fifty different ways and not leave a trace, don't you? I also happen to know a couple of police officers that could help me hide the body where it would never be found."

"I'd help," Paul chimed in.

"Me too," said Jay.

"I'm in," James said.

Graham rolled his eyes. "See what I have to put up with, Sammy? I don't know why I go out with you guys. You're always picking on me."

Sammy laughed. James could tell he was starting to feel more comfortable. The tension in his body was slowly draining away and he kept smiling. James was ecstatic.

"So, what do you do, Sammy?" Graham asked as they all moved toward the table the men had reserved.

"I . . . uh" Sammy stammered. Okay, the tension was back.

"Sammy Dane is an author." James saw the panicked look Sammy shot him. He winked at him. James wasn't about to let Sammy be ashamed or embarrassed by what he did for a living. Besides, that was how they met.

"You're an author?" Jay asked, sliding closer. "What do you write? Anything I might have read?"

"You can read?" Paul asked. Jay reached over and slugged him in the arm, making Paul grunt. Paul rubbed his arm. "Sure you want to get involved with these people, Sammy? They're brutal."

Sammy laughed. "I think I can handle myself." James's heart pounded when Sammy glanced up at him a twinkle in his eyes. "Can't I, sweetheart?"

James gulped. "Oh, yeah."

He looked up to see his friends staring at him in various levels of astonishment. James felt his face flush with heat. He shot them a half smile and shrugged.

"So, Sammy, what type of books do you write?" Jay said, directing the conversation away from James's burning face and back to their discussion.

Sammy glanced at James. James nodded. "You write them, you tell them."

"I write erotic gay romances."

"No way!" Jay exclaimed. James chuckled. Jay looked like he had just met a celebrity. "Do you have a pen name or do you write under your real name?"

"Dane Summers."

Jay bounced up and down. "Oh my God! I've read all of your books." Jay grabbed Sammy by the hand and started dragging him to sit down at the table. Sammy glanced back at James, confusion and desperation on his face.

James waved. He leaned back against one of the floor posts and watched as Jay grilled Sammy about his books. He was happy Sammy seemed to be accepted by his friends, even happier that Sammy wasn't running screaming out of the bar.

"So, tell me about pretty boy."

James looked over at Graham. "Sammy Dane? We've been dating for a few weeks."

"A few weeks?" Graham gaped. "And you're just introducing him now?"

James shrugged. "This is all a little new to me. We want to take things slow."

"Dating is new to you?" Graham scoffed. "Jamie, you're with a different man every time I see you. What makes this one so different?"

"Oh, Sammy Dane's very different," James assured him. "I'd move him into my house tomorrow if I thought he'd agree to it." He glanced back over to Sammy. "He's different than any man I've ever met."

"You're in love with him."

"Yeah, I am. Is that so strange?"

"I've just never seen you like this before," Graham replied.

"I've never been in love before."

"Not even with Steve?"

James shook his head. "No. Granted, at the time I thought I loved Steve but I was wrong. What I felt for Steve doesn't hold a candle to what I feel for Sammy Dane."

"I don't think I've ever heard you talk about someone like this, Jamie." Graham grabbed James's arm to gain his full attention. "Are you sure, Jamie? I'll admit that he's

hot but how can you be sure? Looks aren't everything. Steve should have proved that."

Graham was right. Steve had been gorgeous, everything James thought he wanted in a lover. Too bad Steve needed constant reminding of just how gorgeous he was. He tended to get it from any man he could screw behind James's back.

"You see how gorgeous he is?" James asked, gesturing to Sammy.

"You can't miss it, James. He's the hottest damn thing I've ever seen."

"He didn't look like that yesterday, believe me." James grinned at the shocked look on Graham's face. "Yesterday, he wore glasses, tan slacks, button down dress shirts, and had longer, darker hair. This is a recent development courtesy of Nicky."

"Your brother gave him a makeover? Why?"

"Apparently Sammy asked him to. He wanted to make a good impression. Didn't want my friends to think I was dating a geeky bookworm."

Graham whistled. "I'd say he accomplished that in spades."

James chuckled. "And to think I didn't fall for him because of his looks. That's just a bonus."

"Seriously?"

James leaned closer to Graham. "The man's hung like a fucking horse and he knows what to do with it."

"No shit?" Graham groaned. "I think I'm jealous. Not only is he gorgeous and smart, he got into your ass." Graham snorted. "I've been trying to get there for years."

James laughed. "You didn't ask as nicely as he did."

"He asked? And you just let him? I thought you only topped."

"So did I," James said. "I was wrong."

"And you're okay with that?"

James grinned. "Oh yeah."

"Oh, now I *am* jealous."

"You'd be even more jealous if you knew just what type of guy Sammy Dane is."

"Oh?"

"Well, he's a vegetarian, which is a little interesting for us. We've learned to

compromise most of the time. But besides that, he's the simplest, nicest guy I've ever met. His idea of a good time is soaking in a bubble bath with a good book. Anything beyond that is like celebrating."

James laughed, pushing a hand through his short hair. "He calls me just to say hi, to say goodnight every night. He leaves me little notes telling me things. Christ, I came home the other night and he was naked, spread eagle on my bed."

"Holy shit!"

James nodded. "Did I tell you that I pursued him? We met at a bar and had a one night stand. I had to track him down. Took me forever. I didn't know he was Troy's brother at the time."

Graham snorted. "Bet that was interesting."

"Not really. Troy and Nicky were planning on introducing us anyway. We just beat him to it. Funny thing is, if they had, I'd probably have never given Sammy Dane the time of day. Meeting him on my own?" James shook his head. "I couldn't stop thinking about him. I was like an obsessed stalker or something. Hell, I even dreamed about him. Once he agreed to go out with me, I was done for. That's it. I'm not even interested in fantasizing about other guys. I have him."

"Dude, you have it bad," Graham said.

"Yeah, and I couldn't be happier about it. I'm crazy about him."

"Good for you, man," Graham said, patting James on the back. "I just have one question."

"Yeah?"

"Is Troy his only brother?"

* * * * *

"So, did you have a good time the other night?" James asked, cradling the phone between his ear and shoulder.

"Yes, I did," Sammy replied. "I like your friends. They seem very nice, although,

Graham kept giving me the strangest looks all night."

James chuckled. "Yeah, well, I think he was a little jealous."

"Jealous? Why?"

"You're the only guy I've ever let top me."

"You told him about that?" Sammy's face grew hot. He couldn't believe James would disclose that information to anyone.

James laughed again. "I told him you were hung like a fucking horse and you knew what to do with it."

Sammy groaned. "Why would you do that?"

"He didn't believe me when I told him I was in love with you before the great Nicky makeover."

"So you told him that I was hung like a horse?" Sammy gasped.

"I had to tell him something."

"And that's the first thing that came to your mind?" Sammy asked. He wanted to reach through the phone and strangle James when the man laughed.

"Honey, it wasn't like that, not really. Graham was just concerned that I seemed so wrapped up in you. I told him that you were the most wonderful man I had ever met and I was absolutely crazy about you."

"Oh," Sammy said. "Well, I guess that's not so bad."

"He's still jealous that you get to top my ass."

"James!"

"Sorry, honey, I couldn't resist."

Sammy rolled his eyes. He wondered if he was ever going to be able to face James's friends again. He was so embarrassed.

"Look, honey, I have to get ready for work," James said. "Are you going to be around when I get off?"

"Are you going to spend the night?" Sammy countered.

"I think I could be persuaded with the right incentive."

"Like me naked and waiting for you in my bed, all lubed up with a plug in my

ass?" Sammy crooned.

"Oh damn," James groaned. "Yeah, like that."

"I'll think about it." Sammy chuckled. "It depends on how fast you can get your sexy ass over here after work."

"I get off at seven. I'll see you for breakfast."

"Alright, sweetheart."

Sammy did a little happy dance as he hung up the phone. James was coming over to spend the night. He couldn't wait. With James's job, it didn't happen more than a couple of nights a week, if they were lucky.

Sammy quickly learned that he hated sleeping alone. He much preferred having James's large, muscular body curled up around him. The great sex was a bonus. If Sammy couldn't spend his every waking moment with James, he wanted to spend his nights curled in the man's arms.

Knowing he had to get some work done if he wanted time to spend with James, Sammy tried to put thoughts of the sexy man out of his head and concentrate on his latest book.

Maybe his characters should have phone sex . . .

* * * * *

Sammy glanced at the clock when the front doorbell rang. It was only midnight. James wasn't due for several more hours. Sammy jumped to his feet and hurried to the door. He couldn't figure out who would come over this late.

Peeking through the peep hole, Sammy was surprised to see Nicky and Troy on the other side. He unlocked the door and opened it.

"Hey, guys, what are you doing out this late?"

Nicky twisted his hands together. He started to say something then teared up, turning to bury his face in Troy's chest. Sammy looked at Troy in concern as the man wrapped his arms around Nicky.

"What's wrong?" A sudden cold feeling started to take hold in his chest. He gripped the door tighter. "What's happened?"

Troy had tears in his eyes as he looked at Sammy. "James has been shot."

Chapter Nine

Sammy watched out the window as he waited for someone, anyone, to come out and tell him how James was doing. He knew he was alive but that was all he knew. No one would tell him anything more. He wasn't family.

The very thought made Sammy want to rant and rave. He was James's lover, his partner. He had a right to know exactly what was going on. Just because they didn't have some stupid piece of paper didn't mean he shouldn't have rights. James belonged to him.

"Any news?"

Sammy glanced over to see Graham standing in the doorway of the waiting room. He was dressed in full police uniform. Paul stood behind him. Sammy shook his head, biting his lip and glancing back out the window.

"Nicky got so upset he had to be sedated," Sammy said. "Troy's with him now. So, I don't know anything. I've been sitting here for nearly an hour waiting for someone to tell me something."

"Jamie's a tough guy, Sammy," Graham said, walking across the room to pat Sammy on the shoulder. "He'll make it. He has something to live for."

Sammy cast him a curious look. Graham chuckled. "You, dummy. Jamie's crazy about you. I've never seen him act the way he does with anyone else and I've known Jamie for a lot of years."

Sammy shrugged. It wouldn't matter if James didn't make it. "No one will tell me anything," Sammy whispered. "I don't know what happened, how he got shot, where he got shot, nothing."

"What?" Graham asked. "You did tell them that you and Jamie are an item,

didn't you?"

"Doesn't matter," Sammy said. "I'm not considered family."

"That's bullshit!" Graham turned and gestured for Paul. "Paul, you stay here with Sammy. I'm going to go find whoever is in charge and give them a piece of my mind. Don't you worry, Sammy, we'll get this all worked out."

Sammy watched in shock as Graham stormed out of the room. He looked over at Paul in query. Paul just shrugged.

"Is he like that all the time?"

"Jamie is Graham's best friend. They're thicker than thieves. If Jamie told Graham that you were his partner, that's all that Graham cares about it. In the absence of Jamie, Graham considers it his duty to take care of you."

"But that's crazy," Sammy said. "I can take care of myself."

"That may be but it won't matter to Graham." Paul chuckled. "I'll warn you now, until Jamie is back on his feet, Graham will be all over you."

"That sounds . . . creepy."

Paul roared with laughter. He patted Sammy's shoulder. "I like you, Sammy. You're a real hoot. I'll bet you keep Jamie hopping."

"Do you know what happened?"

Paul's demeanor sobered. "I'm not really supposed to discuss it but since you're Jamie's partner, I guess it would be okay. From what we've learned so far, Jamie was leaving for work when someone shot him. We don't have a suspect yet but we will."

"He wasn't at work yet?" Sammy cried out. "I thought he got shot on the job or something. Why would someone shoot him before he even got there? Why would someone shoot him at all?"

"Cops make enemies, Sammy. We put people behind bars all the time, people that want revenge for what they think we did to them. They hold us responsible, not for their crimes but for getting caught. If you're going to be Jamie's partner, you're going to have to get used to that."

"And you think that one of these people James arrested might have shot him?"

The very idea sent chills down Sammy's spine. He couldn't imagine living in that kind of danger on a daily basis but if he wanted James in his life, he'd better get used to it.

"That's the theory we're going with right now," Paul replied. "Jamie's a real ball buster at work but outside of work, he'd give you the shirt off his back. Anyone who knows him or works with him will tell you that. We can't think of anyone that he might have pissed off enough to want to kill him."

Sammy snorted. "I know of someone he pissed off enough."

"Who?" Paul asked.

Sammy started to answer him but Graham came rushing back into the room, two men on his heels. One was dressed in a suit, the other as a doctor. Sammy held his breath as waited to hear what Graham had done.

"Sammy, this is Chief Russo," Graham said as he gestured to the man in the suit. "He's Jamie's boss."

"Mr. Summers," Chief Russo said, "I understand from Officer Craig that you and Officer Everson are partners?"

"Uh, well, we're—"

"Yes, they are," Graham interjected. "I'm sure that once he's out from under sedation, Officer Everson's brother, Nick, would be more than happy to confirm that for you, Chief."

"Sedation?" The chief asked, turning to look at Graham. "I was under the impression that Officer Everson was the only one wounded in the incident."

"Nicky got a little overcome after we arrived at the hospital," Sammy explained as he tried to figure out what the chief meant by *incident*. "The doctor suggested he be sedated. Troy, his partner, is with him now. They're upstairs."

"Oh, that's too bad but I can understand." The chief motioned for the other man to come forward. "This is Dr. Jenson. He's going to explain Officer Everson's condition for you." The chief reached into his pocket and pulled out a business card. He handed it to Sammy. "If you have any other problems, you be sure to give me a call. I don't care what time it is, day or night. If you're Officer Everson's partner, you deserve the same

respect that any spouse of a police officer would receive.”

Sammy gaped at the chief. He knew a lot of places were progressive about homosexuality but he had always figured that they were that way because they were forced to be. The chief acted like it was the most natural thing in the world.

“Thank you.”

The man nodded. “James is a good officer. I wish him, and you, the best of luck.” With that, the man turned and started to walk out of the room.

“Chief, wait,” Paul called out. “Sammy said he might know someone Jamie pissed off enough to go after him.”

Sammy took a step back as all eyes in the room turned on him. He pressed his hand against his chest, trying to calm his racing heart. He felt like a bug under glass.

“Sammy,” Graham said as he stepped toward him, “do you know something?”

“I . . . uh . . . I don’t know.”

“Just tell us, Sammy.”

“It’s probably nothing,” Sammy hedged. If his thoughts turned out to be true, it would be his fault that James got shot. If he died, Sammy didn’t know if he could live with that knowledge.

“Just tell us what you know, Sammy,” Graham encouraged.

“There’s this guy, Frank Bristol, he owns a bookstore down on 5th Street called the Bookworm.”

“Yeah, I know that place,” Graham said. “Go on.”

“Nicky and Troy set us up on a blind date and we went out to dinner. It was just that once but somehow the guy got it in his head that we were meant to be together or something. He thinks the characters I write about are him and me.”

“How does Jamie come into it, Sammy?” Graham asked.

Sammy shrugged. “Frank was constantly calling me or leaving me little presents. I finally had to move but he found me. James showed up when Frank was there and told him to leave and not come back, that he was my boyfriend and Frank had better leave me alone.”

"That'd do it," Paul said.

"James thought Frank might have done this to someone else," Sammy added. He glanced at each man in the room, his heart sinking at their somber faces. He sat down heavily on one of the waiting room chairs. "Did I do this? Did I get James shot?"

"Oh God, no, Sammy," Graham rushed to say, sitting next to him. He grabbed Sammy's hand and squeezed it gently. "You had no control over what someone else did, Sammy. If indeed Frank did this, it was his fault. Not yours."

"But . . . but, if I hadn't gone out with Frank in the first place or written those damn books, none of this would have happened."

"Well, by the same way of thinking, if you hadn't written those books, you never would have been in that bar where you met Jamie. Of course, if Nick and Troy hadn't gotten together, meeting Frank wouldn't have happened either. Maybe it was their fault."

Sammy rolled his eyes. "Don't be ridiculous."

"I could say the same thing to you, Sammy," Graham said. "And Jamie would kick your ass if he knew you were down here beating yourself up over this. He might even think you didn't want to be with him anymore."

Sammy blinked then snickered. "You're a butthead."

"That's all you got?" Paul scoffed. He pointed to Graham. "You have this to work with and all you can come up with is *butthead*? Sammy, we have got to get you out more."

"If he keeps hanging out with you two, I'm sure his vulgarity will increase."

"Shut up, Darren," Paul said without looking.

Sammy glanced past the chief and the doctor to see Darren standing in the doorway to the waiting room. He hadn't known this was the hospital the man worked in. Sammy waved. "Hey, Darren."

"Hey, Sammy, how are you hanging in there?" Darren asked.

Sammy shrugged. "Just waiting to hear about James."

"I have the latest update on him," Darren said. "If you'll give me just a moment

with the doctor, he can fill you in better than me.”

“Oh, Dar — ”

“He’s alive, Sammy.”

Okay, at least he had that. As long as James was alive, he could deal with anything else. Sammy’s breath barely left his body as he watched Darren hand a clipboard to the doctor. They murmured between themselves as they flipped through the pages. Finally, the doctor turned to face Sammy.

“Mr. Summers?”

Sammy nodded. He felt Graham squeeze his hand.

“Officer Everson was shot in the head but — ”

“Oh my God!” Sammy exclaimed, tears starting to fall down his face.

The doctor held up his hand “But, the bullet just grazed him. There was no damage to his brain. He has a deep laceration, but we were able to take care of that with a few stitches. We did have to give him some plasma due to blood loss. Head wounds tend to bleed a lot. He will more than likely have a scar but it shouldn’t be too noticeable. Unfortunately, when he fell, he suffered a concussion that knocked him out.”

“So, he’s going to be okay?” Sammy whispered.

“Well, we need to keep him overnight for observation due to his concussion and the fact that he was unconscious when he came in. Barring any complications, I think it’s safe to say you can take him home tomorrow.”

Sammy collapsed against Graham and cried out his relief. He felt Graham’s arms encircle him but he didn’t have the energy to worry about it. James was going to be okay. That was the only thing that mattered to him.

Suddenly, a box of Kleenex appeared in Sammy’s line of vision. He felt Graham pat his back. “Come on Sammy, wipe those tears away. Jamie’s waiting to see you.”

Sammy lifted his head. “I can see him? Now?”

“As soon as you wipe those tears away,” Graham said. “He’d kick my ass if he knew you were crying right now.”

Sammy chuckled, grabbing some Kleenex to wipe his face. He glanced around the room, amazed at the amount of people that had gathered to make sure he was okay. He'd never experienced that before except with Troy and Nicky.

"Oh God, Nicky!" Sammy exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "Has someone told Nicky?"

Darren held up his hand. "You go with Graham to see Jamie. I'll go give the good news to Nicky and Troy."

Sammy nodded. He wanted to be the one to tell Nicky, but he wanted to see James even more. He tossed the used tissue in the garbage and smiled at the doctor. "Where is he?"

The doctor nodded over his shoulder. "Just down the hall, room 234. I'll let the nurses know who you are and that you have spousal privileges."

"Spousal privileges?" Sammy questioned as Graham and the doctor started out the door.

"It means you get all the privileges a spouse does," the doctor explained. "You can stay the night in his room, make decisions for him, and you get to take him home with you tomorrow."

"Oh." Well, wasn't that cool? Sammy just hoped James didn't get mad at him for stepping over boundaries they had never discussed. They hadn't even talked about moving in together.

Sammy stopped when he got to the doorway to look back at the chief. "Thank you, Chief Russo, for everything. If I can help in any way to catch the bastard that hurt James, you know where I am."

The chief nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Summers."

"Please, call me Sammy."

* * * * *

James felt like his head was going to explode. He reached up to touch himself

then paused when he realized his head was bandaged. He quickly took inventory of himself. There was a large dressing wrapped around his head, an IV needle in his arm, and some sort of plastic device over one of his fingers. Other than that, and one ugly ass hospital gown, he seemed to be intact.

Still, it was obvious he was in a hospital. James racked his brain trying to figure out why in the hell he was in the hospital. He remembered getting ready for work. He had even packed a bag to go over to Sammy's house after work.

Oh God, Sammy!

James quickly sat up then groaned when his head pounded and the room spun. He grabbed his aching skull and lay back against the pillow. Fuck! James waited until the room stopped spinning then glanced around for the phone. He had to find out if Sammy was safe.

He spotted a phone on the nightstand next to his hospital bed. He started to reach for it when the door opened and Sammy walked in. James felt like his world started again the moment Sammy smiled over at him.

"Sammy Dane," James breathed.

"James," Sammy cried out, running across the space between them. Sammy grabbed his hand and held it to his face. "I was so worried about you. They wouldn't tell me what happened to you for the longest time, not until Graham arrived."

It was only then that James realized Graham stood by the door, his gaze discreetly directed out the window. James ignored his friend and pulled on Sammy's hand until he leaned closer. James instantly wrapped his arms around the man and hugged him.

"Damn, Sammy Dane, I thought something might have happened to you."

Sammy shook his head. "I'm fine. I wasn't the one that got shot."

"Shot! I was shot?" James exclaimed. "Who in the hell shot me?"

Sammy ducked his head. "I think it was Frank."

"Frank? Blind date Frank?"

Sammy nodded.

‘Why in the hell would Frank shoot me?’ James asked. ‘I never did a damn thing to him.’

‘Yeah you did.’ Sammy laughed. ‘You took me away from him.’

James was confused for a moment then suddenly Sammy’s meaning sank in. ‘He shot me because he thinks I took you away from him?’

‘Well, we’re not positive he shot you,’ Sammy said. ‘That’s just my theory.’

‘Well, as theories go, Sammy Dane, that’s a pretty good one.’ James patted Sammy’s arm. ‘We just might make an investigator out of you yet.’

‘Uh, no,’ Sammy said. ‘I’ll stick to my erotic novels, thank you very much. They’re safer.’

‘Oh, I guess you got filled in on the life of a police officer.’

All police officers faced danger. Besides the constant daily-basis kind of extreme situations, there was always the possibility some criminal they put away would come back for revenge.

It didn’t make them very good relationship material. A good percentage of police officers ended up divorced or alone because being involved with a cop was so emotionally hard. James had never discussed this side of his life with Sammy. He had been putting it off, afraid that Sammy wouldn’t be able to handle it.

‘Yeah, Graham told me,’ Sammy replied. He didn’t sound happy.

Thanks, Graham.

James lifted Sammy’s chin so he could look into his brown eyes. ‘And what do you think of that?’

Sammy shrugged. ‘I guess it’s something I’ll have to get used to.’

‘I’m sorry, Sammy Dane.’

‘I’m not,’ Sammy said. He brought James’s hand up to his lips and gave it a small kiss. ‘I don’t like it. I doubt I ever will but I’ll deal with whatever I have to if it means having you in my life.’

‘Sammy Dane.’ James knew if he didn’t do something he was going to gush all over the place. He wasn’t sure he had ever heard something so wonderful from anyone.

Well, except when Sammy said he loved him.

"Love you, Sammy Dane," James whispered, conscious of the man standing by the door. He tugged on Sammy's hand, pulling him down until he was mere inches away. "I can't wait to go home and feel that big cock of yours pound my ass."

James grinned as a soft blush filled Sammy's face.

"I'm looking forward to it, sweetheart. My cock misses your ass."

James chuckled as Sammy sat back up and glanced over at Graham. "Your friend there took good care of me while you were being seen by the doctors. When no one would tell me anything, he called in your boss."

"Chief Russo?" James asked in surprise. He looked at Graham. "You called in the chief?"

Graham shrugged and walked over. "No one would tell Sammy anything because you two don't have an agreement written down on paper."

James could tell from the tone in Graham's voice that he was being reprimanded. Graham was right. There should be some sort of legal documents that stated Sammy was his partner. James just hadn't thought of it.

"As long as you don't mind, Sammy Dane," James said, "we'll get that fixed tomorrow."

"Get what fixed?" Poor Sammy, he looked so confused.

"Have a lawyer draw up an agreement between us that states you're my partner and I'm yours. It gives each of us the legal rights to each other, kind of like a power of attorney between us. It gives us the same rights that married people have."

Sammy frowned. "We'd be married?"

James's heart thudded. "No, not legally. Marriage between us isn't legal in our state, at least not yet. Having an attorney draw up something is the only way we can have the same legal rights as married couples have."

"Is that the *spousal privilege* the chief was talking about?"

James nodded. "Yeah, if we had these papers already drawn up, there would have been no question about you being my partner. You would have a legal right to me,

any information about me, and the right to make decisions concerning my welfare, just as I would have with you."

"You already have all those privileges with me," Sammy said, still looking confused. "You have access to my bank account, make sure all my bills are paid, everything. How would this be any different?"

"Because it would be legal, Sammy Dane." James wasn't sure how to explain things without scaring the hell out of Sammy. This was a big step in their relationship. Huge! It was a commitment to their future together. James found he liked the idea more with each passing second.

"So, would we get married?"

"It's more of a legal agreement between us, Sammy Dane."

"Could we get married?"

"Not legally." James sighed. "We could have our own wedding but it would only be a celebration of what we feel for each other. It won't be legal without the papers from the lawyer and even then it's just a legal agreement between us."

"Okay."

"Okay?" James gasped. "Okay you'll let me have a lawyer draw up a legal agreement between us or okay you want to get married?"

"Both," Sammy said, the confusion leaving his face to be replaced with a serene smile unlike any James had ever seen. Sammy looked like the weight of the world had suddenly been lifted off his shoulders.

"Both?" James croaked.

"Well sure," Sammy said. "I think a legal agreement between us would be a good idea. It gives both of the same rights, rights we should already have but, well, we don't. But, if we're going to be legal on paper, I want a wedding to go with it. Marriage is marriage, no matter how you go about it." Sammy's face suddenly paled. "That is what you're talking about, isn't it?"

"Well, that depends on your definition of marriage, Sammy Dane." James rubbed his finger over Sammy's ring finger. "If we're going to get married, I refuse to

live apart from you. You'd have to move in with me. And I'd want us both to wear rings. No pretending we're not in a serious, committed, monogamous relationship."

Sammy stood and walked over to stare out the window. James didn't know what to think. He glanced over at Graham, hoping he might have an idea but the man just shrugged.

"Sammy Dane?"

Sammy's voice was almost a whisper when he replied. "I thought we were already in a committed monogamous relationship." James could see tears in Sammy's eyes when he glanced over his shoulder. "Was I wrong?"

"Christ, no, honey." James sat up and started to get out of bed only to be hampered by the medical equipment attached to his body. He pulled the plastic piece off his finger and flung it away then started on the IV. "Get this damn stuff off me!"

Sammy raced back to his side, his hand covering James's. "Stop it. You'll hurt yourself and then where would I be?" Sammy pulled James's hand away and checked to make sure he hadn't compromised the IV site.

James brushed Sammy's hand away and grabbed both his shoulders, giving him a little shake. "You listen to me, Samuel Dane Summers, we are in a committed monogamous relationship and if I ever hear something so stupid come out of your mouth again, you'll feel my hand on your ass." He shook him again. "Do you hear me?"

"Promise?"

James's mouth dropped open in shock. "Sammy Dane!"

Sammy blushed, ducking his head.

James pulled the man into his arms, hugging him tight. He planted a quick kiss on Sammy's cheek then chuckled. "Damn, I love you, Sammy Dane."

Chapter Ten

James was going to lose his ever loving mind. Or strangle someone. What had started out as a simple gathering between friends and family had turned into the

wedding of the century. James wasn't even sure what the celebration was for anymore, him and Sammy, or their friends and family.

The wedding plans had started out small, just a few friends and family getting together in Troy and Nicky's backyard, a few words of commitment, and a barbecue afterward. That had been after he and Sammy had become engaged.

But the moment Nicky found out they were getting married, the gloves came off. Those few friends and family had turned into over a hundred wedding guests. The wedding itself was now being held in a wine vineyard, complete with lake and gazebo.

And the barbecue? Hell, the barbecue had been transformed from baby back ribs and beer to a sit down dinner and champagne. And now, James was being informed that he had to wear a tux. Like he owned a tux.

He just wanted a simple commitment ceremony where he could show Sammy and their friends and family how much Sammy meant to him. What he had now felt like a circus waiting to happen.

James shook his head as Nicky flipped through yet another wedding magazine, pointing out picture after picture to Sammy. Maybe Sammy would agree to elope with him.

"What do you think of this one, Sammy? It has three separate tiers, all connected by this lovely staircase. And the decorations are wonderful."

Sammy glanced over. "Oh, yeah, that one's nice."

"You don't like it."

"I didn't say that," Sammy stated. "It just seems a little, I don't know, big?"

"Honey, there's going to be over a hundred guests. You need big."

Sammy glanced over at James, desperation written all over his face. James had just about had enough. He'd been home from the hospital for nearly a month. In all of that time, he'd spent maybe a few hours with Sammy. Nicky had him running around like a chicken with his head cut off.

"Sammy Dane, can I speak to you for a few minutes?" James said as he got to his feet. "There's a couple of wedding details I wanted to talk over with you."

"Oh, maybe I should get a notepad and –" Nicky started, dropping the magazine onto the table.

James held his hand up. "No, I want to discuss my ideas with Sammy before we bring them to you." James shoved his hands into his pockets and looked at the floor. He tried to look embarrassed. "I don't want to say anything stupid."

"James, this is your wedding too," Sammy said quickly. "You could never say anything stupid."

"I just wanted to talk with you first."

"Okay, yeah," Sammy said, taking the hand James held out to him. He glanced back at Nicky. "We'll be back. You just mark the pages you want me to look at."

Nicky nodded and eagerly grabbed the magazine again, flipping through it before James and Sammy had even left the room. James tugged on Sammy's hand, leading him upstairs. The moment they were in the bedroom, he closed and locked the door.

He leaned back against the door, his eyes closing, and sighed, soaking in the blessed silence. James hadn't realized how out of control things had become. He felt like he hadn't relaxed since he left the hospital.

He opened his eyes when he felt hands slide up his chest. "Hey, honey, you hanging in there?"

"I never knew a wedding took so much planning," Sammy said. "It's like choreographing the inaugural ball." Sammy sounded overwhelmed.

"Wanna elope?" James joked.

"Could we?"

James's eyebrows shot up. "Seriously?"

"No, Nicky would be crushed. He's worked so hard on this wedding. I'd hate to disappoint him."

"Honey, it's our wedding," James argued. "We can do anything we want."

Sammy pushed away from James and walked over to flop back on the bed, his arms spread wide. "It just seems all so overwhelming. I just wanted a small get

together, something to celebrate. This,” Sammy said waving his arm in the air, “this is nuts.”

James walked over and stretched out next to Sammy. He rested his head up on his hand and looked down at Sammy. “What did you want?”

Sammy turned his head to look at James. “Something a lot less . . . big. Oh, I don’t mind the tuxes and the flowers and all of that but this has gotten a lot bigger than I thought it was going to be. A hundred guests? I don’t even know that many people.”

James chuckled. “So, if Nicky wasn’t planning the wedding, what would you choose? How would you plan it?”

“I don’t know, maybe something at that bar where we met? Just a few of our closest friends, Nicky and Troy, of course, and you and me. We could get married then have a party or something. Nothing hopped up, mind you. Hell, I’d settle for pizza.”

“What about the flowers and tuxes and stuff? Would you still have that?”

Sammy shrugged. “I don’t know. I mean, the flowers are nice but have you seen how much they cost? It’s outrageous. And tuxes? It’s not like we’re ever going to wear them again.”

“We might, you never know.”

“Maybe.”

Sammy fell silent. James waited for him to say something, anything, but he didn’t. He knew that there had to be more on his man’s mind. He looked too much like he wanted to say something more but was hesitant to do so.

“What, honey?”

“I don’t know. I guess I just envisioned something a little less . . . intense?”

James smiled. Perfect. Sammy seemed to want exactly what he did and that’s exactly what Sammy would get. James grabbed Sammy and rolled over on top of him. Sammy stared up in surprise.

“You just let me take care of things, okay?” James asked. “I’ll give you the wedding you always wanted.”

“What about Nicky?”

"I'll take care of Nicky."

"Just don't — make sure you don't hurt his feelings. Nicky is really sensitive."

James was warmed by the concern Sammy had for his baby brother. Just one more reason he loved the man. He understood that his brother was a gentle soul and he'd rather have a wedding he hated than upset Nicky.

"Nicky will be fine, don't you worry." James pushed himself in between Sammy's legs and pushed his shirt up to his neck. Sammy groaned as James latched onto his nipple and flicked his tongue across it. James felt Sammy's hands wrap in his hair.

Sammy gasped as James tormented his nipples. "It must be a family trait, always taking care of other people."

James just chuckled around the nipple he had in his mouth.

"Are you sure Nicky won't be upset?"

"Nicky will be fine, honey," James said, raising his head to look at Sammy. "If you're that worried, we'll let Nicky plan the thing. I just want to get married, Sammy Dane. I don't care how we do it."

James loved the grin that crossed Sammy's face, but not as much as he loved the man himself. He leaned down and nibbled on the edge of Sammy's ear. "Did I mention what I'm not wearing under my jeans?"

Sammy growled, just as James knew he would. Joyous laughter filled the room as Sammy rolled James over onto his back and attacked his clothing. He had James naked and spread out on the bed in a matter of moments. His clothes followed seconds later.

He crawled up between James's legs, settling down right in front of the pretty cock standing straight up from James's groin. He flicked it gently with his finger, wringing a deep groan from James.

"Well, looky what I found."

"Sammy Dane," James groaned. Sammy loved to torment him and he was very good at it. He could have James squirming in seconds. The man had moves that could

drive a porn queen to multiple orgasms.

"What do you want, baby?" Sammy asked, running his fingers ever so slightly over the tip of James's cock.

James's head fell back to the bed. He loved it when Sammy got all touchy feely. "You know what I want."

"Do I?" Sammy murmured right before he flicked his tongue out across the top, licking up the drops of pre-cum pooling there. He continued to flick his tongue out, just barely touching James until he was mindless with desire.

"Sammy Dane, please," James begged. If Sammy didn't touch him soon he might spontaneously combust. The sudden feeling of Sammy's mouth swallowing his cock down until he hit the back of his throat had James clawing at the sheets under his hands.

One quick swallow, Sammy's throat muscles massaging the head of James's cock, and James lost it. He cried out, shooting down the back of Sammy's throat. Sammy continued to swallow, lick, and nip at James through his orgasm until he started to harden again.

Sammy's eyes found James's as the gorgeous man crawled up his body. The breath in his lungs came and went in great gulps. The nearly feral look Sammy had in his dark brown eyes thrilled James to his toes every time he saw it. It was hungry, possessive, filled with love. James couldn't ask for more.

The flush covering Sammy's body told James his lover was close to losing control. James decided to help him along. Before Sammy could stop him, he rolled over and climbed to his hands and knees, pushing his ass back toward his lover.

"Fuck me?"

James shuddered at the sound of Sammy's growls. He glanced back over his shoulder. There was even a slight curl in his lip. *God, that's hot!* He grabbed the lube from under his pillow and greased up his fingers. Time for him to torture Sammy.

Reaching behind him, James pushed his fingers into his own ass. He could hear Sammy's breathing increase as he watched. Sammy loved to watch. It didn't matter if

James was stretching himself, jerking off, or just taking a shower. Sammy loved to watch. And James loved putting on a show for his man.

He pressed his fingers in deeper, curving them just a bit to search for his sweet spot, groaning when he found it. A grin crossed his lips when Sammy whimpered behind him. Sammy was getting close. James quickly continued to stretch his ass. He knew he had just moments more and Sammy would be all over him.

"Enough!" Sammy's voice sounded like steel. James shuddered, knowing what was to come. He pulled his fingers from his ass and braced himself against the mattress. His eyes drifted close as strong hands gripped his hips.

James couldn't keep the long moan from escaping his lips as Sammy slowly impaled him on his thick cock. No one had a cock like Sammy.

"Mine," Sammy rumbled as he began to slowly push his hips in then pull them out.

James nodded. "Yours, honey, always yours."

James pressed his hands against the headboard above him when Sammy's fingers dug into his hips. He knew what was coming. Sammy had lost what was left of his control and James was about to be fucked into the wall.

He spread his legs farther apart and pushed a pillow down under his body. He knew from experience that if he did, the force of Sammy's thrusts would slap Sammy's balls against his own. The pillow would create the most exquisite friction for his dick.

James grunted at the first thrust. He barely had time to catch his breath before Sammy was pounding into him. James whimpered. The intense pleasure pain burned him up from the inside out. His skin felt hot to the touch. He could feel sweat dripping off his body, dripping down from Sammy's body.

Each time Sammy pushed into him, James pressed his cock against the pillow. James's balls drew up tight against his body, heralding his impending climax. He could feel the flames licking their way up his cock. He was close, mere seconds away. He squeezed his inner muscles, determined to take Sammy with him.

The roar he heard from behind him sent James right over the edge. He cried out,

feeling Sammy's hot release fill him even as he his own shot out of his cock, covering the pillow beneath him.

James's body melted. He collapsed to the mattress. His breath rushed in and out of his chest in a rush. His heart pounded with the intensity of his orgasm. A small whimper of protest left his lips as Sammy pulled from his body and fell down beside him.

James opened his eyes to find Sammy's sexy face right in front of him. James smiled. "Love you, Sammy Dane," he whispered.

Dark chocolate brown eyes opened to look at him. Sammy smiled. "Love you too, sweetheart, always."

Chapter Eleven

"Hey, thanks for meeting me," James said as Troy sat down in the bench seat across from him. "You want a beer or something."

Troy nodded. "You're not going to tell me you met someone at a bar again, are you?"

James chuckled as he signaled the waitress for two beers. "No."

"Thank God. Nicky would have a fit." Troy shook his head. "He has his heart set on getting this wedding just right for the two of you."

"That's kind of what I wanted to talk to you about."

"Nicky or the wedding?"

James took a deep breath. "Both."

Troy frowned. "You are still getting married, aren't you? Sammy's a great guy. You'd be stupid to give him up. He adores you."

James held his hand up. "I have every intention of marrying Sammy Dane. It's this wedding Nicky is planning that we're having a little problem with."

Troy stared at James for so long, he began to worry the man might deck him. Finally, Troy grinned. "Mind if we use the wedding plans for our wedding?"

James gaped. "You're going to marry Nicky?"

"Don't look so surprised." Troy chuckled. "I'd been planning to ask him when you and Sammy got engaged and Nicky dove right in."

"Yeah, that's kind of the problem," James said. "Don't get me wrong, Sammy and I love what Nicky's done for us but we really wanted something a little less intense."

"Nicky, on the other hand, wants all the bells and whistles."

James nodded.

"So, what do you want then?"

"Sammy wants something simple at the bar where we met, just a few friends and family, a simple ceremony, a party, nothing major."

"And you?" Troy asked. "What do you want?"

James grinned. "Sammy Dane."

Troy laughed. The sound carried around the room and several people looked in their direction. "I guess that's pretty simple, isn't it."

"I'm a simple guy. As long as I have Sammy Dane, I don't need anything more. Getting shot kind of put everything in perspective for both of us. Life is too short to waste."

"What's going on with that anyway?" Troy asked. "Did they find out if Frank shot you or not?"

"Not yet." James shook his head. "They have a list of suspects. They keep eliminating them but Frank's name stays at the top. A couple of detectives talked to him last week but they haven't found any direct evidence connecting him to the shooting so"

"So, unless he makes another attempt on your life," Troy snarled, "we just have to sit around with our thumbs up our collective asses?"

"Yeah, pretty much." James grimaced. "In the meantime, we just have to keep extra eyes out and make sure Sammy Dane remembers to lock the front door."

"Good luck with that," Troy said, grinning.

James pulled some money out of his pocket when the waitress arrived with their beers and handed it to her. He grabbed his and took a long sip, groaning as the cold liquid went down his throat. Damn, that was good.

"So, if not the big wedding, what do you have planned?"

"I'm going to surprise Sammy Dane and you're going to help me."

"I am?"

James nodded. "I'll get everything set up at the bar. Your job is to get Sammy Dane down there without him knowing about it."

"And just how am I supposed to do this?"

"I'm sure you'll figure something out."

* * * * *

Sammy raced across the bedroom when the phone rang. He hoped it was James. The man had been gone to work by the time Sammy woke up and he hadn't called on his lunch break. Sammy was starting to get worried. He had been gone all of yesterday as well.

"Hello?"

"Sammy? It's Troy. I need your help."

"Yeah, sure, what's up?"

"I got a flat tire but I have to get home and get ready for work," Troy explained. "Do you think you could come get me and drive me home? I can come back after work and get the car."

"Have you tried the spare?"

"Of course I have, Sammy. It's flat too. Apparently Nicky had a flat not too long ago and he forgot to tell me or have the spare fixed." Troy sighed. "Look, I wouldn't ask if I didn't need the help. I'd ride the bus but Nicky and I have groceries in the car and Nicky says they'll spoil if we leave them too long."

"Okay, where are you?"

"Us or the car?" Troy laughed.

"Uh, both?"

"The car is a few blocks from your old apartment. Nicky and I are having a beer at some bar." Sammy listened to Troy ask someone the name of the place then come back on the line. "It's called Dooley's Pub. Do you know where it's at?"

Sammy laughed. "Oh yeah."

"So, do you want to meet us at the bar or the car?" Troy asked.

"Might as well meet you at the bar," Sammy replied. "I could use a drink. Just tell the bartender that Dane wants his usual."

"Your usual? You've spent a lot of time here, then?"

"Yeah, you could say that." Sammy was still laughing as he hung up the phone and grabbed his keys. He stopped off in the kitchen to write James a quick note then headed out. If he was lucky, he could drive Troy and Nicky home and be back before James got home from work.

It took Sammy less than fifteen minutes to get across town and pull up a few buildings down from the bar. He climbed out, remembering to lock the door as James had been pounding it into his head for weeks then he walked toward the bar.

Considering that it was only about four o'clock in the afternoon, Sammy was surprised by the number of cars parked out in front of Dooley's. He shrugged. Maybe there were having some sort of half priced drink sale or something.

But when he opened the door and stepped inside, Sammy found the place nearly vacant. Strange. Maybe there was something going on at one of the other local businesses. Sammy shrugged and glanced around for Troy and Nicky, spotting them sitting in a booth across the room.

Sammy started to walk toward them when a slow, romantic tune came over the loud speakers. Sammy paused, midstride. Where had he heard that song before? Movement at the back of the bar caught his eye. A tall man dressed in a black tux walked out of the back room and headed toward him.

Sammy was so mesmerized by him that it took a minute to figure out that it was

James. It didn't truly sink in until James went down on one knee in front of him and grabbed his hand.

"James?"

"This is where we were the night you changed my life, Sammy Dane," James said. "Since then, my life has been brighter, my heart has been filled with overwhelming happiness, and my world opened up to things I never thought possible."

Sammy's heart pounded.

James held out a small black box. "I love you, Samuel Dane Summers. Will you marry me and let me spend the rest of my life showing you how much you mean to me?"

Sammy's hands trembled as he took the box from James and flipped it open. "Oh, James," he whispered. Two identical rings sat nestled in white silk. They were beautiful, gold entwined with silver with a single diamond set in the top.

"Well, Sammy Dane?" James asked quietly, "will you marry me?"

Sammy frowned. "James, I already said I'd marry you."

"Yeah, but will you marry me now?" James stood and put his fingers to his mouth, letting out a loud whistle.

Sammy stared in shock as the bar filled with people dressed in their finest outfits. Several men dressed in white waiter uniforms ran around and placed decorations here and there, bell shaped balloons, vases of flowers. Chairs were arranged in rows.

Sammy stared in awe as everything was arranged around him in a whirlwind of activity. He turned in a circle, his eyes widening, before coming back to James.

"Well, Sammy Dane?" James asked.

"James, how –"

James shrugged. "You wanted something simple, just a few of our friends and family, maybe at the bar where we met." James gestured down to the perfect black outfit he wore. "And I remembered that you said you didn't mind the tuxes or the flowers."

Sammy's breath caught in his throat as James took the two rings out of the small

black box and cradled them in the palm of his hand. He handed the box to someone behind him then smiled at Sammy.

"What do you say, Sammy Dane?" James asked. "Want to get married?"

"James," Sammy whispered. He felt tears start down his face as he held his hand out, ring finger lifted above the others.

James wasted no time. He grabbed Sammy's hand and slid the smaller of the two rings onto his finger then held the other ring out to him. Sammy gave a little laugh as James lifted his ring finger. Sammy took the ring from James and slid it down his finger.

His little laugh turned loud and joy-filled as James grabbed him around the hips, lifted him, and twirled him in a circle right there with a room full of people looking on. Sammy wrapped his arms around James's neck.

"Don't let me fall."

"I won't let you fall, Sammy Dane," James said as he let Sammy slide down until his feet hit the floor, his strong arms still wrapped around Sammy. "I'll never let you fall."

Sammy could see the promise in James's eyes, the love. It filled him up until Sammy felt like he was bursting with emotion. He reached over and caressed the side of James's face. "No, no you won't."

* * * * *

Sammy felt giddy, bubbly, like he had drunk too much champagne and he had yet to have a single glass. He pulled on the edges of the black bowtie he wore, making sure it was straight then looked at himself in the mirror.

He had never worn a tux before. He thought he might actually be able to pull it off. He certainly would never look as handsome as James did in a suit but Sammy wasn't so sure he wanted to. One gorgeous man in the family was plenty. Besides, he'd rather do the looking than be the looker.

"You almost ready, bro?"

Sammy turned and smiled at Troy. "Yeah."

"You look good, Sammy," Troy said. He crossed over to Sammy and pushed a stray lock of hair back from Sammy's forehead. "Mom and Dad would be real proud of you."

"I wish they could be here today," Sammy said, saddened by the fact that his parents couldn't be there to watch him get married. "I miss them."

"I know," Troy replied. "I miss them too."

"Are you going to drink at the reception?" Sammy asked, voicing one of his biggest fears.

"I can't." Troy chuckled. "Your fiancé barred any alcoholic beverages and ordered several cases of sparkling cider."

"In a bar?" Sammy asked, astonished.

Troy nodded. "Well, he did order the cider through the bar and he paid to rent the place out for the entire day. I don't think the owner is going to have a real problem with it considering how much money Jamie gave him."

"I'm not going to even ask."

"Probably a good idea, bro," Troy replied. His face lost its amusement and became serious. "Is this what you want, Sammy?"

"You mean James?"

"James, the wedding, having the wedding in a bar?"

Sammy grinned. "Yeah, it is."

"Good enough for me." Troy gave Sammy a hug then stood back. "You know I love you, right?"

"Of course," Sammy said. "I've always known you loved me."

"Good."

Troy tried to nonchalantly wipe away the tears that had formed in his eyes but Sammy saw them. He smiled, patting Troy's arm.

"James is going to take good care of me, Troy. He loves me, maybe as much as you do," Sammy assured him. "You've spent the better part of your adult life taking

care of me. It's okay to let me go now. I'm in good hands."

"It's hard, Sammy," Troy whispered. "You've always needed me, even when we were kids. It's hard to turn that over to someone else."

"I know," Sammy replied. "But you have Nicky now and you need to give him everything you've been giving to me. I know you've been holding back a part of yourself from Nicky because of me. It's time to give Nicky everything that you have. He deserves it as much as you do."

"Sammy, I—"

"I'm going to be okay, Troy."

Troy chuckled. "Yeah, I guess you are."

"Now, go on," Sammy said, gesturing toward the door, "go tell my fiancé that I'm ready to get married."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm going," Troy said as he walked to the door. "Does James know what a pain in the ass you are?"

Sammy grinned. "He knows." And then some.

Sammy messed with his hair just a bit more then went over to the chair in the corner and started folding the clothes he had been wearing when he arrived at the bar. He might need them when they tried to make their escape from all the well wishers.

Hearing the door open behind him, Sammy laughed. "That didn't take you long. You get lost on the way to the bar?"

When no reply came, Sammy turned. His heart caught in his throat as fear filled every cell of his being. "Frank, what are you doing here?"

"You look very nice, baby."

Sammy backed up as Frank stepped toward him. He didn't like the dazed look in Frank's eyes. He didn't look like he was on drugs but he certainly didn't look sane. Sammy would give just about anything to be anywhere but where he was.

"What do you want, Frank?"

"Don't be like that, baby," Frank said, taking another step closer. "I missed you. I missed us."

"There is no us, Frank," Sammy said. "There never has been, never will be."

"I know you don't mean that."

"Yes, I do."

"Oh baby, it's okay. I'm here to save you."

Sammy shrank away from the hand Frank reached out to him. "Save me from what?"

"That man, that horrible man." Frank reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out one of Sammy's books, holding it up for him to see. "I read your book. I know what you were trying to tell me."

"What was I trying to tell you, Frank?" Sammy asked as he started to edge his way closer to the door, one step at a time. If he could just reach the door he could run or yell for help or something. There was a room full of people just down the hallway, half of them police officers. They could help.

"About that man, the one that was making you say those things," Frank looked confused for a moment then he smiled. "I took care of him, though, for you, baby."

Sammy stopped to stare at Frank, his mouth dropping open. "H-how did you take care of him?"

Frank's forehead wrinkled. "I shot him, baby. I couldn't let him go on hurting you, keeping us apart. You wrote about it in your book, how the man was hurting Charlie and Royce had to save him. I took care of him and saved you, just like in your book."

Charlie and Royce? They were characters Sammy wrote about in his first book. Frank had lost his mind. He really believed the things Sammy wrote were about them. Sammy knew instinctively that he was in more danger than he had ever been in his life.

"Oh, Frank, that was . . . that was very nice of you," Sammy hedged as he started inching his way toward the door once again.

"I did it for you, baby," Frank said, following Sammy as he slowly moved toward the door. "Now we can be together."

"I'm just so overwhelmed, Frank." Sammy had to stall. He had to keep Frank

occupied until he could get help. "What was your favorite part of the book, Frank?"

"The ending of course," Frank said like it made perfect sense. "When you and I are together and we go away to that cabin in the woods. I found one, you know, a cabin for us. We can go away together."

Oh hell, Sammy just knew that if Frank got him out of the building, he'd never see the light of day again. Frank would take him to that cabin in the woods and Sammy would never get away. No, he had to either escape now or make a stand. He wasn't leaving with Frank.

"A cabin in the woods?" Sammy asked. "Tell me about it."

"It's perfect, baby, just like you wrote about," Frank said, excitement lacing his voice. "It even has two rocking chairs on the porch that look out over the lake. It's just the way you described it."

Damn imagination!

"We're going to be so happy together, baby, just you wait and see."

Sammy was almost to the door. It was within inches of him. He just had to take one more step and reach out for the doorknob. "It sounds wonderful, Frank."

"It will be, baby," Frank said. "Just you and me and no one to —"

Sammy reached for the doorknob, his gaze flying up in panic when the door seemed to open on its own. A head with light brown hair appeared. Gentle eyes looked up at Sammy, a smile of happiness greeting him.

"Sammy, its ti —"

"Run, Nicky!" Sammy screamed as he jumped for the door and shoved Nicky through it. Before he could get all the way through, though, Sammy felt hands grab him and pull him back into the room.

"No, you're mine!"

Sammy struggled, hitting and kicking and biting anything he could reach. He heard grunts, harsh breathing but the hands holding him never let go. Sammy yelled, shouted, screamed, for Frank to let him go.

Then suddenly, he was free. Sammy back peddled away from Frank until his

back hit a large solid form. Sammy started to struggle again, screaming for James. Powerful arms wrapped around him and held his arms down to his side.

"Sammy Dane!"

Sammy stilled. He looked up to find James's blue eyes staring down at him. Sammy dove at James, draping his arms around him and burying his face in James's neck as he sobbed. James just cuddled him close.

"Shh, honey," James murmured. "I have you. You're safe now."

"He was going to make me go away with him to some cabin in the woods," Sammy whispered against James's neck, shuddering at the mere thought of it. "He said he shot you to save me. He still thinks my books are about him and me."

"He's not going anywhere except to lock up," Troy said from behind him.

"That's assuming he makes it there in one piece," Graham added from the same direction. "He might need a side trip to the hospital once we're done with him."

Sammy lifted his head and glanced back, shocked to find Frank handcuffed and sitting on the floor, Troy and Graham on either side of him, holding him down with a hand on each of his shoulders.

Frank was glaring daggers at James. Sammy knew that if Frank got loose, he'd head directly for James. Frank saw James as the bad guy, the one abusing Sammy and keeping them apart.

Sammy pushed himself away from James and straightened. He watched Frank as he slowly crossed the room to stand in front of him. Sammy motioned for James to join him.

"Frank."

Frank's eyes slowly moved away from James and up to Sammy. Sammy grabbed James's hand and held it up for Frank to see.

"This," Sammy said, pointing to the ring on James's finger. "This is called a wedding ring. It matches the one on my hand." Sammy held his hand up right next to James's. "It means that I belong to James now."

"No!" Frank snarled, struggling against the hands that held him down. "You're

mine."

"No, I'm not. Those characters I wrote about were not you and me. They were James and me. James is the one that rescued me, not you. You were the bad guy I wrote about, the one I had to get away from."

"No, that's not true," Frank shouted.

"Yes, Frank, it is true." Sammy gripped James's hand in his. "I love James and only James. He's the one that saved me."

Chapter Twelve

James stretched out beside Sammy on the bed, slowly stroking his hand up and down the man's slick chest. "Had enough excitement yet?"

"Enough to last me a lifetime, thank you very much."

"Might be a good plot for one of your books?"

Sammy shook his head. "No, I don't think so. I think I'm going to go back to mysteries. The life of an erotic gay romance writer is a little too dangerous for me. I think I'm going to stick to serial killers for awhile. It's safer."

James chuckled. "But think of all those poor lonely men that you will be depriving of a good love story. How can you give up on your fans?"

Sammy cocked his head and looked over at James. "You do remember what happened with my last fan, right?"

"Forget Frank," James said. "He wasn't your normal fan. If it hadn't been books, it would have been something else. He was obsessive."

"He was off his rocker." Sammy snorted. "I'm just glad the judge decided he needed to be put away in a prison mental ward. It gives me the creeps to imagine him out on the loose."

"Not going to happen, honey," James said. "Frank will be going away for a very long time. Besides trying to kill a cop, stalking and attempting to kidnap you, his past criminal record worked against him. He has a history of stalking men, just like I

thought. He won't see the light of day for several years."

"It's still creepy."

"That may be but it's still not a good reason to give up doing what you love most."

"I love you most," Sammy countered, a little smile on his face.

James grinned. "And that's how it should be." He leaned over and kissed Sammy. There was silence in the room for several moments as James devoured Sammy's lips, the passion between them heating up in a matter of moments.

Finally, lifting his head, he regarded his husband of six months. "I still think you should continue writing. For one, you're damn good at it. Two, I'm not sure I can live without that deliciously naughty mind of yours."

"Oh, now I see what you want." Sammy laughed. "You don't really care about my books. You just want me to try the ideas for my books out on you."

James felt his face heat up. There was no way he could deny it. Every time Sammy had a plot issue or wondered if something sexual was possible or even when he wanted try out a new toy so he could write about it with conviction, James was his guinea pig.

He couldn't count the number of times he had come home in the last six months to find Sammy naked and waiting for him in the bedroom, spread out all over the bed, a new toy sitting innocently next to him as he waited. The minute James got through the door the sexual master came out to play.

"I'd be lying if I said that didn't excite me, Sammy Dane," James said, "but that's not the only reason. You love what you do. Writing excites you, it stretches your imagination. It makes you happy."

"You make me happy, James."

James grinned. He couldn't help it. Sammy was always saying stuff like that. James didn't know how he got so lucky but Sammy wasn't caught up in all that non-emotional macho crap. He said what he felt and all the time too.

"And you make me happy, Sammy Dane, happier than I can ever remember

being. Doesn't mean I don't think you shouldn't continue writing erotic romances."

Sammy rolled over until he was straddling James's body, his hands planted firmly on James's chest. James looked up at him, noting the twinkle in Sammy's eyes. He knew something profound was about to come out of his husband's mouth.

"I'll make you a deal," Sammy said. "I'll write one more book just to see how it goes."

"Okay," James said. "What's the catch?"

"You have to let me write our love story."

"Seriously?" James asked in astonishment. "You want to write our love story?"

"Of course," Sammy said. "It's the most romantic love story I know. I think it would make a wonderful romance novel."

James grinned. "What would you call it?"

"There's only one possible title."

"And that would be?"

"Sammy Dane."

~The End~

About the Author

Stormy Glenn believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three, men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings.

When she's not being a mother to her six teenagers or cleaning up after her two 70-pound lab puppies, you can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand or her laptop, creating the next sexy character for her stories. Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her web site at www.stormyglenn.com.

* * * * *

Stormy Glenn

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